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FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

OLD SERIES COMPLETE IN LXIII. VOLS.
JANUARY, 1844, TO DECEMBER, 1864.

NEW SERIES, VOL. XXIII.
JANUARY TO JUNE, 1876.

W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK:
E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 25 BOND STREET.
1876.

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Engraved for the Eclectic by J. J. Cada, New York.

THE FLOWER GATHERERS.





Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, Vol. XXIII., No. 1. | JANUARY, 1876. | Old Series Complete in 63 vols.

MEMOIRS OF SAINT-SIMON.*

We wonder why the ingenious gentleman who recently published a series of essays on 'famous books' little read, did not include the Memoirs of Saint-Simon, one of the most striking specimens of the class. Considering their wide-spread renown and extraordinary merit, it is quite startling to find how few, at least in this country, of even the cultivated or literary class, have attempted a regular conscientious perusal, or indeed have done more than glance over a few chapters in an idle desultory way. The portentous length, the vast extent of ground to be got over, is one reason. Nineteen volumes, averaging from 450 to 500 closely-printed pages each, are enough to stagger the most eager amateur of bygone scandal or the most resolute searcher after the neglected truths of history.

But there have been other reasons for the tardy acceptance of these memoirs, for their long-delayed and still limited popularity, besides their length. They present in this respect a curious contrast to the memoirs which have made most noise in our time—memoirs written in obvious imitation of them, and falling as far short of the almost avowed model in knowledge of subject, insight into character, fine observation, and descriptive or analytic power, as in piquancy and originality. Mr. Charles Greville's Journals were published within ten years of his death, when the scandals they commemorated were fresh, at least fresh enough to injure or annoy: when the abundant depreciation and abuse could be keenly felt by the victims or their families, and as keenly relished by contemporaries always more alive to satire or censure than to praise: when envy, jealousy, ill-nature, vanity, morbid love of gossip, every weakness or bad quality of

* *Mémoires du Duc de Saint-Simon.* Publiés par MM. Chéruel et Ad. Regnier, fils, et collectionnés de nouveau pour cette édition sur le manuscrit autographe. Avec une notice de M. de Sainte-Beuve. Paris, librairie Hachette et Cie. 1873–1875 (Nineteen volumes, without the Index).

the human heart or mind (not excepting disloyalty), could be called into action to create a factitious interest in a book.

Now, the Memoirs of Saint-Simon do not come down further than 1723: he did not die till 1755; and immediately after his death, the Government laid an embargo on them on the plea that, he having filled a diplomatic mission, they must be partly of an official character. During many years it was only by special favor that friends of the minister for the time being obtained a sight of the manuscript, which consisted of eight large folio volumes of very close writing, all in the author's own hand. Partial access was permitted to Duclos and Marmontel, in their capacity of historiographers; and M. de Choiseul lent some of the volumes to Madame du Deffand. According to the Marquis de Saint-Simon, 'it was only in 1788, and on the eve of the revolution, that the Abbé Soulavie obtained leave to make some extracts and publish some fragments: a supplement, which he added in 1789, was followed by some other publication equally truncated.' According to Sainte-Beuve, 'it was starting from 1784 that the publicity of the memoirs began to make progress; but timidly, stealthily, by disconnected anecdotes and by bits. From 1788 to 1791, then later in 1818, there appeared successively extracts more or less voluminous, mutilated, and garbled.'

If they had been published in full at any period prior to the revolution of 1789, the revolt, the outcry, with the resulting sale and circulation, would have been prodigious. But they were kept back till not only the personages who figure in his pages, but the society, the class interests, the entire state of things of which he treats, had died out or been swept away: till their attraction was purely historical or literary, without a wounded self-love or a gratified vanity to add to it. The publication of the first complete edition was not commenced till 1829.

'The sensation,' says Sainte-Beuve, 'produced by the first volume was very lively; it was the greatest success since that of Walter Scott's novels. A curtain was suddenly withdrawn from the finest monarchical epoch of France, and we were present like spectators at the representation. But this success, interrupted as it was by the revolution of 1830, was obtained more in the so-called world (of Paris) than in the public, which it reached at a later period and by degrees.'

Although Saint-Simon, contrary to his avowed intention in 1723, left his memoirs incomplete, they comprise all the stirring and active passages of his life; and a brief recapitulation of these strikes us to be the best mode of conveying a correct impression of his character and position, an accurate understanding of which is indispensable to a just appreciation of his writings.

He was born, he tells us, on the night of the 15th January, 1675, the only son of Claude, Duc de Saint-Simon, peer of France, by a second wife, Charlotte de l'Aubespine. The title he bore from his birth was Vidame de Chartres, and he was brought up with the greatest care by his mother, a woman of sense and virtue. She made it (he says) her especial care to save him from the common fate of young men of assured rank and fortune, who, becoming their own masters at an early age, are thrown upon the world without natural protectors or advisers. Her anxiety on this score was enhanced by the advanced age of his father (nearly seventy at his birth), and the state of the family, which consisted of a paternal uncle eight years older than the Duc, and two maternal uncles, the one disreputable and the other ruined.

'She exerted herself to raise my courage, and excite me to become capable of repairing by my own energies voids so difficult to surmount. She succeeded in inspiring me with a great desire of it. She was not seconded by my taste for study and the sciences; but that which was innate in me for reading and history, and consequently to do and become something by emulation and the examples that I found in it (*i.e.* history), compensated this coldness for letters; and I have always thought, that, if they had made me lose less time in the one (letters), and made me make a serious study of the other (history), I should have been able to become something in it.'

This passage exhibits his exact state of mind and manner of writing at the commencement of the memoirs, before he had acquired the confidence in which he was by no means deficient in after-life, or the vigor, fertility, and variety of expression which throw confused metaphors and harsh phraseology into the shade.

'This reading of history, and especially of particular memoirs of our own history of the later times since Francis the First, inspired me with the desire of writing those of what I might see, in the desire and hope of being something, and of knowing as well as I could the affairs of my time. The inconveniences

did not fail to present themselves to my mind; but the firm resolution to keep the secret to myself appeared to me to provide for all. I accordingly began in July, 1694, being *mestre de camp* of a regiment of cavalry of my name, in the camp of Guenischeim (Germersheim), on the old Rhine, in the army commanded by the Marshal Duke of Lorges.'

In a subsequent passage he states that the direct inspiration came from the Memoirs of Bassompierre. He entered the army in 1691, in his sixteenth year, more (he confesses) from a wish to get rid of his master in philosophy than from military ardor. The siege of Mons, formed by the King in person, had attracted all his young contemporaries for their first campaign; and what piqued him most was that, conspicuous amongst these was the Duc de Chartres, eight months younger than himself, with whom he had been partially bred up and had contracted as close an intimacy as the difference of rank allowed. After vainly trying his mother, he obtained the concurrence of his father, by representing that the King, having undertaken so great a siege this year, would repose the next, and that thus a brilliant opportunity would be lost or indefinitely postponed. It was then the rule for all young men of rank who entered the service, with the exception of the princes of the blood, to serve a year in one of the two companies of mousquetaires, and then as captain of a troop of cavalry or subaltern in the King's own regiment of infantry, before they were permitted to purchase a regiment. The first step, therefore, was for his father to take him to Versailles and present him as a candidate for nomination in the mousquetaires. The King, remarking his slight stature and delicate appearance, objected that he was too young; to which it was adroitly replied that he would serve his Majesty the longer, and thereupon his father was requested to name which regiment he preferred, and the nomination followed in due course.

We do not see how the siege of Mons could be employed as an argument, for it took place in the spring of 1691; and he complacently records that, when he was a mousquetaire of three months' standing (in March of the following year), he mounted guard at Compiègne and was apprised of the royal intention to take the field again.

Saint-Simon's equipment is prominently introduced by Lord Macaulay in his animated and ornate description of the siege of Namur. 'A single circumstance may suffice to give a notion of the pomp and luxury of his (the French king's) camp. Among the musketeers of his household rode, for the first time, a stripling of seventeen, who soon afterwards succeeded to the title of Duke of Saint-Simon, and to whom we owe these inestimable memoirs which have preserved, for the instruction and delight of many lands and of many generations, the vivid pictures of a France which has long passed away. Though the boy's family was then pressed for money, he travelled with thirty-five horses and sumpter-mules.' All the particulars of his first campaign are interesting:—

'The King started on the 10th May, 1692, with the ladies, and I made the journey on horseback with the troops and all the service, like the other mousquetaires. I was accompanied by two gentlemen; the one, of long standing in the family, had been my governor, the other was my mother's equerry. The King's army was encamped at Gevries; that of M. de Luxembourg almost joined it. The ladies were at Mons, two leagues off. The King brought them to his camp, where he feasted them, and then treated them to the sight of the most superb review that probably has ever been seen of these two armies drawn up in two lines.'

The tents of the Court, pitched in a meadow, were well-nigh inundated by the rain, which, he says, descended in torrents during the whole of the siege, greatly enhancing the reputation of St. Médard (the French St. Swithin) whose feast-day is the 8th of June. The soldiers uttered imprecations against the saint, and made a search for his images, of which they broke or burnt as many as they could find. The roads became impassable for carts or carriages, and Luxembourg's army was reduced to the same extremity for want of corn and forage as the English before Sebastopol. To lessen their privations, orders were given to the cavalry of the household to carry them sacks of grain, a duty which they deemed degrading to their dignity as a privileged corps. The first party told off for it positively refused; and the second were on the verge of mutiny, when the young Vidame sprang from his saddle, shouldered a sack, and laid it across the crupper of his horse. Clapping him on the shoulder and naming him, the commandant loudly demanded which of them could feel hurt or dishonored by doing what

was not disdained by the eldest son of a Duke, and his example was emulously followed by the troop. When this affair was reported at headquarters it attracted the favorable notice of the King, who during the rest of the siege made a point of saying something civil to the young mousquetaire whenever an occasion offered. The citadel, which held out three weeks longer than the town, surrendered July 1st, 1692, and the Court returned to Versailles.

'On the 3rd of May, 1693, the King announced that he was going to Flanders to take the command of one of his armies as before; and that same day,' says Saint-Simon, 'about ten in the evening, I had the misfortune to lose my father, who was eighty-seven, and was dead almost as soon as he was taken ill: there was no more oil in the lamp.'

Starting with the reflection that birth and property do not always go together, Saint-Simon proceeds to explain how his father, having begun as a page to Louis XIII., rose to high favor, obtained valuable employments, and was created duke and peer. The stepping-stone of his fortunes was his adroitness in enabling the King, who was passionately fond of hunting, to change horses without putting foot to ground. This was effected by placing the tail of one parallel to the head of the other. Saint-Simon mentions this service with no apparent consciousness that it might equally well have been performed by a groom; and he relates an instance of his father's undue eagerness to curry favor, which a son bred in a purer atmosphere, or more sensitive to the family honor, would have been glad to suppress. The King was enamored of one of the maids of honor, Mdlle. d'Hautefort, and was constantly talking about her to Saint-Simon *père*, who (says the son) could not understand how a king could be so preoccupied by a passion and make no attempt to gratify it.

'He attributed it to timidity; and on this principle, one day when the King was speaking passionately of this young lady, my father proposed to be his ambassador, and bring the affair to a speedy conclusion. The King let him say on; then assuming a severe air: "It is true," he said, "that I am in love with her; that I feel it; that I seek her; that I take pleasure in talking about her, and that I think of her still more. It is true, also, that all this comes to pass in me in my own despite, because I am a man and have this weakness; but the more my quality of king gives me extraordinary facilities for gratifying my passion, so much the more ought I to be on my guard against the scandal and the sin. I pardon you this time on account of your youth; but let me never hear you address similar language to me again if you value my affection."

'It was a thunderclap to my father; the scales fell from his eyes; the idea of the King's timidity in his love disappeared in the brightness of a virtue so pure and so triumphant.'

Although Saint-Simon labors hard to make it appear that his father, on being made duke and peer, was rather *arrivé* than *parvenu*, this was not the opinion of contemporaries. Malherbe thus mentions his first promotion in a letter to Peiresc, 19th December, 1626: 'You have heard of the dismissal of Barradas (first equerry to Louis XIII.). We have a Sieur Simon, page of the same stable, who has taken his place. It is a young lad of eighteen or thereabouts. The bad conduct of the other will be a lesson to him, and his fall an example to do better.'

His father's death proved no interruption to his military duties. Immediately after the fulfilment of the last offices, he started for Mons where the army was to muster, being now a captain in the Royal Roussillon regiment of cavalry.

'The King set out on the 18th May (1693) with the ladies, made a halt of eight or ten days with them at Quesnoy, then sent them to Namur, and went on the 2nd June to place himself at the head of Marshal Bouffler's army, with which, on the 7th, he occupied the camp of Gembloux, so that his left was close to M. de Luxembourg's right, and people could pass from one to the other in safety. The Prince of Orange was encamped at the Abbey of Parc in such a manner that he could not receive supplies, and could not move out without having the two armies of the King upon his hands. He hastily entrenched himself, and thoroughly repented of having suffered himself to be so promptly driven to the wall. It has been ascertained since that he wrote several times to the Prince de Vaudemont, his intimate friend, that he was lost, and that he could only escape by a miracle. His army was inferior to the least of the King's, both of which were abundantly supplied with equipages, provisions, and artillery, and, as may be believed, were masters of the campaign.'

Such being the position with the whole season for active operations before him, on the 8th June, the day after his arrival in camp, Louis suddenly announced to

Luxembourg that he should return in person to Versailles, and that the bulk of the force under Boufflers would be sent to Germany under Monseigneur.

'The surprise of Luxembourg was unparalleled. He represented the facility of forcing the entrenchment of the Prince of Orange; of completely defeating him with one of the two armies, and following up the victory with the other. . . . But the resolution was taken. Luxembourg, in despair at seeing so glorious and easy a campaign, went down on both knees before the King, but could obtain nothing. Madame de Maintenon had vainly endeavored to hinder the King's journey; she feared the absences; and so happy an opening of the campaign would have detained him long to gather the laurels himself; her tears at their separation, her letters after his departure, were the most potent, and carried the day against the most pressing reasons of State policy, of war, of glory. . . .'

'The effect of this retreat was incredible, even amongst the common soldiers and the people. The general officers could not be altogether silent, and the rest spoke loudly of it with a license which could not be restrained. The enemy neither could nor would restrain their surprise and their joy.'

The retreat on this occasion was generally attributed to Louvois, of whom Madame de Sévigné writes in the same year (1676) 'Aire is taken: it is M. de Louvois who has all the honor. He has full power, and orders the advance and retreat of armies as he thinks fit.' After describing the manner in which Louvois was wont to dictate to commanders like Condé and Luxembourg, Lord Macaulay says that he had become odious to Louis, and to her (Madame de Maintenon) who governed Louis. 'On *the last occasion* on which the King and the minister transacted business together, the ill-humor on both sides broke violently forth. The servant in his vexation dashed his portfolio on the ground. The master forgetting (what he seldom forgot) that a king should be a gentleman, lifted his cane. Fortunately his wife was present. She, with her usual prudence, caught his arm. She then got Louvois out of the room, and exhorted him to come back the next day as if nothing had happened. The next day he came, but with death in his face. The King, though full of resentment, was touched with pity, and advised Louvois to go home and take care of himself. *The next day* the great minister died.' The authorities cited are Dangeau and Saint-Simon, and not a hint is given of the slightest doubt as to the facts. But Saint-Simon tells a totally different story, and dates the scene of violence in 1689 (two years before the death of Louvois), after the proposal of Louvois to burn Trèves had been set aside by the King.

'Some days afterwards, Louvois, who had the fault of obstinacy, and who had been led by experience not to doubt of carrying his point, came as usual to work with the King at Madame de Maintenon's. Towards the end of their business he said, that feeling scruples to be his Majesty's sole reason for not consenting to so necessary a measure, he had taken the responsibility on himself, and had already dispatched a courier with an order to burn Trèves immediately.

'The King was at the moment, and contrary to his disposition, so transported with anger, that he caught up the *pincettes* (tongs) from off the fireplace and was about to throw himself on Louvois but for Madame de Maintenon, who threw herself between them, exclaiming: "Ah, Sire, what are you about to do?" and took the *pincettes* from his hands. Louvois, however, made his way to the door. The King shouted after him to come back; and called out, with flashing eyes: "Dispatch a courier instantly with a counter-order, and let him arrive in time, and understand that you shall answer for it with your head if a single house is burned."'

There was no need of a counter-order, for the courier had been told to wait till after the interview; and the statement that the order had been actually sent was a trick of Louvois to secure the King's acquiescence in a foregone conclusion. He made his position worse with Madame de Maintenon by inducing Louis to leave her and the rest of the ladies at Versailles, when he undertook the siege of Mons in 1691; 'and,' adds Saint-Simon, 'as it is the last drop which makes the cup overflow, a trifling occurrence at this siege completed the ruin of Louvois.' The King, who piqued himself on his knowledge of military details, found a cavalry guard badly placed, and placed it differently. In going the rounds the same day after dinner, he chanced to pass before this same guard, which he found badly placed as before. Surprised and annoyed, he asked the captain who had placed him where he was, and was told Louvois. 'But,' rejoined the King, 'did you not tell him that it was I who placed you?' 'Yes, Sire.' The King, piqued, and addressing his suite, exclaimed, 'Is not that Louvois all over? He thinks he understands war better than I do.'

Saint-Simon was strongly prejudiced

against Louvois, and says he was the author and soul of all the ruinous wars; one motive being to discredit Colbert (who was obliged to find the money) by their expense, and another to make himself necessary to the King. Thus, Saint-Simon attributes the war of 1688 to a quarrel about a window at the Petit Trianon, which the King declared to be out of proportion with the rest, whilst Louvois maintained the contrary. The King referred the point to Le Nôtre, who decided in his Majesty's favor; but Louvois still held out, and provoked the King into the use of angry and peremptory language in the presence of the workpeople and the suite.

'Louvois, who was not used to be treated in this fashion, returned home in a fury, and like a man in despair. Saint-Pouange, the Telladets, and the few familiars of all his hours, were alarmed, and eagerly wished to know what had happened. He at last told them; said he was a lost man, and that for some inches in a window the King forgot all his services, which had been to him worth so many conquests; but that he would see to it, and get up such a war as would make the King have need of him, and let alone the trowel. He then gave way to a torrent of reproaches and rage. He was as good as his word: he kindled the war by the double election of Cologne; he confirmed it by carrying fire and sword into the Palatinate, and by giving free scope to the project against England,' &c. &c.

Louvois died at Versailles on the 16th July, 1691.

'I met him the same day,' says Saint-Simon, 'as I was coming away from the King's dinner. M. de Marsac was talking to him, and he was on his way to Madame de Maintenon's to transact business with the King, who was afterwards to walk in the gardens, where the people of the Court were permitted to follow him. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I went to Madame de Châteauneuf's, where I learnt that Louvois had been taken slightly ill at Madame de Maintenon's; that the King had insisted on his going home; that he went home on foot, when the illness suddenly got worse; that they hastily gave him some medicine which he threw up, and died in the act of calling for his son, Barbezieux, who had not time to reach him although under the roof at the time.'

Saint-Simon, who watched the King closely at the promenade after this event, thought he perceived symptoms of relief and elation in his Majesty's manner, and states that Louvois was to have been arrested and conducted to the Bastille within twenty-four hours had he lived; yet his immediate successor was his third son, the Marquis de Barbezieux, a young man of twenty-four, with marked disqualifications for the post. When these were pointed out to the King, he replied: 'I formed the father and I will form the son.'

Louvois evidently understood his royal master, and risked little by contradicting him: the particular scene of violence mentioned by Lord Macaulay could have had no connection with his death; and there is no more ground for believing that he died from mortification at ill-treatment by Louis, than that Dr. Johnson was driven saddened and half broken-hearted from Streatham by Mrs. Piozzi.

When the King and the ladies returned to Versailles, Saint-Simon remained with the army, and was present at the battle of Neerwinden (Landen), of which he has left an animated and detailed account. Although he was in five charges, and behaved with gallantry, he was passed over in the distribution of regiments vacated by the battle, and soon afterwards bought one for 26,000 livres; the purchase system being then in full force, not only for commissions in the army, but for all sorts of offices and places, civil and military.

In the course of the following year he engaged in an affair which, as he says, made a great noise and was followed by (as regards him) most momentous results. Indeed, it influenced the whole of his life, and places in the strongest light the inherent weakness of his character. The Marshal Duc de Luxembourg, who had hitherto been content to take precedence as eighteenth amongst the dukes and peers, suddenly laid claim to stand second on the strength of the Dukedom of Piney, which had come to him by a doubtful descent through females. Saint-Simon stood twelfth amongst those affected by this claim; and considering the recent date of his creation and his youth, there was no intelligible motive, beyond restlessness and vanity, for his coming forward as the champion of his order. But he took the lead of the opposition from the first, threw his whole soul into the cause, and attached a degree of importance to his own personal share of it, which went far to justify the sarcasm of Marmontel, that he (Saint-Simon) saw nothing in the nation but the nobility: nothing in the nobility but the peerage; and nothing in

the peerage but himself. The principal persons concerned or interested, the comparative eagerness and lukewarmness of the dukes, the quality of the tribunal, the various kinds of influence brought to bear, the Court intrigues, the plots, the underplots, the chicanery of the judicial proceedings—all these, as handled by him, present a succession of dramatic groups and incidents, which must be read in full to be appreciated. In selecting specimens we feel as if we were cutting out heads from an historic picture, yet portraits like those of Harlay (the first President) and Luxembourg strike by their force and individuality when they stand alone.

'He (Harlay) was learned in public law. He was well versed in the principles of many systems of jurisprudence; he was on a par with those most versed in the belles-lettres; he was well acquainted with history; and above all, knew how to govern his Company with an authority which admitted of no reply, and which no First President had obtained. A pharisaical austerity, by the scope he gave to his public censures, made him an object of dread to parties, advocates, and magistrates, so that there was no one who did not tremble to have to deal with him. Supported in everything by the Court of which he was the slave, and the very humblest slave of all in real favor, a most finished courtier, and singularly astute politician—all these talents he turned exclusively to his ambition of ruling and rising, and founding the reputation of a great man: without genuine honor; without morals in private; with none but outward probity; without even humanity; in a word, a perfect hypocrite, *sans foi, sans loi*, without God and without soul, cruel husband, barbarous father, tyrannical brother, friend of himself alone, wicked by nature—taking pleasure in insulting, in outraging, in crushing, and never in his life omitting an opportunity of so doing. A volume might be filled with traits of him, and all the more striking because he had an infinity of wit, the mind naturally turned towards it, and always sufficiently master of himself to risk nothing of which he might have to repent.'

The part taken by Harlay against the dukes was eminently displeasing to Saint-Simon, and the features of this portrait are evidently overcharged; but what he says of Harlay's wit, cutting sarcasm and subserviency, is substantially confirmed. An elderly lady of quality had christened him the old monkey. She had a cause which she gained; and on her calling to thank the President, he said: 'You see, Madame, that the old *he*-monkeys (*singes*) like to oblige the old *she*-monkeys (*guenons*).' During the reading of a report, a third of the members of his court were talking and another third asleep, when he said: 'If the gentlemen who are talking would do like the gentlemen who are sleeping, the gentlemen who are listening might hear.'

A wealthy financier in a famine was threatened by the First President with the gallows if he did not sell all his corn within a month. The financier complained to the King, who advised him to comply with the order, adding: 'If the First President has threatened to hang you, depend upon it he will be as good as his word.' A similar story is told of the Duke of Wellington, when a commissary complained that Picton had threatened to hang him unless a certain number of bullocks were supplied within twenty-four hours.

In his finished portrait of Luxembourg, Saint-Simon struggled hard to overcome an avowed prejudice, and do justice to the illustrious commander under whom he had been proud to serve.

'A great name, great bravery, unrestrained ambition, *de l'esprit*—but an *esprit* of intrigue, of debauch, and of the great world—enabled him to surmount the disadvantage of a face and figure very repulsive at first, but (what no one who had not seen him can comprehend) a face and figure to which one got accustomed, and which—notwithstanding a hump, moderate in front, but very large and very pointed behind, with all the rest of the ordinary accompaniment of hunchbacks—had a fire, a nobility, and a natural grace that shone in his simplest actions. . . . . Nothing more just than his *coup d'œil;* nobody more brilliant, more self-possessed, more full of resource than he in presence of the enemy or on a day of battle—with an audacity, a *flatterie* (sic), and at the same time a *sang froid*, which enabled him to see and foresee everything in the middle of the hottest fire and the most imminent risk of failure; there it was that he was great. For the rest, indolence itself. Little exercise without great necessity; play; conversation with his familiars; and every evening a supper with very few, almost always the same, and if there chanced to be any town in the vicinity, care was taken that there should be an agreeable mixture of the fair sex. Then he was inaccessible to all, and if anything urgent occurred, it was for Puysegur to look to it. Such with the army was the life of this great general; and such also at Paris, where the Court and the fine world occupied his days, and his pleasures his evenings.'

In the 'Biographie Universelle,' the description of Luxembourg is that 'although *un peu contrefait*, he pleased by a physiog-

nomy which revealed his soul.' William was reputed to have said: "*Je ne pourrai donc jamais battre ce bossu-là!*' '*Bossu!*' exclaimed Luxembourg on hearing this, 'what does *he* know of it? He has never seen my back. His death (of a pulmonary complaint) in 1695 was mourned as a national loss; but Saint-Simon regarded it from an exclusively personal point of view.

'M. de Luxembourg did not see, during his last illness, a single one of the dukes he had attacked, nor did any one of them press to be received. I neither went nor sent once, although I was at Versailles, and I must own that I appreciated my deliverance from such an enemy.'

The titles and rights of the Marshal Duke devolved upon his son, by whom the claim of precedence was revived and eventually established to the extreme surprise and lasting mortification of Saint-Simon, who, at the final hearing, lost all semblance of temper and self-command. He says that when Du Mont (the Luxembourg advocate) contended that resistance to the claim was disrespectful to the King—

'I started up to rush out, exclaiming against the imposture, and calling for justice on this scoundrel. M. de la Rochefoucauld held me back, and kept me silent. I was bursting with rage, still more against him than against the advocate.'

The celebrated D'Aguesseau, the Advocate-general, spoke last, and occupied a day in summing up the arguments on both sides.

'He rested the next day, and on Friday, April 13th, 1696, reappeared to conclude. After keeping the audience a long time in suspense, he began to show himself; it was with an erudition, a force, a precision, and an eloquence beyond compare, *and concluded entirely for us.*'

The judges unluckily concluded the other way, and Saint-Simon, after vainly endeavoring to stir up the other dukes to join in an appeal, drew up a memoir to the King, which was not presented because no other duke could be induced to join in it.

We are obviously indebted to the mortification inflicted by M. de Luxembourg's success for a malicious story of him, which illustrates the manners of the Court. The scene is a ball at Marly, to which he and his wife had been invited in consequence of the scarcity of dancers, she being a woman of irregular conduct who was commonly shunned by the respectable of her sex. 'Her husband was probably the only person in France who knew nothing of her goings on, and had not the slightest distrust of her.' He was suddenly required to take part in a masked ballet; and having come unprovided with a mask, requested his friend, the Prince de Conti, to supply him with one.

'Some time after the commencement of the ball, some of the dancers left the room and returned masked. I had just arrived, and I was already seated, when I saw, from behind, a quantity of muslin, surmounted by a stag's horns *au naturel*,—a whimsical headdress, so high that it caught in a lustre. Surprised at so strange a disguise, we began asking each other who it could be? and were remarking that this mask must be tolerably sure of his brows to venture to deck them in this fashion, when the mask turned, and M. de Luxembourg stood confessed. The sudden burst of laughter was scandalous. He took it in good part, and told us with admirable simplicity that it was M. le Prince who had fitted him out in this fashion. A moment after arrived the ladies, and a little later the King. This was a signal for the laughter to recommence, and for M. de Luxembourg to show off before the company with a delightful confidence. His wife, notorious as she was and knowing nothing of this masquerade, lost countenance, and everybody, dying with laughter, was looking at the pair. This amusement lasted all the ball; and the King, in excellent humor as he always was, laughed with the rest; and people were never tired of admiring a trick so cruelly ridiculous, nor of talking of it for many days in succession.'

Speaking of the mode of life at Marly, he says that there were balls every evening, which were kept up till eight in the morning; and that he and Madame de Saint-Simon never saw the light of day for three weeks. Practical jokes were a favorite amusement, with slight regard to consequences.

'Monsieur le Duc held the States of Burgundy this year in the place of Monsieur le Prince (de Condé), his father, who did not choose to go there. He here gave a great example of the friendship of princes, and a fine lesson to those who seek it. . . .

'One evening when he supped at home, he amused himself by plying Santeuil (famous for his Latin verses) with champagne; and from pleasantry to pleasantry he thought it a good joke to empty his snuff-box full of Spanish snuff into a large glass of wine, and make Santeuil drink it to see what would come of it. He was not long in learning: vomiting and fever set in, and in twice twenty-four hours the unhappy man died suffering the pains of the damned; but in sentiments of a sincere penitence with which he received the sacraments, and edified as much as he was regretted

by a society little given to edification, but detesting so cruel an experiment.'

One of the regular butts of the royal family was the Princesse d'Harcourt, whom Saint-Simon describes as untidy and unwashed; a kind of white fury, and a harpy to boot, with the effrontery, the malice, the thievishness, the violence; *elle en avait encore la gourmandise et la promptitude à s'en soulager* &c. The Duke and Duchess of Burgundy were constantly playing tricks with this fair creature. One day they placed petards the whole length of the alley which led from the Chateau of Marly to the house where she lodged—

'She was horribly afraid of everything. Two chairmen were in attendance to carry her when she took her leave. When she was about the middle of the alley, and the whole party near enough to enjoy the spectacle, the petards began to explode, and she to cry for mercy, and the chairmen to make off. She struggled convulsively in the chair to the point of upsetting it, and shrieked like a demon. The company ran up to enjoy the scene, and hear her rail at all who approached her, beginning with the Duke and Duchess.

'Another time he fixed a petard under her seat in the saloon where she was playing at piquet; but, as he was going to set fire to it some charitable soul warned him that this petard would maim her, and prevented him. Sometimes they sent a score of Swiss with drums into her bedroom, who awoke her in her first sleep with this *tintamarre*.'

'All these different affairs,' says Saint-Simon, in reference to the proceedings in the Luxembourg suit, 'were nothing in comparison of another to which they gave rise, which inflicted the greatest wound the peerage could receive, and became its leprosy and its cancer.' This was the decisive measure suddenly taken by the King, by the advice of Harlay, to give the bastards (as they are plainly designated) precedence immediately next to princes of the blood. He ended, as is well known, by endowing them with all the incidents of legitimacy, including the right of succession to the throne. The Duc du Maine, the eldest of the King's natural children by Madame de Montespan, was the prompter of the grant of precedence, and the first to claim the privilege. This alone was enough to mark him out as an object of peculiar dislike to Saint-Simon, who has a malicious pleasure in relating how, shortly after his elevation, the bastard *par éminence* came to grief.

In the campaign of 1695 Marshal de Villeroy had manœuvred so successfully, that it appeared impossible for Vaudemont and his army to escape; and on the 13th August a courier was despatched to Versailles by Villeroy to announce an assured victory. M. du Maine, who commanded the left, was ordered to begin the action; but he hesitated till the opportunity was lost; shed tears, sent for his confessor, and exhibited other signs of the most pitiable pusillanimity on the field. Knowing the excessive affection of the King for his craven son, Villeroy did his best to conceal or gloss over the cause of failure in his report, and the courtiers were equally cautious not to wound his Majesty's feelings; but suspecting that something was kept back, he at length, during a visit to Marly, contrived to extract the truth from a favorite valet-de-chambre.

'This prince, outwardly so calm, and so master of his slightest movements in the most moving circumstances, on this unique occasion succumbed. On leaving the dinner-table at Marly with all the ladies, and in the presence of all the courtiers, he saw a valet, in the act of removing the dessert, put a biscuit in his pocket. On the instant he forgets all his dignity, and lifting the cane, which had just been presented to him with his hat, rushes on the valet, strikes him, abuses him, and breaks the cane upon his back. To say the truth, it was slight and easily broken. Then still holding it, and with the air of a man who had lost all self-control, and continuing to rate the valet who was already far off, he traversed the small saloon and entered the apartment of Madame de Maintenon, as he often did at Marly after dinner. On coming out he met his confessor, and loudly exclaimed, as soon as he caught sight of the holy father, "*Mon Père*, I have given a rascal a sound beating, and broken my cane upon his back; but I do not believe I have offended God;" and then told him the pretended crime. All present were trembling still at what they had seen or heard from those present. Their fright redoubled at this revival; and the poor priest made it appear, that he approved, in order to avoid adding to the King's irritation before the world.'

Some days elapsed before the real cause of this unbecoming burst of anger became known. Courtier as he was, the Duc d'Elbœuf could not refrain from having a sly hit at the 'bastard' on this occasion. Towards the end of the campaign, he asked M. du Maine, before a large company, where he intended to serve during the following campaign, since, wherever it was, he should which to serve there too; and, on being pressed for further explanation, he added, that with M. du

Maine one was always sure of one's life. A similar sarcasm was levelled against an eminent member of the Bonaparte family at the commencement of the Italian campaign of 1859.

During all the winter of 1695 Saint-Simon's mother was trying to find him a good marriage; no very difficult matter, he insinuates, as he was regarded as a highly desirable match. 'I was an only son, and I had a dignity and establishments which also made people think much of me. There was some talk of Mlle. d'Armagnac, and Mlle. de la Trémouille, and many others.' At length the choice was considered to lie between two daughters of the Marshal de Lorges.

'The one (the eldest, aged seventeen) was a brunette with fine eyes; the other (aged fifteen), fair, with a perfect complexion and figure, a very pleasing face, extremely noble and modest air, and I know not what of the majestic by an air of virtue and natural sweetness. It was she, moreover, whom I loved the best, beyond all comparison, from the time I saw them both, and with whom I linked the happiness of my life, which she has solely and wholly constituted.'

The King approved the match on its being formally notified to him by the Marshal: the articles were signed, and the bridegroom-expectant was passing all his evenings at the Hôtel de Lorges, when all of a sudden the marriage was entirely broken off on some pecuniary misunderstanding which 'each interpreted in his or her own manner.' Happily, an uncle of the bride, an old master of requests, arrived from the country and removed the difficulty by paying the difference.

'It is an honour which I am bound to render him, and I have never ceased to feel deeply grateful. *It is thus that God brings to pass what pleases him by the least expected means.*'

The marriage was solemnised at midnight on the 8th April, in the Chapel of the Hôtel de Lorges.

'We slept in the grand apartment. The next day M. d'Anneuil, who lodged opposite, gave us a grand dinner; after which the bride received all France on her bed at the Hôtel de Lorges, to which the forms of domestic life attracted the crowd, and the first who came was the Duchesse de Bracciano with her two nieces.'

The Duchess had tried hard to secure him for one of the nieces, and came first to show that she was not piqued at the disappointment.

'My mother was still in her second mourning, and her apartments black and grey, which made us prefer the Hôtel de Lorges to receive the world. The day after these visits, to which only one day was devoted, we went to Versailles. In the evening it was the King's pleasure to receive the bride at Madame de Maintenon's, where my mother and hers presented her. On his way, the King spoke to me of her in a bantering tone, and he had the goodness to receive them with much distinction and praise.

'They were afterwards at the supper, where the new Duchess assumed her tabouret. On taking his place at table, the King said to her: "Madame, if you please to be seated." When his napkin was spread, seeing all the duchesses and princesses still standing, he rose from his chair and said to Madame de Saint-Simon: "Madame, I have already begged you to be seated;" and all who ought to be seated took their seats, Madame de Saint-Simon between my mother and her own, *who was after her.*'

In 1702 Saint-Simon quitted the service in disgust at seeing five of his juniors made brigadiers of cavalry over his head. It was not till after two months of wearing anxiety and frequent consultations with his friends that he resolved upon this step; and after sending in his letter of resignation, he waits at Paris to hear how it had been received by the King. Hearing nothing for eight days, he returns to Versailles on Shrove Tuesday, when he learns that the King, on reading his letter, had called up Chamillart (one of the Secretaries of State) to whom, after a short private conference, he exclaimed with emotion, 'Hé bien! Monsieur, here is another man leaving us.'

'I did not hear of anything else that fell from him. This Shrove Tuesday, I re-appeared before him for the first time since my letter on his retiring after his supper. I should be ashamed to tell the trifle that I am about to narrate if it did not help to characterise him under the circumstances. Although the place where he undressed was well lighted, the almoner of the day, who held a lighted candle at his evening prayer, gave it back afterwards to the first valet-de-chambre, who carried it before the King as he resumed his seat. He glanced round and named aloud one of those present, to whom the valet gave the candle. It was a distinction and a favor which had its value; so adroit was the King in making something out of nothings. He only gave it to those who were most distinguished by dignity and birth, very rarely to inferiors in whom age and services sufficed. *He often gave it to me*, rarely to ambassadors, except to

the Nuncio, and in later times to the Spanish ambassador.

'You took off your glove: you came forward: you held the candle during the *coucher*, which was very short; you then gave it back to the first valet-de-chambre, who, if he chose, gave it to some one of the *petit coucher*.

'I had purposely kept back; and I was much surprised, as were the bystanders, to hear myself named; and on future occasions *I had it almost as often as before*. It was not that there were not in attendance many persons of mark to whom it might have been given, but the King was sufficiently piqued to wish that his being so should not be perceived.

'This was also all I had of him for three years; during which he forgot no trifle, in default of more important occasions, to make me feel how offended he was.'

One of these trifles—no trifles in his eyes—was that his wife was once invited to Trianon, where she could go without him, and not invited to Marly, where etiquette required that the husband should accompany the wife. Over-eagerness to magnify his own importance seems to have blinded Saint-Simon to the inconsistency of his statement. If the King continued giving the candle to conceal his pique, why did he make a point of showing that he was offended? As for the three years, he states that he came to a full explanation with his Majesty, ending in a reconciliation, in the course of the year following, 1703.

There were certain feast-days on which, after mass and vespers, a lady of the Court *quêtait* (made a collection for the poor), being named for that duty by the Queen or Dauphiness. The ladies of the House of Lorraine, who claimed to be on a level with princesses of the blood, evaded it as beneath them; Saint-Simon, conceiving that the duchesses were entitled to hold their heads equally high, got up a cabal to bring about a general refusal on their part; and the result was that the collection became irregular and bade fair to be discontinued altogether. On hearing this, the King vowed that rather than the custom should be given up, the purse should be carried round by the Duchess of Burgundy; and that as for Saint-Simon, 'he had done nothing since he quitted the service but study degrees of rank and get into squabbles with everybody; that he was the originator of all this; and that if he had his deserts, he would be sent so far off as to give no more trouble for a long time to come.' When his Majesty's words were reported to him, he requested an audience, in which he expatiated on the propriety of placing the duchesses on the same footing as the princesses, and of compelling all to carry round the purse when their turn came; professing at the same time his entire readiness to carry it himself or turn churchwarden for the nonce. The freedom of his language, he boasts, conciliated instead of offending the King; and the audience, prolonged as a mark of special favor to the unusual length of half an hour, was so successful that, after reporting what had passed to the older courtiers, he twitted them with not being equally free when their interests and privileges were at stake.

In spite of repeated warnings, Saint-Simon persevered in raising questions of this kind; and his dislike to Vendôme, who was highly favored by the King, led him into the extraordinary imprudence of offering and making a wager that Lille, which Vendôme was to relieve, would be taken without a battle. That he won the wager was no excuse for making it—indeed, made matters worse; and he naturally fell under the imputation that the wish was father to the thought. The King's looks had again become cold, or rumors had reached him of a cloud gathering at Versailles, when, in 1709, he took counsel with his wife and the chancellor as to the prudence of withdrawing altogether from the Court, and residing permanently, or the greater part of the year, at his country seat. They strongly disapproved the project, which we suspect he never seriously entertained; and emboldened by the success of his former audience, he applied to his friend Maréchal (surgeon-in-chief) to get him another.

'Maréchal thought a moment, then, looking me full in the face, "I will do it," he said with animation, "and in fact there is no other course open to you. *You have already spoken to him several times;* he has always been satisfied at these; he will not fear what you will have to say to him, from the experience he has had already. I do not answer for it that he will consent, if he is well determined against you; but let me alone to choose my time well."'

Maréchal was as good as his word, and chose his time well for making the request. 'But,' replied the King, 'what can he have to say to me? there is nothing. It is true some trifles about him have come to my ears, but nothing of consequence; tell him to make himself easy, and that I

have nothing against him.' On Maréchal's still pressing for the audience, the King resumed, with an air of indifference, 'Well then, agreed, when he will.' Some days having elapsed, Saint-Simon walked up to the King's table as he was finishing his dinner, and reminded him of his gracious promise.

'He turned to me, and with a polite air, replied: "When you will; I could very well at once, but I have business, and it would be too short," and a moment after turned to me again, and said: "But to-morrow morning if you choose."'

The audience took place on the morrow, January, 1710; and after putting the best color on the wager as implying no want of loyalty and patriotism, he began answering things which he supposed to have been repeated against him; to which the King, evidently attaching no importance to them, remarked that he had only himself to thank if evil tongues had been busy at his expense.

'"This shows you," replied the King, assuming a truly paternal air, "on what footing you are in the world, and you must own that this reputation, you in some measure merit it. If you had never been engaged in affairs of ranks, if at least you had not appeared so excited about those that have arisen, and about the ranks themselves, people would not have that to say of you."'

When the audience ended, Saint-Simon felt so confident of the impression he had made, that he begged the King to think of him for an apartment to enable him to pay more assiduous court.

'The King replied that there was none vacant, and with a half-bow, laughing and gracious, walked towards his other cabinets; and I, after a low bow, went out where I came in, after more than half an hour of the most favorable audience, and far above what I had ventured to hope.'

The Court went to Marly on the 28th of April, 1710.

'I had gone to La Ferté. Madame de Saint-Simon offered herself for this expedition. It was the first the King had made to Marly since the audience he had given me. We were of the party. I arrived there from La Ferté, and I have since missed but one till the King's death, even those which Madame de Saint-Simon could not join; and I remarked from this first that the King spoke to me and distinguished me more than people of my age without *charge* or familiarity with him.'

On Sunday, the 5th June, 1710, the King, on returning from mass through the gallery, called to Saint-Simon to follow to the cabinet; where he was informed that Madame de Saint-Simon had been chosen, as a mark of esteem for her virtue and merit, to be lady of honor to the future Duchess of Berry. Then, after saying all sorts of obliging things of Saint-Simon and his wife, the King, 'fixing him with a look and a smile meant to be winning,' added: 'But you must hold your tongue.' The salary and appointments were fixed on the most liberal scale.

'He (the King) took marked care to form for us the most agreeable apartment at Versailles. He turned out d'Antin and the Duchesse Sforza to make out of the two a complete one for each of us. He added kitchens in the court below, a very rare thing at the château, because we always gave dinners, and often suppers, the whole time we were at Court.'

Having got as much as he had any reason to expect from the old King, Saint-Simon began to turn his attention from the setting to the rising sun and fixed his hopes on the young Duke of Burgundy, the coming Marcellus of France, the son of the Dauphin (commonly called Monseigneur), on whom from early youth the proverb ran: 'Son of king, father of king, never king.' The event, remarks Voltaire, seems to favor the credulity of those who have faith in predictions, for he died on the 14th of April, 1711.

Saint-Simon's description of the Court with its conflicting emotions when the heir-apparent was known to be at the last gasp, may be cited as one of the most favorable specimens of his style; and his own state of mind, which he frankly exposes, is well worth studying.

'My first movement was to inform myself more than once, to withhold full belief in what I saw and heard; then to fear too little cause for so much alarm; finally to fall back on myself by the consideration of the suffering common to all men, and that I should some day or other find myself at the gates of death. Joy, however, pierced through the momentary reflections of religion and humanity by which I tried to check myself: my particular deliverance seemed to me so great and so unhoped-for, that it seemed to me, with an evidence still more perfect than the truth, that the State gained all by such a loss. Amongst these thoughts, I felt in my own despite a shade of fear that the dying man might recover, and I was extremely ashamed of it.'

The new Dauphin did not live long

enough to realise Saint-Simon's expectations, or place him in a condition to show what an amount of political sagacity had been rendered useless (as he plainly intimates) by misplaced jealousy and unmerited distrust. The prince died on the 12th of February, 1712, and Saint-Simon lost not an hour in flinging in his fortunes with the Duke of Orleans, the future Regent. If the contemplation of virtue exercised a centripetal force in the one case, the contemplation of vice did not exert a centrifugal influence in the other, for Saint-Simon's adherence to the pupil of Dubois continued unshaken to his death.

'He (the Regent) lived publicly with Madame de Parabère: he lived with others at the same time: he amused himself with the jealousy and spite of these women: he was not the less on good terms with all; and the scandal of this public seraglio, and that of the daily ribaldry and impieties of his suppers, was extreme and universally diffused.'

Saint-Simon's solitary attempt to reform this mode of life was remarkable for the same spirit of indulgence that softened the reproof administered by the Scotch minister to Charles II. 'The King's passion for the fair could not be altogether restrained. He had once been observed using some familiarities with a young woman, and a committee of ministers was appointed to reprove him for a behavior so unbecoming a covenanted monarch. The spokesman of the committee, one Douglass, began with a severe aspect; informed the King that great scandal had been given to the godly; enlarged on the heinous nature of sin; and concluded with exhorting his Majesty, whenever he was disposed to amuse himself, to be more careful for the future in shutting the windows.'*

'Lent,' says Saint-Simon, 'had commenced, and I foresaw a frightful scandal, or a horrible sacrilege for Easter, which could not but augment this terrible scandal.' He, therefore, took the bold step of pointing out to the Regent, the worldly consequences of profaning the Holy Week, feeling (he states) the hopelessness of producing an impression by dwelling on the outrage against religion and the offence in the eyes of God. On being asked what he had to propose, he replied that nothing was more simple. His Royal Highness had only to make a partial sacrifice of seven days, beginning with Easter Tuesday, which he was to pass at Villers-Cotterets in company with five or six agreeable persons of his choice. 'Walk, ride, drive, play, in short, amuse yourself; fast like the monks who made good cheer on Fridays when they fasted; don't remain too long at table, and restrain the conversation within the moderate bounds of decency; attend divine service on Good Friday and High Mass on Easter Sunday. This is all I require. Do this, and I will answer for it that all goes well.'

This was the substance of his advice, with which the Regent eagerly closed; but his *roués** and mistresses took the alarm: the slightest self-restraint might end in a thorough reform: he was overpersuaded to remain in Paris, leading much the same kind of life; and his sole concession to prudence or propriety was a public attendance at High Mass.

There was another act of independence on which Saint-Simon prided himself, the refusal to address the Regent as *Monseigneur*. He stood out, and stood alone, for *Monsieur*; and he explains at length his reasons for this preposterous singularity, of which the Regent took no notice. At a moderate estimate, more than a thousand pages of this publication are occupied by similar topics; by memoirs, protests, disquisitions, discussions and disputes about rank, title, seats, caps, modes of address and privileges. He had precedence on the brain; nature meant him for a master of ceremonies; and the gold stick or the white wand of a High Steward or Lord Chamberlain would have gratified the dearest wish of his heart.

He was named a member of the Council of Regency, but declined any office of individual responsibility, and his exact position is hit off by M. Martin: 'Il s'y trouva, de fait, dans son vrai milieu, critiquant beaucoup et ne faisant guère.'† In his eyes all other measures were as nought compared with those for the humiliation of the Parliament, the degradation of the *légitimés*, and the elevation of the dukes.

The day on which his vengeance was complete, when his exultation rose to extravagance, was the 26th of August, 1718,

* Hume, 'History of England,' ch. lxi

* This term was first used by the Regent to describe the companions of his convivial hours.

† 'Hist. de France,' vol. xv. p. 8.

the day of the famous *lit de justice*, in which the powers of the Parliament were restricted, and the 'bastards' (with the exception of the Comte de Toulouse) reduced to the rank of ordinary peers. Saint-Simon's description of the scene is his masterpiece; and the effect is heightened by his account of the preceding deliberations in the Council, and the manner in which the train was quietly laid for the grand explosion, so that it should burst upon the surprised legists and bastards like a thunderclap. Speaking of the First President (de Mesmes), who rose to deliver a remonstrance, he says:

'The scoundrel trembled, however, in pronouncing it. His broken voice, the constraint in his eyes,' the sinking and trouble visible in all his person, gave the lie to the rest of the venom the libation of which he could not refuse to his Company and himself. It was then that I tasted with inexpressible delight the spectacle of these haughty lawyers, who dare refuse us the salute, prostrate on their knees and rendering at our feet a homage to the throne, whilst seated and covered on the elevated seats at the sides of this same throne, these situations and these postures, so greatly disproportioned, alone plead with all the force of evidence the cause of those who, veritably and in effect, are *laterales Regis* against this *vas electum* of the *tiers état!*'

The reading of the third declaration or order was almost too much for him.

'Each word was legislative, and carried a fresh fall. The attention was general, and held every one immovable so as not to lose a word, with eyes fixed on the clerk who was reading. Towards the third of this reading, the First President, *grinding the few teeth he had left*, sank down with his forehead on his *bâton*, which he held with both hands, and in this singular posture heard to the end this reading, so crushing for him, so resurrectionary for us.

'As for me, I was dying of joy. I was afraid that I should faint: my heart, dilated to excess, no longer found room enough to expand. The violence I put upon myself so as to let nothing escape, was infinite. Yet this torment was delicious. I compared the years of servitude—the sad days, when, dragged to Parliament as a victim, I had so many times served as a triumph to the bastards—the different degrees by which they had mounted to this height above our heads—I compared these, I say, to this day of justice and of rule, to this appalling fall, which with the same blow raised us by the force of the rebound. I recalled, with the most potent charm, what I had dared announce to the Duc du Maine the day of the scandal of the cap (*bonnet*) under the despotism of his father. My eyes witnessed at last the effect and the accomplishment of this measure. I felt indebted to myself; I thanked myself that it was by me it was brought about. I considered the radiant splendor in the presence of the King and so august an assembly. I triumphed; I was avenged; I swam in my vengeance. I edjoyed the full accomplishment of the most vehement and the most sustained desires of my life. I was tempted never to care for anything again.

* * * * *

'During the registration I cast my eyes round, and, if I put some restraint on them, I could not resist the temptation of indemnifying myself on the First President. Insult, contempt, disdain, triumph, were darted at him to his very marrow from my eyes. He frequently looked down when he encountered my gaze; once or twice he fixed his on me, and I took pleasure in outraging him by stolen but black smiles which completed his confusion. I revelled in his rage, and found pleasure in making him feel that I did!'

There is a great deal more of the same sort; and all about matters which in no respect affected his real interest or honor, matters which a man of true dignity, even of his own frivolous generation, would have despised.

The last eventful episode in his public career was his Spanish embassy in 1721, which gave occasion for a disquisition on the institutions and manners of Spain to which he had already devoted a large part of a volume. It is replete with information, tediously spun out, as are the rest of his digressive lucubrations and summaries of events. These, although he took great pains with them, will not enhance his reputation, which must rest on his narratives, his descriptions, his historic groups, and, above all, on his analysis and delineation of character. Wonder is blended with admiration at the abundance and variety of his biographical sketches and portraits. They may be counted by hundreds, yet no two of them are alike: each has a physiognomy of its own, and is distinguished by the most unerring marks of individuality. This alone is a decided proof that they were drawn from the life. Invention and fancy are limited: nature is inexhaustible. He has been compared to Rubens for boldness of outline and richness of coloring; and he resembles Rembrandt in the artistic effects which he produces by strong contrasts of light and shade. The shade, however, is too frequently deepened by hatred, malice and uncharitableness: the moral tone is low: we are disposed to agree with Sainte-Beuve that 'it is an immense and

prodigious talent rather than a high and complete intellect;' and, taken all in all, we can hardly understand how any reader, learned or unlearned, can warm or puff himself into enthusiasm for the author or the man.

The distinctive qualities of Tacitus and Juvenal are altogether wanting in Saint-Simon. He was not a deep thinker: he did not write to expose corruption or reform vice. He wrote to indulge his feelings; and he never meant what he wrote to see the light till the time at which it could be useful as a satire had long passed away. The persons he spared least were those who had wounded his vanity or offended his prejudices. The persons he praised most were those who had aided, obliged, or flattered him. This does not look as if he was uniformly actuated by the strong sense of justice or the pure love of truth. Piquancy of expression is his nearest approach to wit; and he had fortunately no humor, or he would have perceived the absurdity of much that he has usefully recorded from a conviction of its gravity. In delicacy (or indelicacy) he is about on a par with Swift, whose description of the Yahoos is the nearest literary parallel to Saint-Simon's account of the habits of some of the most distinguished personages who figure in his pages. We allude particularly to such passages as the sketch of the Duc de Vendôme's first acquaintance with Alberoni: the scene with the King and Madame de Maintenon in which the young and charming Duchess of Burgundy adopts a singular expedient for keeping herself cool at the theatre: that in which she is portrayed chatting with her ladies of honor before retiring to rest with the Duke, who is waiting for her; and the hurried visit of the Duchess de Chevreuse to a chapel on the road from Paris to Versailles. Yet if such things had been suppressed, the picture of manners would have been incomplete.

With rare exception,* his general reflections are commonplace. He tells us absolutely nothing of the state or progress of art, science, literature, or philosophy. He seldom mentions a book, and only pays the tribute of passing praise to authors like Corneille, Racine, and La Bruyère, whose fame was established beyond dispute. He thus mentions Voltaire:—

'Arouet, son of a notary who was my father's and mine till his death, was exiled and sent to Tulle for very satirical and very impudent verses. I should not amuse myself by remarking so small a trifle, if this same Arouet, become great poet and academician under the name of Voltaire, had not ended by being a kind of personage in the republic of letters, and *even* a kind of "important" amongst a certain world.'

There is one consideration, however, which may help to console the most ardent admirers of Saint-Simon when they cannot get colder or calmer critics to keep pace with them in their enthusiasm. If he had been in advance of his age instead of being on an exact level with it, the representative of his order, the type of his class—if he had been a stern moralist, a philosopher who despised forms and ceremonies, or a far-sighted high-principled statesman, he would not be the Saint-Simon who has descended to us: he would not, and could not, have composed the most curious and valuable passages of his Memoirs. This is as clear as that we should not have had Boswell's Johnson, or Pepys' Diary, or Walpole's Letters, without the foibles, vanity, egotism, affectation, and love of gossip, to which the rare flavor of their writings is as certainly owing as that of the *foie gras* to the diseased liver of the goose. We cannot have it both ways. Men of an heroic cast of mind, of commanding genius, of lofty ambition, of elevated views, will not make it the chief business of their lives to struggle for straws and feathers and complacently record the struggle: to chronicle the current scandals or fix the fleeting follies of a Court; and it is precisely because Saint-Simon was not a Molière, a Bossuet, a Tacitus, a Juvenal, or a felicitous compound of all four, that he occupies his peculiar place in French literature: that he is hailed at last, by almost universal consent, as the author of the richest, most suggestive, illustrative, entertaining collection of contemporary anecdotes, scenes and characters which any age or country has produced.—*Quarterly Review.*

* 'So true is it that we forget still less the injuries we inflict, than those even which we receive' (vol. i. p. 78). He has here hit upon the same thought as Dryden:—

'Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.'

"MATERIALISM" AND ITS OPPONENTS.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

I WILLINGLY yielded to the request that the following pages, intended as an introduction to a forthcoming edition of the "Fragments of Science," should first appear as an article in the *Fortnightly Review*. The presentation of the Fragments, in the order of their publication, will, I think, make it plain that within the last two years I have added no material iniquity to the list previously recorded against me. I have gone carefully over them all this year in Switzerland, bestowing special attention upon the one which has given most offence. To the judgment of thoughtful men I now commit them: the unthoughtful and the unfair will not read them, though they will continue to abuse them.

I have no desire to repay in kind the hard words already thrown at them and me; but a simple comparison will make clear to my more noisy and unreasonable assailants how I regard their position. To the nobler Bereans of the press and pulpit, who have honored me with their attention, I do not now refer. Webster defines a squatter as one who settles on new land without a title. This, in regard to anthropology and cosmogony, I hold to have been the position of the older theologians; and what their heated successors of to-day denounce as a "raid upon theology," is, in my opinion, a perfectly legal and equitable attempt to remove them from ground which they have no right to hold.

If the title exist, let it be produced. It is not the revision of the text of Genesis by accomplished scholars that the public so much need, as to be informed and convinced how far the text, polished or unpolished, has a claim upon the belief of intelligent persons. It is, I fear, a growing conviction that our ministers of religion, for the sake of peace, more or less sacrifice their sincerity in dealing with the cosmogony of the Old Testament. I notice this in conversation, and it is getting into print. Before me, for example, is a little brochure, in which a layman presses a clerical friend with a series of questions regarding creation—the six-day period of Divine activity, the destruction of the world by a flood, the building of an ark, the placing of creatures in it by pairs, and the descent from this ancestry of all living things, "men and women, birds and beasts." He asks his friend, "Do you, *without any mental reservation*, believe these things?" "If you *do*," he continues, "then I can only say that the accumulated and accepted knowledge of mankind, including the entire sciences of astronomy, geology, philology, and history, are [as far as you are concerned] nought and mistaken. If you do *not* believe those events to have so happened, or do so with some mental reservation, which destroys the whole sense and meaning of the narrative, *why do you not say so from your pulpits?*"

The friend merely parries and evades the question. According to Mr. Martineau, the clergy speak very differently indeed from their pulpits. After showing how the Mosaic picture of the "genetic order of things" has been not only alter ed but inverted by scientific research, he says, "Notwithstanding the deplorable condition to which the picture has been reduced, it is exhibited fresh every week to millions taught to believe it as divine." It cannot be urged that error here does no practical harm, or that it does not act to the detriment of honest men. It was for openly avowing doubts which, it is said, others discreetly entertain, that the Bishop of Natal suffered persecution; it was for his public fidelity to scientific truth, as far as his lights extended, that he was branded, even during his recent visit to this country, as an "excommunicated heretic." The courage of Dean Stanley and of the Master of Balliol, in reference to this question, disarmed indignation, and caused the public to overlook a wrong which might not otherwise have been endured.

The liberal and intelligent portion of Christendom must, I take it, differentiate itself more and more, in word and act, from the fanatical, foolish, and more purely sacerdotal portion. Enlightened Roman Catholics are more especially bound to take action here; for the travesty of heaven and earth is grosser, and the at-

tempt to impose it on the world is more serious, in their community than elsewhere. That they are more or less alive to this state of things, and that they show an increasing courage and independence in their demands for education, will be plain to the reader of the "Apology for the Belfast Address." The "Memorial" there referred to was the impatient protest of barristers, physicians, surgeons, solicitors, and scholars among the Catholics themselves. They must not relax their pressure nor relinquish their demands. For their spiritual guides live so exclusively in the pre-scientific past, that even the really strong intellects among them are reduced to atrophy as regards scientific truth. Eyes they have, and see not; ears they have, and hear not; for both eyes and ears are taken possession of by the sights and sounds of another age. In relation to science, the Ultramontane brain, through lack of exercise, is virtually the undeveloped brain of the child. And thus it is that as children in scientific knowledge, but as potent wielders of spiritual power among the ignorant, they countenance and enforce practices sufficient to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the more intelligent among themselves.

Such is the force of early education, when maintained and perpetuated by the habits of subsequent life; such the ground of peril in allowing the schools of a nation to fall into Ultramontane hands. Let any able Catholic student, fairly educated, and not yet cramped by sacerdotalism, get a real scientific grasp of the magnitude and organization of this universe. Let him sit under the immeasurable heavens, watch the stars in their courses, scan the mysterious nebulæ, and try to realize what it all is and means. Let him bring the thoughts and conceptions which thus enter his mind face to face with the notions of the genesis and rule of things which pervade the writings of the princes of his Church, and he will see and feel what drivellers even men of strenuous intellects may become, through exclusively dwelling and dealing with theological chimeras.

But, quitting the more grotesque forms of the Theological, I already see, or think I see, emerging from recent discussions, that wonderful plasticity of the Theistic Idea, which enables it to maintain, through many changes, its hold upon superior minds; and which, if it is to last, will eventually enable it to shape itself in accordance with scientific conditions. I notice this, for instance, in the philosophic sermon of Dr. Quarry, and more markedly still in that of Dr. Ryder. "There pervades," says the Rector of Donnybrook, "these atoms and that illimitable universe, that 'choir of heaven and furniture of earth,' which of such atoms is built up, a certain *force*, known in its most familiar form by the name of 'life,' *which may be regarded as the ultimate essence of matter.*" And, speaking of the awful search of the intellect for the infinite Creator, and of the grave difficulties which encompass the subject, the same writer says: "We know from our senses finite existences only. Now we cannot *logically* infer the existence of an infinite God from the greatest conceivable number of finite existences. There must always obviously be more in the conclusion than in the premisses." Such language is new to the pulpit, but it will become less and less rare. It is not the poets and philosophers among our theologians—and in our day the philosopher who wanders beyond the strict boundary of Science is more or less merged in the poet—it is not these, who feel the life of religion, but the mechanics who cling to its scaffolding, that are most anxious to tie the world down to the untenable conceptions of an uncultivated past.

Before me is another printed sermon of a different character from those just referred to. It is entitled "The Necessary Limits of Christian Evidences." Its author, Dr. Reichel, has been frequently referred to as an authority, particularly on personal subjects, during recent discussions. The sermon was first preached in Belfast, and afterwards, in an amplified and amended form, in the Exhibition Building in Dublin. In passing, I would make a single remark upon its opening paragraph, as it contains an argument regarding Christ which I have frequently heard used in substance by good men, though never before with the grating emphasis here employed. "The resurrection of our Saviour," says Dr. Reichel, "is the central fact of Christianity. Without his resurrection, his birth and his death would have been alike unavailing; nay more, if He did not rise from the dead,

his birth was the birth of a bastard, and his death the death of an impostor." This may be "orthodoxy;" but entertaining the notions that I do of Christ, and of his incomparable life upon the earth, if the momentary use of the term "blasphemy" were granted to me by my Christian brethren, I should feel inclined to employ it here.

Better instructed than he had been at Belfast, the orator in Dublin gave prominence to a personal argument which I have already noticed elsewhere.* He has been followed in this particular by the Bishop of Meath and other estimable persons. This is to be regretted, because in dealing with these high themes the mind ought to be the seat of dignity, if possible of chivalry, but certainly not the seat of littleness. "I propose," says the preacher, "making some remarks on the doctrine thus propounded [in Belfast]. And, first, lest any of you should be unduly impressed by the mere authority of its propounder, as well as by the fluent grace with which he sets it forth, it is right that I should tell you, that these conclusions, though given out on an occasion which apparently stamped them with the general approbation of the scientific world, do not possess that approbation. The mind that arrived at them, and displayed them with so much complacency, is a mind trained in the school of mere experiment, not in the study, but in the laboratory. Accordingly the highest mathematical intellects of the Association disclaim and repudiate the theories of its President. In the mathematical laws to which all material phenomena and substances are each year more distinctly perceived to be subordinated, they see another side of nature, which has not impressed itself upon the mere experimentalist."

In view of the new virtue here thrust upon the mathematician, D'Alembert and Laplace present a difficulty, and we are left without a clue to the peculiar orthodoxy of Helmholtz, Clifford, and other distinguished men. As regards my own mental training, inasmuch as my censors think it not beneath them to dwell upon a point so small, I may say that the foregoing statement is incorrect. The separation, moreover, of the "study" from the "laboratory," is not admissible, because the laboratory *is* a "study" in which symbols give place to natural facts. The word Mesopotamia is said to have a sacred unction for many minds, and possibly the title of my "Inaugural Dissertation" at Marburg may have an effect of this kind on my right reverend and reverend critics of the new mathematical school. Here accordingly it is: "Die Schraubenfläche mit geneigter Erzeugungslinie, und die Bedingungen des Gleichgewichts auf solchen Schrauben." A little tenderness may, perhaps, flow towards me, after these words have made it known that I began my narrow scientific life less as an experimentalist than as a mathematician.

If, as asserted, "the highest mathematical intellects of the Association disclaim and repudiate the theories of its President," it would be their bounden duty not to rest content with this mere second-hand utterance. They ought to permit the light of life to stream upon us directly from themselves, instead of sending it through the rude polemoscope* of Dr. Reichel. But the point of importance to be impressed upon him, and upon those who may be tempted to follow him in his adventurous theories, is, that out of Mathematics no salvation for Theology can possibly come.

By such reflections I am brought face to face with an essay to which my attention has been directed by several estimable, and indeed eminent persons, as demanding serious consideration at my hands. I refer with pleasure to the accord subsisting between the Rev. James Martineau and myself on certain points of biblical cosmogony. "In so far," says Mr. Martineau, "as Church belief is still committed to a given cosmogony and natural history of man, it lies open to scientific refutation." And again: "It turns out that with the sun and moon and stars, and in and on the earth, before and after the appearance of our race, quite other things have happened than those which the sacred cosmogony recites." Once more: "The whole history of the genesis of things Religion must surrender to the Sciences." Finally, still more emphatically: "In the investigation of the genetic order of things, Theology is an intruder, and must stand aside."

* "Apology for Belfast Address."

* "An oblique perspective glass, for seeing objects not directly before the eyes."—*Webster.* To mere obliquity Dr. Reichel's instrument adds coarseness of construction.

This expresses, only in words of fuller pith, the views which I ventured to enunciate in Belfast. "The impregnable position of Science," I there say, "may be stated in a few words. We claim, and we shall wrest from Theology, the entire domain of cosmological theory." Thus Theology, so far as it is represented by Mr. Martineau, and Science, so far as I understand it, are in absolute harmony nere.

But Mr. Martineau would have just reason to complain of me, if, by partial citation, I left my readers under the impression that the agreement between us is complete. At the opening of the eighty-ninth session of the Manchester New College, London, on October 6, 1874, he, its Principal, delivered the Address from which I have quoted. It bears the title "Religion as affected by modern Materialism;" and its references and general tone make evident the depth of the author's discontent with my previous deliverance at Belfast. I find it difficult to grapple with the exact grounds of this discontent. Indeed, logically considered, the impression left upon my mind by an essay of great æsthetic merit, containing many passages of exceeding beauty, and many sentiments which none but the pure in heart could utter as they are uttered here, is vague and unsatisfactory. The author appears at times so brave and liberal, at times so timid and captious, and at times so imperfectly informed regarding the position he assails.

At the outset of his address Mr. Martineau states with some distinctness his "sources of religious faith." They are two—"the scrutiny of Nature" and "the interpretation of Sacred Books." It would have been a theme worthy of his intelligence to have deduced from these two sources his religion as it stands. But not another word is said about the "Sacred Books." Having swept with the besom of Science various "books" contemptuously away, he does not define the Sacred residue; much less give us the reasons why he deems them sacred. His references to "Nature," on the other hand, are magnificent tirades against Nature, intended, apparently, to show the wholly abominable character of man's antecedents if the theory of evolution be true. Here also his mood lacks steadiness. While joyfully accepting, at one place, "the widening space, the deepening vistas of time, the detected marvels of physiological structure, and the rapid filling-in of the missing links in the chain of organic life," he falls, at another, into lamentation and mourning over the very theory which renders "organic life" "a chain." He claims the largest liberality for his sect, and avows his contempt for the dangers of possible discovery. But immediately afterwards he damages the claim, and ruins all confidence in the avowal. He professes sympathy with modern Science, and almost in the same breath he treats, or certainly will be understood to treat, the Atomic Theory, and the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, as if they were a kind of scientific thimble-riggery.

His ardor, moreover, renders him inaccurate; causing him to see discord between scientific men, where nothing but harmony reigns. In his celebrated Address to the Congress of German Naturforscher, delivered at Leipzig, three years ago, Du Bois Reymond speaks thus: "What conceivable connection subsists between definite movements of definite atoms in my brain, on the one hand, and on the other hand such primordial, indefinable, undeniable, facts as these: I feel pain or pleasure; I experience a sweet taste, or smell a rose, or hear an organ, or see something red? . . . It is absolutely and for ever inconceivable that a number of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen atoms, should be otherwise than indifferent as to their own position and motion, past, present, or future. It is utterly inconceivable how consciousness should result from their joint action."

This language, which was spoken in 1872, Mr. Martineau "freely" translates, and quotes against me. The act is due to a misapprehension of his own. Evidence is at hand to prove that I employed the same language twenty years ago. It is to be found in the *Saturday Review* for 1860; but a sufficient illustration of the agreement between my friend Du Bois Reymond, and myself, is furnished by the discourse on Scientific Materialism, delivered in 1868, then widely circulated, and reprinted here.* With a little attention, Mr. Martineau would have seen that in the very Address his essay criticises, precisely the same position is maintained. "You cannot," I there say, "satisfy the human understand-

* In the new volume to which this is the introduction.

ing in its demand for logical continuity between molecular processes and the phenomena of consciousness. This is a rock on which materialism must inevitably split whenever it pretends to be a complete philosophy of the human mind.

"The affluence of illustration," writes an able and sympathetic reviewer of this essay, in the *New York Tribune*, "in which Mr. Martineau delights, often impairs the distinctness of his statements by diverting the attention of the reader from the essential points of his discussion to the beauty of his imagery, and thus diminishes their power of conviction." To the beauties here referred to I bear willing testimony; but the excesses touched upon reach far beyond the reader, to their primal seat and source in Mr. Martineau's own mind; mixing together *there* things that ought to be kept apart; producing vagueness where precision is the one thing needful; poetic fervor where we require judicial calm; and practical unfairness where the strictest justice ought to be, and I willingly believe is meant to be, observed.

In one of his nobler passages, Mr. Martineau tells us how the pupils of his college have been educated hitherto: "They have been trained under the assumptions (1st) that the Universe which includes us and folds us round is the life-dwelling of an Eternal Mind; (2nd) that the world of our abode is the scene of a moral government, incipient but not complete; and (3rd) that the upper zones of human affection, above the clouds of self and passion, take us into the sphere of a Divine Communion. Into this over-arching scene it is that growing thought and enthusiasm have expanded to catch their light and fire."

Alpine summits must kindle above the mountaineer who reads these stirring words; I see their beauty and feel their life. Nay, in my own feeble way, at the close of one of the essays here printed, I thus affirm the "Communion" which Mr. Martineau calls "Divine:" "'Two things,' said Immanuel Kant, 'fill me with awe—the starry heavens, and the sense of moral responsibility in man.' And in his hours of health and strength and sanity, when the stroke of action has ceased, and the pause of reflection has set in, the scientific investigator finds himself overshadowed by the same awe. Breaking contact with the hampering details of earth, it asso es him with a power which gives fulness and tone to his existence, but which he can neither analyze nor comprehend."*

Though "knowledge" is here disavowed, the "feelings" of Mr. Martineau and myself are, I think, very much alike. But, notwithstanding the mutual independence of religious feeling and objective knowledge thus demonstrated, he censures me—almost denounces me—for referring Religion to the region of Emotion. Surely he is inconsistent here. The foregoing words refer to an inward hue or temperature, rather than to an external object of thought. When I attempt to give the Power which I see manifested in the Universe an objective form, personal or otherwise, it slips away from me, declining all intellectual manipulation. I dare not, save poetically, use the pronoun "He" regarding it; I dare not call it a "Mind;" I refuse to call it even a "Cause." Its mystery overshadows me; but it remains a mystery, while the objective frames which my neighbors try to make it fit, simply distort and desecrate it.

It is otherwise with Mr. Martineau, and hence his discontent. He professes to *know* where I only claim to *feel*. He could make his contention good against me if he would transform, by a process of verification, the foregoing three assumptions into "objective knowledge." But he makes no attempt to do so. They remain assumptions from the beginning of his address to its end. And yet he frequently uses the word "unverified," as if it were fatal to the position on which its incidence falls. "The scrutiny of Nature" is one of his sources of "religious faith:" what logical foothold does that scrutiny furnish on which any one of the three foregoing assumptions could be planted? Nature, according to his picturing, is base and cruel: what is the inference to be drawn regarding its author? If Nature be "red in tooth and claw," who is responsible? On a Mind-

* In the first preface to the "Belfast Address" I referred to "hours of clearness and vigor," as four years previously I had referred to hours of "health and strength and sanity," and brought down upon myself, in consequence, a considerable amount of ridicule. Why, I know not. For surely it is not when sleepy after a gluttonous meal, or when suffering from dyspepsia, or even when possessed by an arithmetical problem demanding concentrated thought, that we care most for the "starry heavens or the sense of responsibility in man."

less nature Mr. Martineau pours the full torrent of his gorgeous invective; but could the "assumption" of "an Eternal Mind"—even of a Beneficent Eternal Mind—render the world objectively a whit less mean and ugly than it is? Not an iota. It is man's feelings, and not external phenomena, that are influenced by the assumption. It adds not a ray of light nor a strain of music to the objective sum of things. It does not touch the phenomena of physical nature—storm, flood, or fire—nor diminish by a pang the bloody combats of the animal world. But it does add the glow of religious emotion to the human soul, as represented by Mr. Martineau. Beyond this I defy him to go; and yet he rashly —it might be said petulantly—kicks away the only philosophic foundation on which it is possible for him to build his religion.

He twits incidentally the modern scientific interpretation of Nature because of its want of cheerfulness. "Let the new future," he says, "preach its own gospel, and devise, if it can, the means of making the tidings *glad*." This is a common argument: "If you only knew the comfort of belief!" My reply to it is that I choose the nobler part of Emerson, when, after various disenchantments, he exclaimed, "I covet *truth!*" The gladness of true heroism visits the heart of him who is really competent to say this. Besides, "gladness" is an emotion, and Mr. Martineau theoretically scorns the emotional. I am not, however, acquainted with a writer who draws more largely upon this source, while mistaking it for something objective. "To reach the Cause," he says, "there is no need to go into the past, as though being missed here He could be found there. But when once He has been apprehended by the proper organs of divine apprehension, the whole life of Humanity is recognised as the scene of his agency." That Mr. Martineau should have lived so long, thought so much, and failed to recognise the entirely subjective character of this creed, is highly instructive. His "proper organs of divine apprehension"—denied, I may say, to some of the greatest intellects and noblest men in this and other ages—lie at the very core of his emotions.

In fact, it is when Mr. Martineau is most purely emotional that he scorns the emotions; and it is when he is most purely subjective, that he rejects subjectivity. He pays a just and liberal tribute to the character of John Stuart Mill. But in the light of Mill's philosophy, benevolence, honor, purity, having "shrunk into mere unaccredited subjective susceptibilities, have lost all support from Omniscient approval, and all presumable accordance with the reality of things." If Mr. Martineau had given them any inkling of the process by which he renders the "subjective susceptibilities" objective; or how he arrives at an objective ground of "Omniscient approval," gratitude from his pupils would have been his just meed. But as it is, he leaves them lost in an iridescent cloud of words, after exciting a desire which he is incompetent to appease.

"We are," he says, in another place, "for ever shaping our representations of invisible things into forms of definite opinion, and throwing them to the front, as if they were the photographic equivalent of our real faith. It is a delusion which affects us all. Yet somehow the essence of our religion never finds its way into these frames of theory: as we put them together it slips away, and, if we turn to pursue it, still retreats behind; ever ready to work with the will, to unbind and sweeten the affections, and bathe the life with reverence, but refusing to be seen, or to pass from a divine hue of thinking into a human pattern of thought." This is very beautiful, and mainly so because the man who utters it obviously brings it all out of the treasury of his own heart. But the "hue" and "pattern" here so finely spoken of, are neither more nor less than that "emotion" on the one hand, and that "objective knowledge" on the other, which have drawn this suicidal fire from Mr. Martineau's battery.

I now come to one of the most serious portions of Mr. Martineau's pamphlet—serious far less on account of its "personal errors," than of its intrinsic gravity, though its author has thought fit to give it a witty and sarcastic tone. He analyzes and criticises "the materialist doctrine, which, in our time, is proclaimed with so much pomp, and resisted with so much passion. 'Matter is all I want,' says the physicist; 'give me its atoms alone, and I will explain the universe.'" It thought, even by Mr. Martineau's intimate friends, that in this pamphlet he is answering me. I must therefore ask the reader

to contrast the foregoing travesty with what I really do say regarding atoms:—"I do not think that he (the materialist) is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and motions *explain* everything. In reality, they explain nothing. The utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance."* This is very different from saying, "Give me its atoms alone, and I will explain the universe." Mr. Martineau continues his dialogue with the physicist:—"'Good,' he says; 'take as many atoms as you please. See that they have all that is requisite to Body [a metaphysical B], being homogeneous extended solids.' 'That is not enough,' he replies; 'it might do for Democritus and the mathematicians, but I must have something more. The atoms must not only be in motion, and of various shapes, but also of as many kinds as there are chemical elements; for how could I ever get water if I had only hydrogen elements to work with?' 'So be it,' Mr. Martineau consents to reply, 'only this is a considerable enlargement of your specified datum [where, and by whom specified?]—in fact, a conversion of it into several; yet, even at the cost of its monism [put into it by Mr. Martineau] your scheme seems hardly to gain its end; for by what manipulation of your resources will you, for example, educe Consciousness?'"

This reads like pleasantry, but it deals with serious things. For the last seven years the question proposed by Mr. Martineau and my answer to it have been accessible to all. They are also given in this volume. Here, briefly, is the question:—"A man can say, 'I feel, I think, I love,' but how does consciousness infuse itself into the problem?" And here is the answer:—"The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought, and a definite molecular action in the brain, occur simultaneously; we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened, and illuminated, as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electric discharges, if such there be; and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem, 'How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?' The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassable."*

Compare this with the answer which Mr. Martineau puts into the mouth of *his* physicist, and with which I am generally credited by Mr. Martineau's readers:—"'It (the problem of consciousness) does not daunt me at all. Of course you understand that all along my atoms have been affected by gravitation and polarity; and now I have only to insist with Fechner on a difference among molecules; there are the *inorganic*, which can change only their *place*, like the particles in an undulation; and there are the *organic*, which can change *their order*, as in a globule that turns itself inside out. With an adequate number of these, our problem will be manageable.' 'Likely enough,' we may say ['entirely unlikely,' say I], seeing how careful you are to provide for all emergencies; and if any hitch should occur in the next step, where you will have to pass from mere sentiency to thought and will, you can again look in upon your atoms, and fling among them a handful of Leibnitz's monads, to serve as souls in little, and be ready, in a latent form, with that Vorstellungs-fähigkeit which our picturesque interpreters of nature so much prize.'"

"But surely," continues Mr. Martineau, "you must observe that this 'matter' of yours alters its style with every change of service: starting as a beggar, with scarce a rag of 'property' to cover its bones, it turns up as a prince when large undertakings are wanted. 'We must radically change our notions of matter,' says Professor Tyndall; and then, he ventures to believe, it will answer all demands, carrying 'the promise and potency of all terrestrial life.' If the measure of the re-

* Address on "Scientific Materialism."

* Bishop Butler's reply to the Lucretian, in the Belfast Address, is all in the same strain.

quired 'change in our notions' had been specified, the proposition would have had a real meaning, and been susceptible of a test. It is easy travelling through the stages of such an hypothesis; you deposit at your bank a round sum ere you start, and, drawing on it piecemeal at every pause, complete your grand tour without a debt."

The last paragraph of this argument is forcibly and ably stated. On it I am willing to try conclusions with Mr. Martineau. I may say, in passing, that I share his contempt for the picturesque interpretation of nature, if accuracy of vision be thereby impaired. But the term Vorstellungs-fähigkeit, as used by me, means the power of definite mental presentation, of attaching to words the corresponding objects of thought, and of seeing these in their proper relations, without the interior haze and soft penumbral borders, which the theologian loves. To this mode of "interpreting Nature" I shall to the best of my ability now adhere.

Neither of us, I trust, will be afraid or ashamed to begin at the alphabet of this question. Our first effort must be to understand each other, and this mutual understanding can only be ensured by beginning low down. Physically speaking, however, we need not go below the sea-level. Let us then travel in company to the Caribbean Sea, and halt upon the heated water. What is that sea, and what is the sun which heats it? Answering for myself, I say that they are both *matter*. I fill a glass with the sea-water and expose it on the deck of the vessel; after some time the liquid has all disappeared, and left a solid residue of salts in the glass behind. We have mobility, invisibility—apparent annihilation. In virtue of

> "The glad and secret aid
> The sun unto the ocean paid,"

the water has taken to itself wings and flown off as vapor. From the whole surface of the Caribbean Sea such vapor is rising: and now we must follow it—not upon our legs, however, nor in a ship, nor even in a balloon, but by the mind's eye —in other words, by that power of Vorstellung which Mr. Martineau knows so well, and which he so justly scorns when it indulges in loose practices.

Compounding, then, the northward motion of the vapor with the earth's axial rotation, we track our fugitive through the higher atmospheric regions, obliquely across the Atlantic Ocean to Western Europe, and on to our familiar Alps. Here another wonderful metamorphosis occurs. Floating on the cold calm air, and in presence of the cold firmament, the vapor condenses, not only to particles of water, but to particles of crystalline water. These coalesce to stars of snow, which fall upon the mountains in forms so exquisite that, when first seen, they never fail to excite rapture. As to beauty, indeed, they put the work of the lapidary to shame, while as to accuracy, they render concrete the abstractions of the geometer. Are these crystals "matter"? Without presuming to dogmatize, I answer for myself in the affirmative.

Still, a *formative power* has obviously here come into play which did not manifest itself in either the liquid or the vapor. The question now is, Was not the power "potential" in both of them, requiring only the proper conditions of temperature to bring it into action? Again I answer for myself in the affirmative. I am, however, quite willing to discuss with Mr. Martineau the alternative hypothesis, that an imponderable formative soul unites itself with the substance after its escape from the liquid state. If he should espouse this hypothesis, then I should demand of him an immediate exercise of that Vorstellungs-fähigkeit, with which, in my efforts to think clearly, I can never dispense. I should ask, At what moment did the soul come in? Did it enter at once or by degrees; perfect from the first, or growing and perfecting itself contemporaneously with its own handiwork? I should also ask whether it was localised or diffused? Does it move about as a lonely builder, putting the bits of solid water in their places as soon as the proper temperature has set in? or is it distributed through the entire mass of the crystal? If the latter, then the soul has the shape of the crystal; but if the former, then I should inquire after its shape. Has it legs or arms? If not, I would ask it to be made clear to me how a thing without these appliances can act so perfectly the part of a builder? (I insist on definition, and ask unusual questions, if haply I might thereby banish unmeaning words.) What were the condition and residence of the soul before it joined the crystal?

What becomes of it when the crystal is dissolved? Why should a particular temperature be needed before it can exercise its vocation? Finally, is the problem before us in any way simplified by the assumption of its existence? I think it probable that, after a full discussion of the question, Mr. Martineau would agree with me in ascribing the building power displayed in the crystal to the bits of water themselves. At all events, I should count upon his sympathy so far as to believe, that he would consider any one unmannerly who would denounce me for rejecting this notion of a separate soul, and for holding the snow crystal to be "matter."

But then what an astonishing addition is here made to the powers of matter! Who would have dreamt, without actually seeing its work, that such a power was locked up in a drop of water? All that we needed to make the action of the *liquid* intelligible was the assumption of Mr. Martineau's "homogeneous extended atomic solids," smoothly gliding over one another. But had we supposed the water to be nothing more than this, we should have ignorantly defrauded it of an intrinsic architectural power, which the art of man, even when pushed to its utmost degree of refinement, is incompetent to imitate. I would invite Mr. Martineau to consider how inappropriate his figure of a fictitious bank deposit becomes under these circumstances. The "account current" of a matter receives nothing at my hands which could be honestly kept back from it. If, then, "Democritus and the mathematicians" so defined matter as to exclude the powers here proved to belong to it, they were clearly wrong, and Mr. Martineau, instead of twitting me with my departure from them, ought rather to applaud me for correcting them.

The reader of my small contributions to the literature which deals with the overlapping margins of science and theology, will have noticed how frequently I quote Mr. Emerson. I do so mainly because in him we have a poet and a profoundly religious man, who is really and entirely undaunted by the discoveries of science, past, present, or prospective. In his case poetry, with the joy of a bacchanal, takes her graver brother science by the hand, and cheers him with immortal laughter. By Emerson scientific conceptions are continually transmuted into the finer forms and warmer hues of an ideal world. Our present theme is touched upon in the lines:

> "The journeying atoms, primordial wholes
> Firmly draw, firmly drive by their animate poles."

As regards veracity and insight, these few words outweigh, in my estimation, all the formal learning expended by Mr. Martineau in these disquisitions on force, in which he treats the physicist as a conjuror, and speaks so wittily of atomic polarity. In fact, without this notion of polarity—this "drawing" and "driving"—this attraction and repulsion, we stand as stupidly dumb before the phenomena of crystallization as a Bushman before the phenomena of the solar system. The genesis and growth of the notion I have endeavored to make clear in my third Lecture on Light, and in the article "Crystals and Molecular Force" published in this volume.

Our further course is here foreshadowed. A Sunday or two ago I stood under an oak planted by Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna. On the ground near the tree little oaklets were successfully fighting for life with the surrounding vegetation. The acorns had dropped into the friendly soil, and this was the result of their interaction. What is the acorn? what the earth? and what the sun, without whose heat and light the tree could not become a tree, however rich the soil, and however healthy the seed? I answer for myself as before—all "matter." And the heat and light which here play so potent a part are acknowledged to be motions of matter. By taking something much lower down in the vegetable kingdom than the oak, we might approach much more nearly to the case of crystallization already discussed, but this is not now necessary.

If, instead of conceding the sufficiency of matter here, Mr. Martineau should fly to the hypothesis of a vegetative soul, all the questions before asked in relation to the snow-star become pertinent. I would invite him to go over them one by one, and consider what replies he will make to them. He may retort by asking me, "Who infused the principle of life into the tree?" I say in answer that our present question is not this, but another—not who made the tree, but what *is* it? Is there anything besides matter in the tree? If

so, what, and where? Mr. Martineau may have begun by this time to discern that it is not "picturesqueness," but cold precision, that my Vorstellungs-fähigkeit demands. How, I would ask, is this vegetative soul to be presented to the mind; where did it flourish before the tree grew, and what will become of it when the tree is sawn into planks, or consumed in fire?

Possibly Mr. Martineau may consider the assumption of this soul to be as untenable and as useless as I do. But then if the power to build a tree be conceded to pure matter, what an amazing expansion of our notions of the "potency of matter" is implied in the concession! Think of the acorn, of the earth, and of the solar light and heat—was ever such necromancy dreamt of as the production of that massive trunk, those swaying boughs and whispering leaves, from the interaction of these three factors? In this interaction, moreover, consists what we call *life*. It will be seen that I am not in the least insensible to the wonder of the tree; nay, I should not be surprised if, in the presence of this wonder, I feel more perplexed and overwhelmed than Mr. Martineau himself.

Consider it for a moment. There is an experiment, first made by Wheatstone, where the music of a piano is transferred from its sound-board, through a thin wooden rod, across several silent rooms in succession, and poured out at a distance from the instrument. The strings of the piano vibrate, not singly, but ten at a time. Every string subdivides, yielding not one note, but a dozen. All these vibrations and subvibrations are crowded together into a bit of deal not more than a quarter of a square inch in section. Yet no note is lost. Each vibration asserts its individual rights; and all are, at last, shaken forth into the air by a second sound-board, against which the distant end of the rod presses. Thought ends in amazement when it seeks to realize the motions of that rod as the music flows through it. I turn to my tree and observe its roots, its trunk, its branches, and its leaves. As the rod conveys the music, and yields it up to the distant air, so does the trunk convey the matter and the motion—the shocks and pulses and other vital actions—which eventually emerge in the umbrageous foliage of the tree. I went some time ago through the greenhouse of a friend. He had ferns from Ceylon, the branches of which were in some cases not much thicker than an ordinary pin—hard, smooth, and cylindrical—often leafless for a foot or more. But at the end of every one of them the unsightly twig unlocked the exuberant beauty hidden within it, and broke forth into a mass of fronds, almost large enough to fill the arms. We stand here upon a higher level of the wonderful: we are conscious of a music subtler than that of the piano, passing unheard through these tiny boughs, and issuing in what Mr. Martineau would opulently call the "clustered magnificence" of the leaves. Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster, and every leaf—their form and texture—lie, like the music in the rod, in the molecular structure of these apparently insignificant stems? Not so. Mr. Martineau weeps for "the beauty of the flower fading into a necessity." I care not whether it comes to me through necessity or through freedom, my delight in it is all the same. I see what he sees with a wonder superadded. To me as to him—nay, to me more than to him—not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these.

I have spoken above as if the assumption of a soul would save Mr. Martineau from the inconsistency of crediting pure matter with the astonishing building power displayed in crystals and trees. This, however, would not be the necessary result; for it would remain to be proved that the soul assumed is not itself matter. When a boy I learnt from Dr. Watts that the souls of conscious brutes are mere matter. And the man who would claim for matter the human soul itself, would find himself in very orthodox company. "All that is created," says Fauste, a famous French bishop of the fifth century, "is matter. The soul occupies a place; it is enclosed in a body; it quits the body at death, and returns to it at the resurrection, as in the case of Lazarus; the distinction between hell and heaven, between eternal pleasures and eternal pains, proves that even after death, souls occupy a place and are corporeal. God only is incorporeal." Tertullian, moreover, was quite a physicist in the definiteness of his conceptions regarding the soul. "The materiality of the soul," he says, "is evident from the evangelists. A human soul

is there expressly pictured as suffering in hell; it is placed in the middle of a flame, its tongue feels a cruel agony, and it implores a drop of water at the hands of a happier soul. *Wanting materiality*," adds Tertullian, "*all this would be without meaning.*" One wonders what would have happened to this great Christian Father amid the roaring lions of Belfast. Could its excellent press have shielded him from its angry pulpits, as it sheltered me?*

I have glanced at inorganic nature—at the sea, and the sun, and the vapor, and the snowflake—and at organic nature as represented by the fern and the oak. That same sun which warmed the water and liberated the vapor, exerts a subtler power on the nutriment of the tree. It takes hold of matter wholly unfit for the purposes of nutrition, separates its nutritive from its non-nutritive portions, gives the former to the vegetable, and carries the others away. Planted in the earth, bathed by the air, and tended by the sun, the three is traversed by its sap, the cells are formed, the woody fibre is spun, and the whole is woven to a texture wonderful even to the naked eye, but a million-fold more so to microscopic vision. Does consciousness mix in any way with these processes? No man can tell. Our only ground for a negative conclusion is the absence of those outward manifestations from which feeling is usually inferred. But even these are not entirely absent. In the greenhouses of Kew we may see that a leaf can close, in response to a proper stimulus, as promptly as the human fingers themselves; and while there Dr. Hooker will tell us of the wondrous fly-catching and fly-devouring power of the Dionæa. No man can say that the feelings of the animal are not represented by a drowsier consciousness in the vegetable world. At all events, no line has ever been drawn between the conscious and the unconscious; for the vegetable shades into the animal by such fine gradations, that it is impossible to say where the one ends and the other begins.

In all such inquiries we are necessarily limited by our own powers: we observe what our senses, armed with the aids furnished by science, enable us to observe; nothing more. The evidences as to consciousness in the vegetable world depend wholly upon our capacity to observe and weigh them. Alter the capacity, and the evidence would alter too. Would that which to us is a total absence of any manifestation of consciousness be the same to a being with our capacities indefinitely multiplied? To such a being I can imagine not only the vegetable, but the mineral world, responsive to the proper irritants, the response differing only in degree from those exaggerated manifestations, which, in virtue of their grossness, appeal to our weak powers of observation.

Our conclusions, however, must be based, not on powers that we can imagine, but upon those that we possess. What do they reveal? As the earth and atmosphere offer themselves as the nutriment of the vegetable world, so does the latter, which contains no constituent not found in inorganic nature, offer itself to the animal world. Mixed with certain inorganic substances—water, for example—the vegetable constitutes, in the long-run, the sole sustenance of the animal. Animals may be divided into two classes, the first of which can utilise the vegetable world immediately, having chemical forces strong enough to cope with its most refractory parts; the second class use the vegetable world mediately; that is to say, after its finer portions have been extracted and stored up by the first. But in neither class have we an atom newly created. The animal world is, so to say, a distillation through the vegetable world from inorganic nature.

From this point of view all three worlds would constitute a unity, in which I picture life as immanent everywhere. Nor am I anxious to shut out the idea that the life here spoken of may be but a subordinate part and function of a higher life, as the living, moving blood is subordinate to the living man. I resist no such idea

* The foregoing extracts, which M. Alglave recently brought to light for the benefit of the Bishop of Orleans, are taken from the sixth lecture of the *Cours d' Histoire Moderne* of that most orthodox of statesmen, M. Guizot. "I could multiply," continues M. Guizot, "these citations to infinity, and they prove that in the first centuries of our era the materiality of the soul was an opinion not only permitted, but dominant." Dr. Moriarty, and the synod which he recently addressed, obviously forget their own antecedents. Their boasted succession from the early Church renders them the direct offspring of a 'materialism' more 'brutal' than any ever enunciated by me.

as long as it is not dogmatically imposed. Left for the human mind freely to operate upon, the idea has ethical vitality; but stiffened into a dogma, the inner force disappears, and the outward yoke of a usurping hierarchy takes its place.

The problem before us is, at all events, capable of definite statement. We have on the one hand strong grounds for concluding that the earth was once a molten mass. We now find it not only swathed by an atmosphere and covered by a sea, but also crowded with living things. The question is, how were they introduced? Certainty may be as unattainable here as Bishop Butler held it to be in matters of religion; but in the contemplation of probabilities the thoughtful mind is forced to take a side. The conclusion of science, which recognises unbroken casual connection between the past and the present, would undoubtedly be that the molten earth contained within it elements of life, which grouped themselves into their present forms as the planet cooled. The difficulty and reluctance encountered by this conception, arise solely from the fact that the theologic conception obtained a prior footing in the human mind. Did the latter depend upon reasoning alone, it could not hold its ground for an hour against its rival. But it is warmed into life and strength by the emotions—by associated hopes, fears, and expectations—and not only by these, which are more or less mean, but by that loftiness of thought and feeling which lifts its possessor above the atmosphere of self, and which the theologic idea, in its nobler forms, has through ages engendered in noble minds.

Were not man's origin implicated, we should accept without a murmur the derivation of animal and vegetable life from what we call inorganic nature. The conclusion of pure intellect points this way and no other. But this purity is troubled by our interests in this life, and by our hopes and fears regarding the life to come. Reason is traversed by the emotions, anger rising in the weaker heads to the height of suggesting that the compendious shooting of the inquirer would be an act agreeable to God and serviceable to man. But this foolishness is more than neutralised by the sympathy of the wise; and in England at least, so long as the courtesy which befits an earnest theme is adhered to, such sympathy is ever ready for an honest man. None of us here need shrink from saying all that he has a right to say. We ought, however, to remember that it is not only a band of Jesuits, weaving their schemes of intellectual slavery, under the innocent guise of "education," that we are opposing. Our foes are to some extent they of our own household, including not only the ignorant and the passionate, but a minority of minds of high calibre and culture, lovers of freedom, moreover, who, though its objective hull be riddled by logic, still find the ethic life of their religion unimpaired. But while such considerations ought to influence the *form* of our argument, and prevent it from ever slipping out of the region of courtesy into that of scorn or abuse, its *substance*, I think, ought to be maintained and presented in unmitigated strength.

In the year 1855 the chair of philosophy in the University of Munich happened to be filled by a Catholic priest of great critical penetration, great learning, and great courage, who bore the brunt of battle long before Döllinger. His Jesuit colleagues, he knew, inculcated the belief that every human soul is sent into the world from God by a separate and supernatural act of creation. In a work entitled "The Origin of the Human Soul," Professor Frohschammer, the philosopher here alluded to, was hardy enough to question this doctrine, and to affirm that man, body and soul, comes from his parents, the act of creation being, therefore, mediate and secondary only. The Jesuits keep a sharp look-out on all temerities of this kind, and their organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, immediately pounced upon Frohschammer. His book was branded as "pestilent," placed in the Index, and stamped with the condemnation of the Church.*

It will be seen, in the "Apology for the Belfast Address," how simply and beautifully the great Jesuit Perrone causes

* King Maximilian II. brought Liebig to Munich, he helped Helmholtz in his researches, and loved to liberate and foster science. But through his "liberal" concession of power to the Jesuits in the schools, he did far more damage to the intellectual freedom of his country than his superstitious predecessor Ludwig I. Priding himself on being a German prince, Ludwig would not tolerate the interference of the Roman party with the political affairs of Bavaria.

the Almighty to play with the sun and planets, desiring this one to stop, and another to move, according to his pleasure. To Perrone's Vorstellung God is obviously a large Individual who holds the leading-strings of the universe, and orders its steps from a position outside it all. Nor does the notion now under consideration err on the score of indefiniteness. According to it, the Power whom Goethe does not dare to name, and whom Gassendi and Clerk Maxwell present to us under the guise of a "manufacturer" of atoms, turns out annually for England and Wales alone, a quarter of a million of new souls. Taken in connection with the dictum of Mr. Carlyle, that this annual increment to our population are "mostly fools," but little profit to the human heart seems derivable from this mode of regarding the Divine operations.

But if the Jesuit notion be rejected, what are we to accept? Physiologists say that every human being comes from an egg, not more than $\frac{1}{120}$th of an inch in diameter. Is this egg matter? I hold it to be so, as much as the seed of a fern or of an oak. Nine months go to the making of it into a man. Are the additions made during this period of gestation drawn from matter? I think so undoubtedly. If there be anything besides matter in the egg, or in the infant subsequently slumbering in the womb, what is it? The questions already asked with reference to the stars of snow, may be here repeated. Mr. Martineau will complain that I am disenchanting the babe of its wonder; but is this the case? I figure it growing in the womb, woven by a something not itself, without conscious participation on the part of either father or mother, and appearing in due time, a living miracle, with all its organs and all their implications. Consider the work accomplished during these nine months in forming the eye alone—with its lens, and its humors, and its miraculous retina behind. Consider the ear with its tympanum, cochlea, and Corti's organ—an instrument of three thousand strings, built adjacent to the brain, and employed by it to sift, separate, and interpret, antecedent to all consciousness, the sonorous tremors of the external world. All this has been accomplished, not only without man's contrivance, but without his knowledge, the secret of his own organisation having been withheld from him since his birth in the immeasurable past, until the other day. Matter I define as that mysterious thing by which all this is accomplished. How it came to have this power is a question on which I never ventured an opinion. If, then, matter starts as "a beggar," it is, in my view, because the Jacobs of theology have deprived it of its birthright. Mr. Martineau need fear no disenchantment. Theories of evolution go but a short way towards the explanation of this mystery; while, in its presence, the notion of an atomic manufacturer and artificer of souls raises the doubt, whether those who entertain it were ever really penetrated by the solemnity of the problem for which they offer such a solution.

There are men, and they include amongst them some of the best of the race of men, upon whose minds this mystery falls without producing either warmth or color. The "dry light" of the intellect suffices for them, and they live their noble lives untouched by a desire to give the mystery shape or expression. There are, on the other hand, men whose minds are warmed and colored by its presence, and who, under its stimulus, attain to moral heights which have never been overtopped. Different spiritual climates are necessary for the healthy existence of these two classes of men; and different climates must be accorded them. The history of humanity, however, proves the experience of the second class to illustrate the most pervading need. The world will have religion of some kind, even though it should fly for it to the intellectual whoredom of "spiritualism." What is really wanted is the lifting power of an ideal element in human life. But the free play of this power must be preceded by its release from the torn swaddling bands of the past, and from the practical materialism of the present. It is now in danger of being strangled by the one, or stupefied by the other. I look, however, forward to a time when the strength, insight, and elevation which now visit us in mere hints and glimpses during moments "of clearness and vigor," shall be the stable and permanent possession of purer and mightier minds than ours—purer and mightier, partly because of their deeper knowledge of matter and their more faithful conformity to its laws.—*Fortnightly Review.*

SHERMAN AND JOHNSTON, AND THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

BY COL. CHARLES C. CHESNEY.

THE publication in quick succession of the *Narrative* of General Johnston and the *Memoirs* of General Sherman, afforded the critic such an opportunity as the whole range of military literature has never before offered. Great commanders have repeatedly written of their own warlike deeds; but there has been no instance before of two who were opposed to each other in a campaign of the first magnitude sending out to the world their independent records of its whole course. It is true that there is a French edition of the Archduke Charles's grand work on the war of 1796, with a sort of reply appended by Jourdan, one of the generals-in-chief whom he defeated. But this is avowedly rather a commentary on the German history, directed to show that the Revolutionary armies were not so very badly beaten as had been asserted, than an original version. It is so unimportant as to have remained almost unnoticed on the shelves of military libraries, and cannot be said to form a fair exception to the rule now first broken in the case of the two commanders in the Campaign of Atlanta.

Nor could the full value of such works have been reached elsewhere. It needed the complete freedom and publicity of American life to allow such a thorough insight as they afford into the motives and actions of the writers to be given unhesitatingly to the world. The delay which has occurred before their publication is an additional advantage; for the condonation now granted by the North to the South, slowly it is true but not the less surely, for the cardinal sin of striving to break the great Republic into fragments, is so far pronounced, that the fair hearing is given on either side to what is written on the other which a very few years ago seemed hopeless. In 1870 it was still said that all books on the war to be sold in the Northern markets, must be pervaded wholly by Northern sympathies. And though this sentiment is not completely banished, a more truly historical as well as a more generous spirit is coming gradually in, which allows Johnston's Narrative of his own campaigns to be fairly judged of in the North; whilst Sherman's Memoirs have been actually supplemented by some very valuable additions suggested by their circulation in the Southern States, where once his name was execrated. To us at this distance, this remarkable pair of books has an additional source of interest; for in the style of the writers, and the whole manner in which the story on either side is told, we recognise not merely those national characteristics which Englishmen have come to know as American, but even a curious similarity of thought and diction, which shows that Sherman and Johnston were not only fellow-citizens of the same great country, but taught in the same college, and trained in the same service.

Both are hard hitters, whether wielding pen or sword. Unsparing of others' feelings, regardless of the cloud of controversies which must rise on their criticisms, gifted with strong confidence in their own personal infallibility, there are points of striking likeness between the characters of the two chiefs who were suddenly opposed to each other in the fierce spring of 1864, when the greatest Civil War of history rose to its full height. Each was fired with the belief that the destinies of a people were in his hands, and each, with trust in his own powers of generalship and the fighting qualities of his men, had a just respect for his adversary. And now, after the lapse of a decade, each comes forward as much bent as ever on making the best of his cause. But there is a wide change in the shape in which the object is pursued. Each of them has outlived what still remains with many of their countrymen of the political passions of 1864, and seeks therefore to justify his actions on the purely professional ground of a soldier, entering into policy no farther than as it seems to affect the course of the Atlanta Campaign.

The course of events they trace may be summarised as follows. On the 18th March Sherman relieved Grant of his special command in the West, comprising the armies destined to invade Georgia from Chattanooga, the great fortified depôt on the Tennessee, which the latter had rescued for the Federals in the previous autumn.

Johnston had been in command of the opposing force from the beginning of the year, and lay at Dalton, thirty miles south-east of Chattanooga, keeping strictly on the defensive. Such was his attitude also throughout the campaign, for reasons which will presently appear; and Sherman, having on arrival "frequent and correct reports" of his enemy's strength, calculated at less than 50,000 soldiers, but expecting reinforcements, "had time and leisure" (as he tells us) "to take all measures deliberately and fully." Numbers were not this commander's difficulty so much as transportation and supplies, his actual strength "present for duty" on the 10th April amounting to 180,082 men. Of these he formed a field force comprising officially three distinct armies, and numbering 99,000, irrespective of two independent cavalry divisions; and on the 5th May (the day being fixed to correspond with that of Grant's movement against Lee in Virginia) he began his advance. His object may best be told in his own words, and was prescribed him in the instructions of General Grant, now become Commander-in-Chief of the whole forces of the Union. Grant, however, left the details of its execution entirely to the lieutenant in whom he had just cause, after more than two years of hard and chequered warfare, passed through side by side, to place implicit confidence:—

"The army was to be directed against that of Johnston, lying on the defensive strongly intrenched at Dalton. I was required to follow it up closely and persistently, so that in no event could any part be detached to assist General Lee in Virginia; General Grant undertaking in like manner to keep Lee so busy that he could not respond to any calls of help by Johnston. Neither Atlanta, nor Augusta, nor Savannah was the objective, but the army of Joseph Johnston go where it might."

As to that commander, his views can only be explained by referring briefly to his correspondence with Richmond. A dispatch received in March told him that President Davis intended presently to raise his force of 41,000 fighting men to 75,000, and urged him to move boldly into Tennessee. But the reinforcements thus promised were only to join him on the advance, and where at first made wholly contingent on his adopting this offensive line of action. Johnston's second reply was (and none could be more proper, the former having pointed out the difficulties sufficiently):—"In my dispatch of the 18th I expressly accept taking the offensive; only differ with you as to details. I assume that the enemy will be prepared to advance before we are, and will make it to our advantage. Therefore I propose, as necessary both for the offensive and defensive, to assemble our troops here immediately. Other preparations for advance are going on." But there was no happy union of thought on this side, where Bragg, whom Johnston had superseded after his failure of the autumn, was now Jefferson Davis's chief military adviser. The contrast in this respect is striking from the very first with the perfect harmony of Grant and Sherman. Yet Johnston, it will be seen, had in no case any thought of running away, and it only remained for Sherman to move to bring on the collision both looked for. Accordingly at daybreak on the 8th May the opposing armies were in each other's presence, and began to engage.

From this time until the middle of July they never paused in the struggle, which took a form unknown heretofore in modern war. Sherman had to combine the double purpose of pressing his adversary back and keeping intact in his own rear the line of railroad to Chattanooga, by which alone he could subsist his forces. Johnston had only to do his best to resist, whether by obstinate opposition in front or injuring the great communication on which the Federals depended, and which, if interrupted, would stop their advance at once. His task might therefore, at first sight, seem simple. But, on the other hand, his forces were far inferior. At Dalton, when the campaign began, he commanded less than 45,000 men, exclusive of a weak division of cavalry, and though afterwards joined by Polk's army corps, which came in by detachments, and two more divisions of horse, he never, according to Sherman's admission, had more than about one-half the number of the Federals, whose losses were constantly supplied from their rear. Sherman, indeed, reckoned fully on this numerical superiority. He not only, as he frankly states, was prepared to lose two to one, if necessary, in carrying out his design, but on finding Johnston covered at Dalton, as at almost every halting-place subsequently, "by intrenchments as dangerous to assault as a permanent fort," he resolved from the

first to risk no open attack. Probably in thus deciding he took counsel from those bloody repulses which in Virginia had dangerously weakened the Federals more than once, and almost turned the scale of war against their cause. But it was open to him, instead of direct assault, to adopt on a grander scale the old 'War of Positions,' of the days of Gustavus and Turenne, when both armies protected themselves on their fighting ground, and sought for advantage in either outflanking the enemy or cutting off his supplies. The former process, though a slow one, might be called sure with such superior numbers at his command. With a main force equal to Johnston's, it would be always possible to cover and watch the latter's front, whilst one or both wings, steadily extending behind similar works, must in the end get so far beyond or round the Confederates as to make their communications unsafe, if their flanks were not already laid bare. Either danger must drive them to a retreat, since the only alternative would be a sudden passage to the offensive, and an attack on the Federal intrenchments—an error that Sherman would have been too glad to see his adversary fall into, but which he very wisely did not anticipate from Johnston, who had more of the Fabius than the Marcellus in his tactics. As might be expected from one known in peace as a skilled professor, Sherman's technical description of the series of operations that went on is simple and masterly, and we quote it, very slightly abbreviated:—

"Finding the enemy's position covered by intrenchments, we in like manner covered our lines of battle by similar works; even our skirmishers learning to cover themselves by the simplest and best forms, such as rails or logs piled to make a simple lunette, covered on the outside with earth thrown up at night. Both sides used the same model of rifle-trench, varied according to the ground. The trees and bushes were cut away for more than a hundred yards in front, serving as an abattis or entanglement; the parapet varied from four to six feet high, the earth taken from a ditch outside and from a covered way inside, and this parapet surmounted by a 'head-log' composed of the trunk of a tree lying along the crest, and resting on notches cut in other trunks inclined back in case it should be struck by a cannon shot. The men of both armies became extremely skilful at this work, because each realised its importance to himself, so that it required no orders. As soon as a brigade fancied a position, it would set to work with a will, and would construct such a parapet in a night."

And Sherman adds that his own men had their labors lightened by corps of pioneers, raised out of freed slaves, 200 of whom, receiving each ten dollars a month and free rations, were assigned to every division.

Now it follows that the ten weeks' campaign which succeeded can have but little of the lurid interest that attaches from their desperate and bloody nature to many great scenes in modern war. The whole mass of 100,000 combatants led by the Federal commander hardly lost more men in the two months of May and June than he had himself seen struck down or captured out of only 40,000 on his side in the bloody affair of Shiloh, where the armies towards its close faced each other in two rude lines at short rifle-range, just as the Germans and French did at Mars-la-Tour. This campaign of Atlanta, unlike other great contests which the world has watched in our own or our grandfathers' times, resembled rather the combat of two skilful fencers with the foils, where one by greater length of arm and almost by physical weight gradually presses his antagonist backwards, than the deadly struggle between two swordsmen, which ends only when one is stretched prostrate on the ground. Thus it actually took the Federals from the 18th June to the 3rd July to manœuvre Johnston from his one set of positions about Kenesaw. Yet the pressure on him never slackened, being as continuous and energetic as his resistance was obstinate. And so the inevitable process went steadily forward. From Dalton the Confederates were forced back on Resaca M'Pherson, who suddenly outflanked them, losing here (according to Sherman) the one great opportunity of the campaign; from Resaca they fell back to Cassville, and made as though to fight without cover; but from Cassville (where Johnston's lieutenants questioned his proposal to risk a general action) they retired suddenly to the Allatoona Pass and New Hope, named by the soldiers Hellhole, in remembrance of the hard struggles which followed for its possession; from New Hope they again retreated to Kenesaw and Marietta, whence Johnston finally fell back on the broad Chattahoochee, the chief river of the district, and attempted to hold its passage; but there turned

again, he retired quickly into the line of works which had for many weeks been preparing to give him the means of protecting Atlanta, the great railroad junction which the instinct of the commander on either side told him was vital to the Confederacy. Here on the 17th July Johnston was suddenly superseded by a telegraphic dispatch from Richmond, and the campaign, so far as he was concerned, was over. Hood who succeeded, a man described to Sherman as "bold even to rashness," a character his adversary does not contradict, at once laid aside the Fabian policy which had caused, nominally at least, the disgrace of his predecessor, and commenced a series of those offensive strokes which Johnston had avoided, and which were repulsed with such crushing effect as forever to discredit his temerity, and finally ended in his drawing off the shattered remains of his army and leaving Atlanta to the Federals, with Georgia open, and the road free through that state and the Carolinas to the rear of Lee at Richmond, a route Sherman was steadily pursuing when the war came to an end with the surrender of the Army of Virginia to Grant.

Of the details of the works from behind which this singular struggle was carried on, enough has been said. Its general course is vividly told in a dispatch of Sherman's, telegraphed by him to Washington when he was about half-way, and intended as a summary of the events of the first six weeks.

"We continued," he says, "to press forward on the principle of an advance against fortified positions. The whole country is one vast fort, and Johnston must have at least fifty miles of connected trenches, with abattis and finished batteries. We gain ground daily, fighting all the time. . . . Our lines are now in close contact, and the fighting is incessant, with a good deal of artillery fire. As fast as we gain one position, the enemy has another all ready; but I think he will soon have to let go Kenesaw, which is the key to the whole country."

The letting go did indeed happen, but not for more than a fortnight afterwards; and the rate of progress being so infinitesimal at the strongest points, it is not surprising to learn that it took full ten weeks to force Johnston back from Dalton to Atlanta, a distance of just eighty miles as the crow flies, the average rate therefore being but a very little over a mile a day. But though thus slow, it was not the less sure. And as this long series of struggles went on with the one invariable result of a retreat on the Confederate side, Sherman grew, as his correspondence shows, more confident than ever in his superiority. Thus, on arriving in front of the bridgehead on the Chattahoochee River, the last great obstacle before the lines of Atlanta, he tells us: "I knew that Johnston could not remain long on the west bank [where his army held the strong works covering the main passage], for I could easily practise on that ground to better advantage our former tactics of intrenching a moiety of our army in his front, and with the rest cross the river, and threaten either his rear or the city of Atlanta itself." And to Halleck he wrote: "I propose to study the crossing of the Chattahoochee, and when all is ready to move quickly; as a beginning I will keep the troops, &c., well back from the river, and only display our picket line. . . We have pontoons enough for four bridges, but as our crossing will be resisted we must manœuvre." And manœuvre he did accordingly; but Johnston, who little expected his own coming supersession, and who had determined to make his real stand behind the Peach-tree Creek, a stream flowing near Atlanta, abandoned his works in front of the Chattahoochee when he found his adversary turning him once more by a passage higher up, and retreated to the final position which he was holding when ordered to resign his command to Hood. At this point, and indeed throughout the events of this long struggle, there is, except on one head, to be noticed later, such an undesigned and striking coincidence between the narratives of the two commanders as convinces the reader of the perfect honesty of each from the testimony of the other. As we said at the outset, each knows how to respect his adversary's qualities. But as suspicion has often been thrown on the praise bestowed on a general by his opponent, it may be permitted us to inquire independently how far each fully came up to his allotted task.

As to Sherman, we have at hand a very fitting standard of comparison. General Grant himself took the personal leadership in Virginia, where Lee, with an army nearly equal in strength to that of Johnston, had to cover Richmond, as his

comrade Atlanta. If the country was more difficult, and therefore more suitable for defence, than that on the Georgian frontier, on the other hand Grant had nearly half as many men again more in his fighting force than Sherman, with trains fully proportioned to their need. Though well aware of the resources his adversary so well knew how to draw from the dense nature of the terrain, he had not the patience of Sherman in accommodating himself at once to the system of warfare that circumstances seemed to impose on both alike. He crossed the Rapidan, therefore, on the direct way from Washington to Richmond, determined, as he himself expressed it, "to fight it out on this line." Again and again he threw himself on his stubborn foe to be beaten back with loss; with heaviest loss of all in his fifth and last attempt to gain a direct passage to Richmond in the Battle of Cold Harbor. Finally, he was forced, after losing over 50,000 men in these endeavors to break down his adversary's guard by main force, to cross the James to the south side of Richmond. And here, only after another fruitless effort to surprise the Confederate lines, which cost him thousands of lives, he set himself to besiege Richmond by the same slow process of burrowing investment which had proved successful in his hands at Vicksburg. The excuses offered for these proceedings are two: the necessity he saw for wearing down the hitherto victorious army of Lee by constant "attrition," and his desire to meet President Lincoln's personal wish of keeping the advancing army between Washington and that redoubtable enemy. The latter is of course disposed of in the view of any fair critic by the fact that, however desirable this may have been, it proved simply impossible to cover Washington consistently with carrying out the required advance on Richmond. It should never have been put forward by General Grant's friends at all. Any real defence must lie in the fact that Lee could certainly much less well afford to lose men than his adversary, and that though he defeated the latter again and again, with a total loss of over 60,000 men, during the months of May and June, it cost him 20,000 of his lesser numbers to do this. Giving this consideration the fullest weight, however, it is not the less certain that in some of his actions Grant threw away vast numbers of lives without inflicting compensating loss. This was admittedly the case in the Battle of Cold Harbor, already mentioned; and was hardly less so in the attempt made a fortnight later to carry by a *coup-de-main* the Petersburg lines to the south of Richmond when the army first approached them. Sherman, as we know, followed an altogether different course from first to last. The material result was that the whole fighting of May and June cost him but 16,800 men in all, while Johnston lost 9,300 (exclusive of prisoners, the number of which is disputed), and was therefore far more seriously diminished in proportion to his adversary. It has been said that Sherman took a full month longer to work his way up to the Atlanta lines than Grant to those of Petersburg. But the reply to this is more favorable to his reputation than anything yet stated; for he had no strategic choice as to his general line of advance on Atlanta, whilst Grant, with a large fleet at his command and the sea to work from, might have landed at the outset on the Richmond peninsula, or in the River James before Petersburg, without any fighting at all. To be plain, there would be hardly any comparison between these two generals if they were judged by their performances in 1864. Grant's unwearied energy and tenacity in the western campaigns during the dark days of the Union cause had well earned for him the high place he held. He had had the extraordinary merit in a general of raw troops of not allowing that he could be beaten, and so winning back their confidence in themselves. But a strong prejudice against the Army of the Potomac, which, having never served with, he believed had not been boldly enough handled; a desire to prove his own personal superiority over the great general whom the Union had learnt to dread; and possibly a just belief that on strategical grounds it was necessary at all costs to hold closely to a foe so full of resource and combination: these may account for his conduct in the spring of 1864, but they cannot wholly excuse it. And the proof of Sherman's great superiority in the particular warfare which tested the abilities of both so equally was that, although it did take him some weeks longer to get in sight of the city which had become his 'objective,' he could, on arriving before it,

write confidently of the fine spirits of his troops, and the steady continuance of active operations, which would soon place Atlanta in his hands; while at the very same time Grant had to sit down before Richmond with an army so dispirited by its losses, that it was necessary for it to remain intrenched and almost motionless for the next seven months, until famine and suffering had done their slow work on the defenders. Then indeed, but not till then, the investors of the Confederate capital felt their full advantage, and reinforced and fully supplied with all that could make troops efficient, they were once more ready and eager to make the outflanking movements which stretched Lee's line until it broke, and compelled him to succumb to his fate. Resting on this year's history viewed singly, Sherman must be pronounced a very master of the art of war in a close and wooded country, superior by far to his bolder but less sagacious chief, and unmatched anywhere unless it be by Lee himself, or the general who so stoutly opposed him.

If men were to be judged of solely by the difficulties they overcome, independently of the direct results achieved, then General Johnston might fitly head the list of great American commanders; for on his side was neither the supreme military power wielded by Grant, nor the prestige which made Lee almost independent of those who nominally controlled him; much less the harmony of thought and action with his superior that assisted Sherman from first to last. A dictatorial President, puffed up, as his despatches show, with mistaken belief in his own military judgment, and advised by the very officer whom Johnston had superseded, was from the moment of the latter's appointment disposed to interfere with his arrangements and prescribe his strategy. His supplies came from various States, and were collected by officers not directly responsible to him. The very reinforcing of his army by troops unused elsewhere, so as to give him such a force as was actually needful for the defence of Georgia, was at first (as has been shown) made contingent on his carrying out a desperate if not wholly impracticable advance into the hostile lines. His men, to whom he came as a stranger, were neither attached personally to their chief, like the Army of Virginia, nor improved in discipline to the same degree as their adversaries; a defect alone sufficient to account for the many Confederate failures of the latter part of the war. His chiefs of corps, on one important occasion at least, at Resaca, seemed to challenge his views with that absence of respect for authority which augured ill for the endurance of their men if tested by adversity. In all these points, therefore, he was at a striking disadvantage as regarded his opponent; yet with these against him, and with but one-half the number of the Federals, he contrived to hold them back, led though they were with such versatile skill and unwearied energy as the records of modern war can hardly match, for nearly two months and a half, in the advance which an active pedestrian could have made in as many days. Surely this is of itself a sufficient testimony to his powers of leadership. One day of faltering when halted, one hour of hesitation when it became necessary to fall back, might have brought instant ruin to him and his army. To a sober mind it needs no argument to show that he was right in refusing to rush wildly forward into Tennessee, to suffer such a defeat as the Confederates met before Nashville later in the war, when the State was comparatively stripped of troops, and Sherman far away: and that he was right in keeping a strict defensive during the actual campaign, seems sufficiently proved by the fatal results that attended the transfer of his army into the hands of the hard-fighting general who so speedily ruined it. What he might have ventured had a rasher or less wary commander, such as Grant himself for instance, been before him, is as impossible to say as it would be to declare what would have been the result to Lee had Sherman taken the place of Grant in Virginia. As things actually were disposed, it is not too much to declare that Johnston's doing what he did, with the limited means at his command, is a feat that should leave his name in the annals of defensive war at least as high as that of Fabius, or Turenne, or Moreau.

As we have spoken of one question on which the two commanders, in their narratives, differ widely, it is but fair to state what that is. It concerns the total losses suffered by the Confederates during their retreat, and its proportion to that of their enemies. Writing before his former ad-

versary, and anxious to make good his cause against those who, certainly with as little justice as good sense, had stripped him of his command, Johnston undoubtedly over-estimates the latter largely, making it, from such doubtful evidence as "the statements of prisoners and publications in the newspapers," possibly six times as great as his own. The vastness of this error appears to have arisen from his impression that, as the attacking side in intrenched work suffers notoriously the most, so this must have been the case throughout the advance on Atlanta. It was so indeed, to some extent, as Sherman's own comparison of the Federal official statements with those cited on the other side by Johnston, sufficiently shows. But the proportion of his enemies disabled, which Johnston would have made fifty thousand, was really not one-third of that number; and this strange error is useful as showing that the mere guesses, even of the most experienced and skilful, cannot in such matters be relied on. This unintentional exaggeration, for such we fully believe it, has been made a serious charge against Johnston's character by those about President Davis, whose interest it was to damage it; and, as presently shown, it was the only one of several adduced that had any basis of truth.

The proportion of losses which Johnston himself insists on as a test of his generalship, naturally includes a consideration of that on his own side. And this brings us to the only point on which the narratives of the two commanders cannot by any means be reconciled. For whilst Sherman very properly reduces that on his own side by fair proof to its proper dimensions, he is hardly less inclined than his adversary was to swell that of the other. Writing, however, with Johnston's narrative before him, he had no reason that could excuse a guess at the numbers of killed and wounded. The Confederate commander, however, gives no numerical statement of his missing, or, in plain words, prisoners; and Sherman, therefore, proceeds (Sherman, vol. ii. chap. xvi.), to do this for him, by means simple enough certainly, but, as it seems to us, curiously inaccurate. He takes the numerical strength of the Confederates known as captured, no less than 13,000 in all, for the whole campaign of four months and a half, and then assumes that in May and June "a due proportion" of these, over 5,000 in fact, might have been taken from Johnston, and should be charged, as it were, to his account. But this whole campaign, it should be noted, included the bloody series of actions before and around Atlanta, in which General Hood's bold offensive movements were made, and turned out so ill for his cause. What his fruitless attacks were in their direct results is shown in such reports as that of General Logan (Sherman, vol. ii. p. 90), which states, "six successive charges were made against my lines protected by logs and rails, and they were six times gallantly repulsed, each time with fearful loss to the enemy." Such unsuccessful charges would account for any number of prisoners; whilst Johnston's cautious tactics excluded the possibility of losing many. To charge him on the authority of a vague general return with "a due proportion" of Hood's losses, seems to us not merely unhistorical, but extremely unjust to a distinguished enemy. Johnston's own account of the matter, written before this, and in answer to attacks made on him at Richmond, is simple and straightforward enough, and as it agrees exactly in general bearing with the description of his tactics furnished by his adversary, we prefer to adopt it unhesitatingly as the fairer estimate. After explaining that the rumor of a large number of prisoners being taken, first arose in the South from the practice of leaving on the 'returns of strength' all those the corps present had lost in the two previous years, he gives the facts in detail, as follows:—"The only prisoners taken from us during this campaign that I heard of," (he is speaking of course wholly of his own period of command) "were a company of skirmishers of Hardee's corps, and an outpost of Hood's," (some two hundred men), "captured about the middle of January, and a few taken from the right of Walker's and left of French's skirmishers on the 27th. As we usually fought in intrenched lines, which were always held, the enemy rarely had an opportunity to take prisoners;"—a remark so justified by common sense that we strongly suspect that had Sherman here been acting as a disinterested critic, instead of being fired by the spirit of controversy, he would have been the first to assent to it. As it is, he has been plainly led away by the desire to prove too much,

and after exposing Johnston's error as to the Federals, he has multiplied, as it seems to us, the Confederate loss of prisoners during their contest by a much larger proportion than that of Johnston's very loose guess at the number of Federals put *hors de combat*. It is here, as ever, most true, that no man is to be accounted a safe judge in his own cause.

As Johnston has taken up the argument for himself in the matter of his removal, the grounds of this may be mentioned as he candidly states them. The principal were:—that he persistently disregarded the President's instructions; that he would not fight the enemy; that he refused to defend Atlanta; that he refused to communicate with General Bragg (then Chief of Staff to President Davis) in relation to the operations; that he disregarded Bragg's instructions to attack the enemy; and that he grossly exaggerated the strength and losses of the enemy. Of the last enough has been said. Of the rest it is clear that the only one that can have any sting in it, as it was the only one that really caused his supersession, was his persistent defensive action and repeated falling back. And this is answered thoroughly by the comparison he draws in some detail between his own retreat and certain others which President Davis had fully approved. But, in truth, this elaborate defence of his is wholly superfluous. The circumstances that followed have done more justice to his reputation than could a library of controversy. That the general selected to succeed him pursued the opposite policy, and ruined his army and reputation by it, would be sufficient to clear Johnston's name of this charge of timidity in the eyes of history. But his true revenge was a much higher one than the failure of another. For, in the last extremity of the Confederacy, Richmond tottering to its inevitable fall, Grant daily increasing his pressure on its lines, and Sherman moving steadily through the Carolinas with the host that had carried terror through the heart of the South, prepared to deal the final stroke to the defence of its capital, the dismissed General-in-Chief of the Confederate army of Tennessee was suddenly called from his retirement to take command of its poor relics, and stay, if it were possible, the fatal march northward of his old adversary. The disproportion of forces now existing between himself and Sherman was so immense that it takes off the military interest from what followed. It is enough to say that Johnston did all man could do whilst the war still lasted; and when the surrender of Lee showed that the time for fighting had gone by, he surrendered his troops, and with them what remained of the Confederacy, on terms more honorable than ever closed a civil war before. The tribute thus involuntarily paid to his powers by those who had most slighted them not many months before, is a testimony before which even personal enmity must yield, and leaves his military character as free from blemish as he himself could desire.

Are we, therefore, to pass with him into unqualified condemnation of those who played this part, who alternately disgraced their commander, and then appealed to his patriotism to aid them in their extremity? The very recital of the facts certainly raises a generous warmth in the reader; and for a moment one may pardon certain bitter words that are found in the general's review of the war, which directly ascribe the failure of the South to establish its independence, not to inferior means in wealth and population, but simply to the mal-administration of the Government that used himself so ill. But, to be wholly just, there is something to be said for the view taken by Davis and his Cabinet when they superseded their general in Georgia. Having conversed much on this very point with one of those chiefly concerned, who was daily in the council-chamber at Richmond, we have become convinced that the act on which this part of the war turned was dictated by motives by no means wantonly capricious, or in any true sense personal, but rather by a thoroughly false view of the military situation. The Richmond Government was, in fact, perfectly blinded by certain successes of the earlier part of the war; and Bragg, its only military adviser, lacked the insight or the honesty to explain to it that the disproportion of fighting power which had certainly at one time existed, whatever its cause, was passing away. The Federals had fought and endured until they established themselves in a position of military equality which was not understood, and, of course, not admitted by those who controlled the armies opposed to them. Above all, the

chiefs of the Confederacy could not imagine that the Union had actually found generals equal to their own in boldness and skill. Hence it followed that when the Richmond Cabinet had taken measures for raising its army in Georgia to 60,000 men—more than Lee had at his command—it could not realise the whole facts of the case, nor understand that this host of brave men, if led with proper spirit, could be held in check and forced to remain entirely on the defensive by any force under any commander the North could range against it. The mistake was a natural one, perhaps; but those who made it with open eyes cannot be excused from the charge of levity. Sherman's reputation, and the immense strength of the army he commanded, were well known at that era even on this side of the Atlantic, and ought not to have been ignored at Richmond. At the worst, however, the error was one due to want of judgment and self-will. The graver charge of personal malice that Johnston's bitter defence would imply, need not have been made at this late date against the fallen leaders of the Confederacy.

If the tone of the *apologia* of the Southern general be not all that one could desire, what shall be said of that of his antagonist, who in 1864, as in 1875, had no character to clear, no misfortune to avenge, no want of sympathy between himself and his superiors to thwart his purpose? Fame, fortune, dignity, military rank, and honors as high as a republic can award, have followed on his success. Yet seldom were any memoirs ever published that have given so much offence to individuals as his, and we fear not always with full excuse. It was surely, for instance, not necessary for any historical purpose to quote Halleck's private opinions on General Hooker, with his allusions to the failing that had cost that officer his commission in days long before the war; or to drag into an account of the organization of his own army, the old forgotten incident of the indiscretion of his former rival, General Buell, in writing to the press when he thought himself unfairly used by Grant; nor even to pour ridicule on the "political generals," whose fitness he was privately ordered to report on, one of whom it seems was glad to take lessons in elementary drill from a lieutenant in his own brigade. If there be any excuse for a great man satirising lesser ones, it may be allowed, no doubt, when he is writing freely who has himself been foully slandered. Sherman had not long held his general's rank when Cameron, the then Secretary at War, annoyed at his outspoken prophecy as to the difficulties that lay before those who would re-establish the Union by force, spread the malignant report that he was out of his mind, on which, he says, "the newspapers kept harping, and paralysed my efforts; so that in spite of myself they tortured from me some acts and words of imprudence;" indeed, they actually forced him into a brief temporary retirement from duty. This persecution, be it observed, was the direct result of his refusing to wrest his sound military view as a general to suit the visions of a politician; and it may account for his special animosity to all those who anywhere in the war strove to make the military considerations on which he held the life of the Union to depend, subordinate to the politics of the day. But there is a carping and needless severity in the manner in which he speaks of his most faithful lieutenants, as the lamented Macpherson himself, when they failed to come up to his ideal. And certainly his differences with the politicians of the North cannot justify the tone he here and there uses towards those who resisted her arms; least of all his repetition to-day of his own belief uttered (vol. ii. p. 349) at the moment of hearing of President Lincoln's assassination, that Jefferson Davis might possibly have been privy to it. The cruelly unjust words hastily spoken of a fallen foe in 1865, on the first shock of that dreadful national loss, should have been left unrecorded by any one not Sherman's own adversary, in a work deliberately written ten years later. Such spots as these disfigure the volumes in many parts, though they cannot take from them their value. They rather diminish our faith in the kindliness and candor claimed for the author, as we believe justly, by those who know him best. And they are certainly not needed to add to the racy vigor which every reader of his Memoirs must admire. On the whole we part from the work, as from the Narrative of Johnston, with the feeling that neither of these great generals would have served his fame the less, had he left the

defence of his own reputation, and the exposure of the mistakes of others, in the hands of more impartial critics, and contented himself with giving a less personal record of his share in the great Atlanta campaign, and the war of which it was one of the most interesting episodes.—*Fortnightly Review.*

THE HISTORY OF TWINS, AS A CRITERION OF THE RELATIVE POWERS OF NATURE AND NURTURE.*

BY FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S.

THE exceedingly close resemblance attributed to twins has been the subject of many novels and plays, and most persons have felt a desire to know upon what basis of truth those works of fiction may rest. But twins have many other claims to attention, one of which will be discussed in the present memoir. It is, that their history affords means of distinguishing between the effects of tendencies received at birth, and of those that were imposed by the circumstances of their after lives; in other words, between the effects of nature and of nurture. This is a subject of especial importance in its bearings on investigations into mental heredity, and I, for my part, have keenly felt the difficulty of drawing the necessary distinction whenever I tried to estimate the degree in which mental ability was, on the average, inherited. The objection to statistical evidence in proof of its inheritance has always been: 'The persons whom you compare may have lived under similar social conditions and have had similar advantages of education, but such prominent conditions are only a small part of those that determine the future of each man's life. It is to trifling accidental circumstances that the bent of his disposition and his success are mainly due, and these you leave wholly out of account—in fact, they do not admit of being tabulated, and therefore your statistics, however plausible at first sight, are really of very little use.' No method of enquiry which I have been able to carry out—and I have tried many methods—is wholly free from this objection. I have therefore attacked the problem from the opposite side, seeking for some new method by which it would be possible to weigh in just scales the respective effects of nature and nurture, and to ascertain their several shares in framing the disposition and intellectual ability of men. The life history of twins supplies what I wanted. We might begin by enquiring about twins who were closely alike in boyhood and youth, and who were educated together for many years, and learn whether they subsequently grew unlike, and, if so, what the main causes were which, in the opinion of the family, produced the dissimilarity. In this way we may obtain much direct evidence of the kind we want; but we can also obtain yet more valuable evidence by a converse method. We can enquire into the history of twins who were exceedingly unlike in childhood, and learn how far they became assimilated under the influence of their identical nurtures; having the same home, the same teachers, the same associates, and in every other respect the same surroundings.

My materials were obtained by sending circulars of enquiry to persons who were either twins themselves or the near relations of twins. The printed questions were in thirteen groups; the last of them asked for the addresses of other twins known to the recipient who might be likely to respond if I wrote to them. This happily led to a continually widening circle of correspondence, which I pursued until enough material was accumulated for a general reconnaissance of the subject.

There is a large literature relating to twins in their purely surgical and physiological aspect. The reader interested in this should consult *Die Lehre von den Zwillingen*, von L. Kleinwächter, Prag. 1871; it is full of references, but it is also disfigured by a number of numerical misprints, especially in p. 26. I have not found any book that treats of twins from my present point of view.

* In my *English Men of Science*, 1874, p. 12, I treated this subject in a cursory way. It subsequently occurred to me that it deserved a more elaborate enquiry, which I made, and of which this paper is a result.

The reader will easily understand that the word 'twins' is a vague expression, which covers two very dissimilar events; the one corresponding to the progeny of animals that have usually more than one young one at a birth, and the other corresponding to those double-yolked eggs that are due to two germinal spots in a single ovum. The consequence of this is, that I find a curious discontinuity in my results. One would have expected that twins would commonly be found to possess a certain average likeness to one another; that a few would greatly exceed that degree of likeness, and a few would greatly fall short of it; but this is not at all the case. Twins may be divided into three groups, so distinct that there are not many intermediate instances; namely, strongly alike, moderately alike, and extremely dissimilar. When the twins are a boy and a girl, they are never closely alike; in fact, their origin never corresponds to that of the above-mentioned double-yolked eggs.

I have received about eighty returns of cases of close similarity, thirty-five of which entered into many instructive details. In a few of these not a single point of difference could be specified. In the remainder, the color of the hair and eyes were almost always identical; the height, weight, and strength were generally very nearly so, but I have a few cases of a notable difference in these, notwithstanding the resemblance was otherwise very near. The manner and address of the thirty-five pairs of twins is usually described as being very similar, though there often exists a difference of expression familiar to near relatives but unperceived by strangers. The intonation of the voice when speaking is commonly the same, but it frequently happens that the twins sing in different keys. Most singularly, that one point in which similarity is rare is the handwriting. I cannot account for this, considering how strongly handwriting runs in families, but I am sure of the fact. I have only one case in which nobody, not even the twins themselves, could distinguish their own notes of lectures, &c.; barely two or three in which the handwriting was undistinguishable by others, and only a few in which it was described as closely alike. On the other hand, I have many in which it is stated to be unlike, and some in which it is alluded to as the only point of difference.

One of my enquiries was for anecdotes as regards the mistakes made by near relatives, between the twins. They are numerous, but not very varied in character. When the twins are children, they have commonly to be distinguished by ribbons tied round their wrist or neck; nevertheless the one is sometimes fed, physicked, and whipped by mistake for the other, and the description of these little domestic catastrophes is usually given to me by the mother, in a phraseology that is somewhat touching by reason of its seriousness. I have one case in which a doubt remains whether the children were not changed in their bath, and the presumed A is not really B, and *vice versâ*. In another case an artist was engaged on the portraits of twins who were between three and four years of age; he had to lay aside his work for three weeks, and, on resuming it, could not tell to which child the respective likenesses he had in hand belonged. The mistakes are less numerous on the part of the mother during the boyhood and girlhood of the twins, but almost as frequent on the part of strangers. I have many instances of tutors being unable to distinguish their twin pupils. Thus, two girls used regularly to impose on their music teacher when one of them wanted a whole holiday; they had their lessons at separate hours, and the one girl sacrificed herself to receive two lessons on the same day, while the other one enjoyed herself. Here is a brief and comprehensive account: 'Exactly alike in all, their schoolmasters never could tell them apart; at dancing parties they constantly changed partners without discovery; their close resemblance is scarcely diminished by age.' The following is a typical schoolboy anecdote: Two twins were fond of playing tricks, and complaints were frequently made; but the boys would never own which was the guilty one, and the complainants were never certain which of the two he was. One head master used to say he would never flog the innocent for the guilty, and another used to flog both. No less than nine anecdotes have reached me of a twin seeing his or her reflection in a looking-glass, and addressing it, in the belief it was the other twin in person. I have many anecdotes of mis-

takes when the twins were nearly grown up. Thus: 'Amusing scenes occurred at college when one twin came to visit the other; the porter on one occasion refusing to let the visitor out of the college gates, for, though they stood side by side, he professed ignorance as to which he ought to allow to depart.'

Children are usually quick in distinguishing between their parent and his or her twin; but I have two cases to the contrary. Thus, the daughter of a twin says: "Such was the marvellous similarity of their features, voice, manner, &c., that I remember, as a child, being very much puzzled, and I think, had my aunt lived much with us, I should have ended by thinking I had two mothers.' The other, a father of twins, remarks: 'We were extremely alike, and are so at this moment, so much so that our children up to five and six years old did not know us apart.'

I have four or five instances of doubt during an engagement of marriage. Thus: 'A married first, but both twins met the lady together for the first time, and fell in love with her there and then. A managed to see her home and to gain her affection, though B went sometimes courting in his place, and neither the lady nor her parents could tell which was which.' I have also a German letter, written in quaint terms, about twin brothers who married sisters, but could not easily be distinguished by them.* In the well-known novel by Mr. Wilkie Collins of *Poor Miss Finch*, the blind girl distinguishes the twin she loves by the touch of his hand, which gives her a thrill that the touch of the other brother does not. Philosophers have not, I believe, as yet investigated the conditions of such thrills; but I have a case in which Miss Finch's test would have failed. Two persons, both friends of a certain twin lady, told me that she had frequently remarked to them that 'kissing her twin sister was not like kissing her other sisters, but like kissing herself—her own hand, for example.'

It would be an interesting experiment for twins who were closely alike, to try how far dogs could distinguish between them by scent.

I have a few anecdotes of strange mistakes made between twins in adult life. Thus, an officer writes: "On one occasion when I returned from foreign service my father turned to me and said, "I thought you were in London." thinking I was my brother—yet he had not seen me for nearly four years—our resemblance was so great.'

The next and last anecdote I shall give is, perhaps, the most remarkable of those that I have: it was sent me by the brother of the twins, who were in middle life at the time of its occurrence: 'A was again coming home from India, on leave; the ship did not arrive for some days after it was due; the twin brother B had come up from his quarters to receive A, and their old mother was very nervous. One morning A rushed in, saying, "Oh, mother, how are you?" Her answer was, "No, B, it's a bad joke; you know how anxious I am!" and it was a little time before A could persuade her that he was the real man.'

Enough has been said to prove that an extremely close personal resemblance frequently exists between twins of the same sex; and that, although the resemblance usually diminishes as they grow into manhood and womanhood, some cases occur in which the resemblance is lessened in a hardly perceptible degree. It must be borne in mind that the divergence of development, when it occurs, need not be ascribed to the effect of different nurtures, but that it is quite possible that it may be due to the appearance of qualities inherited at birth, though dormant, like gout, in early life. To this I shall recur.

There is a curious feature in the character of the resemblance between twins, which has been alluded to by a few correspondents: it is well illustrated by the following quotations. A mother of twins says: 'There seemed to be a sort of interchangeable likeness in expression, that often gave to each the effect of being more like his brother than himself.' Again, two twin brothers, writing to me, after analysing their points of resemblance, which are close and numerous, and point-

* I take this opportunity of withdrawing an anecdote, happily of no great importance, published in *Men of Science*, p. 14, about a man personating his twin brother for a joke at supper, and not being discovered by his wife. It was told me on good authority; but I have reason to doubt the fact, as the story is not known to the son of one of the twins. However, the twins in question were extraordinarily alike, and I have many anecdotes about them sent me by the latter gentleman.

ing out certain shades of difference, add: 'These seem to have marked us through life, though for a while when we were first separated, the one to go to business, and the other to college, our respective characters were inverted; we both think that at that time we each ran into the character of the other. The proof of this consists in our own recollections, in our correspondence by letter, and in the views which we then took of matters in which we were interested.' In explanation of this apparent interchangeableness, we must recollect that no character is simple, and that in twins who strongly resemble each other every expression in the one may be matched by a corresponding expression in the other, but it does not follow that the same expression should be the dominant one in both cases. Now it is by their dominant expressions that we should distinguish between the twins; consequently when one twin has temporarily the expression which is the dominant one in his brother, he is apt to be mistaken for him. There are also cases where the development of the two twins is not strictly *pari passu*; they reach the same goal at the same time, but not by identical stages. Thus: A is born the larger, then B overtakes and surpasses A, and is in his turn overtaken by A, the end being that the twins become closely alike. This process would aid in giving an interchangeable likeness at certain periods of their growth, and is undoubtedly due to nature more frequently than to nurture.

Among my thirty-five detailed cases of close similarity, there are no less than seven in which both twins suffered from some special ailment or had some exceptional peculiarity. One twin writes that she and her sister 'have both the defect of not being able to come down stairs quickly, which, however, was not born with them, but came on at the age of twenty.' Another pair of twins have a slight congenital flexure of one of the joints of the little finger: it was inherited from a grandmother, but neither parents, nor brothers, nor sisters show the least trace of it. In another case, one was born ruptured, and the other became so at six months old. Two twins at the age of twenty-three were attacked by toothache, and the same tooth had to be extracted in each case. There are curious and close correspondences mentioned in the falling off of the hair. Two cases are mentioned of death from the same disease; one of which is very affecting. The outline of the story was that the twins were closely alike and singularly attached, and had identical tastes; they both obtained Government clerkships, and kept house together, when one sickened and died of Bright's disease, and the other also sickened of the same disease and died seven months later.

In no less than nine out of the thirty-five cases does it appear that both twins are apt to sicken at the same time. This implies so intimate a constitutional resemblance, that it is proper to give some quotations in evidence. Thus, the father of two twins says: 'Their general health is closely alike; whenever one of them has an illness, the other invariably has the same within a day or two, and they usually recover in the same order. Such has been the case with whooping-cough, chicken-pox, and measles; also with slight bilious attacks, which they have successively. Latterly, they had a feverish attack at the same time.' Another parent of twins says: 'If anything ails one of them, identical symptoms *nearly always* appear in the other: this has been singularly visible in two instances during the last two months. Thus, when in London, one fell ill with a violent attack of dysentery, and within twenty-four hours the other had precisely the same symptoms.'

A medical man writes of twins with whom he is well acquainted: 'Whilst I knew them, for a period of two years, there was not the slightest tendency towards a difference in body or mind; external influences seemed powerless to produce any dissimilarity.' The mother of two other twins, after describing how they were ill simultaneously up to the age of fifteen, adds, that they shed their first milk teeth within a few hours of each other.

Trousseau has a very remarkable case (in the chapter on Asthma) in his important work *Clinique Médicale*. It was quoted at length in the original French in Mr. Darwin's *Variation under Domestication*, vol. ii. p. 252. The following is a translation:

'I attended twin brothers so extraordinarily alike, that it was impossible for me to tell which was which without seeing them side by side. But their physical likeness extended still deeper, for they had, so to

speak, a yet more remarkable pathological resemblance. Thus, one of them, whom I saw at the Néothermes at Paris, suffering from rheumatic ophthalmia, said to me, "At this instant, my brother must be having an ophthalmia like mine;" and, as I had exclaimed against such an assertion, he showed me a few days afterwards a letter just received by him from his brother, who was at that time at Vienna, and who expressed himself in these words: "I have my ophthalmia; you must be having yours." However singular this story may appear, the fact is none the less exact: it has not been told to me by others, but I have seen it myself; and I have seen other analogous cases in my practice. These twins were also asthmatic, and asthmatic to a frightful degree. Though born in Marseilles, they never were able to stay in that town, where their business affairs required them to go, without having an attack. Still more strange, it was sufficient for them to get away only as far as Toulon in order to be cured of the attack caught at Marseilles. They travelled continually, and in all countries, on business affairs, and they remarked that certain localities were extremely hurtful to them, and that in others they were free from all asthmatic symptoms.'

I do not like to pass over here a most dramatic tale in the *Psychologie Morbide* of Dr. J. Moreau (de Tours), Médecin de l'Hospice de Bicêtre. Paris, 1859, p. 172. He speaks 'of two twin brothers who had been confined, on account of monomania, at Bicêtre. . . . Physically the two young men are so nearly alike that the one is easily mistaken for the other. Morally, their resemblance is no less complete, and is most remarkable in its details. Thus, their dominant ideas are absolutely the same. They both consider themselves subject to imaginary persecutions; the same enemies have sworn their destruction, and employ the same means to effect it. Both have hallucinations of hearing. They are both of them melancholy and morose; they never address a word to anybody, and will hardly answer the questions that others address to them. They always keep apart and never communicate with one another. An extremely curious fact which has been frequently noted by the superintendents of their section of the hospital, and by myself, is this: From time to time, at very irregular intervals of two, three, and many months, without appreciable cause, and by the purely spontaneous effect of their illness, a very marked change takes place in the condition of the two brothers. Both of them, at the same time, and often on the same day, rouse themselves from their habitual stupor and prostration; they make the same complaints, and they come of their own accord to the physician, with an urgent request to be liberated. I have seen this strange thing occur, even when they were some miles apart, the one being at Bicêtre and the other living at Saint-Anne.'

Dr. Moreau ranked as a very considerable medical authority, but I cannot wholly accept this strange story without fuller information. Dr. Moreau writes it in too off-hand a way to carry the conviction that he had investigated the circumstances with the sceptic spirit and scrupulous exactness which so strange a phenomenon would have required. If full and precise notes of the case exist, they certainly ought to be published at length. I sent a copy of this passage to the principal authorities among the physicians to the insane in England, asking if they had ever witnessed any similar case. In reply, I have received three noteworthy instances, but none to be compared in their exact parallelism with that just given. The details of these three cases are painful, and it is not necessary to my general purpose that I should further allude to them.

There is another curious French case of insanity in twins, which was pointed out to me by Professor Paget, described by Dr. Baume in the *Annales Médico-Psychologiques*, 4 série, vol. i., 1863, p. 312, of which the following is an abstract. The original contains a few more details, but it is too long to quote: François and Martin, fifty years of age, worked as railroad contractors between Quimper and Châteaulin. Martin had twice had slight attacks of insanity. On January 15 a box in which the twins deposited their savings was robbed. On the night of January 23-4 both François (who lodged at Quimper) and Martin (who lived with his wife and children at St. Lorette, two leagues from Quimper) had the same dream at the same hour, three A.M., and both awoke with a violent start, calling

out, 'I have caught the thief! I have caught the thief! they are doing injury to my brother!' They were both of them extremely agitated, and gave way to similar extravagances, dancing and leaping. Martin sprang on his grandchild, declaring that he was the thief, and would have strangled him if he had not been prevented: he then became steadily worse, complained of violent pains in his head, went out of doors on some excuse, and tried to drown himself in the River Steir, but was forcibly stopped by his son, who had watched and followed him. He was then taken to an asylum by gendarmes, where he died in three days. François, on his part, calmed down on the morning of the 24th, and employed the day in enquiring about the robbery. By a strange chance, he crossed his brother's path at the moment when the latter was struggling with the gendarmes; then he himself became maddened, giving way to extravagant gestures and making incoherent proposals (similar to those of his brother). He then asked to be bled, which was done, and afterwards, declaring himself to be better, went out on the pretext of executing some commission, but really to drown himself in the River Steir, which he actually did, at the very spot where Martin had attempted to do the same thing a few hours previously.

The next point which I shall mention, in illustration of the extremely close resemblance between certain twins, is the similarity in the association of their ideas. No less than eleven out of the thirty-five cases testify to this. They make the same remarks on the same occasion, begin singing the same song at the same moment, and so on; or one would commence a sentence, and the other would finish it. An observant friend graphically described to me the effect produced on her by two such twins whom she had met casually, She said: 'Their teeth grew alike, they spoke alike and together, and said the same things, and seemed just like one person.' One of the most curious anecdotes that I have received concerning this similarity of ideas was that one twin A, who happened to be at a town in Scotland, bought a set of champagne glasses which caught his attention, as a surprise for his brother B; while at the same time, B, being in England, bought a similar set of precisely the same pattern as a surprise for A. Other anecdotes of a like kind have reached me about these twins.

The last point to which I shall allude regards the tastes and dispositions of the thirty-five pairs of twins. In sixteen cases—that is, in nearly one half of them—these were described as closely similar; in the remaining nineteen they were much alike, but subject to certain named differences. These differences belonged almost wholly to such groups of qualities as these: The one was the more vigorous, fearless, enegetic; the other was gentle, clinging, and timid: or, again, the one was more ardent, the other more calm and gentle; or again, the one was the more independent, original, and self-contained; the other the more generous, hasty, and vivacious. In short the difference was always that of intensity or energy in one or other of its protean forms: it did not extend more deeply into the structure of the characters. The more vivacious might be subdued by ill health, until he assumed the character of the other; or the latter might be raised by excellent health to that of the former. The difference is in the key-note, not in the melody.

It follows from what has been said concerning the similar dispositions of the twins, the similarity in the associations of their ideas, of their special ailments, and of their illnesses generally, that the resemblances are not superficial, but extremely intimate. I have only two cases altogether of a strong bodily resemblance being accompanied by mental diversity, and one case only of the converse kind. It must be remembered that the conditions which govern extreme likeness between twins are not the same as those between ordinary brothers and sisters (I may have hereafter to write further about this); and that it would be wholly incorrect to generalise from what has just been said about the twins, that mental and bodily likeness are invariably co-ordinate; such being by no means the case.

We are now in a position to understand that the phrase 'close similarity' is no exaggeration, and to realise the value of the evidence about to be adduced. Here are thirty-five cases of twins who were 'closely alike' in body and mind when they were young, and who have been reared exactly alike up to their early man-

hood and womanhood. Since then the conditions of their lives have changed; what change of conditions has produced the most variation?

It was with no little interest that I searched the records of the thirty-five cases for an answer; and they gave an answer that was not altogether direct, but it was very distinct, and not at all what I had expected. They showed me that in some cases the resemblance of body and mind had continued unaltered up to old age, notwithstanding very different conditions of life; and they showed in the other cases that the parents ascribed such dissimilarity as there was wholly, or almost wholly, to some form of illness. In four cases it was scarlet fever; in one case, typhus; in one, a slight effect was ascribed to a nervous fever: then I find effects from an Indian climate; from an illness (unnamed) of nine months' duration; from varicose veins; from a bad fracture of the leg, which prevented all active exercise afterwards; and there were three other cases of ill health. It will be sufficient to quote one of the returns; in this the father writes:

'At birth they were *exactly* alike, except that one was born with a bad varicose affection, the effect of which had been to prevent any violent exercise, such as dancing, or running, and, as she has grown older, to make her more serious and thoughtful. Had it not been for this infirmity, I think the two would have been as exactly alike as it is possible for two women to be, both mentally and physically; even now they are constantly mistaken for one another.'

In only a very few cases is there some allusion to the dissimilarity being partly due to the combined action of many small influences, and in no case is it largely, much less wholly, ascribed to that cause. In not a single instance have I met with a word about the growing dissimilarity being due to the action of the firm free will of one or both of the twins, which had triumphed over natural tendencies; and yet a large proportion of my correspondents happen to be clergymen whose bent of mind is opposed, as I feel assured from the tone of their lettters, to a necessitarian view of life.

It has been remarked that a growing diversity between twins may be ascribed to the tardy development of naturally diverse qualities; but we have a right, upon the evidence I have received, to go further than this. We have seen that a few twins retain their close resemblance through life; in other words, instances do exist of thorough similarity of nature, and in these external circumstances do not create dissimilarity. Therefore, in those cases, where there is a growing diversity, and where no external cause can be assigned either by the twins themselves or by their family for it, we may feel sure that it must be chiefly or altogether due to a want of thorough similarity in their nature. Nay further, in some cases it is distinctly affirmed that the growing dissimilarity can be accounted for in no other way. We may therefore broadly conclude that the only circumstance, within the range of those by which persons of similar conditions of life are affected, capable of producing a marked effect on the character of adults, is illness or some accident which causes physical infirmity. The twins who closely resembled each other in childhood and early youth, and were reared under not very dissimilar conditions, either grow unlike through the development of natural characteristics which had lain dormant at first, or else they continue their lives, keeping time like two watches, hardly to be thrown out of accord except by some physical jar. Nature is far stronger than nurture within the limited range that I have been careful to assign to the latter.

The effect of illness, as shown by these replies, is great, and well deserves further consideration. It appears that the constitution of youth is not so elastic as we are apt to think, but that an attack, say of scarlet fever, leaves a permanent mark, easily to be measured by the present method of comparison. This recalls an impression made strongly on my mind several years ago by the sight of a few curves drawn by a mathematical friend. He took monthly measurements of the circumference of his children's heads during the first few years of their lives, and he laid down the successive measurements on the successive lines of a piece of ruled paper, by taking the edge of the paper as a base. He then joined the free ends of the lines, and so obtained a curve of growth. These curves had, on the whole, that regularity of sweep that might have been expected, but each of them show-

ed occasional halts, like the landing places on a long flight of stairs. The development had been arrested by something, and was not made up for by after growth. Now, on the same piece of paper my friend had also registered the various infantine illnesses of the children, and corresponding to each illness was one of these halts. There remained no doubt in my mind that, if these illnesses had been warped off, the development of the children would have been increased by almost the precise amount lost in these halts. In other words, the disease had drawn largely upon the capital, and not only on the income, of their constitutions. I hope these remarks may induce some men of science to repeat similar experiments on their children of the future. They may compress two years of a child's history on one side of a ruled half-sheet of foolscap paper if they cause each successive line to stand for a successive month, beginning from the birth of the child; and if they mark off the measurements by laying, not the 0-inch division of the tape against the edge of the pages, but, say, the 10-inch division—in order to economise space.

The steady and pitiless march of the hidden weaknesses in our constitutions, through illness to death, is painfully revealed by these histories of twins. We are too apt to look upon illness and death as capricious events, and there are some who ascribe them to the direct effect of supernatural interference, whereas the fact of the maladies of two twins being continually alike, shows that illness and death are necessary incidents in a regular sequence of constitutional changes, beginning at birth, upon which external circumstances have, on the whole, very small effect. In cases where the maladies of the twins are continually alike, the clock of life moves regularly on, governed by internal mechanism. When the hand approaches the hour mark, there is a sudden click, followed by a whirling of wheels; the moment that it touches it, the stroke falls. Necessitarians may derive new arguments from the life histories of twins.

We will now consider the converse side of our subject. Hitherto we have investigated cases where the similarity at first was close, but afterwards became less: now we will examine those in which there was great dissimilarity at first, and will see how far an identity of nurture in childhood and youth tended to assimilate them. As has been already mentioned, there is a large proportion of cases of sharply contrasted characteristics, both of body and mind, among twins. I have twenty such cases, given with much detail. It is a fact, that extreme dissimilarity, such as existed between Esau and Jacob, is a no less marked peculiarity in twins of the same sex, than extreme similarity. On this curious point, and on much else in the history of twins, I have many remarks to make, but this is not the place to make them.

The evidence given by the twenty cases above mentioned is absolutely accordant, so that the character of the whole may be exactly conveyed by two or three quotations. One parent says: 'They have had *exactly the same nurture* from their birth up to the present time; they are both perfectly healthy and strong, yet they are otherwise as dissimilar as two boys could be, physically, mentally, and in their emotional nature.' Here is another case: 'I can answer most decidedly that the twins have been perfectly dissimilar in character, habits, and likeness from the moment of their birth to the present time, though they were nursed by the same woman, went to school together, and were never separated till the age of fifteen.' Here again is one more, in which the father remarks: 'They were curiously different in body and mind from their birth.' The surviving twin (a senior wrangler of Cambridge) adds: 'A fact struck all our school contemporaries, that my brother and I were complementary, so to speak, in point of ability and disposition. He was contemplative, poetical, and literary to a remarkable degree, showing great power in that line. I was practical, mathematical, and linguistic. Between us we should have made a very decent sort of a man.' I could quote others just as strong as these, while I have not a single case in which my correspondents speak of originally dissimilar characters having become assimilated through identity of nurture. The impression that all this evidence leaves on the mind is one of some wonder whether nurture can do anything at all beyond giving instruction and professional training. It emphatically corroborates and goes far beyond the conclusions to which we had already been driven by the cases of similarity. In these, the causes of divergence began to act about the

period of adult life, when the characters had become somewhat fixed; but here the causes conducive to assimilation began to act from the earliest moment of the existence of the twins, when the disposition was most pliant, and they were continuous until the period of adult life. There is no escape from the conclusion that nature prevails enormously over nurture when the differences of nurture do not exceed what is commonly to be found among persons of the same rank of society and in the same country. My only fear is that my evidence seems to prove too much and may be discredited on that account, as it seems contrary to all experience that nurture should go for so little. But experience is often fallacious in ascribing great effects to trifling circumstances. Many a person has amused himself with throwing bits of stick into a tiny brook and watching their progress; how they are arrested, first by one chance obstacle, then by another; and again, how their onward course is facilitated by a combination of circumstances. He might ascribe much importance to each of these events, and think how largely the destiny of the stick had been governed by a series of trifling accidents. Nevertheless all the sticks succeed in passing down the current, and they travel, in the long run, at nearly the same rate. So it is with life in respect to the several accidents which seem to have had a great effect upon our careers. The one element, which varies in different individuals, but is constant in each of them, is the natural tendency; it corresponds to the current in the stream, and inevitably asserts itself. More might be added on this matter, and much might be said in qualification of the broad conclusions to which we have arrived, as to the points in which education appears to create the most permanent effect; how far by training the intellect, and how far by subjecting the boy to a higher or lower tone of public opinion; but this is foreign to my immediate object. The latter has been to show broadly, and, I trust, convincingly, that statistical estimation of natural gifts by a comparison of successes in life, is not open to the objection stated at the beginning of this memoir. We have only to take reasonable care in selecting our statistics, and then we may safely ignore the many small differences in nurture which are sure to have characterised each individual case.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

AUTOMATIC CHESS AND CARD PLAYING.

WHATEVER opinion we may form on the question whether men are automata, we must admit that men make automata achieve remarkable feats as mechanical ingenuity increases. The machines employed in manufactures, which must be regarded as automatic workmen, grow so wonderfully towards perfection that they have been described (almost truly) as actually thinking for their employers. Dr. Anderson, for example, a civil engineer and a practical man, speaks thus of two orders of instruments, one order inferior to the other but still wonderful in its way:—Instruments of the former kind "may be said to work by a sort of blind routine; they have only a single idea imparted to them which they reiterate; but they have not the faculty of thinking for themselves. If any difficulty arises in the course of their working, they are at a loss what to do, and not unfrequently break their hearts over the dilemma" (poor things). But those of the superior order, "not only have ideas embodied in them," like the former, "but, in addition, they have what we may almost call a reasoning faculty. They have the capacity of putting several ideas together, then running up the existing conditions, and arriving at a practical decision in a fraction of a second, a mental process which would occupy a learned philosopher for hours, even if [he were] furnished with all the facts of the case." "There are other tools," he proceeds, "which are provided with a nervous system, which pervades their mechanism, whereby if any disorder of their normal condition occurs they instantly communicate the fact to a sort of brain, and stop of their own accord. Other tools perform the most difficult mathematical calculations, and are capable of printing the result, so that no error may occur in copying."

We have not, however, any intention of considering here the various processes used

in machinery, or the manner in which the reasoning, controlling, and (what Paley thought incredible) the reproductive powers of machinery may be illustrated. Nor, indeed, would any description of the contrivances used in automata be in place in these pages. We propose simply to consider in a general way some of the questions suggested by the feats of so-called automata, like Kemplen's chess-player, the chess-player at the Crystal Palace, and Mr. Maskelyne's Psycho.

So far as we know, no really automatic player of games of skill has yet been constructed. Babbage devised a machine for playing the lively game called "noughts and crosses," which, however, can hardly be called a game of skill. But it is noteworthy that Babbage believed in the possibility of making a really automatic chess-player. His reasoning was sound, so far as abstract possibility is concerned; though he certainly did not succeed in showing how the feat was practically to be accomplished. The argument for the theoretical possibility may be thus presented.—A chess-board has sixty-four squares and there are thirty-two men. Hence, the actual number of arrangements of the men is limited, and would be so even if each man might stand on any square, and if there could be any disproportion between the two forces in point of number. But in reality the number of possible positions is considerably reduced by the peculiarities belonging to the nature of the game. Thus, a pawn never stands either on the first or eighth rank, while many positions in which the pieces might be set up cannot [possibly be brought about in actual play. For example, a position in which a bishop is anywhere except at his own square, while the two pawns which prevent his leaving that square are unmoved, is impossible in actual play; and there are many other positions which cannot result in a real game.* Even, however, with all such deductions the number of possible positions must be counted by millions. Now, suppose we take any position whatever, and that it is white's turn to play. There must be some move which is better for him than any other, or—to be more exact—which is not surpassed in strength by any other move. And it must be possible, by playing a sufficient number of games from that position, to find out what that move is. We say possible, not meaning practicable. Thousands of games might be played from that position; still if thousands of players were set to work to go through these games *seriatim*, the consequences of every possible line of play from that position could be determined with certainty. Not, however, to make the task of the inventor more arduous than it need be, let us simply suppose that any such selected position is submitted to the analysis of twenty players of the first class. Then doubtless either the very best or at least a very effective move would be found for white. Suppose this done in succession for all the possible positions. (The task of finding a winning move would be in many cases exceedingly easy.) This done, and the results carefully recorded, the task of the mechanician begins. What *he* has to do is to provide that on the formation of any given position by the move of a black piece, mechanism should be started which would cause the automaton to make the proper move, already assigned, for white. This Babbage pronounced to be mechanically feasible. We need not here consider precisely how it might be done; but the principles on which the move of a black piece might be made to cause one particular set of movements can easily be indicated. Suppose each piece to stand on a base of a particular shape which would fit in only one way into a corresponding depressed portion of each square of the chess-board; suppose further each different piece (queen, bishop, rook, and so on) to have a definite set of projections underneath, so that when a piece is set down into the depression of a

* Except when the arrangement of the pieces at starting is altered—a plan adopted by Mongredien, formerly President of the St. George's Club, to equalise players learned and unlearned in the book openings. Again, games are sometimes played under unusual conditions—though more rarely now than in former times. To the true lover of the royal game such arrangements are as far removed from real chess, as the game described by Noailles in Tennyson's *Queen Mary*—

> Strange game of chess! a King
> That with her own pawns plays against a Queen,
> Whose play is all to find herself a King.
> . . . . a knight
> That with an ass's, not a horse's, head
> Skips every way.

square, a definite set of springs would be pressed, which, when lifted, would be released. Then, when a black piece was lifted, releasing certain springs, the concealed machinery would assume the condition corresponding to the position *without* that piece; but when the black piece was set down in a new place by the player, certain springs would be touched, while the rest of the machinery would be in a particular condition. Thus, the machinery would be actuated in a definite manner and a definite move would be the result.* This move might either be simply the removal of a white piece from one position to another; or the replacement of a black piece (or pawn) by a white piece; or the movement of a white pawn to the eighth row (either simply or by a capture) and its replacement by some white piece—or, in addition, check might be given to the black king, and the automaton might indicate this by some movement of his head or hands. All this could readily be effected by machinery. And, equally well, movements might be arranged to indicate that a false move had been made by the automaton's opponent, either by moving a piece incorrectly, or by leaving the black king in check.

So far as concerns the mechanism required to effect these movements, we need not hesitate to accept Babbage's assurance that there would be no insuperable or very serious difficulty. The real difficulty in the construction of an automatic chess-player resides in the preliminary investigation of the chess positions. These are so numerous, and in a large number of cases the selection of the best move is so difficult, that it would be hopeless to attempt the task, even if some great advantage to the whole human race promised to reward such labors. And since, in reality, they would be almost absolutely profitless, it is quite certain that such a task will never be undertaken. We may say, indeed, that the labor would be absolutely profitless, since the only persons who could conceivably gain by an achievement of the kind would be the proprietors of the machinery, and it is certain that the cost would enormously exceed any possible returns they could obtain by exhibiting the automaton.

We may take it for granted then, whenever we see an automaton chess-player ready to encounter all comers—that is, not merely playing through a series of set games, either with the exhibitor or a confederate—that there is a concealed player directing the automaton's play. The concealed player need not necessarily be within the figure—though in all the automatic chess-players yet made this has been the case. If he is placed anywhere so that he can see the board, he might, by suitably arranged mechanism, cause the automaton to make the proper move. However, the player has hitherto been concealed within the figure. In Kemplen's, the board stood above the space where Maelzel was concealed while the automaton was actually playing. When the interior was exposed to view, by opening a series of doors, Maelzel changed his position from one part to another, until on the closing of the last door he took up his position for playing. Underneath the board were attached sixty-four threads, one for each square, each carrying a small iron ball. Within each piece was a strong magnet, so that the ball under any square on which a piece stood was attracted to the underside of the board. So soon as a piece was moved, the ball under it, ceasing to be attracted, was left to hang by its thread; and when the piece was put down in a new place, the ball which had been hanging there immediately jumped up and adhered to the under side of the board. Or if a piece was taken, then, when it was removed the ball under it fell, and when the capturing piece took the place of the captured, the ball flew up again. Maelzel had a small board in his lap on which he repeated the move of the automaton's opponent as indicated by the movements of the balls. Having decided on his reply, he communicated the proper movements to the automaton. And so the game proceeded, with little more difficulty to Maelzel than if he were playing in the ordinary way; for by continual practice he was able to make the moves on his own board, both for his opponent and for himself, and to set the machinery in motion, with scarce a second's loss of time. We do not, of

* These springs would be equally touched by the same piece moved to that square from any other position; but either they would not, *when* so moved, actuate the same mechanism (the other internal arrangements being differently situated at the moment), or else, though they might actuate the same mechanism, it would operate on other mechanism differently placed, and so produce different effects.

course, mean that he played in a second—for when he was encountered by strong players he was often obliged to deliberate over his moves—but that he did not take more than a second or two over the merely mechanical part of his work.*

As regards Maelzel's power as a chess-player, it would not be easy to form an opinion, though fifty of his games have been preserved. He was certainly not a player of the first force in set encounters, though he vanquished some very good players. Of course, when the automaton was exhibited quick play was expected on both sides. Those who visit an exhibition of the sort are seldom much interested in chess-playing itself, and could certainly not endure with patience the slow play of a chess match, even as chess matches have been conducted since the time-limit was introduced.† Maelzel himself played with astonishing rapidity; and his opponents usually felt bound to emulate him in this respect, or at least to move much more rapidly than any player would think of doing in a set encounter. The natural result usually followed in the case of Maelzel's opponents—they made oversights—while he himself was by long practice able to play very rapidly without making mistakes, or at least without making such palpable blunders as his opponents.

It has been stated that the automaton chess-player at the Crystal Palace is only a copy of Kemplen's chess-player. But any one who remembers the older automaton, or who has read a correct description of it, will perceive that the present figure is different in several essential respects. Kemplen's automaton played with his left hand, a peculiarity only noticed by the ingenious contriver of the machine, when it was too late to modify the arrangement. The automaton at the Crystal Palace plays with the right hand. But the most important difference is in the position of the chess-board. The board of Kemplen's figure rested on a table (really a chest), and the movements were recorded directly under the board, in the manner already explained. The chess-board of the Crystal Palace automaton stands on a single upright pillar, of small cross section. The mover of the present automaton is, beyond doubt, concealed within the figure, not in some adjacent place whence he could see the board; and the various parts of the interior are shown, as in the case of Kemplen's automaton. But several parts are thrown open at once, so that, as a good number of visitors may be in the room at the same time, and there is no restriction on their movements while the interior is being exhibited, it appears impossible that a living person can be concealed, at least a person old enough to play a good game at chess. But the human frame can be concealed in a much smaller space than is usually supposed, if the space is specially arranged for the purpose. It is not true, as was stated by the manager of a rival automaton, that the concealed player retreats under the floor itself of the room, before the doors are thrown open; for since that statement was

* Kemplen's automaton was destroyed by fire in Philadelphia, and the nature of the mechanism was never fully explained. We believe, however, that the above account of the arrangement for indicating the moves to Maelzel was either given by Kemplen himself, or admitted by him to be correct.

† According to a recent arrangement adopted for chess tourneys, each player is allowed an hour for twenty moves, or some other number agreed upon. Thus, if he plays several moves somewhat rapidly he may give a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to a single move at some crisis of the game. Occasionally also, twenty minutes' grace, or the like, is allowed once in the game, over and above the time-allowance for the other moves. But before the time-limit was introduced, players would sometimes give an hour and more to a single move. Kolisch, a skilful German, once gave two hours to a move in a game which (we are glad to be able to add) he lost, though he won the match of which it formed part. In the amusing little work, the *Chess Player's Annual* (the only published volume, so far as we know), edited by Professor Tomlinson of King's College, the following passage occurs in the description of a game played by Tomlinson and three friends in consultation against Herr Löwenthal, Howard Staunton looking on. "L. considered for some time and Beta asked Mr. Staunton what was the longest time he had ever to wait for a move. 'The longest time,' said S., 'I ever had to wait was in playing a match with a man who wore out everybody—seconds, spectators, and myself. We had been playing many hours, and were left alone, when he coolly said, "I'm a poor man and cannot afford to lose this match. I must sit you out." That being the case, and no witnesses present, I had nothing to do but to give up the match, and write him a cheque for the money.'" In the same paper, mention is made of a fourteen hours' sitting at chess. But after all this is nothing to a case recently recorded in the *Westminster Gazette*, in which a sitting at whist lasted four days.

made the figure has been raised above the floor. But it is certain that during the play the player is within the figure. Immediately after the last door is closed the frame of the figure vibrates perceptibly, precisely as one would expect it to vibrate as a concealed player squeezed himself, as it were, into the proper position for observing the play of opponents and guiding the motions of the figure.

It seems to us probable, that at the same moment a portion of the machinery, which during the inspection had seemed to occupy the chest of the figure, may be shifted, so that room is found there for the head of the concealed player. It is tolerably certain that the player can see the board itself (which was not the case with Maelzel). He can hear also what is said by the visitors, even in low tones. We tested this on one occasion. A friend, who is a tolerably good player, was conducting a game, and from time to time we suggested a move or two. To this the automaton made no objection, though consultation is forbidden (of which at the time we were not aware), and he might have indicated objection by shaking his head, as when a false move is made. But it happened that at one stage of the game we perceived a line of play by which a noteworthy advantage could have been gained, and whispered accordingly to our friend, giving the series of moves in a low voice; so low, in fact, that our friend did not catch the suggestion perfectly. So soon as the complete series of moves had been indicated, the automaton's head wagged disapproval, doubtless because the line suggested would have been fatal to the automaton's game. That the suggestion was sound appeared soon, for our friend adopted another move, and in a move or two was compelled to resign, when, by the gracious permission of the automaton, the position was restored, and on examination it was found that a piece must have been captured by the proposed line of play. It is clear, then, that the concealed player, who had been indifferent when indifferent suggestions were made, had caught the drift of the proposed line of play, and objected accordingly. He made no movement until the whole scheme had been indicated. No doubt experience has taught him that in most cases such suggestions are likely rather to help his game; and in the present case the series of moves began with a sacrifice which, if unsound, would have given him the game at once. The very instant he perceived that it was sound, he set the automaton's head shaking.

The automaton plays a fair game, though not a very strong one. We have played several games with him, usually with the result that, after securing a winning game, some egregious blunder has brought destruction upon us. But this can scarcely fail to happen, even with practised players, when twenty or thirty moves are played on both sides in between five and ten minutes; and the writer is by no means a practised player, not having played perhaps so many as fifty games in all, during the last twenty years. We have, however, twice beaten the automaton, and twice drawn games with him, so that we have had opportunities of examining his play under varying conditions. (Those who have not seen him beaten may be interested to know that his manner of acknowledging defeat is by removing his king from the board. He plays end games better than the openings, though with inexperienced players his management of the openings is effective. It really is worth while for one who is learning chess to try a few games with the automaton, if only to observe how quickly he breaks through the defences around a castled king. He plays a game which usually gives him an attack of this kind. When he has the first move he opens with what is called the Giuoco Piano (or quiet game), adopting for fourth and fifth moves, usually, the advance of queen's pawn one square and the castling of his king. For the sixth move he plays what is often regarded as a weak move, advancing his king's rook's pawn one square, which with him has a double object; first it prevents his king's knight from being pinned, and next it gives that piece a square to move to, which is very seldom so occupied by good players, yet affords a retreat whence the knight can be very effectually brought out at the right moment. In the meantime his opponent has usually brought out his king's knight and castled, without the precaution of providing against the pinning of the knight, a process which the automaton immediately attends to; after which, if his opponent is a weak player, the automaton makes very short work of him. On the other hand, if

he is second player, the automaton will accept none of the familiar gambits which lead to the well-trodden book-openings, except one which cannot safely be refused (called the Scotch gambit). Tried by ourselves twice with the familiar king's gambit, the automaton has both times declined it, and we have seen the same occur with others. The brilliant Evans gambit, which has now been analysed twenty moves deep, he avoids by simply declining to bring out his king's bishop at the third move, playing instead his king's rook's pawn one square. This is his weak point, for unquestionably the first player can then so continue the game that the automaton is practically two moves behind, and exposed to very strong assault. However, usually the opening player falls into a line of operations in which the automaton's weak move becomes a serviceable one; and often the game pursues much the same course, after a while, as when the automaton has the first move.

It will be understood that there is a little sameness in the openings. Indeed, we have seen identically the same moves played in two games on both sides up to the twelfth or thereabouts—certainly without collusion.* Yet chess is a game so full of resources that no one need fear that a series of games with the automaton will want the charm of variety. Besides, it is open to any player who wishes to take the automaton off the beaten track, to adopt some out-of-the-way opening, and this whether the automaton play first or second move. (For each game sixpence is charged.)

It would appear that this wooden-headed gentleman is not above studying the books, for on a chair behind the figure one may usually see a book which looks like Staunton's familiar Hand-book. On the occasion of our last visit, it so chanced that no visitors were present (the theatre was open, and *Our American Cousin* was being performed). After paying our sixpence, we had to wait a few minutes before the door was opened, during which time, doubtless, the player concealed himself within the figure. On entering, we noticed that the hand-book was turned down on its open face, and, so far as we could judge, it was opened about where the automaton's favorite opening is dealt with by Staunton. Yet we must admit that there is very little book-work in the automaton's game.

With regard to the whist-playing of Psycho, we are not able to speak from experience in actual play. We fancied at our first visit that the invitation addressed to the audience to join in the game was like a Spaniard's invitation to his guests to regard his house and all that is in it as their own. At least, the gentlemen who took part in the game on that occasion exhibited a coolness of demeanor on the platform which one would not expect from persons who had volunteered merely lest the performance should come to a standstill.

But it so chanced that at our second visit a very eminent man of science, president of one of the chief learned societies, went on the stage to examine the figure,

* There are some openings at chess where the moves on both sides fall in so naturally, as it were, that it is quite common for the first ten or twelve moves to be repeated even by players who, though strong, are not book-learned in chess. There is one particular form, indeed, of the Scotch gambit, which has led several times to the same game right through, mate occurring to the second player soon after the twentieth move. The game is given in full in the *Westminster Papers*, for Oct. 1874, with the following letter over the initials of a well-known amateur:—"Nothing is more common than to hear it said that the same game of chess, i.e. the same sequence of moves, has never been played more than once. There is, however, a curious exception to this rule, with which many of your readers may not be acquainted. Some six months ago, at the Divan, I was playing a Scotch gambit, and was able to repeat move after move, a game which I had perused not long before in a well-known work, the *Neuste Theorie und Praxis* (a game between Klieforth and Schliemann). The only remarkable thing here was the unswerving fidelity with which my opponent followed the model, even to the extent of suffering the rather pretty mate. When the game was finished I, of course, explained my source of inspiration; and Herren Steinitz and Zukertort, to whom the curiosity was shown, told us that each had previously played the game, move for move, on at least one occasion. Only the other day I discovered another edition, in an old volume of the *Leipsiger Schachzeitung* (vol. for 1870, p. 229), and, therefore, being of opinion that this variation has already had more than its due share of success, I shall beg you to set up a light-house near the dangerous rock, for the benefit of your weaker chess brethren." For the further benefit of those who may examine the game, we may mention that the second player's trouble arises from his seventh move.

and eventually took a hand at whist. He most assuredly was not a confederate, and it is certain, therefore, that the automaton plays a *bonâ-fide* game. In passing, we may remark that Psycho's play is not very profound, nor even always sound.*

The natural idea in the case of an automaton like Psycho is that there is a player concealed within the figure. The figure and box are certainly large enough to give room for a small boy. Nor does the prodding which the figure receives from Mr. Maskelyne prove that there is no boy so concealed, for there is room between the rod and the face of the lower enclosure for a boy's legs. We suppose the boy to be in a sitting but somewhat askew posture, with his knees where the legs of the figure appear. We find from the dimensions of the figure and box, as indicated in the photograph (Mr. Maskelyne's height in the picture affording a sufficient scale of measurement), that there is room for a boy about four feet in height, and rather thin, but not remarkably so. It is not necessary to suppose that the boy plays as good a game at whist as Psycho seems to do, for his play in all the rounds but one or two may be directed by Mr. Maskelyne, pre-arranged signals indicating the *number* of the card to be played, that is, its position on the arc in front of Psycho. Mr. Maskelyne appears certainly to see each card as he inserts it in the arc, though he disclaims all knowledge of the hand. With a little practice, a very moderate memory could retain the remembrance of thirteen cards.

We may note, in passing, that beyond all reasonable doubt the card tricks are performed by Mr. Maskelyne, and the work of the automaton is limited to the extraction of the card, properly placed for the purpose in the small box into which the exhibitor carefully bestows the pack. And this may serve to guide us in forming an opinion about the whist play and the numerical calculations. But it would serve no useful purpose to inquire in what particular way mechanical effects are brought about in a case like this, where there can be no such inspection as would really help to determine the *modus operandi*. Indeed, when well-devised conjuring tricks are shown, one can usually conceive many ways in which the effects might be obtained, so far as observed facts are concerned; and the odds are heavy against the right method being hit upon, so that usually the performer can prove any suggested explanation to be incorrect.*

It will be more interesting to inquire whether a figure might not be made to do all that Psycho does without any person being concealed within it, and without any material connection with the person guiding its movements. Let it be distinctly understood that in what follows we are

* In one recorded game we find Psycho afflicted by the prevailing epidemic of the Blue Peter—signalling for trumps without reason. We have not noticed whether he has adopted the device of playing lowest but one in leading from five in suit. His discarding struck our inexperienced mind as rather wild. But as his partner was satisfied, we assume the play was right.

* Sometimes the explanation of a trick which seems unusually difficult is, in reality, unusually simple. Take, for instance, such a card trick as the following, which, so far as we know, is not in the books:—A pack of cards is handed to a person, who is asked to select any card, remove it, and return the pack, which is then handed to (say) two other persons in the same way. After this the conjuror asks the first person to take the pack again, and place the selected card anywhere in it. On receiving back the pack the conjuror proceeds, in any way he thinks likely to be effective, to produce the card thus taken and returned, presently showing that he also knows the two other drawn cards, which were not returned. Supposing the three persons not to be confederates, what, at a first view, can be more perplexing than this? The cards can neither have been "forced" on the persons drawing them, nor can the conjuror have in any way noted where the returned card was placed (if he could this would not help him to a knowledge of the other two cards), for the pack was out of his hands when the cards were taken and when one of them was returned. Yet nothing can be simpler than *one* way in which the trick can be performed, nor easier to the practised card-conjuror. A fine line drawn diagonally down one of the long sides of the pack affords a sharp-eyed person the ready means of detecting at a glance any card returned to the pack in a new position, and also the former position of any other cards which have been removed without being returned. Knowing so much, the conjuror, talking a little about card-tricks (using the pack to illustrate what he says), can find abundant opportunities to bring the returned card (the marked edge of which he knows by its displacement) to the top or bottom of the pack, or to produce it in any desired way, and to see each of the cards next preceding the other removed ones, whence, knowing the arrangement of the pack, he knows the removed cards themselves.

describing a method certainly *not* employed for working any automaton card-player or chess-player ever yet made.

We pass over such contrivances as the use of a powerful magnet, or the imperceptible tilting of a portion of the floor on which a figure stands, whereby gravity may be caused to act on a concealed arm suitably loaded and adjusted (as in the case of certain clocks). In fact, as we said at the outset, any consideration of mechanical details or the like would here be quite out of place. What we propose is, simply to show how an unseen apparatus might be made to direct the motions of a figure,—a whist-playing figure, let us say,—placed at a considerable distance from it.

The motive power we would select then (among many that might be thought of) would be dark heat, such as resides in a mass of metal heated just short of luminosity. Or a hollow globe filled with hot water would serve equally well. Either would retain a sufficient quantity of heat for a much longer time than the exhibition would last. This source of heat could be placed above the figure or on the same level, at any convenient distance. A curved mirror must be placed so as to reflect the obscure heat convergingly towards the figure. This mirror must be capable of easy adjustment, so that the heat-focus can be shifted at will to any one of a set of determinate points of the figure. The mirror and heated globe could readily be placed where the audience, or even any one on the stage, could not see them. For it is only necessary that they should be within the visual range of an eye occupying the place of a part of the figure itself, and the line from this part to the globe might readily be so situated that no person could place himself where he could look along it. For example, the part of the figure on which the rays were converged might be seven feet above the stage; or again, the heated globe might be placed either beyond the audience or beyond the whist-table, and then persons on the stage might reasonably be requested to avoid getting in the way of the audience, or between the figure and the whist-table, the only positions whence they could see the globe and mirror. But in reality there would be no occasion that the globe and mirror should even be in *sight* of the figure (that is, placed so that to an eye situated where the figure is they could be seen). For heat can pass where light cannot pass, and a screen of black glass or smoked quartz covering the niche or other receptacle wherein the globe and mirror were placed would cut off very little of the heat, while effectually hiding the globe and mirror from view.*

Having now a motive force and the power of directing its action on different parts of the figure, we might adopt a variety of contrivances for making this action produce any desired movements. The mere expansive effect of the heat would suffice to start delicate machinery, whereby the well poised arm of the figure could be brought round to a particular position, the hand then nipping a card, lifting it, and placing it down as Psycho does. For the construction of mechanism merely to effect these movements would of course be a very simple matter. What perplexes those who see automata at work is not the invention of mechanism for producing the movements, but to imagine how the mechanism is started and stopped without being touched. No one acquainted with the resources of mechanism would wonder, for instance, if Psycho were seen to play the right card when a particular knob was touched. The source of wonder is the action of the figure without apparent guidance. Now the heat from the concealed globe could be converged by the mirror on any desired point, and would as effectually set machinery in motion as though a knob at that point had been pressed. If the mere expansive action of the heat were insufficient, or in other words if the machinery were not of sufficient delicacy to be so set in motion, then the knobs could be the faces of small thermopiles, such as lecturers use to display the effects of small changes of temperature. A surface no larger than a sixpence, and easily made quite undistinguishable from the neighboring surface, would suffice to generate an electric current and start the machinery, with less heat than is generated by moving a finger a few inches along a piece of wood. Thirteen such surfaces would be as thirteen knobs for setting the figure to play any one of thirteen cards. And in a much smaller figure

* The globe might even be concealed by the focusing apparatus, substituting for the mirror a lens of black glass or smoked quartz.

than Psycho (even without the box he stands on) thirty or forty distinct operations might easily be provided for by mechanism, and directed by the motion of the concealed mirror, deflecting the heat on any one of thirty or forty corresponding points of the figure's surface. If the heat globe were large and the mirror good, the sensitive surfaces might be very small, and act entirely by expansion through heat. In this case the figure might be a mere doll in size. If, on the other hand, thermopiles were used, a figure nearly as large as Psycho would be required, because of the room required for suitably conveying the electric currents; but in this case the heat-globe and mirror might be very small. Of course the figure would have to be very carefully placed in a particular position, and the movements of the mirror carefully arranged beforehand. Thus, let us suppose that when the figure was set on its pedestal, and the mirror in its mean position, the heat was focussed on a certain non-sensitive spot in the middle of the sensitive points (arranged in rows). Suppose now that the concealed operator, who might very well be so placed as to see both the card-table and the cards held by the figure, or who might be guided by a pre-arranged system of signalling (as in the ordinary *clairvoyance* trick *), perceives that the point he must act upon to cause the figure to play rightly, is on the third row above and on the fourth row to the right of this central point. Then it might be arranged that by giving three turns to a wheel causing the mirror to rotate so as to throw the beam of heat upwards, and four turns to another causing the mirror to rotate so as to throw the beam towards the right, the heat-focus would be thrown correctly, and in a second or two it would set the right machinery in action.†

A chess-playing figure might easily be constructed on a similar plan. The mechanical arrangements would of course be much more complex than for a whist-playing figure. Psycho, for instance, in playing whist, has only to be rotated on a vertical axis till the hand is over the right card, then the hand closes on the card, lifts, and drops it; and there are but thirteen cards. A chess-playing figure must not only be able to lift a piece from one square, setting it down on another (each piece according to its proper range of play), but must be able also to effect a capture, replacing a piece of the opponent's by a piece of his own.* But mechanical arrangement for this were provided in Kemplen's Automaton. (In that exhibited at the Crystal Palace we imagine the concealed player moves the pieces more directly, though a good deal of mechanism is shown.) What a concealed player could do to set such mechanism as in Kemplen's figure in motion could certainly be done by our "globe and mirror"; and the automaton could then be much smaller, having to contain no concealed player.

But in reality no special interest attaches to the question whether another Psycho or another chess automaton might be made, the movements of which should be directed by a remote and invisible source of force. When such a scheme is mooted as that a daily journal should be set up in type in the provinces by a mechanism worked in London, all the so-called automata appear as mere toys. The point really worthy of notice is the command possessed by science over such matters, and the power which men of science possess, if they chose but to use it, to delude the world by wonder-working. If the object of science were to deceive men by mysterious exhibitions, all the contrivances of legerdemain, all the less ingenious devices of spiritualists and the like, would by

* We do not refer here to such clairvoyance as Carpenter, Zerffi, and others have dealt with, but to exhibitions of professed *clairvoyance*, in which a child is made to describe articles shown to the exhibitor, who conveys to the child by the words he uses, a sufficient description of the article (if it be any ordinary pocketable article).

† The operator may be a long way from the mirror thus worked, seeing that there is no difficulty whatever in providing connecting mechanism for directing a mirror from a distant point with the utmost accuracy on any desired point. In astronomical observations, for example, this is repeatedly accomplished. Nor, of course, would there be any difficulty in concealing such mechanism, seeing that it is to act on a concealed mirror.

* Except in the case of taking a pawn "in passing." *Apropos des bottes*, here is a little puzzle for young chess-players. (It was designed by Zukertort, who based a neat chess-problem on it.) How can double check be given by moving a piece which does not itself give check to the adverse king?

comparison sink into utter insignificance. If we take only the wonders which science has accomplished (always openly), and imagine that men of science had agreed to hide their resources and methods from the world, how readily might a claim to supernatural powers have been established, or even pretended revelations promulgated! To take but a single instance. Who would dare to question what was said by men so favored (apparently) by some power superior to natural laws, that they could communicate instantly with each other when thousands of miles apart? What profanity it would seem—supposing such men claimed to be messengers from a supreme being—to attempt to explain by natural laws the wonderful things they accomplished! We are fortunate in this, that the science of our time is outspoken. Not so many centuries ago something of the old spirit still remained, and great discoveries in science were guarded as carefully as the spiritualists in our time try to guard the contrivances by which they manage their deceptions. We have, however, to pass much farther back to reach a time when workers in science used their knowledge to delude the ignorant. We forbear from inquiring here how much of what was taught by the old astrologers and wonder-workers of Chaldea and Egypt to strengthen their position among an ignorant and superstitious people, has come down even to our own day, and not only in matters regarded as superstitions, but in some still held in reverence by many millions of men. We simply say, It is well for mankind that the men of science of our day (especially those most maligned for their outspokenness) are honest. Were they leagued to deceive the world by working wonders, their task would be an easy one. To undeceive the world would be much more difficult.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE ELF-KING'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

Down the merry streamlet dancing,
Through the flickering shadows glancing,
Foam about her white feet creaming,
All her wayward hair out-streaming,
Laughing on the laughing water,
Dances down the Elf-king's daughter—
Youngest daughter fair.

All the trees bend low toward her,
All the rocks are strong to guard her,
All the little grasses whisper,
And the low-toned breezes lisp her
Praises everywhere.

All around the warm air lingers
Lovingly, the while her fingers,
With a dainty upward gesture,
Seem to draw a shade for vesture
Of her loveliness.

Yet meseems she moves so purely,
Gliding on her path demurely,
Looking with clear eyes serenely,
She were clad not half so queenly
In a royal dress.

Now she's lightly onward sweeping,—
Now she stays half-glad, half-fearing,
O'er the ledge of granite peering,
Eyes the headlong torrent leaping—
Eyes far down the sullen boulders,
While the long locks round her shoulders
Gather tenderly.

Now with little laugh a-tremble,
Glad her shrinking to dissemble,
Flashing through the diamond shower
With her white feet launched below her,
And her hair drawn out above her,
Swift as lady to her lover
Down the fall goes she.

Now when quiet night has clouded
All the river broad and stately,
Down the stream she rides sedately,
By her soft hair warmly shrouded,
Lulled by melody.

Down amid the dim trees greeting,
And the drowsy wheat's repeating,
Dreaming on the dreaming water
Floats the Elf-king's youngest daughter
To the dreaming sea.

Blackwood's Magazine

HER DEAREST FOE.

CHAPTER XV.*

TIME, inexorable time, sped on. The summer visitors had gradually departed, and the full torrent of "season" trade subsided to the ordinary yet not despicable rivulet of local demand. Autumn faded into winter; the short days brought with them long cosy evenings for reading and for work,—and although Kate had occasionally to struggle with sharp fever fits of impatient longing for movement, for intelligence, for light of any kind to guide her to some outlet from the mystery of her present lot, she felt she was singularly fortunate in her career so far; and that, could she hold on and keep clear of debt, her humble undertaking might insure bread and independence.

Even through the depth of the winter a bright day generally brought customers from the neighboring country houses, for a visit to the Berlin Bazaar had become one of the regulation "objects" for a winter's drive, as the "Abbey" or the "Castle" were for summer picnics.

Fanny's misunderstanding with her lover gave Mrs. Temple a good deal of trouble. For a considerable time the offended parties kept up a transparent veil of indifference, which on Fanny's side dissolved in tears, when she grew confidential alone with Kate, and exhaled again into a perceptible cloud of sauciness when she sent Tom messages, or wrote to him. But the matter was not finally settled till Kate went to town to make sundry additions to her stock, and had a good long talk with Tom, which resulted in a full, complete, and rapturous reconciliation, strengthened and confirmed by a happy visit of two days at Christmas, when the display of novelties and temptations at the Berlin Bazaar startled all Pierstoffe and the surrounding district.

So the days and weeks rolled by, scarcely heeded, save when one or other of the partners exclaimed at the rapid recurrence of Sunday. And now the daylight began to stay a little longer each evening, and blustering north-easters to show how fierce and rough the young year could be in its play.

It was the close of a bright cold day which had not brought many customers to the Berlin Bazaar, and Kate had looked at her watch, thinking that soon she might order the shutters to be put up, and retire to the cosiness of the apartment usually termed the "shop-parlor." Fanny yawned twice over a thrilling tale in the last *Family Herald*, when the door of the shop opened, the well-known tinkle of a dog's bell was heard, and to their surprise Lady Styles walked in.

"Good morning, Mrs. Temple,"—to Fanny—"give me a chair; I am quite tired and out of breath. Thank you; thank you! Oh dear!"—sitting down, laying her muff on the counter, and turning round another chair to put her feet on the bar. "Well, I suppose you are surprised to see me here so late. I have been all the way to Acol Court. I have intended going there for an age; and now I find the whole family away in town. What in the world takes them to town so early, and the father not even in the House? My coachman declared he must rest and bait the horses before we attempted the long hill between this and Weston; so I thought *I* would rest here, and they can take me up when Davis and the horses have refreshed sufficiently. And what has been going on? Why, it is nearly ten days since I was here."

But Mrs. Temple had not even the ghost of a scandal wherewith to regale her ladyship, who felt a little impatient at this want of subject-matter for conversation.

"I protest, my dear Mrs. Temple, you are singularly unobservant for an intelligent young woman. Have you heard nothing of that new man, Bryant? Old Slade declares there is something very odd, very odd indeed, in his being always called in to the rich West Indian girl at the school here. I fancied you must have heard something about it. You have, at all events?"—turning sharply on

* This Chapter should be read after Chapter XIV. in the December number: Chapters XV. and XVI. in that number are therefore XVI. and XVII. This mistake was made in the London copy, from which we are printing.—ED.

Fanny, who was laughing quietly, as she thought, out of sight. "No! then what are you laughing at? Well, I want a couple of pairs of gloves. Have you any black stitched with colors? They are very useful in winter. What a good idea of yours, to keep gloves!" and her ladyship doubled up a thick, pudgy hand for measurement, chattering all the time, while Fanny sought the required commodity and handed them to Kate.

"I suppose your rooms have been vacant all the winter? You did pretty well with them last season, did you not? It would be nice now for some of your London or French friends to come and pay you a visit?"

"It would," replied Kate, gravely, as she laid a black kid glove against the fist which lay on the counter.

But visitors are expensive, hey?—pleasures of hospitality not to be had for nothing."

"No indeed," echoed Kate.

"Of course, you can see your friends when you go to town."

"Of course, Lady Styles."

"Don't you ever take a holiday?" suddenly twisting her chair round to face Fanny.

While the little assistant parried the attack, and the cross-examination continued, Mills was resting from her labours during the lawful interval "between lights."

The back of the house, where the kitchen was situated, was considerably darkened by the cliffs behind, and evening always seemed an hour older there than at the front. Mills's arms were folded in her apron; her cap looked erect and defiant, but the eyes beneath it were closed for that indefinite space of time known as "forty winks." The "gurl," respecting the repose of so august a superior, stept cautiously to and fro, softly placing sundry articles in their right places, and ultimately putting forth the tea-things on a small, round deal table, which could stand comfortably near the fire and Mrs. Mills, whose feet were on the fender. In the attempt to shorten her work, the unlucky "gurl" took up too many cups and spoons in her hand, and one of the latter fell, ringing on the tiled floor.

"Eh! what mischief have you done now?" cried Mills, starting into full consciousness and wrath. "Of all the awkward——What is it?"

"Only a spoon, mum. I thought you would like your tea, so I was a setting it."

"Oh, ay! Well, I am just dying for a cup. Is the kettle boiling? Bring me the tea-caddy."

Mrs. Mills proceeded solemnly to measure the required quantity, and held a spoonful over the mouth of a brown teapot, smoking from the operation of scalding just performed, when the front bell was sharply and loudly rung. This was unusual.

"Now, who *can* that be!" exclaimed Mills, pausing, the spoon still in her hand. "Who can it be at this hour! Anyhow, I'll wet the tea first."

The short delay seemed to exhaust the patience of the applicant for admission, and another peal startled Mills and her sub.

"I had better go, mum," cried the latter.

"Not while I have strength to do it will I let a chit like you go to my missus's front door!" replied Mills, solemnly, and walking slowly out of the kitchen.

On opening the front door, a gentleman met her view—a slight man, with a plaid over his shoulder, and a black bag in his hand.

"Mr. Tom!" cried Mills, "is it yourself?"

"No other!" cried Tom Reed, who had turned at the sound of the opening door, and held out his hand to Mills with a radiant countenance as he crossed the threshold. "Just walk in and sit down by the fire a minute, sir; I'll tell my missus and Miss Fanny."

"And how do you find yourself, Mrs. Mills?" said Tom cheerfully, but not quite loud enough, as he placed his plaid and bag on a chair.

"Just the same as ever," returned Mills, shaking her head. "As flighty and troublesome. Yet if a body ails a bit, that kind and good that——"

"But yourself, Mrs. Mills?" interrupted Tom in a more audible tone. "How goes it with yourself?"

"Bless your heart, sir! I am that stiff with rheumatics and that heartbroken, I'm sure it is a wonder I am alive! Look there, sir!"—lifting a corner of the curtain hanging over the low

side-window which commanded the shop, and pointing to the group still visible in the waning light. "*That* is enough to curl the blood in my veins! Oh, the ups and downs I have seen! Well, no matter! You'll have a chop to your tea, sir?"

"Oh, anything—anything! Do you think you could manage to call Miss Fanny?"

"I'll see, sir; but as I was saying——"

Here the narrow door leading into the shop was pushed open gently, and Fanny entered. Catching sight of Tom, she stopped short, and exclaimed, but in a suppressed tone, "Tom! is it possible? I am so glad to see you. What has brought you here? Some good news, I am sure."

"Are you really and truly glad to see me, you saucy, mischievous puss?" cried Tom, taking both her hands in his.

"I am sure you might have knocked me down with a feather when I opened the door and saw Mr. Tom!" ejaculated Mills.

"Do you know I am dying for tea or something?" said Tom very loud, his keen dark eyes flashing from Fanny to Mills with an impatient expression.

"Dear me! to be sure you are," replied the latter, hurrying away. "You shall have it in a jiffey."

"Now, my darling!" began Tom——

"Hush—hush!" exclaimed Fanny. "If you speak so loud that terrible Lady Styles will hear you; and I really believe she would walk in here *coûte que coûte* to find out who you are."

She hastily re-arranged the curtain Mills had displaced, and turning, found herself in her cousin's arms.

"There, Tom— that's enough. Not one more! Only fancy if Lady Styles could peep in!" was Fanny's next exclamation.

"But she can't, dearest, sweetest Fan! Who the deuce is this Lady Styles?"

"The most tremendous gossip.—Oh, you must have heard us speak of her."

"Very likely," returned Tom, placing himself on the sofa, and beckoning to Fanny to sit beside him. "And now tell me, how are you? And how goes on the business? I must say you look thriving!"

"Well, we really are. The winter has been much better than we ventured to hope. And oh! it is quite wonderful the way Kate manages. Why, there is nothing on earth our customers don't ask for—and I do believe if any one was to inquire for—for—oh, a Lord Chancellor's wig! I believe Kate would say, with her air of grave attention, "We do not generally keep them in stock—but I have no doubt I could procure one for you!"

Here Mrs. Mills entered with a tea-tray and proceeded to lay the cloth. "And now," continued Fanny, "do tell me what has brought you down here!"

"Ah! that's a secret till I tell Kate!"

"Nonsense, she has no secrets from me! Mills, that cloth is crooked!" jumping up to put it straight. "I wonder if Lady Styles ever intends to go," peeping under the curtain. "No! there she is, talking away still. Mills, have you no shrimps?—a Pierstoffe tea without shrimps is quite a contradiction."

"Yes, sure," returned Mills, testily; "but I haven't two pair of arms, have I? I cannot fetch everything at once, can I?"

"No! no! of course not! just go like a dear and do Mr. Tom's chop, and I will finish laying the cloth."

Mills had turned to the door when a sudden and violent ringing startled them all.

"That bell," said Mills, solemnly, "is gone mad."

"A runaway ring, probably," remarked Tom.

"There's never no such thing here," returned Mills as she left the room.

"Tom, dear! would you not like a glass of ale with your chop? It is really good—you liked it before."

"This is downright delicious," cried Tom, rising and rubbing his hands with an air of intense enjoyment.

"What is?"

"Why the little attentions! the delightful home-like charm of——"

"Ah! Tom," interrupted Fanny, "don't fancy you are writing a domestic tale for 'Household Words.'"

"You insulting—" but Mills's voice in the hall made both pause and listen.

"I don't hear a word you say! You'd better step in and speak to Miss Fanny." She opened the door as she spoke and ushered in Dr. Slade.

Doctor Slade in top-boots, much

splashed, in a green hunting-coat, and hunting-whip in his hand.

"Where is Mrs. Temple?" cried that gentleman in a hasty and imperious tone. "I must see her immediately—there has been a bad accident in the hunting-field, and I have ordered the sufferer to be brought here."

"An accident! Oh, what shall we do?" cried Fanny.

"Fetch Mrs. Temple," repeated the Doctor, slapping his boot impatiently.

"Kate, dear, *could* you come for a moment?" said Fanny, going very softly and timidly through the shop door; something in her face made Mrs. Temple come directly, after a hasty word of apology to Lady Styles.

"Dr. Slade! Tom!" she exclaimed—and then shut her lips in extreme annoyance that in her surprise the last name had escaped them.

"Bad business in the field to-day," cried the Doctor. "Accident just outside the town—man thrown—scarcely know what injuries yet—but I always try to do you a good turn, so I have ordered him to be brought here—your rooms are vacant, eh?" then shouting in Mills's ear, "Get a bedroom ready immediately, sheets, blankets, baths, hot water! Eh, what do you say?"

"That I would really rather not have your patient," returned Mrs. Temple, "if you could take him elsewhere."

"Now don't be perverse! this house is more than half a mile nearer than the hotel, and it is of the last importance that the unfortunate man should be attended to at once—besides extreme quiet will be essential, and he will get that here—and I cannot unsay my directions; they are carrying him here on a door, and may arrive any moment."

"It will not be very pleasant for Mrs. Temple if he dies," said Tom, gravely; "pray, who is the sufferer?"

"I really can't tell—but evidently a man of position—anyhow, Mrs. Temple, you must not reject him; I will be answerable for everything—come—I must follow that capital old woman of yours upstairs and see things put in order."

"Tom," cried Mrs. Temple, as the Doctor bustled away, "this sudden appearance of yours half frightens me, yet how glad I am to see you! You have news of some kind, but I must not stop to hear it now. I shall come back as soon as possible. Come, Fanny, we may be of some use upstairs; it is useless to resist Dr. Slade."

But Fanny had already vanished; and Tom, being alone, proceeded to stir the fire, with due regard to a comfortable-looking brown tea-pot standing before it, and then took up a position on the hearthrug meditatively. His reflections, however, were soon agreeably interrupted by the re-appearance of Fanny with a tray in her hands, on which were a dish with a bright tin cover, and a pretty jug with some creamy-looking froth peeping over its edges.

"There," said Fanny, arranging these articles on the table; "because a man is half killed you need not be famished. I do hope the chops are nice" (lifting the cover). "And there is some beer, and tea, and shrimps and things; and oh! a brown loaf. Do try and eat."

"Why, Fanny, it is a feast! The chops are a picture! If there is one quality more angelic than another in a woman, it is that tender regard for man's minor wants—that thoughtful prevision which supplies the required provision just in the nick of time. There is a wonderful charm in having a pretty woman flitting about you at meals—pouring out the beer, handing you the bread, adding fire to the pepper, and piquancy to the sauce, query, would she . . . ."

"Ah, that's all very nice, but I must not stop to listen," interrupted Fanny, with a smile and a nod. "Do make yourself comfortable," and she was gone.

Upstairs she found Mills and her mistress busy unfolding blankets, and hastily setting forth house-linen, while Doctor Slade stood writing some hasty lines on a scrap of paper upon the mantelpiece, which "the gurl," in bonnet and shawl, stood at the door ready to receive and convey to the surgery.

The Doctor's short, sharp, and decisive directions were rapidly carried out; for having, partly from surprise, partly from compassion, permitted the Doctor's arrangement to stand, Kate went heartily into the preparations for her expected guest, while Fanny sped up and down stairs with right good will to save poor Mills some fatigue.

Soon the trampling of men and horses' feet outside made Kate's heart beat with nervous anticipation.

"Stay here," said Dr. Slade to Mrs. Mills; "I will go down to direct."

Mrs. Temple stole softly to the head of the stairs, where Mills had placed a lamp, with a sort of shrinking curiosity, reflecting that the drawing room offered a retreat close behind her. The open door below admitted a current of cold air, and it seemed as if a multitude of people, all hushed, yet eager, from the sort of suppressed murmur that arose, had thronged into the hall below; then Dr. Slade's voice ordered, "Keep him as level as you can; mind the turn; steady; straight on; first door on the right."

As the slow, heavy steps of the bearers advanced, Kate retreated; and at length, from the half open door of the "best sitting room," saw several men supporting a long, helpless form, in a red coat all covered with clay on the side next her—a ghastly, pale face, bruised and bloody, and a look of death upon the whole figure as it was borne past. A feeling of awe and compassion crept over her.

"Kate, dear Kate! are you there?" said Fanny in a frightened whisper out of a dark corner where she had hidden herself. "Have they quite gone?"

"Yes, quite. I am rather faint, Fan."

"No wonder! Why did you look? You ought to have gone into a corner and shut your eyes, like me! Now I will just go and see if I can bring Mills anything. Oh! here is Mills. Well! What are they doing, Mills?"

"Just putting of him to bed, miss. Eh! but he is a tall gentleman, and knocked about terrible! His own man is there, and seems very wise-like. I am going for hot water."

"I will fetch it, Mills," cried Fanny, running down stairs.

"Oh, Mills, do you think he will die?" asked Kate.

"God knows, ma'am: he looks like death."

In the meantime Tom had begun to discuss his chop with a grateful and satisfied heart—not to mention an excellent appetite—when his repast was interrupted.

The narrow door before mentioned, leading into the shop, slowly opened, and a stout richly-dressed lady, with nodding plumes, squeezed through. Tom, reluctant, rose.

"I beg your pardon; but could I speak to Mrs. Temple for a moment—just one moment?"

"Mrs. Temple has been called away to attend to a gentleman who has broken his back, or his leg, or both, out hunting," replied Tom.

"Dear, dear, how very dreadful! As I know most of the gentlemen about here, I think I shall just stay and ascertain who it is. Pray do not let me disturb you. I beg you will go on with your tea or dinner."

"Well, if you permit me, I will, for I have had a long journey, Mrs.—a——"

"Styles—Lady Styles," supplied her ladyship graciously, while she revolved the problem of Tom's presence in her mind with the keenest zest. Very nice, respectable-looking young man," she thought. "What on earth brings him here? *Much* too young to be safe—quite right," she said aloud; "a long journey is a hungry concern. Come from town, eh?"

"From town," echoed Tom.

"Hum! the man she buys her wools and things from," meditated Lady Styles. "What's this they call them?—bagmen."

"Might I offer you some refreshment?" said Tom, with a graceful wave of the hand towards the jug. "The beer I can answer for, and there's some tea there has been brewing the last half-hour."

"He means to be monstrous civil," thought her ladyship, smiling upon her companion. "He is really a very good-looking young man. I will sit down with him. People are always confiding and communicative when they are eating. Well, really," she said, as Tom lifted the teapot from the hob to the table, "I do not think I can resist; tea is tempting, and this is the hour I generally have my afternoon cup." So saying, she sat down, drew off her gloves, and threw back her bonnet strings, while Tom returned to his chop. "I do not presume," he said, "to pour out; that is a lady's privilege."

"Oh! I can help myself, thank you. And do you often come down here, Mr.—a——?"

"Not quite often enough!"

"Ha! in love with one or other of

them," said Lady Styles to herself. "I suppose there are fashions in everything," she continued aloud.

"Just so," returned Tom, who divined her conjectures. "Bread, Lady Styles? and if you are of an industrious turn, let me recommend the shrimps; for securing the largest amount of occupation and the smallest possible return of enjoyment there is nothing like shrimps."

"Thank you! I am rather fond of shrimps," adding to herself, "quite a chatty, pleasant young man! so," she resumed aloud, "you do not require to come round often? I presume there is not the same amount of change in your business as in other branches, drapery and millinery for instance?"

"I don't know that," replied Tom, gravely. "There is a good deal of 'dressing up' in my line."

"Indeed! Costumes, as well as this style of thing, eh?" nodding towards the shop.

"The British public, so the critics say, have ceased to care for a plain, unvarnished tale."

"Oh! I see," she cried, "periodicals and newspapers."

"Precisely," said Tom.

"I suppose you have only known Mrs. Temple since she began business?" resumed Lady Styles.

"Since she began business," echoed Tom.

"She is such a nice, ladylike creature, I have always thought it extraordinary to see her behind a counter—very extraordinary!"

"Quite extraordinary!" ejaculated Tom.

"I suppose," said Lady Styles, pausing as she picked a shrimp, "I suppose there is the usual story of speculation and failure, and all that; but do you know that the gossips here (it is a monstrously gossiping place!) say that her husband is still alive, but undergoing penal servitude for forgery, and all sorts of crimes?"

"I assure you the late Mr. T. is as defunct as the shrimp which now occupies your ladyship's fingers!"

"Ah! then you knew her during her late husband's lifetime?" cried Lady Styles, sharply.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Tom, "what a cross-examining counsel you would have made! There was legal acumen in the way you pounced upon that inference."

"Life, my dear sir," returned Lady Styles, much flattered, "and experience, are first-rate wit sharpeners."

"Undoubtedly," said Tom, filling his tumbler, "when, as in your ladyship's case, there are wits to sharpen."

"And what was this husband?—No great things, I fancy, or he would have left more money behind him," pursued her ladyship.

"Oh, he was in business too."

"What sort of business?"

"Why, he imported 'sugar and spice and all that's nice!'"

"I see—a grocer! Well, I am disappointed! I thought from her air and style, there must be a romantic story attached to her. So the late Temple was a grocer!" pouring herself out another cup of tea.

"Don't you think they are a long time putting that man to bed?" said Tom, who was growing a little weary of her ladyship's company.

"What an odd way of expressing it! but these bagmen are great characters, I believe," thought Lady Styles. "Well, I daresay he requires a great deal of care and attention, and perhaps——"

Mrs. Temple, entering, cut short the sentence. "Tom!" she cried, and then, seeing Lady Styles, stopped short. Lady S. made a mental note of the exclamation.

"You are surprised to see me, my dear Mrs. Temple, but I just waited to ascertain who was the hero of the accident. But, I assure you, your friend here has done the honors remarkably well—better tea, bread and butter, and shrimps I have never eaten!"

"You are very good to say so. I believe the gentleman, Dr. Slade's patient, is one of the party who occupy Hurst Lodge this season," added Kate, anxious to satisfy and get rid of her customer.

"You don't say so! Why I am told they are a sad racketty set. I would get rid of him as soon as I could, or you will have the whole lot in and out, smoking, and Heaven knows what!"

"I rather think not," said Kate, quietly.

"It is certainly a long rough way to take him," continued Lady Styles, not

heeding her, "and much more convenient to Dr. Slade to have him close by, than all that distance; but here *is* Dr. Slade. Well, doctor, how is the poor man? and who is he?"

The doctor entered with a pompous air, followed by Fanny, who stole behind Kate.

"Well," replied the doctor, "he is still insensible, and not likely to recover consciousness for a few hours. His arm is broken, and I suspect concussion of the brain; but our good friend Mrs. Temple need not mind charging for trouble—he is a man of position and property—he is Sir Hugh Galbraith!"

Chapter XVIII.

Kate settled herself to perform her task of writing to Tom as soon as she had finished a little domestic talk with Mills, who informed her that Dr. Slade had called early, while she was dressing Miss Fanny, for he was going out to dinner, so Sir Hugh's servant had told Mills, as he passed through the kitchen, to go on some errand for his master. Safe, therefore, from interruption, Mrs. Temple wrote rapidly and fully to her prime counsellor. After explaining her reasons for making Fanny accept Mrs. Turner's invitation, and taking the whole blame of that transaction on herself, she went on to say that she wished very much he would endeavor to see Ford, apparently by accident, to ascertain if he kept up any intercourse with Poole; "for," she wrote, "although I am reluctant to confess what may seem unreasonable suspicions to you, mine have for some time pointed to Ford. Why, I am reluctant to say. When I make up my mind to tell you, perhaps you will admit I am somewhat justified. At any rate, accept such guidance from me, as to direct your inquiries towards this man. Ascertain, if you can, whether he has sought out Gregory's son, or made him any offer. Is Poole still in the old house, or has Sir Hugh Galbraith——"

As she traced the name Mills entered. "He has been ringing again," said she, —Mills seemed to fulfil some self-imposed duty by religiously avoiding the name of her mistress' enemy,—"and he wants to know if it would be perfectly convenient to you to write a bit for him now; he is very sorry to trouble you."

"I will come in ten minutes," replied Mrs. Temple, without raising her eyes, or ceasing to write. "Tell him so, please."

Mills retired, grumbling vaguely.

Sir Hugh Galbraith was pacing slowly to and fro when she entered. He turned and greeted her with grave politeness, placing a chair at the table, and moving the writing materials; in doing so he upset some of them, which Mrs. Temple hastened to pick up, with the strange weft of compassion that, since she had seen him carried helpless and inanimate into her home, had shot across the warp of her dislike.

"I have to apologise very heartily," said Galbraith, "for trespassing so perseveringly on your time, but I ventured to think that you might be more at leisure in the evening, and I really want a letter despatched."

"I am disengaged now," returned Mrs. Temple, seating herself at once, and getting pen and paper, "but I never am in the morning or afternoon."

"I shall remember," said Galbraith, as if he intended frequent employment of his fair hostess. Some such idea suggested itself to her, and, strive as she would, she could not restrain a smile, all the softer and sweeter from the effort to be grave. She kept her eyes steadily on the paper, however, and her resolute composure quickly returned. Sir Hugh took his place on the sofa opposite to her. "Are you ready?" he asked.

"I am."

"My dear Upton. I had yours of the 2nd yesterday. It crossed one I sent you the same day. I now write to say it is exceedingly unlikely I can be in London for some weeks." He stopped, at a sign from his amanuensis. "I feel very shaky still," he resumed, "and must keep quiet, so tell your friend to put me out of his head as a possible purchaser of his horse."

Again a long pause. Mrs. Temple read aloud her last word to show she had finished, and still no others came. Thinking that he was in the agonies of composition, she kept silence for a moment, and once more, as a reminder, read softly, "purchaser of his horse," looking up as she spoke. She met Galbraith's eyes fixed upon her, as if so absorbed in contemplation that everything else was

forgotten, and yet there was no shade of boldness in his grave reflective gaze. Conjecture and admiration might be descried, especially the former, but nothing to offend; still Mrs. Temple could not keep down the quick bright blush that flushed her cheek, and then faded slowly away, leaving her paler than before.

"Forgive me," said Sir Hugh bluntly, yet in less harsh tones than he had hitherto spoken; and leaning his sound arm on the table, he bent towards her. "I had forgotten what I was about, while wondering what freak of fortune drove you to keep a shop!" Again Mrs. Temple's lip curved with a passing smile, and before she could reply Galbraith went on hastily, "I am aware that such remarks are altogether presumptuous, unwarrantable, but I could not keep the words back."

"As you are suffering, and I imagine very dull, I suppose I must not quarrel with you for amusing yourself with speculations concerning my insignificant history! You will find it much more interesting in imagination than in reality, so I shall not enlighten you."

Mrs. Temple looked straight into his eyes as she spoke, something of the dislike and defiance that had struck him so forcibly at first returning to her expression. "You do not suppose I would venture to ask?" he returned quickly.

"Suppose we finish your letter," said Mrs. Temple quietly.

"Yes, yes, of course; where was I?"

"'As a possible purchaser of his horse,'" read Mrs. Temple, demurely.

"Ah!—h'm—" Galbraith's ideas evidently would not come. "I really have nothing more to say—you must just end it, if you please."

"But that is so abrupt! Can you not tell your friend how you are going on—when you are likely to leave—but I must beg pardon in my turn. I am going out of my province."

"I am very thankful for any suggestion," replied Galbraith. "Say I am still confoundedly weak, and fear I cannot move for four or five weeks, but that I am in capital quarters." A pause.

"'Capital quarters,'" read Mrs. Temple, looking up with an unrestrained smile, so bright and frank that it seemed a gleam of real light. "Shall I add, 'and a secretary on the premises?'"

"If you like," replied Sir Hugh, also relaxing into a smile. "But that is self-evident. Will you add, that as soon as I am strong enough I shall join him in Dublin, if he thinks he can manage to get away to the west for some trout fishing?"

Mrs. Temple bent her head, and wrote on quickly and steadily; presently she pressed the page on the blotting-paper, and presented it for Galbraith's signature, holding it as before with a firm, still, white hand.

"You don't know how much obliged to you I am," he said, pausing with the pen in his hand, and looking up in her face with his grave sombre eyes, which had a sort of yearning expression at times. "I should be badly off without your help. As to letting that Doctor write for me, I should let everything go to smash for want of a line, first. He is an infernal gossip—I mean a confirmed gossip."

"Yes, that is better," said Mrs. Temple, softly and gravely. "I should think gossip too weak a diversion for the Inferno! a devil is nothing if he is not strong!"

Sir Hugh looked at her with increasing curiosity; there was such a contrast between her words and the gentle accent with which they were uttered.

"That is one's idea of a devil, certainly," he returned.

"Had you not better sign your letter, and let it be posted? My good old Mills is going to fetch my young friend and assistant, who is out this evening; she can post it for you."

"Thank you; and I am keeping you standing?"

Galbraith hastily scrawled a hieroglyphic at the end of his letter, and handed it back to his fair secretary, who proceeded deliberately to fold and address it.

"There is sealing-wax somewhere," said Sir Hugh, who was by no means anxious to shorten the operation; "I think it had better be sealed."

"Very well," she replied, searching among the writing things. "But I cannot see any. If you want some, Sir Hugh Galbraith," pronouncing his name rather slowly, and for the first time, "I *sell* the article, and will be happy to supply you—an excellent quality twopence per stick, first-rate threepence!"

She paused as she said this, resting one

hand on the table, and looking quietly at him, but with a sort of suppressed sparkle under her long lashes.

"And I shall be delighted to become your customer," returned Galbraith, laughing. "Shall I ring for your housekeeper to——"

"Oh! I know where to find it, and will not keep you a moment," interrupted Mrs. Temple.

"But it gives you so much trouble!"

"Consider the unexpected sale of twopennyworth of sealing-wax—or, shall we say threepence?"

She left the room as she spoke, swiftly but without hurry, and Galbraith was still smiling and pulling his moustaches when she returned with two pieces of sealing-wax and a lighted taper. "Twopence," said she, holding up one piece; then, raising the other, added "threepence."

"The first quality, of course," said Sir Hugh, laughing, and with a brighter expression than she had yet seen upon his countenance.

"Now for a seal; I could not see any."

"I have my ring," interrupted Sir Hugh.

"Which you cannot get off," said Mrs. Temple, "so I brought you one, with the latest motto, 'Reply quickly,' will that do?"

"Very well, indeed; your forethought is admirable, Mrs. Temple. You would make a good general."

"I trust I may prove a successful one, when my battle begins," said the young widow with a sigh, looking down at the seal she was affixing: she could neither account for, nor resist the impulse to bring her masked batteries into play.

Never before had she felt the same vivid interest as in the daring game on which she had ventured; and which, even while it half frightened her, she could not relinquish. If she could only get well through it, and accomplish Galbraith's chastisement before Tom could find out what was going on, or interfere, or even look disapprobation; for she dearly loved her kindly, pleasant, honest counsellor, and highly valued his good opinion. Still, the game was worth the candle; she only intended to bring down her foe from his proud pre-eminence, not to hurt him seriously; but while she thought, Galbraith was saying,

"Is there a fight before you, then?"

"Yes; a worse one than you were ever in—a legal battle."

"I am sorry to hear it; a law-suit is a serious affair. I was very near launching into one myself, and I don't feel quite sure I am safe yet."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Temple, pausing, as she closed the ink-bottle, and looking up quickly and keenly in his face, forgetting everything save the desire to glean some straw of intelligence to show her how the current was setting. "Indeed! but if you *do* drift into such a contest, you have wealth, and rank, and influence. I have nothing, and am nobody." A sweet arch smile. "Nevertheless, once the fight begins, believe me, I will stand to my guns as long as I have a round of ammunition, Sir Hugh Galbraith; so good evening."

"One moment," he exclaimed, eagerly; for he was marvellously roused and stirred. "I wished to speak to you about a—one or two things."

"And they are?" asked Mrs. Temple, pausing in her retreat.

"Oh—ah!—I hope my fellow, Jackson, gives no unnecessary trouble to Mrs. What's-her-name?—that he behaves properly. These troopers are rough customers; but Jackson and I have gone through a campaign together, and he suits me better than a fine-gentleman valet." For once in his life, Galbraith was talking against time, though thinking himself an idiot all the while.

"He seems to get on very well with Mills," said Mrs. Temple, feeling anxious to retire. "I hear no complaint. I hope you have all you require, and are comfortable. I feel I ought to justify Dr. Slade's recommendation."

"I never was so well placed before," returned Sir Hugh; "and if you will be so good as to write a letter for me occasionally, there is nothing else I can want; but," seeing her about to speak, "I will *not* have Slade for a secretary."

"Well, we will try and manage your correspondence for you," said Mrs. Temple, good-humoredly; and repeating her "good evening," moved decidedly to the door.

Galbraith's resources were exhausted,

so he opened it for her, exclaiming, "I am sorry for the opposite party in your coming battle, Mrs. Temple. You are a dangerous antagonist."

"I will endeavor to be dangerous, depend upon it," said she; and bending her head in return for his bow, she swept away without raising her eyes.

"That woman has a history," thought Sir Hugh, closing the door after her. "Yet how fresh, and fair, and young she looks. She is a gentlewoman; she must be a gentlewoman; there's not a tinge of anything bold in her fearless frankness. How much more pluck Upton has in some things than I have. Had he been in my place, now—by Jove! he would have asked her to pull off his ring to seal that letter; I daren't. After all, would he have dared? I doubt it. I wonder what the late Temple was like? A white-chokered elder of some Methodist chapel, probably. These tradesmen are all dissenting radical hounds! How could such a woman as that marry one of these fellows; she never learnt that style, those manners, behind a counter. By George! perhaps—" he stopped even from consecutive thought, as some conjecture possibly more repulsive than the Methodist husband, suggested itself; and with a look of anger and disgust, addressed himself to the task of lighting a cigar with a twist of paper, which burnt his fingers, and evoked some bad language before he succeeded.

Fanny returned in due course, escorted both by Mrs. Mills and Joseph, junior; she was considerably less bright than when she started. "Oh! they were very kind and hospitable," she said, in reply to some inquiries from her friend; "but I was obliged to eat a great deal more than was good for me; and then we had an adorable young man from Stoneborough, and another who sells fish, I think. The Stone man is evidently Miss Turner's property. The fishmonger, I flatter myself, fell to my spear. He wasn't nice—and Mr. Joseph lamented to me privately, as we walked home, that his parents had done him irreparable injury at his baptism, by bestowing such a ridiculous name upon him. I consoled him to the best of my power, and advised him to turn it into Beppo—the idea pleased him; but he wanted to know who Beppo was. So I exclaimed, 'What! an admirer of Byron not know one of his leading characters.' At which he was annihilated, and we arrived here in peace. I was so glad he said no more, because I began to be afraid Beppo wasn't in Byron at all. But he is, isn't he, Kate?"

Mrs. Temple reassured her.

"Then he proposed driving me and his sister over to Stoneborough, which was alarming. And oh, they perfectly stupefied me with questions about Sir Hugh. Never send me there again, Kate."

"I think we had better let him know you are engaged."

"But I am not; not regularly, you know; only if——"

"Fanny! do you consider yourself free to marry any one?"

"Well—no, not exactly."

"That is quite enough. We had better say good night."

"And what have you been doing all the long evening?" said Fanny, yawning.

"Nothing particular. I have read; written one letter to Tom, and another for my enemy."

"Another for Sir Hugh! Oh! my goodness, Kate."

"Yes; and he coolly declares we must manage his correspondence for him. He will not have Dr. Slade. So as he will be here but a short time, we must make the best of it; only you must do your share."

"Me! I should be afraid to go near him, after what Tom said."

"Nonsense, Fan; he is a quiet, civil, grave personage, more like a parson than a soldier; though, I fancy, full of pride and prejudice; but come, let to-morrow take care of itself—to bed, to bed, to bed."

A few days passed unmarked by any event; for Sir Hugh Galbraith's requirements and correspondence had become almost a daily occupation. Fanny had been sent once in Mrs. Temple's place, and had returned utterly discomfited. "I knew I should make a mess of it," she said. "I never saw such a cold, proud, stern, disagreeable man. I went in trembling, and he made me shake in my shoes! the sort of bow he made and the stare he gave, was enough to turn one to stone. And oh! the muddle I got into with the letter—writing the same

thing over two or three times, and leaving out other bits; even Sir Hugh laughed at last, and said, 'You are not quite so good an amanuensis as your sister.' Then I exclaimed, 'She is not my sister;' and, perhaps, I ought not to have said so. I will not write any more for him, Kate! that I can tell you."

Meantime, Tom had not been idle; and in due time Kate received a report of his proceedings.

"Your suggestions are very good," wrote the London agent of the Berlin Bazaar; "and so far as I can I will carry them out; but it is not so easy to invent an accident that will bring me in contact with Ford. I am not in a position to require a stockbroker, and if I were, your views would not incline me to entrust much capital in his hands. However, I will be on the lookout. I could not manage to see Gregory till last night; and, curious enough, your ideas are so far justified, that Ford has called upon him, but did not see him, as Captain Gregory was out. So far, the stars in their courses fight for you! I warned Gregory to say nothing of the will, beyond the bare fact of knowing that his father drew one for Mr. Travers, also to keep his communications with myself, and the affidavit, as dark as possible. This, I think, the worthy captain will do, as he has a prejudice against Ford, because of his supposed injustice to 'father.' I think, therefore, Gregory is armed at all points; at the same time, I must say that your suspicions of Ford seem to me, to say the least, unfounded. What object could he possibly have in bestowing so great a benefit on a man, who would unhesitatingly hand him over to the powers that punish if he found out the fraud; for even you do not imagine Sir Hugh would be a party to it. I cannot help thinking that your best plan would be, now you have such a curious opportunity, to make Galbraith's acquaintance, see what sort of a fellow he is, and then let me come down and negotiate between you. I am certain he would make a very much better settlement in this way than the lawyers proposed. And after all, you wished him to have a fair share of the property. The fact is, that although an advanced Liberal, I cannot reconcile myself to think of you and Fanny always behind a counter, and open to the addresses of any accomplished Turner of your society. It may do for a picturesque episode, but will never answer in the long run. Think over my proposition, and don't reject it with scorn right off. Thank Fan for her description of the supper, and say she *might* write a little more legibly, &c. &c."

"Make terms with Hugh Galbraith—never! unless I dictate them," was Kate's mental comment on this epistle. "For even if the discovery of another will released me from any compromise I might have made I should feel bound in honor not to look for one. It is deplorable that this wrong-headed man should have so mortally offended poor Mr. Travers! All would have gone right then. Why should he despise me so fiercely, at least the 'me' he thinks I am?" a half-pleased smile parted her lips as she thought. "But to submit to the will that placed me at his feet—at his mercy—never! As to the rest, I think he likes me: I have set the wheel in motion, but can I stop it?"

Kate pondered long and vaguely. Though she had been a wife, she knew nothing of love or lovers, save from books, which she was inclined to believe greatly exaggerated the subject. Matrimony had been a most prosaic and disenchanting condition to her, and though too natural and sympathetic a woman to be indifferent to admiration, her own heart was almost an unsolved mystery to her, and she scarcely believed in love. Freedom, knowledge, movement, color; pleasant friends, and the power of serving them; a bright home, and the power of embellishing it—these were her outlines of happiness. For the present it was infinitely amusing to play with Galbraith's evident curiosity and dawning admiration, which, by relaxing his mental fibres, would do a man of that description infinitely more good than harm; and, come what might, she felt no fear of consequences to herself, as she was quite resolved to act the prudent, quiet landlady to the last.

Absorbed in her own thoughts, she had not noticed the flight of time, and was startled by the entrance of Fanny.

"It is quite seven, isn't it?" said that young lady, looking at a watch which lay on a stand. "The boy may put up

the shutters? I am quite tired of staying there by myself, in the dusk, and it would be sinful to light up for nothing."

"Oh, yes, dear," returned Kate, folding up her letter; "it is quite time to close." So saying, she stirred the fire and lit the lamp, for one of the charms of the "shop parlor" was, that it had no gas. It was, as has been said before, a low, wainscotted room, with a wide, tiled fireplace and carved oak mantle shelf, over which was a tall, narrow glass, with old-fashioned girandoles at each side. A few bits of good old china enlivened it, and a couple of gay prints under the girandoles finished it off pleasantly.

The objectionable horsehair chairs and sofas had been covered with bright chintz. A sort of sideboard of stained wood ran along the side of the room opposite the fire, with a cupboard at each end, and open shelves in the centre filled with books. This was adorned by a saucer or two full of moss and primroses prettily arranged, and a tiny pierced flower-vase of raised Dresden ware was stuck full of violets, scenting the room with their delicate fragrance.

The lamp stood on a solid, old-fashioned, octagon table, which had been rescued from a remote corner of the house, and its cover of rich red cloth gave just the amount of color, to complete the picture of a pleasant, unpretending interior, which nevertheless had the indefinable expression in its general effect which bespoke the presence of gentlewomen.

When Mrs. Mills brought in the teakettle and equipage, she observed to her mistress, "I made a couple of rounds of buttered toast, ma'am, for you didn't eat much dinner; and he"—a motion of the hand upwards—"wants his letters wrote as usual; and he desired me to say that, if you like, he will come down here to save you the trouble of going up to him."

"I really think it would be better," said Mrs. Temple, looking at Fanny.

"Perhaps so; but if you once let him in you will never get rid of him—that's my opinion," returned Fanny, sagely.

"My compliments, Mills; say we are just going to tea, and afterwards we shall be happy to write for him, if he chooses to come down, unless he would like a cup of tea."

"Oh, Kate!" cried Fanny; "what would Tom say?"

"That I am heaping coals of fire on my enemy's head! It is so churlish to tell him to wait till we have done eating."

"Am I to say that?" asked Mills, with unmistakable disapprobation.

"No, no!" cried Kate, laughing. "It would be cruel to let him devour your toast, Mills. Say I will receive him after tea."

That meal had hardly been dispatched, and the things cleared away, when a knock at the door announced their visitor.

He paused a moment, as if struck by the simple, graceful comfort of the room. Mrs. Temple rose and advanced a step to receive him. "I am glad you are so much better," she said, "as to venture down-stairs."

Fanny murmured, "Good evening," and dropped a slight curtsey.

"Thank you for permitting me to come! I must trouble you with a very short letter this evening," returned Sir Hugh.

"Sit near the fire," said Kate, feeling it was a totally different matter, receiving him in her parlor, from visiting him in his.

"What a pleasant, cheerful room this is," he observed, taking the chair indicated; "quite different from mine."

Fanny observed that he had discarded his dressing gown, and, although only in a velveteen shooting coat, was got up with some care. He was certainly tall and gaunt, and plain, but had, she thought, a soldierly, distinguished air.

Meantime she settled herself to her needle-work in demure silence, and Mrs. Temple, producing pen, ink, and paper, replied to Sir Hugh's remark, "You must not disparage my drawing-room, it is the pride of my house."

"Oh, it is very nice indeed! but it is somehow rather desolate."

"Shall I begin?" said Kate.

"Yes, if you please."

"Dear Sirs,—I feel somewhat surprised not to have heard again from you on the subject of yours of 2nd inst."

Kate, having written this, looked up.

"That's all," said Sir Hugh. "Will

you direct it to Messrs. Payne and Layton, Gray's Inn?"

Mrs. Temple obeyed in silence, with an odd sense of danger. What if by chance it fell into Mr. Wall's hands? He knew her writing so well, what would he think? She could only hope it would not.

Fanny, in the meantime watching Galbraith sign his name, could not hold her tongue any longer. "How hard it must be to write with one's left hand," said she, timidly.

"The result is not very satisfactory," replied Sir Hugh. "At any rate, it could not be easily imitated."

A long pause ensued. Galbraith was evidently in no hurry to go away, and Mrs. Temple would not start any topic of conversation. At last Sir Hugh observed that he hoped, from what Slade had told him, to be able to write his own letters in another month.

"How nice that will be!" exclaimed Fanny.

"Because you will then be freed from the chance of having to write for me?" asked Galbraith with a good-humored smile.

"Oh, no! I did not mean that!" she cried, blushing very prettily.

"Fanny was dreadfully distressed at having been so indifferent a secretary the other day," said Mrs. Temple.

"It was as much my fault as hers," replied Sir Hugh, turning his eyes full upon Kate as she spoke. "You teach me how to dictate as we go on. You seem to understand your work thoroughly."

"I used to write a good deal for poor Mr.—I mean my husband," returned Kate, pulling herself up just in time.

"Ah! I suppose he was also in business."

"He was. All my people were."

"Except me," said Fanny, quickly; "that is the reason I am so little good now."

Galbraith then made some remark on the probable age of the house, which led to a discussion on the origin and rise of Pierstoffe; and Mrs. Temple promised to look out a quaint history of ——shire she had bought at a book stall, where some interesting particulars were to be found respecting their present locality. Then Fanny, with some dexterity, turned the conversation to India, and induced Sir Hugh to give some description of the country and its sports. The moments flew quickly, till Mrs. Temple, glancing at her watch, said, smiling, "In the absence of Dr. Slade, I must remind you that invalids must keep early hours."

"I fear I have intruded too long," returned Sir Hugh, rising. "*I* am greatly obliged to you for the relief of a little society."

"Well, Kate," said Fanny, when he was quite gone, "if it was not my duty to hate Sir Hugh Galbraith, I should say he was rather awful, but very nice."

CHAPTER XIX.

A BRIGHT sun and keen wind were playing havoc with the old and infirm, the weak-lunged and the rheumatic, in famous London town about a month after Sir Hugh Galbraith's accident, and Tom Reed was walking thoughtfully down the Strand, after witnessing the last rehearsal of his smart little piece previous to its production. His thoughts were agreeable. After a long, brave struggle with fortune she was beginning to yield coyly to his embrace. He was tolerably sure of the editorship of the "*Thresher*," should P—— not be able to resume that office, and altogether he felt it due to himself, to Fanny, to Mrs. Travers, that he should run down to Pierstoffe on Saturday and have a talk with them. "I have not heard from either for two or three days," thought Tom; "I suppose Galbraith is gone by this time: what a curious eddy of circumstances that he should be carried into Mrs. Travers' house! I wish she would hear reason about that will. It was an infamous affair, but she will never upset it—Oh, Mr. Ford!"

This exclamation was elicited by a gentleman who stopped suddenly before him, so as to arrest his progress.

"Mr. Reed," he returned, "I was determined not to let you pass me as you did before."

"Did I?" cried Tom, shaking hands with him; "where?"

"At the exhibition of Water-colors; but you had some ladies with you, so I did not speak."

"Well, I am very much obliged to you for stopping me now; I was lost in thought. How have you been this age? Why, it is just a year since I saw you."

"Yes! just a year," echoed Ford. "Oh! I am quite well—never was better." But he did not look so. He was thinner and more haggard than of old, and had a more restless, shifty expression than ever in his eyes. "Have you been always in town?" he continued. "I thought you must have been away, from never meeting you."

Tom's caution was aroused by the sort of suppressed eagerness underlying his efforts at easy cordiality.

"Yes, I may say I have, except for a night or two, and one short run to the Continent; but I have been desperately busy, and our lines are not likely to cross."

"Exactly so," said Ford. "I will turn with you as far as Hungerford Market. Pray, have you any news of our friends Mrs. Travers and Miss Lee?"

"Yes; I had a letter from Mrs. Travers a short time ago; they were quite well—flourishing, in short."

"At Wiesbaden?"

"I am not at liberty to say where," said Tom Reed, smiling pleasantly.

"I should have imagined," returned Ford, with the old, nervous catch in his voice, "that considering the long-standing acquaintance I had with Mrs. Travers, and the devotion I ever showed to her interest, an exception might be made in my favor."

"I dare say she would herself; but you must see I couldn't."

"Well, Mr. Reed, will you satisfy me on one point?—is she living in tolerable comfort? Is her plan of a school succeeding?"

"I assure you, Mr. Ford, she is very comfortable at present, and her plan is fairly successful."

"Fairly successful," repeated Ford, thoughtfully. "Well, I too have been fairly successful, and have some idea of taking a holiday this summer in order to enjoy a trip on the Continent. Should my presence annoy Mrs. Travers I would avoid any town she resided in—if you would tell me where she is!"

"Nonsense!" cried Tom; "I dare say she would be very pleased to see any 'auld acquaintance.'"

"But you forget, Mr. Reed," with a wavering, mechanical smile, "I was unfortunately the means of discovering that unlucky, that disgraceful will; I even placed it in her hands; and, innocent as I am, I fear she will never forgive me."

"I think you do Mrs. Travers injustice," said Tom; "she is not that sort of person."

"But ladies" (Ford would not have said 'women' for the world) "ladies are not always very just in their conclusions; though, of course, *you* must see that I was quite an involuntary agent."

"Of course, of course," said Tom, yet a strange doubt seemed to come to him, even while Ford was protesting his innocence. "What are you doing now?" he continued, to change the subject.

"Oh, I am working up a tolerable business as a ship-broker and insurer—underwriting on a small scale; but I should be very happy to see you, Mr. Reed, any evening you are inclined to look in at my place. I have changed my quarters; stay, here is my card."

"Thank you. I fancy you had better look in on me, No. 6, —— Court, Temple; I am more in your way coming out of the City—and tell me what is 'Travers & Co.' doing."

"Winding up as fast as they can. Sir Hugh Galbraith had a bad fall out hunting I saw by the papers."

"Yes, I heard so. By the way, do you ever see anything of Poole, the fellow who was one of the witnesses to that unfortunate will?"

"No; do you know anything of him?"

"Not much; but I am afraid he is not in very good hands, and has a dangerous taste for the turf."

"A great mistake on his part."

"Well, I must leave you, for I have to meet a man at the House of Commons at two. By-the-by, I have a play coming out at the 'Lesbian' to-morrow night. I'll send you orders if you like." "Must keep him in sight," thought Tom to himself, "though there's not much to be got out of him."

"Thank you," returned Ford, "I should very much like to go. By the way, as I presume you have Mrs. Travers' address" —Tom nodded—"perhaps you would have no objection to forward a letter for me to her?"

"None whatever," exclaimed Tom; "send it under cover to me; she shall have it, and will reply, I have no doubt, in due course."

"So I suppose," said Ford, stiffly; "why should she not?"

"Why indeed," replied Tom, politely and indefinitely. "Good morning."

So they parted. Reed hurrying on to his appointment and thinking what a worthy, respectable, tiresome prig Ford was, in spite of a spasm of suspicion that once shot across him as they were speaking, but which had vanished as the conversation continued. "He is evidently full of thought and sympathy for his late employer's widow. I wonder why she is so inveterate against him; it is not like her to be so unreasonable. To be sure, I have never heard her reasons."

Ford plodded moodily on to take a boat at Hungerford Stairs. He was evidently in deep thought; he jostled in an unconscious way against several passers-by, and stood so lost in his own reflections upon the platform that he missed one boat, and would have missed a second, had not an amphibious creature, with a rope in his hand, called out in stentorian tones, "Now, then, where are you for?" His face looked older, greyer, and more pained in expression, when he stepped ashore at London Bridge than when he parted with Tom Reed half an hour before. Perhaps all the grief and disappointment, the smouldering indignation, the bitter sense of being undervalued, and, worse than all, the unconfessed consciousness that he could not rely upon himself; all these vultures which gnawed and tortured him, more or less at times, had not in them such elements of tragedy as in two words which seemed to trace themselves on the atmosphere before him, and on the thought within him; they were—"in vain."

If Mr. Ford had been a tall, dignified patrician with a schedule of debts and a doubtful past, or an eager, fiery democrat, burning to right the wrongs of every one under the sun, but leaving his children to fight their own battles the best way they could, the task of dissecting such characters—demonstrating their defects, demanding admiration for their nobler aspects, asking sympathy for their trials, compassion for their weakness, and justice tempered by mercy for the total—would be deemed no unworthy task for a novelist's or biographer's pen. But when the subject "of the sketch" is a middle-aged man of middle height and sloping shoulders—of good business capacities, of undoubted integrity, of unimpeached morality, guiltless of any excess, his principal recreation a mild taste for art and a keen ambition to be attired as becomes a swell—which of our young lady readers would care to be informed how vanity and weakness combined to ruin and corrode much that was good, and how in a man, whose life of quiet, unvaried work knew little that was bright, an intense, unresisted passion, too strong for the character it dominated, mastered his reason and drove him into the wilderness where right and wrong were confounded in outer darkness.

Tom Reed had finished his letter to Mrs. Temple, describing his interview with Ford, the day following. He had written it at intervals as the interruptions of the M. T. office would permit, and perhaps less clearly than usual, as he was somewhat excited by the event which was to come off that evening at the 'Lesbian.' "You may depend on my posting you a line with the result, good or bad, before I sleep to-night." He had just added this as a P.S., when a boy—an inky boy—in shirt-sleeves, entered with a crumpled card on which was inscribed "Mr. J. D. Trapes."

"What a —— nuisance!" growled Tom; "I can't see him. You did not say I was in, did you?"

"No, sir, I said I'd see."

"And so did I," cried a thick voice behind him; a loud laugh ensued, and Mr. J. D. Trapes presented himself.

"Excuse me! I really do want a few words with you, most particularly, or I shouldn't intrude. Reed, it's a shame for you to deny yourself to an old friend."

"Must do so in the office, you see; or we would get no work done," returned Tom, putting the best face he could on it, as he shook his visitor's hand. "And as time is precious, what can I do for you?"

"Oh, a great many things! Fork out a fiver; put your name to a little bill at thirty-one days; give me three to five against 'Leonidas' just to square my book. Lots of things, which I know you won't do! However, the thing I really want won't cost much. Who is the man you were speaking to in the Strand yesterday, just by the turn to Hungerford Market?"

"Why? What do you want to know

about him?" asked Tom, with a sudden dim sense of a necessity for caution.

"I only want his name and address. I have a strong idea he is a fellow I have lost sight of for some time, that owes me a pot of money."

"Oh! then I am sure it cannot be my friend," said Tom, laughing. "Ford never owed any one sixpence, I am quite sure."

"Ford, did you say?" repeated the other, sharply. "No, that was not the name. Who is he?"

"He is a ship-broker, I believe; he was the head clerk in a large City house."

"So was my man," returned Trapes, carelessly. "What was the firm?"

"Travers & Co."

"Ay! I remember; you used to go down to Hampton Court to see old Travers' widow. Saw you with her once in Bushey Park! Sly dog! Something wrong with the will, eh?"

"How the deuce do you know?"

"Aha! I know lots of things that would surprise you, though I am a failure and you have shot a-head. Reed! we've changed places since we were first acquainted."

"I am sorry to hear you talk like that, Trapes," said Tom, kindly. If you feel yourself going down, why don't you stop and turn round?"

"It's easy to talk," returned the other, with various expletives, which must not be reproduced here. "Did you ever know a man stop and turn round, once he was fairly set a-going down hill? If you catch him before he is over the brow, well and good, you may put on the drag; but not after—not after!" he repeated, gloomily. Then brightening up, if such an expression could be applied to a face like his, and before Tom could speak, he went on: "The fact is, I never could plod. I never was like you. I wanted to go the pace from the beginning, and I went it! too much quicksilver in my veins. Eh, my boy. Never mind, I begin to see my way to a good thing, and if I succeed I'll reform —— if I don't! Look here now. What does respectability and morality and all the rest of it mean? A good coat on your back, a good balance at your banker's. But look at the difference: you are a jolly good fellow if you can pay for your vices, or virtues—upon my soul I believe they are convertible terms—but an infernal blackguard and a blockhead to boot, if you can't. Look here, Reed; I dare say you think you are a —— cleverer fellow than I am; but I can tell you, you are not; you are steady and industrious, which being interpreted, generally means a sneak and a grubber; nothing personal intended, you know! and look where you are."

"Well," said Tom, good-humoredly, seeing his old acquaintance had had something stronger than tea for his breakfast, "I am glad your free translation was not personally intended; and I am very glad you have something good in prospect; in the meantime——"

"In the meantime," interrupted Trapes, coarsely, "you'll lend me five pounds, till times mend?"

"No, I shall not," said Tom, still good-humored, but decided. "I will gladly try to put you in the way of earning something; you used to turn out good work; for I am quite ready to admit you are a cleverer fellow than myself. Why, you ought to do something even in copying. You wrote, and probably still write, a capital hand!"

"Not quite so steady as it used to be," replied the other, with a leer. "But you are right; it's a capital hand, and it shall make me a capitalist yet. By the way," with a sudden change of tone, "if five is too much, could you manage a sov.?"

"Perhaps I can," returned Tom, smiling, and thinking he would, by a moderate outlay, purchase immunity from the inroads of Mr. J. D. Trapes. "But I can assure you, my success has by no means reached that height at which five-pound notes become plentiful. However, if a sovereign is of any use," drawing out his purse, "you are welcome to one."

"Thank you," said Trapes, pocketing it. "Will pay back with interest—twenty per cent. 'pon honor, if I succeed in my grand coup." He threw on his hat, which, as well as the rest of his attire, was of the seediest, but still some degrees better than the garments he wore when Tom and Fanny met him at the Waterloo Station; and with a defiant air was turning to leave Tom's dingy little den, when he suddenly stopped, and exclaimed with an oath, "I nearly forgot; where does this Ford hang out? What's his place of business?"

"That I do not know," said Tom. "And you know City men don't consider

it the correct thing to give their private address to any except personal friends."

"Oh, never mind," returned Trapes, with a wave of the hand, intended to express contempt; "I know a man who was in the same office with him, he will tell me."

"But, if Ford is not the man who owes you money, what do you want so particularly with him?"

"If it's not him he is uncommon like him! perhaps he is his twin brother, and can give me information," said Trapes, with a grin. "At all events, Master Tom, you may be clever enough to succeed, but you are not clever enough to suck my brains, or find out my little game, I can tell you; though, I daresay you are calling me a drunken vagabond in your own mind. I'd like to hear you say it, sir! I'd like to hear you say it!"

With a gloomy and threatening countenance, the wretched man abruptly turned his back upon Tom, and departed. With a mixture of disgust and regret, Tom resumed the work he had interrupted.

"I wonder if anything could have saved that fellow? The best and the worst of us have turning points; and it's an awful business if the pointsman is not at hand to keep the train on the right line! But what does he want with Ford? for it is evident Ford *is* the man he wants. Ford was never on the turf, even in the mildest form. I doubt if he ever went to the Derby." As no solution offered itself, Tom shook his head, and proceeded in his task of demolishing the arguments in a rival 'leader' of that morning; but at intervals the unanswerable question would recur: "What can the fellow want with Ford?"

The night brought triumph! Tom's piece was received with genuine hearty laughter and applause. The smiling manager promised its repetition, every night till further announcements; and the author bowed his acknowledgments from a private box. But faithful to his word, though wearied by work, excitement, and the laughter of a jovial supper-party, Tom did not sleep that night till he had written and posted a few joyous, loving lines to Fanny, enclosing a letter, which he found on his table, from Ford; and adding a word of warning for Kate. "I would not reply too quickly were I you, nor mention the date on which I received the enclosed missive; dates might suggest the probable distance of your present locale from the twelve mile radius. Though why you choose to preserve such strict incognito, I don't pretend to judge."

Mr. Ford's letter gave Mrs. Temple some food for thought, it was as follows:—

"My dear Mrs. Travers,—I trust you will not deem me intrusive if I avail myself of your friend Mr. Reed's permission to address a few lines to one whose interest and welfare have ever, since the days of our early friendship, been most dear to me. I feel that, hurried on by an impetuosity which blinded me to the requirements of good taste and sound judgment, I wofully offended you at our last meeting; also that the fact of my having been the innocent instrument of discovering the document which has so fatally injured your fortunes, has affected your opinion prejudicially against me, and I have long wished for an opportunity to remonstrate against your severity, and if possible, win back the confidence you once reposed in me. I acknowledge with much penitence, that the expression of my feelings was premature; that I did not show the delicacy due to your recent widowhood; but, now that time and distance have intervened, is there no hope that a devotion so true, so lasting as mine, dating from those days of simple happiness, when I was a favored guest of your dear and respected mother, may not at last win some return—may not ultimately meet success! I would not venture to urge my suit upon you were it not that fortune has smiled upon me, however undeserving, more than she has upon your excellent self, and I venture to offer you the comforts of an unpretending, though not, I hope, unrefined home. As regards that most disgraceful will, need I remind you that I hastened to place it in your hands—and myself at your disposal. Your present position is not of *my* making; and that position is an unceasing source of agony; I repeat the word, agony, to me! Young, beautiful, accustomed to a life of luxury and observance, how can you contend against the difficulties which surround you, and which are, or will be, aggravated by the cruel malice of an envious world. While on this topic, suffer me to point out that the fact of your residence being known only to a young and not

over-steady man like Mr. Reed, whose estimate of himself is rather above than below par, is, to say the least, liable to misconstruction.

"I think it right to mention that in one of my interviews with Sir Hugh Galbraith, he questioned me as to your surroundings and associations with a brutal directness, which almost urged me, contrary to my habits, to personal violence. He then, with a sneer, observed that he was told your only confidant was a good-looking young vagabond connected with the press. I feel, therefore, justified in recommending that you should reveal your abode either to myself as an old and trusted acquaintance of your late husband, or to Mr. Wall, a very respectable and trustworthy person.

"Would I dare hope for permission to visit you and urge my cause. When I remember the happy evenings in which I was permitted to share your graceful task of tending your favorite flowers, I feel the bitterest regret at the unaccountable estrangement which has occurred. Then I flattered myself that a strong sympathy existed between us, and that you were not unconscious nor quite averse to my unspoken admiration! How my hopes and your happiness were blighted by untoward circumstances it is not for me to recapitulate. It is, though no doubt for different reasons, engraven on both our hearts!

"Again, entreating your pardon and favorable consideration,

"I am, dear Mrs. Travers as ever, devotedly yours,

"JAMES W. FORD."

"P. S. Pray excuse all errors in this hurried scrawl."

It had cost him a night's rest to polish and elaborate!

The effect of this epistle on the young widow can only be described by a line in Fanny's reply to Tom Reed:

"Whatever was in Mr. Ford's letter, it has set Kate dancing mad!"

TWO DANES: THORVALDSEN AND ANDERSEN.

THE grand little northern land which inspired the greatest genius of all time with his most sublime creation—which ages before had sent forth her sea-kings to graft on our English nature some of our greatest qualities; which but yesterday gave one of her royal maidens to create a new and fresh interest in her people—has again centred around her the thoughts and affections of all the nations of the earth. To our own age she has contributed two of the greatest characters of the century—each in his path unsurpassed. The sublime materialism and grand plastic creations of Thorvaldsen impress all who know them with the loftiest estimate of his creative powers. Genius embodied in imperishable marble, yet as destructible as the perishable material in which it is enshrined. The other, Hans Andersen, who has just passed away amid the tears and sorrow of all tender hearts, the absolute antipodes of his great friend and predecessor—gentle, loving, affectionate, simple to a fault, and absolutely without guile, yet engraven in men's memories in a material which can never perish or pass away, ethereal and unsubstantial as it may seem to be. The hammer of his own Thor could by the blow of an Iconoclast destroy all that the one has left; the very hand of Time himself cannot efface the memory of the other.

Born of poor and uneducated parents, each had to struggle in early youth and manhood against poverty, vicissitudes of every kind, and uncongenial surroundings. Thorvaldsen, as a child and growing lad, was loved and sought by the companions of his own age. Hans Andersen, on the contrary, was shunned and unloved by all those with whom he held daily intercourse as a boy; and the effects in after life of this early training left its indelible mark on the character of each man. Thorvaldsen was large-hearted and large-minded, capable of intense admiration for the works of others, often acknowledging a brother artist's superiority, or seeking his advice in the finish and detail of his wondrous creations. Andersen, whose early childhood was passed in dreaming dreams in a world of whose existence those around him only dimly understood, and could neither appreciate nor sympathise with, remained through life egotistical, the centre of his own interest and concern, thoroughly un-

conscious that any other standard but his own, that any outer circle of which he might be a part but not the centre, existed in the minds of men whose friendship and love he accepted as naturally as the air we breathe or the food we eat.

Both men when young mixed rarely with the world, possessed by a spirit of reticence and reserve which made them shrink from expansion with their fellows, and gave taciturnity and hardness to their manner, which only long years of after success and fame softened and subdued. Neither, again, ever cared to study any subject not specially connected with his own individual art. Whatever Thorvaldsen learned was through his personal intercourse with men. Whatever Andersen knew was derived from the same source, added to a marvellous intuition and power of observation of the laws and characteristics of Nature.

Thorvaldsen was about twenty-five when he left his native country and betook himself to Italy. There, in that soft, sunny clime, the birthplace of the immortal Michael Angelo, Thorvaldsen studied and afterwards created the most beautiful of his numerous and magnificent works. Seeking inspiration to his mighty genius in the grandeur, memories, and living voluptuous passion of that art-breathing land, he sent forth to the world as the years rolled on proof after proof of his grand creative power, thrilling to the heart's core the pride and glory of his northern home, and compelling by the force of his marvellous genius the intellects and minds of all nations to acknowledge him as the greatest sculptor of our century. Here it was that he created and modelled the divine figure of the Saviour surrounded by his Twelve Apostles, and the pure exquisite figure of the Kneeling Angel of Baptism, which were afterwards placed in the Church of Our Lady in Copenhagen, and render that edifice, not beautiful in itself, distinct in charm and grandeur before every other church perhaps in Europe.

It is strange that the man who could conceive and design the figure of Christ, blending in such perfect harmony the divine and human, not only in the face and features but in the attitude and pose of the figure, a man of such gigantic intellect, broad mind, and impassioned temperament as Thorvaldsen, should have had no hope of faith in a future world, rather believing that the soul was as perishable as the material he modelled with his hands, and ceased to exist as soon as the body ceased to breathe. Materialism was his creed, Nature and chance his religion. He worshipped beauty for its own sake, revelling in the creations of his own master mind, never acknowledging that any power of divine origin was the giver of the genius he possessed. He accepted life as it came to him, taking care to gather from its deep resources all the mental and physical pleasures within his reach, knowing no fear of death, and looking forward to the end of his days as a simple and complete state of annihilation.

How different to the poet and fairy-tale writer, Hans C. Andersen, who at the time that Thorvaldsen had reached the height of his fame was only just beginning to let the voice be heard that was destined later on to charm and delight the hearts and homes of the whole world.

Unlike his friend of later years who went forth to the scenes of excitement and classical renown, to develop the creations of his brain, Andersen remained at home in Denmark, receiving inspiration to his peculiar ethereal genius from the familiar, dearly-loved haunts of his own native country. First poetry, then acting and singing, then novels, with here and there shorter romances, Andersen had advanced far on the road towards middle life before he devoted his serious attention to the weaving of those wonderful fairy tales which made his fame world-renowned, and crept into the hearts of the child-world in every continent of the globe. As a reward for his literary efforts, the Danish Government bestowed upon him a small pension, which enabled him to travel and see foreign shores, and gave him the opportunity at forty years of age of choosing his own mode of life, and indulging in the work he loved best—that of writing for children. By degrees he advanced in fame till he had reached the highest point even his innocent vanity could desire—that of being the most universally known and universally loved author Europe ever produced.

The whole civilized world admired the exquisite creations of his imagination, and his simple, rare, peculiar genius commanded an audience even wider than Shakespeare; for Andersen chained the affec-

tion of children, as well as fascinated the attention of grown people. His simple, child-like nature—his untroubled belief—his perfect faith in God breathed itself into all his writings, and mirrored itself into every animate and inanimate thing around him. To him nothing was soulless, because he was a child himself, with a great imagination and a child's pure soul. He understood children in all their varying moods, simply because he was a child himself, and the secrets of the animal and flowery world were equally known to him. For children Andersen never invented a story that would frighten them, or tire them with the sense that it was beyond their comprehension, and he never made a mistake when he gave a soul and a costume to a flower or an insect in its color or character, or the accessories of his personification. "God is love," and does all things well, was his creed, and his religion was his faith that God is good. Thorvaldsen compelled men to admire his works by appealing to their intellect and brain, and overawing their minds with the grandeur, sublimity, and refined classical beauty of his conceptions. The universe was proud of him, learned men bowed their heads in silent adoration, mingled with fear at his grand ideas embodied in form; and the great of the earth honored his genius as a thing immortal.

Andersen crept into people's hearts—belonged to every household—was loved and worshipped by the weak as well as the strong, and embued his warm sympathies and exquisite charm of creation into the very centre and soul-being of home life. If "Thorvaldsen belongs to the entire universe," as Jupiter is made to exclaim in a loud, sonorous voice in an allegory representing the various towns contesting for the right to the mighty sculptor's fame, surely Andersen belongs familiarly and intimately to the heart and being of every house throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Thorvaldsen returned to his native country after forty years' absence, and was fêted, worshipped, and honored by his countrymen to a degree that reflects as much honor on Denmark as on the sculptor, for it proves the general love of art and intense appreciation of genius embodied in this northern nation.

It was during the declining years of Thorvaldsen's life, when fame and honor had been poured out in boundless prodigality and gratitude on the great sculptor's silvered head, that he personally became intimate with his now famous countryman, Hans Christian Andersen. Diametrically opposed in character, disposition, faith, intellect, and genius to his younger friend, Thorvaldsen had yet a genuine admiration for the poet's chaste, graceful, inborn perception of the fitness of things, where perhaps his knowledge was limited or his ignorance only too apparent.

In Plon's 'Life of Thorvaldsen,' an interesting incident is mentioned in which the sculptor one day consulted Andersen as to the fitness of the drapery on a figure he was then modelling. With his usual simple frankness Andersen quietly examined the figure, and then gave his opinion, and suggested an alteration which did not please those standing around. "You are quite right," replied Thorvaldsen, and immediately destroyed the figure in order to commence another with the alteration proposed by the never-erring instinct of the poet. Both men loved and honored each other, the one with his grand mind, and frank, genial temperament, accepting the admiration and respect of the whole world as naturally as the earth receives the warmth of the sun's rays; the other with his child-like, vain, egotistical belief in himself and the genius the "good God" had given him, taking it for granted that his friends must love him and admire his works because *he* had written them.

Thorvaldsen's declining years were crowned with the affection and respect of all around him; his studio was besieged by persons of all ranks anxious to personally do homage to his master mind. Day after day the streets in which he lived was lined with carriages whose occupants desired his presence at dinner, and would wait in unmurmuring patience for the honor of a few moments' conversation with this highly gifted mind.

In the year 1841, the grand wish of Thorvaldsen's later years was accomplished, and the museum to contain the works of a long life and fertile imagination was completed. The day it was formally presented to him, decorated with flowers and evergreens emblematic of his successful career and life, he walked through its

halls and galleries gazing with an earnest, silent expression at the result of his own labors till he reached the inner court. There, in the very centre of this grand monument raised to his glory, the old man bowed his silver head for a few moments, and was silent. He himself would be buried there; but his works, the imperishable witnesses of his immortal genius, would remain side by side with the ashes of his mortal frame.

"Now I can die when I like, for Bindesböll has finished my tomb," he said, smilingly, a short time after, alluding to the Museum.

Once his friend Andersen, in speaking of the sudden and unexpected death in the theatre of Admiral Wulff, who was celebrated as the translator of Shakespeare and Byron, expressed his terror and horror at such an event. "What!" exclaimed the sculptor, with an earnestness and enthusiasm which petrified the poet, "don't you think death in that form is the most enviable one that can happen?"

A year later, Andersen met Thorvaldsen as he was leaving Baron Stampe's, where he had been dining, for the theatre: "Come with me," said the sculptor, "and let us pass the evening together."

"Not to-night," replied Andersen. "I have something in my head that I must write," and passed on.

An hour later Thorvaldsen was seen to stoop his head as he sat in his stall. His friend Oehlenschlaeger spoke to him, but, receiving no answer, he cried out, "Thorvaldsen is ill!" The old man was carried from the theatre and laid on a couch; but his end had come, and the death he coveted had swiftly and noiselessly claimed him in the midst of his friends.

The whole nation mourned him. Denmark wept for the loss of her great son. Every house was draped in black. The King uncovered his head before the remains of the subject whose life and works reflected honor on his throne, and flowers strewed the way which led to the grave.

Thirty-one years later—a short few weeks ago—Hans Christian Andersen, Denmark's second great son, was also buried amid all the pomp and splendor that it was possible for a grateful country to bestow on the passing away of a man whose genius and simple, beautiful life had won every heart and become a part of every household.

Andersen's life, his marvellous fairy tales, his simple child-like nature, are all too well known to need more than a few passing remarks. In his 'Story of my Life,' he has graphically described his poverty as a child, his sad youth, his unhappy attempts to become an actor and singer, his travels, and, later on, his success. His early works are not cared for even in his own country, where he was recognised later as a poet of no mean order. The little poem, 'The Dying Child,' as perfect in its way as Shelley's well-known 'Skylark,' first brought him into notice. Outside his native country he is best known for his wonderful fairy tales and tales for children, surpassing in charm and beauty every other production of the kind; but some of his larger works are decidedly worthy of deep and earnest attention. His poetry lacks strength and power; but his prose works are full of exquisite descriptions, beautiful soft dreamland views, and grand masterly pictures. His 'O. T.,' 'The Improvisatore,' and 'The Two Baronesses,' are perhaps the finest of his novels, or rather romances; but the exquisite charm of his quaint mind and imagination he concentrated in his writings for children; for them he lived and wrote, with rare exceptions, the last thirty years of his life.

No man was so well known in Copenhagen as Andersen. The great sculptor was courted, admired, honored; but Andersen was *loved*. High and low, rich and poor, he belonged to all. If he went out for a walk, every one saluted him; if he visited the theatre, all present welcomed him; children worshipped him, claimed him as belonging peculiarly to them; every household reserved for him a warm corner by the stove; not a family, from the king to the peasant, but had a knife and fork and a seat at the table ready for him. He was first with every one, and considered himself the centre and interest of every one's thoughts. Besides his one unrivalled talent of arranging fairy tales, Andersen had other gifts of precious and rare value. With his melodious voice and exquisitely modulated tones and expression, he would read aloud his own composition till his hearers would forget they lived or breathed in aught but the scene he was describing so charmingly. Sometimes, at parties and other gatherings of friends, the whim would seize him to cut out figures

in paper. He would beg for a pair of scissors, and then, folding some paper with his great ugly hands, he would begin cutting, clipping, twisting, and snipping, and in a few moments fairy scenes, flowers, plants and trees would appear, perfect in form, charming in delicacy and design, before the eyes of those who wondered how it was possible he could manage to produce anything from such crude materials.

He would take a few flowers in his hand, and with scarcely a touch, just a mere whisper to them, and immediately the most fairy-like nosegay would grow into being, that Titania herself would have worn in her bosom.

In his walks in the country he would poke his huge stick, as ugly and ungainly in appearance as himself, into every rut and hole on the wayside, and pick up the first object that attracted his attention, and then, gazing at it tenderly and caressing it with his fingers, he would begin and tell its history, weaving some ethereal charming romance into its inanimate nature, and make those around stand wrapt in delight and wonder at the man's strange quaint imaginations and fancies.

About two years ago Hans Andersen's health began to fail, and a disease, supposed by his medical attendants to be cancer of the liver, declared itself. His sufferings at times were fearful for one of his temperament, who shrunk from the slightest physical pain even when feeling strong and well; and for many long weeks his placid, child-like nature became irritable and trying in the extreme to those of his friends who personally nursed him. But he grew better, and about a year ago was able to return to his old habits of visiting those of his dear friends whom he, in his own quaint fashion, designated his "daily friends." Now and then he felt well enough to mix in society, and to enjoy, in his quiet way, the music and conversation going on around him. One evening last winter there was an entertainment at the house of one of his oldest friends, to which he was specially invited. For some days past he had seemed better and stronger than usual, and many looked eagerly forward to his presence amongst them. He kept his promise, and was one of the first guests to arrive. He looked very frail and weak, and for a time during the evening he was obliged to lie still, away from the buzz and excitement of the talk and lights. Presently he recovered, and slowly dragging one foot before the other, he re-entered the drawing-room. After replying to all the anxious tender inquiries of those around, he said gently, in his usual child-like, simple fashion:

"I will read you a story; you would like to hear it, dear friends?"

And taking from his pocket a folded paper, he gave, in his usual invariable fashion, a few words of explanation as to the meaning and purport of the tale he was about to read. Then, in wondrously sweet low tones, slightly trembling with the effects of his recent indisposition, he began the story of 'The Statue Destroyers.'

It was a poem, beautiful and exquisite in thought and charm, as is always the case with his fancy productions. As he read on, his voice growing louder and stronger with earnestness, the graphic scene in the Cathedral became vivid and real; one could hear the glorious tones of the organ swelling out in rich devotion the "*Ora pro nobis*" of the worshipping congregation, the loud voices of the angry mob thrilled us to the heart as they rushed in to destroy and break the statues and figures sacred to the faith of that kneeling people. As Andersen dropped his voice in whispered pathos, one seemed to hear the moan and wail of agony from saint and virgin as the sacrilegious hand was raised to strike. The organ suddenly became still, the prayer was silenced, the fearful work was accomplished, and only destruction and confusion now reigned where, a few moments before, music, devotion, and peace had held their sway.

As the winter passed away it became only too evident that the dear old man's life would not be spared long. He was obliged to relinquish, one by one, his daily habits and pleasures, and often refrain from going to see his dearest friends because he was not strong enough to mount the stairs leading to the various flats. Mr. Henriques' eldest son Robert was devotedly attached to Andersen, who returned his affection with a warmth and delight which was exceedingly lovely to behold. Every day during the last winter of his life the lad would fetch the old man for a walk, coaxing him out in the sunshine, guiding his failing steps, and watching his face for signs of weariness with a tender care that Andersen thoroughly appreciat-

ed; and when it was too cold for out-of-doors, sitting by him in his room, refreshing the old man's spirit, worn with pain, by the bright details of his fresh young life, and receiving as reward for his patience some choice story, some delicate fancy from the lips of the weary man whose hand was too tired to wield the pen again.

With the spring his seventieth birthday would arrive, and the nation who loved him so truly were determined to honor "dear Andersen" to the height of their power. On that day, April 2nd, deputations arrived from all parts to greet him. Money was raised to erect a statue in the town; a copy of one of his tales was presented to him in thirty-two languages; a plate inscribing his name and date was placed in the little house in Odense where he was born; the king conferred yet another honor on the subject whom he delighted in calling his friend; and last, but not least, money was collected to found a home for poor children bearing his name On the evening of that day, exhausted and worn out with the excitement of so much heartfelt homage, his head bowed with the weight of so much honor and fame, Hans Andersen met in private a few of those who were his nearest and dearest friends. "My heart's wish is fulfilled," he exclaimed, with the tears of emotion running down his cheeks. "I am tired and weary, dear friends; but my heart is satisfied, for my own country acknowledges me *great*, and all the world *loves* me!"

That was his last appearance in public. In June he went to stay with his friends, the Melchiors, and it soon became evident that his end was very near, and that he would never again be able to leave the house. Unlike his great friend Thorvaldsen, Andersen had a shrinking from and terror of death, that, added to his intense physical sufferings, rendered nursing him a task of fearful responsibility and untold misery. But Mrs. Melchior devoted herself to him, never wearying, never tiring. In his wild accesses of pain, overcome with the dread that death was near, it was she who soothed and quieted him, and bore with unflinching affection the irritability of his temper and childish displays of anger. Towards the end of July all pain suddenly ceased, and the dear old man became once again the child he always was, pleased at every trifle, ready to weep at every adverse word or look. He began to speak calmly of his approaching death. When the agony of his sufferings was over, he seemed to trust in God's mercy and would often softly whisper—

"I feel so happy now; would that the dear Creator would release me whilst I feel like this."

August 1st, he could not be moved from his bed. He slept much, only awaking now and then to say, "How delightful; how nice to sleep," and closing his eyes again in perfect peace.

His friend Mr. Henriques went to see him as usual, but Andersen could only press his hand fervently and whisper—

"Go, dear friend, I can see no one now."

He slept continually to the morning of the 4th. About 10 a.m. his devoted nurse, Mrs. Melchior, looked at him, and thought to herself, as she watched his quiet sleep, "Oh, that he might pass away thus!" His prayer for the "dear Creator to take him whilst he felt happy," was heard; for he did not wake again, and without a sigh, without a struggle, he passed through the gates of death to his eternal home.

Hans Andersen had no relatives, so his friends, the Melchiors, the Henriques, and the Collins, were his mourners at his funeral; to them he has bequeathed all he possesses, except certain gifts to private and public bodies.

The day he was buried the shops were shut, the town of Copenhagen, in remembrance of their love for him, put on mourning, and the Church of our Lady was crowded to excess.

This church is not beautiful; but lit with gas, crowded with black-robed people, the aisles filled with deputations from various parts of Denmark, holding crape-bordered banners, and standing in long solemn array; the children he loved so well grouped in a mass, strewing flowers all around; the large coffin standing in their midst covered with brilliant flowers, laurels, palm branches, and wreaths; the imposing figure of the Christ-God by Thorvaldsen, breathing in the calm serenity of His outstretched arms the peace He came on earth to proclaim, standing in pure, divine repose in the centre of the chancel—His twelve Apostles near—all combined to make

this edifice look imposing, and added to the beauty and magnificence of the ceremony.

The king, with his eldest son and Prince John of Glucksberg, stood bareheaded near the coffin, in rich robes of state. The high and powerful in Church and State, each had a place near the altar, giving additional splendor to the scene by their uniforms, stars, and ribbons. The king and his son had often visited Andersen during his last illness. They loved and understood the quaint old man's vanity, and could sympathise with his childish weakness. And now he was gone, and the pomps of this world were nothing to him; yet each and all vied with one another to adorn his funeral with all the grandeur and beauty he loved in life. "What a pity Andersen cannot see this splendid scene," was more than once murmured by those around, as they glanced at the oaken coffin in which lay his cold, earthly remains.

At 12 o'clock, when all were assembled, the organ played a prelude, and presently the mighty voice of that vast multitude, led by the choir, sung Andersen's own beautiful hymn, 'Like as a leaf which falleth from the tree.'

All who knew Andersen intimately were deeply moved by these words, written long ago before his illness, but wonderfully expressive of his own *trembling spirit* before the throne of his Creator. His prayer, 'Shake off my fear,' was heard ere he died. The hymn ended, Dean Rothe stepped in front of the choir, and amid the silence and intensity of the whole listening people, recited one of Andersen's last poems—a short poem, full of calm grandeur and beauty of expression; then, with earnest, eloquent words, his hands pointing to the still coffin before him, he spoke Denmark's farewell to her great son: spoke of his noble and good qualities, touching lightly on the faults of the one *all* loved, and in faltering tones did justice to the man's peculiar, quaint, childlike soul, full of strange fancies and God-fearing aspirations and true poetic spirit.

Then a very old man—the Bishop of Odense—rose, and in a few touching words spoke the farewell from Andersen's birthplace; after which some beautiful lines by Carl Plough, 'Sleep, weary child' (composed expressly for this occasion), were sung, which I have endeavored to translate:

"SLEEP, WEARY CHILD!

Thy love for Fatherland was deep—
That filial tie can ne'er be mended.
'Neath Nature's flowery carpet sleep,
Worldly praise and kindness ended.
Sleep, weary child!

God's wondrous mercy through thy life,
Dark childhood's weakness first protected;
Always a child, tho' years were ripe,
Bright honor's call was ne'er neglected.
Sleep, weary child!

The figures painted by thy hand
Sparkle with thy matchless humor;
Dim shapes from heaven, they brightly stand.
Now all is o'er, 'Life's fitful fever.'
Sleep, weary child!

The dread great secret learnt at last,
Now dawns a new and endless morning;
Through God's own gates thy soul hath passed,
Thy guileless soul required no warning.
Sleep, weary child!

But still, in this thy little world,
In faithful hearts for ever shrin'd;
Praised by the old, by young ador'd,
For the rich treasures of thy mind.
Sleep, weary child!

May art and science in our land
'Gainst force and fraud for aye prevail;
Thy name on Denmark's banner stand,
And loadstar-like grow never pale.
Sleep, weary child!"

Then Andersen's old friend, just seventy years old, another great son of Denmark—Hartmann, the composer—played on the organ the cantata he had written for Thorvaldsen's funeral. This cantata is a wonderful piece of music, exquisite and beautiful in its every detail. In the trumpet accompaniment one seems to hear the trump of the angel at the gate of Heaven, the gate itself opening; and presently soft flute-like notes of exquisite pathos, yet blended with joyous strains of delight, announce the angels' welcome home to the wanderer from earth. And as the gate closes and the angel voices die away, a grand thrilling outburst, expressive of triumphant victory, brings the cantata to a close.

The wreaths on the coffin were sent from all parts, at home and abroad. Friend after friend, ere they left the church, walked quietly up to the chancel and added yet another, and still another, to the mass of immortelles and sweet-smelling flowers already covering and

hiding from view the large oaken coffin. A palm-branch and wreath from Odense lay in the centre, and around on all sides the ground was strewn in bright-colored profusion with these floral tokens of affection. One laurel wreath from Berlin bore the touching inscription, "Thou art not dead, though thine eyes are closed. In children's hearts thou shalt live for ever," an inscription which, if dear Andersen's spirit was hovering over this sad but beautiful scene, must have made him rejoice again and again.

When the organ and the thrilling notes of the brass instruments had ceased to sound, a number of students came forward, and, lifting the coffin from its stand in the chancel, slowly bore it down the centre of the church, followed by the various deputations carrying their floating banners, the long file of mourners and friends joining behind. At the church door the coffin was placed in an open funeral car, literally covered with flowers. Along the route from the Church of Our Lady to the gates of the cemetery, just outside the town, ladies clad in deep mourning sat at the windows. Many of the houses, and all the ships in the port, had flags flying half-mast high, and every shop was closed. And thus, with many a tear and deep regret, Hans Christian Andersen was carried to the grave, where he sleeps in peace, at rest.

As soon as the mourners and friends had left the church, numbers of poor people rushed in to gather the flowers and leaves which had fallen from the coffin, in memory of the dear old man. Perhaps the most touching incident of this never-to-be-forgotten day, was that of a poor woman, who, simply dressed in a peasant's garb, timidly advanced towards the altar, and, after eagerly, but in vain, searching all round for a flower or fallen twig, murmured sadly, half aloud, half to herself, "Too late—they're all gone," as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Do you want a flower, my good mother?" asked a bystander, moved to pity at the woman's evident distress.

"Ah, yes, good sir! My boy at home will break his heart if I don't take him just a leaf. You see, sir, that dear departed angel often came to see him when he was ill, two winters ago, and told him a story, and the doctors say those beautiful stories saved his life; and he's my only one, sir, and he just worshipped dear Andersen, and he does miss him so terribly, and cries so now the old gentleman is dead, that I promised to bring him a flower, as I heard his coffin was to have some on it. He is lame, and can't come himself."

"Take this one. I picked it up from the spot as it fell."

"Ah, you are good, dear sir!" And the woman tenderly kissed the little sprig, as, reverently and gratefully laying it in her bosom, she turned away.

Andersen had no relatives; he seems to have stood alone, the only living survivor of his family on his mother's or father's side. Not one distant connection even came forward at his death to claim relationship or kindred with the man who was more widely known in Denmark than any other of her children. He left his property (which was not inconsiderable, when one takes into account the small sums he received for his numerous works) to his dearest friends, and those who had aided him in his struggling days.

In the years gone by, Andersen suffered for a time the saddest of all sad sorrows—unrequited affection. For one of his childlike nature, with his frank, simple belief that every one admired him, the grief he suffered was keen and bitter when he found out that the woman whom he fancied (for with him the more earnest passions of human nature had no voice) he loved and esteemed higher than any other being on earth, could not return the affection he asked from her. His vanity was wounded, and he never again attempted to set up an idol in his heart, and while for long years he mourned and bewailed his own sad fate, yet he never ceased to weave some of his brightest and loveliest ideas around the image of the only one woman whom he once had loved.

He sleeps now under the shadow of the city which loved and honored him truly and well. No man will be so deeply regretted, no one's smile so genuinely missed, and no one's memory be so tenderly and lovingly treasured in every household, as the late fairy-tale writer and poet, Hans Christian Andersen.—*Temple Bar.*

THE DUTCH AND THEIR DEAD CITIES.*

THE freshest impressions are most fruitful of pleasant associations, and we shall always be glad that we landed in Holland on our first visit to the Continent. But we can understand how that most interesting country is not half so much appreciated as it deserves to be; nor can we say how we might have found it ourselves, had we visited it after travelling elsewhere. Possibly it might have appeared to us, as to so many other people, dull, flat, and unprofitable. As it is, although we must confess that a little of it goes comparatively far, for its landscapes are undeniably tame, and the plan of its cities somewhat monotonous, yet we always revisit it with ever-renewed satisfaction. The change thither is complete, and everything that meets the eye refreshingly novel and original. You may even experience something of adventure on the passage, and get your first glimpses at the life of our amphibious neighbors in crossing the seas we have so often disputed with them. For ourselves, we were fortunate in that way, though the steamer on which we embarked on our maiden voyage—she hailed from Leith, and was "missing" afterwards, one foul day when she had been sent out overladen—made a singularly tedious passage of it. We brought up in a fog on some fishing banks in mid-ocean, and by the light of an outbreak of watery sunshine, found ourselves in the middle of a fleet of Dutch fishing-boats, who traded haddocks with us against bottles of schiedam. These clumsy wall-sided *pinks*, with the interminable streamers hanging pendent from the gilded vanes at their mastheads, as they lay rocking lazily among wreaths of aqueous vapor, prepared us to appreciate those masterpieces of Van de Velde and Backhuizen we were happily soon to have opportunities of admiring. Their build had scarcely changed by a line in the course of centuries, any more than the serviceable costumes of their shaggy-trousered crews. Our bartering done, we made a fresh departure, groping our way half-speed for the mouth of the Maas. It may have been as well for us that we took it easily and kept the lead going, when we fancied that we ought to be nearing our destination; for our compass had got all abroad, in sympathy with a shifting cargo of pig-iron, and our skipper had to confess that he had lost his way, and could tell as little as his compass about our bearings. There we lay, if not all that day, at least a good part of the morning, shifting about with the metal and the groundswell, till a sudden breeze swept aside the fog, and the sun burst out in all his brilliance. Since then we have seen him rise repeatedly in various latitudes just as we had sighted unfamiliar shores, but he has never showed us anything that impressed us more. Yet as we steamed back, retracing the way we had overrun, there was little visible to landward but the low lines of the sand-dunes, heaped the one behind the other. The coast of Holland, for all we could see of it, might have been nothing but a shifting sand-bank, the favorite fishing-ground of the sea-birds that were swooping and clamoring over it, had it not been for a white point or two that occasionally appeared to vanish again over the sky-line. These told of the presence of life and indefatigable industry; for the revolving points were the tips of the windmill sails, —the motive power of the pumps that are perpetually going, and keeping the soaking country from being swamped. As you see how low the land lies when you open the broad estuary of the river, you begin to be conscious of a certain uneasiness lest you should chance to go down yourself in the course of your flying visit. The shoaling channel seems as likely to let the sea run in as to let the river run off. The Dutch have evidently been doing their best to speed the parting guest, who might easily make himself boisterously unpleasant on occasion, although quiet enough now. His bed is narrowed and deepened by formidable embankments, but he is become sluggish and dull, and is loath to

* La Hollande Pittoresque, Voyage aux Villes Mortes du Zuiderzée. Par M. Henri Havard. E. Plon et Cie., Paris.

leave it. The Maas has changed his nature with his name, and you would never recognise him for the impetuous Meuse you have since seen hurrying along at the foot of the rocky fortifications of Dinant. The soil and landslips he brings down in solution have plenty of time to settle here, and the buoys bobbing about on the shallows on all sides of you look like the heads of a flock of monster seals. The manufacture of those indispensable water-marks is become a staple industry in some of the stagnating seaports that are gradually being left high and dry, as land and sea are changing their levels; and, of course, the trade of the pilot is equally flourishing. Were it not that these worthy gentlemen were as safe and sure as they seem to be slow, more ships would discharge their valuable cargoes in the labyrinth of banks and shoals that embarrasses the commerce of the Netherlands. The first Dutchman you meet off his native shores boards you in a wreath of smoke of his own raising. His great porcelain pipe "goes of itself," and he scarcely troubles himself to take his hands from his voluminous pockets to scramble up the side, or exchange salutations with the captain. He gives his leisurely orders chiefly by pantomime, with his eyes fixed contemplatively on the Maas as if he were seeking inspiration for a sonnet in the sluggish eddies of its muddy tide. But the type of man is highly characteristic not only of his particular calling, but of his country people in general. The blank inexpression of his face conceals a deal of shrewd intelligence as well as professional knowledge; and the square-built form wrapped up in the Flushing pea-jacket is capable of as much exertion as endurance. He is quite the sort of man you could imagine putting out to sea in any weather, fortified by Calvinistic acquiescence in the purposes of providence, as well by constitutional indifference to danger, and a comfortable expectation of handsome salvage money; or working like a beaver behind the dams, when the wind from the west was blowing up a hurricane, and the surf was beating breaches from the side of the angry ocean; or opening the sluices if the worst came to the worst, and submerging his enemies with his personal property. It was just such a rough patriotic sea-dog, no doubt, who came off to the flotilla of the "beggars of the sea," when Lumey de la Mark and the Seigneur of Trelong seized on the Spanish fortress of Brille and "robbed the Duke of Alva of his spectacles." It was that stamp of sturdy fellow who used to sweep the narrow seas under Van Reuter, or sail in cock-boats into Arctic darkness and ice-fields under such adventurous navigators as Heemskirk.

In the meantime, as we said, our friend is smoking like a chimney, and early as it is, applying himself from time to time to the flask of schiedam he produces from his pocket. Those worthy Netherlanders live by gin and tobacco; the heavy clouds breaking up on the horizon ahead on your starboard bow came from the smoke of the numerous distilleries of the flourishing town of Schiedam. And we can hardly conceive the most fanatical of temperance lecturers having the hardihood to persist in a professional tour of the United Provinces, after experiencing the depressing effects of the rawness of their mornings and evenings. Like Mynheer Van Dunk of the national ballad, the Dutchmen, though great drinkers, are no drunkards, chiefly for the reason that in their peculiar climate their sluggish constitutions take a deal of stimulating. Considerably beyond the point where the average Englishman begins to feel decidedly the worse for liquor, the Dutchman is only imbibing medicinally, and he swallows like the sand-beds of his Haarlem tulip-gardens. If he took the pledge, he would have to change his habits and renounce all his favorite enjoyments. For the best part of the year, the whole of his country is enveloped in fogs or dense driving rain. When it does clear up, away from the sand-beds on the coast everything is left soaking; pools are forming in the bottom of the polders, the canals are brimming over, and there is a constant plash of water in course of falling from the pumps. The country people are out in steaming mists, on meadows divided by broad water ditches. When they go to market, they travel on the canal by *trekschuit* or jog along on a causeway running through a waste of water. The wealthy citizen, as likely as not, has perched his mansion upon piles driven

into the liquid sand that underlies his cellarage. In any case his front windows look out on one canal, his back windows on another: around him is a forest of masts and yards with sails of all sizes hung out to dry, while the great Place at the corner of the street is a basin covered with boats and barges. When he takes his pleasure of an evening in his pretty suburban garden, he reposes in a summer house reared upon poles over a canal that is brilliantly carpeted by duck-weed. The air about him is of course impregnated with damp which is often overcharged with unwholesome exhalations. Naturally he must correct that deleterious atmosphere with ardent spirits and strong tobacco; and as if to make the agreeable regimen easy for over-tender consciences, beneficent nature leaves him little choice in the matter. The inhabitants of great part of Holland are in the position of the seaman in the "Ancient Mariner,"—with "water, water everywhere," there is not a drop that is fit to drink. Foreigners fall back on the bottled produce of the German springs; the natives dash their beverage with schiedam, and work the better for it and live the longer.

We grant that, to live in the country with comfort, a man ought to have been born and brought up in it; but it is the very circumstances of the struggle for existence that make a short visit so interesting to strangers. It is the fashion to speak of the Dutch as if they were anything rather than romantic. To our mind, their national history has been a sustained romance of the most sensational character, in which the famous war to the knife that shook them free of the Spanish yoke was merely an episode, and not the most remarkable. Ever since their savage ancestors, migrating westward, settled down in the swampy woodlands of Friesland and North Holland, they have been committed to a ceaseless struggle with the most formidable forces of nature. Heroically enduring and resolutely aggressive, they have hitherto had the best of it in their battle with the waters, although the storm-lashed ocean that assails them from without has found treacherous allies within their intrenchments. For the great rivers that drain the plains and mountains of Northern Europe come down in flood on the Dutch flats; and in the spring freshets that follow the breaking of the winter ice, they always threaten to burst their embankments. Frequently the water has had its way for the time, and it has kept its hold on some of the land it has conquered. Not so many centuries ago, although the precise date is uncertain, the sea burst through the northern breakwater. It has left the old land-line marked out by the chain of islands that stretches to Hanover eastward from the Texel, and has rolled the shallow Zuyder Zee over what was once an inhabited country. Nor was there any reason, according to all appearance, why a recurrence of similar disasters should not have drowned the rest of Holland. Much of the surface lies well below the sea-level, with no better natural protection than the barrier of shifting sand heaps which is sometimes slightest and most vulnerable where the danger is most imminent. The pressure is greatest on the western coast, where, after the prevalence of particular winds, stupendous masses of troubled water are thrown back on Holland from the narrows at Dover. But man has never relaxed in the work of entrenching and embanking; and now indefatigable industry is supplemented by the resources of science, and organised upon a system that experience has brought almost to perfection. Some of the great sea-dykes, such as those near the Helder and those others that protect the low-lying islands of Friesland, are triumphs of engineering as well as gigantic monuments of labor, while the works that bank in the dangerous flow of the Lower Rhine scarcely yield to them in grandeur of execution. The Dutch, at the cost of an immense expenditure, have done nearly all that is to be done by man, and have fortified themselves pretty effectually at all points. Yet, to say nothing of the heavy insurance they have to pay on their lives and property in the shape of the annual outlay on these waterworks, it is nothing but habit and natural courage that can have enabled them to live with easy minds and go on laboring hopefully for the future. For there is little exaggeration in the saying, that the springing of a leak may sink a province; and although the sea has latterly been kept at arm's length, yet the inundations of the rivers are pe-

riodically disastrous. You ought to have strong nerves to slumber tranquilly in stormy weather behind the great bulwarks of Kappel; but in the provinces of Gelderland and North Brabant many a man night after night must go to his bed in unpleasant uncertainty as to whether he may not be swept out of it before morning, to find himself adrift in an archipelago of ice-masses.

As the Dutch have made their country what it is, so the country has made the Dutch what they are. No wonder that men who, like their fathers before them, have been trained in such a school of self-reliance, should be good soldiers and good sailors, good traders, good farmers, and, above all, good patriots. They have learned to value the blessings they have to toil so hard for, and the country they have to hold by hard fighting. But as the climate is as ungenial as the soil is ungrateful unless it is assiduously kept in condition, they have to make the very most of the means at their disposal, and have naturally learned to practise frugality. Agriculture and dairy farming alone could scarcely have covered the indispensable expenses of keeping out the ocean, so the Dutch early betook themselves to commerce, to stave off the poverty that threatened them. Bred to maritime adventure off their own dangerous coasts, they carried discovery into every ocean. It would be unfair to say that their early merchants and navigators were stimulated solely by the hope of gain, otherwise they would never have risked lives and ships on their desperate exploring expeditions in frozen latitudes. But, as a rule, being a highly practical people, profit and adventure went hand in hand. With their national determination, they persevered in establishing trading relations where these were most lucrative; they set down their foot on the rich spice islands, whose revenues have since been such a god-send to the State as well as individuals; they laid themselves out for trade monopolies, to the exclusion of their rivals, as when they established their factories at Nagasaki in Japan. It must be owned that, in their trading, they often stooped, or even crawled, to conquer, as when the officials of these Japanese establishments consented to degrade themselves annually, in solemn ceremony, before the Mikado, that they might retain his countenance by their abject submission. But although, like the Americans, they worshipped the almighty dollar, and are said, in their adoration of it, to have gone so far as to trample on the cross, yet, whatever we may think of their compliances, there can be no question of their courage. And however far-sighted their statesmen and chief burghers may have been, their seamen were by no means of imaginative temperaments, or apt to conjure up remote dangers. They fought their enemies, whoever these were and whenever they met them, without measuring the forces of the power they might provoke; but they fought them all the more fiercely beyond the line, that it was so far a cry to Europe from the spice islands and the Spanish Main. It was but natural that men who had always been disputing their land to the ocean should be hard to conquer, and impossible to enslave. They held to their property—no men more so: drowning it on occasion did not seem to the Dutchmen such a very desperate resource, since they had familiar experience of inundations, when they had had no time to prepare for them. And the prospect of a terrible revenge sweetened the sacrifice, for no people could be more vindictively fierce when their passions were excited: witness their treatment of De Witt and Ouden Barneveld, and the bloody faction fights of the Hooks and the Kabbeljaws, of the Calvinists and the Arminians. Overtax them, oppress them, proscribe their religion, impress their seamen and cripple their commerce—they felt they were being robbed of all that was worth the living for; their phlegmatic natures were slowly wrought up to a white heat, and were not to be cooled down again except by the satisfaction of victory and of vengeance fully gratified. Hence, as we have said, their war of independence with Philip and his captains was but a natural episode in the national history; nor, in saying so, do we forget the acts of almost unparalleled heroism which have been made so familiar in the pages of Motley, that it is quite superfluous to do more than advert to them.

But if the progress of scientific inventions has assisted the Dutch in some essential respects, in other ways it has han-

dicapped them more heavily than before in the hot race with eager rivals. When the fleets of their Indian Company used to spend years on the Indian voyage, it mattered little whether they sailed from the Thames or the Ij; and if they chanced to be becalmed for weeks off the Texel, it scarcely troubled the worthy burghers who freighted them. When tedious coasting voyages were made under sail to the European ports, it was of comparatively little consequence that time should be wasted off the bar of the Maas or in tacking about among the shallows of the Zuyder Zee. The transferring the cargoes of those deep-laden ships that could not clear the bar of the Pampas had been submitted to as an inevitable necessity, or else the kameeds or lighters filled with water were secured and sunk on either side of them; then the water was pumped out, and as the emptied lighters rose, their buoyancy lifted the vessel between them. But the growth of the mercantile marine in other countries, improvements in shipbuilding, and, above all, the introduction of steam power, changed all that. When vessels made swift voyages, sometimes several voyages in the year, time became of the utmost importance to those who were competing in the markets of the world. Could we imagine Amsterdam colonised by Spaniards or Italians, we may be sure it would have lost its trade as Venice did, and pined away in gradual decay, like one of those "dead cities" in Northern Holland which we propose to visit with M. Havard by-and-by. Of all the great European seaports, no one perhaps is less favorably situated. But the Dutchmen, habituated to get the better of difficulties, were the last people in the world to resign themselves to commercial extinction and straitened circumstances. Frugal as they are by habit and temperament, they have seldom come to shipwreck through penny wisdom. They began by cutting the great ship canal which runs parallel to the two seas, from the Ij to the Helder, through the whole length of the province of North Holland. For a time that canal satisfied the expectations of its projectors, and paid the country handsomely though indirectly. But in time it became clear that it answered its purposes but imperfectly. It began to fill up in spite of dredging, and ships sitting deep in the water had to lighten themselves of part of their cargoes at the northern terminus of Nieuwe Diep. Then the prevalent winds which set from the west blew at right angles to the course of the canal. Before it had been decided on originally, an alternative scheme had been broached and rejected, on account of its greater costliness. Subsequently the rejected scheme was brought forward again, rapidly assumed a definite shape, and has resulted in the construction of the great North Sea Canal.

The estimated expense was as serious a consideration as the engineering difficulties. But it was felt that the commercial existence of Amsterdam was at stake, and that the fate of the city depended on the success of the undertaking. Already the community of merchant princes and cosmopolitan bankers threatened to degenerate into so many speculators and stockjobbers. So the capital of £2,600,000 was found, the State and the city coming to the assistance of the promoters, and the canal was cut. We had the good fortune to make one of the party when the Board of Directors made the trial trip from sea to sea; and although knowing little of technical engineering, we shall never forget the impression made on us by the ingenuity with which difficulties had been surmounted, and the stupendous character of the works at either end. It was a stormy day in the autumn; a formidable surf was rolling in from the North Sea; the Zuyder Zee was heaving in lines of crested breakers; even the inland waters through which the canal is carried were troubled, and dyed a lugubrious grey with the wash of the sand thrown up from the bottom. There was no difficulty in realising the strain that would be put upon the works in the course of a rough winter. But one had only to look at the triple locks of Schellingwoude on the east, at the locks and harbor of refuge on the North Sea, to be reassured. They were epics of triumphant labor embodied in massive masonry. Each of these stupendous blocks of stone had been hewn in Belgian or Norwegian quarries; each of the ponderous piles, carefully cased in its metal sheathing to protect it from injury from marine insects, had been cut in the forests of

Northern Europe. Since then the locks have been severely tried, but they have come successfully through the ordeal. Those at Schellingwoude are made free to all the world. As vessels of all burdens pass through them each day by the hundred, it may be understood what an impulse they must have given to the trade of Amsterdam; while in cutting another opening in their line of coast defences, the Dutch have not only given a fresh challenge to the sea, but have snatched another victory from their enemy. The canal serves not merely as a great inland water highway, but as a mighty drain; and its expenses have been defrayed to a considerable extent by reclaiming the submerged lands that lie along it. Off Amsterdam ground for quays, warehouses, and graving docks has been gained from the Ij, and the pile-founded city is not only protected by another line of stronger barriers, but has been sanguinely making extensive preparations for the revival of its old commercial prosperity.

There is enough of the romantic, as it seems to us, in all this to gratify the most ardently romantic of travellers, especially if he be somewhat sated with the picturesque in its more popular forms. But even the tame Dutch scenery wins on you insensibly; and, once fond of it, you never lose the attachment. In the sight of the limitless extent of meadowland, cut up rectangularly at intervals by parallel ditches, grazed over by the drowsy herds of sleek black-and-white cows, and stretching away in the grey distance to a horizon vaguely indicated by the shadowy sails of innumerable windmills, there is something so original that you have no time to tire of it in an ordinary journey—say between the Hague and Amsterdam. The groups of cattle standing up to their hocks in the rank herbage, their well-favored forms reflected in the pools as they lazily flick away the flies with their tails, are so many pieces by Cuyp or Paul Potter. When you do come upon a bit of copsewood, or on a wind-blown, weather-beaten avenue of decently-grown timber near the Hague perhaps, or in the environs of Haarlem, you appreciate it all the more that wood is so scarce. You make an expedition to the far-resounding sea—as at the favorite watering-place of Scheveningen, or at Katwyck, where the Rhine is lifted into the ocean by the aid of elaborate machinery, and the scene recalls to you at once the marine pieces by Van de Velde. There you are between the sea and the sand-hills. The breeze is catching up the sand in drifting clouds, and swirling it about you in such flying columns as are the terror of the traveller in the Asian deserts. The leaden-colored scud drifts across a lowering sky, and everything above and below would be the abomination of bleak desolation but for here and there a blue rift overhead that lets in a stream of sunshine, for the chimneys of the snug fishers' cottages that are smoking to landward, and the flotilla of dingy-sailed fishing-boats that lies rocking on the swell in the offing. When you are staying in a town, you leave your hotel for a stroll; you wander along quays between the stationary and the amphibious population; you go tripping over the cables of ships and barges, unlading opposite their owners' residences, as they lie moored in wooden alleys under the shelter of umbrageous trees. You pass cellars and taverns, and look down the steps through the open doors at pictures such as Ostade and Teniers have familiarised you with. The "sonsy" maiden of the burgher class, in handsome but unassuming costume, framed in the lozenged lattice she is looking out of, might be a reproduction of a Terburg or a Gerard Douw. Turning a corner, with the echoing clamors of some noisy wharf still resounding in your ears, you stumble on some choice morsel of medieval domestic architecture, buttressed and turreted, with its receding angles and projecting windows, reflected in the placid surface of the water that may have stagnated from time immemorial against the weed-grown bricks. And beyond the *enceinte* of the city, but still entangled in its network of canals, your heart is gladdened by villas and cottages. Often, indeed, they are vulgar to villainy in their style, but the vulgarity is redeemed by the luxuriant brilliancy of the gardens, with their blooming parterres and cages of gay-plumaged tropical birds, and shrubs and hedges that thrive marvellously in the damp, although tortured and contorted into every fantastic device.

On the whole, the Dutch have been a wonderfully conservative people, in spite of their long experiences of republican institutions, and their not unfrequent demonstrations against the aristocracy of birth and intellect. Few nations have changed so little in tastes and character, in type of feature, and even in costume; and as it is with themselves, so it is with their country and their buildings. Go into the Trippenhuis at Amsterdam and study Van der Helst's great picture of the jovial arquebusiers celebrating the conclusion of the peace of Westphalia. There are said to be five-and-twenty life-sized portraits in it, and you can easily believe it; for in the streets of the capital at the present day you may meet any number of men with a striking family resemblance to its heroes. You can see that the great artist has treated his subject with equal force and truth. He has permitted himself no idealistic vagaries, but has seized and stereotyped, with an admirable nicety of perception, the manifold shades of the various idiosyncrasies which all preserve a distinctly national character. For that great work of his is *the* national painting, *par excellence*. There are the representatives of those burgher worthies who thought, and toiled, and fought, playing out with patient courage a changing game, with the existence of their country for the stake, and the kings and great captains of Europe for partners and opponents. Broad, solid faces, bearing the traces of cares and anxious thought, are expanding into jovial hilarity; and for once, in the satisfaction of a common success, small civic differences are forgotten, and good fellowship is in the ascendant. The hands in the painting, as has often been remarked, are to the full as characteristic as the heads: in spite of the rich ruffles here and there, you could never mistake them for the property of courtiers of Versailles or St. James', or even of patrician merchants of Venice or Genoa. They are Dutch all over—Dutch of the well-to-do burgher class, who have lived well and worked hard. The chamber is simple, as becomes the town-hall of an unpretending nation of citizens and graziers, who were found to regulate their life and conduct by the tenets of an austere religion. Yet their riches would scarcely be worth the having did they not occasionally parade the outward and visible signs of them. Carved wardrobes and richly-chased iron-bound chests, containing handsome jewels and raiment, have always been handed down as heirlooms, even in peasant households; and it is not on so triumphant an occasion as the present that the chief magistrates of the wealthiest of the Dutch cities would be found wanting. Hence all that pomp and personal bravery—the ruffles, the rings, and the golden chains of office—the magnificent doublets, slashed in velvet and brocaded in gold. There are rich drinking-vessels, too; for solid plate as a sign of wealth in reserve is almost indispensable to good credit: besides, it is a mere locking up of capital; for the precious metals will keep their value, although you may have to lie out of your interest on them. But the *menu* of the banquet is more substantial than refined: there are few of those *entrées* and *entremets* that would be served elsewhere in Court rejoicings to tempt the sated palate. There are huge joints, in keeping with the massive beakers—joints that lay a good foundation for drinking and smoking, and to which active men of healthy appetite, celebrating a high occasion by some pardonable excess, might cut and come again.

If we leave the Amsterdam banquet room—where perhaps we have already lingered too long—we shall find that the pictures in other styles are equally suggestive in the way of preparing us for a tour of Holland. Paul Potter's "Young Bull," with his slightly "raised" look, contrasting the placid rumination of the cow standing near him, may be met with any day now in any retired bit of meadow. Having found a strain of cattle that fatten and milk well in an existence that is necessarily amphibious, the Dutch seem to have made no attempt to change the breed by the importation of foreigners, who might take less kindly to the climate. It is true the milk is rather watery than creamy; but that is to be expected; and then, as the diluted fluid is given in abundance, there is always a market for the surplus stock with those English dairymen who desire to defraud their customers conscientiously. And the man looking over the fence in Potter's picture is as true to existing nature

as the fence itself or the cattle. Rembrandt, Hals, and a host of imitators, with their wonderful power of managing color, multiply figures and faces that you recognise everywhere as familiar acquaintances. Buildings such as you may still see, with their long narrow windows and their high-pitched roofs, are thrown in to form the backgrounds; Ruysdael and his inferiors are fertile in "bits" where the dense masses of deep green vegetation draw extraordinary vigor from the rains and the fogs; or else they give their talents scope on the broad meadows, scattered over with herds of cattle, and dotted with windmills. Ostade and Teniers, combining episodes as they are wont to do, give you in a single tavern-scene a comprehensive epitome of village existence. You may see much the same sort of thing now as you saunter down any village street of a holiday. The same scrupulous cleanliness is preserved amid all the confusion of the revel—there is the same display of delft on the shelves over the highly-polished tables and clean-scoured dressers—the same vulgar expansiveness and Jordaens-like merriment—the same snatches of song and rough love-making, and of course the same haze of tobacco smoke. As likely as not, the village fiddler still sits perched upon a barrel in the corner, with a jug at his elbow to grease his arm; or, if the weather admits of it, the tables are put out under some spreading tree, while the primitive wagons have pulled up hard by, and the horses, nibbling contentedly in their nosebags, stand patiently waiting the pleasure of "the boors drinking." As there is no fighting to be done at home nowadays, you no longer come upon those picturesque groups of cavaliers that Cuyp and Wouvermans delighted in—the dismounted riders in plumed hats and scarved corselets—the grey or chestnut chargers richly caparisoned. The uniforms of the modern Dutch service are decidedly more serviceable than attractive. But the grey and chestnut hacks are still much as they used to be—as are the famous draught-horses of Friesland and Gelderland. They lay on flesh very kindly; they tend rather to bone than blood; and you see few signs of their ever having been crossed with the more fiery strains of Arabia and Barbary.

Thanks to one thing or another,—to their temperament, to their climate, to their having located themselves in an out-of-the-way corner of Europe, —the Dutch have changed but little, unless when change has been indispensable to their well-being. No doubt they have been kept moving by the irresistible forces of civilisation, competition, and invention; and sometimes, being far-sighted men of business, they have even anticipated the pressure. And the consequence is that, proving the truth of the Italian proverb, *chi va piano va sano*, they have seldom knowingly missed a chance, and notwithstanding the heavy disadvantages that have weighted them, have made very steady progress in prosperity. Luck has stood their friend more than once, and especially in their colonial affairs. First, they made themselves masters of the Spice islands. Then they lost them, after having been forced to throw in their lot with Napoleon; and it was only owing to English generosity or indifference that they were re-established in the occupation of these rich possessions. Rich as those possessions were, however, bad management was ruining them, and at one time it threatened to become a serious question for the State whether it might not be prudent to abandon them altogether. At that critical moment the Government found a man who undertook to *exploiter* the resources of Java, so that they should again yield an ample revenue. We do not mean to discuss or defend the morality of the arbitrary policy by which General Van der Bosch created a variety of lucrative monopolies, and practically confiscated the property and persons of the natives for the benefit of their European masters. It is certain that he not only relieved the home treasury from grave embarrassment, and provided it with the capital necessary for works that were becoming indispensable in Holland, but he revived and developed the profitable trade which has been pouring a stream of riches into the mother-country. Hitherto good luck has been aiding industry, and there can be no question that the fortunes of Holland, being bound up with the colonial empire she may possibly be deprived of, are resting on foundations at least as precarious as the mud-driven piles that support

Amsterdam. So far, however, she has only had reason to congratulate herself. Out of all her trials she has emerged victoriously; intervals of dulness, depression, and servitude have only nerved her to new exertions, which have invariably been followed by fresh advances; and so far as the conduct of her citizens is concerned, there is nothing in her past history that need inspire apprehensions for the future. Nor does she readily admit that she entertains any. The citizens of Amsterdam, like the rich man in the parable, have been pulling down their warehouses that they may build greater, and have been busying themselves, as we have said, over new docks and harbors to receive the affluence of shipping which is to crowd into their port.

These rosy-colored dreams may all come true, and when a cautious man backs his prognostications with heavy investment of his cherished capital, there is strong *prima facie* reason for believing that he is very likely to be in the right. But the romance of Holland has by no means ended happily, so far as it has gone, for each of the districts of the United Provinces. If the country has done well on the whole, and looks forward to the future with well-founded confidence, certain parts of it have experienced sad vicissitudes, and must resign themselves to living in the past and in the memory of vanished glories. Amsterdam and Rotterdam, in the pride of their wealth and reinvigorated energy, may find melancholy warnings in the history of decaying neighbors, as to the uncertainty of human affairs. One evening we were seated in the Palace of Industry in the former city— a great crystal-roofed building resembling in some respects the Alhambra in Leicester Square—where you may indulge in refreshments while listening to music. Among the adornments of the hall were a display of scutcheons, each of them bearing a municipal coat of arms, and being surmounted by the name of the city that carried it. There were Rotterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, Utrecht, Delft, &c.—populous towns on paying lines of railway, and long familiar for their associations with some remunerative commodity, such as tulips or learning, velvets or pottery. But interspersed through these there were other names—Enkhuizen, Medemblik, Hoorn, Kempen, Monnikendam—which awakened only some faint geographical and historical memories. One was sorely puzzled to remember in some cases what and where one had heard of them; in others, where they were situated. Yet every one of these places had once had a history, though now they have almost dropped out of the recollection of their nearest neighbors, unless on the occasion of a contested election, or when it is a question of making up so many national decorations. These and others are the decaying cities that lie round the margin of the Zuyder Zee, left for the most part half stranded by its receding waters, or silted up by its advancing sands. In their day they had sent out their fleets of trading ships to the Indies in place of a few miserable fishing-boats; and repeatedly they had changed their merchantmen into war-galleys, fighting out some bitter local feud among themselves, or taking their part in the struggle of the Provinces against the invaders from Spain or England. The more reduced they were now, it was plain that they must be the better worth visiting for those who appreciate the picturesqueness of decay. And as none of them had come to a violent end, as their populations had been imperceptibly diminished and impoverished, and as the inhabitants had had ample time to reconcile themselves to oblivion and extinction, there was nothing in the nature of their misfortunes to shock the most sensitive nature, while time might be trusted to have dealt gently with the monuments of their more glorious past. Reading these names, then, and ruminating over the appropriate memories, it struck us that we could scarcely do better than explore the shores of the Zuyder Zee. But it was then late in the year, and we knew something of the difficulties and disagreeables of travelling in bad weather in northern Holland, away from the beaten tracks. So we put off our project to a more convenient season, which, we are sorry to say, has never as yet come to us. In the meantime, however, a French gentleman, an artist, has done what we have delayed to do; and M. Henri Havard has published an account of his experiences in a small illustrated volume entitled 'La Hollande Pittoresque, Voyage aux Villes Mortes du Zuiderzée.'

M. Havard sets out by telling us that there is no more interesting voyage to be made in Europe, as there is none that has been more rarely undertaken. For that there is very satisfactory reason. There are no regular communications between the decaying cities either by land or water, and, as it may be imagined, the accommodation they offer is worse than indifferent even for visitors who are by no means fastidious about their quarters. In the absence of public conveyances, M. Havard's obvious alternative was to charter a coasting craft of light draught, as most of the towns in question are more or less accessible by water. Even that, however, was not so easily done. It appears that the Dutch coasting skippers are bound to register themselves, not only as hailing from certain ports, but as plying on certain beats; and if they desire to infringe on the letter of their engagement, they have to find security for new certificates. The consequence is, that each man is only acquainted with his own especial portion of the coast, and the sea is not to be navigated safely unless by those who have a tolerable knowledge of it. Great part of the Zuyder Zee is a labyrinth of submerged banks intersected by crooked navigable channels. Between the island of Marken and the mainland, for instance, we are informed that the depth varies from four feet to two. All difficulties, however, were finally overcome by M. Havard. He and his Dutch companion—a descendant, possibly, of the famous navigator, Von Heemskirk—were fortunate in making the acquaintance of an austere but comparatively adventurous mariner, owner of a *tjalk* of sixty tons. Captain Sluring knew as much of the Zuyder Zee as most men, and was willing to risk himself to a certain extent in exploring. But he stipulated that he should never have to sail of a Sunday, or when he did not like the look of the weather. That second condition shows the risks that seafaring men must run in these inland waters, for Sluring did not lack courage; and another of the preliminary arrangements of the party was equally suggestive in a different way. They had to arrange the means of storing a great provision of good drinking water, for in all the districts they intended to visit, the water was so brackish as to be "detestable in taste, and prejudicial to the health of those who are unaccustomed to it;" which goes to confirm our assertion, that the Dutch are excusable if they indulge somewhat freely in gin.

The voyage began with a disembarkation on the isle of Marken. Many ordinary tourists must have sighted it, yet the inhabitants live in almost perpetual isolation. They expect to be swamped every winter, and take their precautions accordingly. Groups of the houses are clustered on the top of artificial mounds, where the people take refuge, with all their portable property, during the annual inundations. At these times communication between the hamlets can only be kept up by boat. Live stock they have none, although the island is all in pasture, except a cow or two to prove the rule, and a few disconsolate sheep. They cut their grass to sell on the mainland, living chiefly by their hay and their fishing. When they die, they are "flitted," as we should say in Scotland, to the top of one of the other mounds, more strongly bastioned than the rest, and bearing the name of the Kerkhof. Of course there is neither wood nor stone in the island, so that their houses are built entirely of imported timber; and in the event of a fire breaking out, it generally spreads to a conflagration. Considering how often the Markeners are washed out or burned out, it is strange that the little island should boast some very remarkable collections of old specimens of domestic art. In more than one of the cottages, to say nothing of quaint Delft ware and Japanese porcelain, of venerable glass and wonderful metal work, M. Havard found a half-dozen of venerable *armoires* of beautiful workmanship, admirably preserved. It shows that there is no village in Holland so remote that the good housewives do not indulge their pet vanity of acquisition, accumulating treasures in a state-chamber, which they only open at intervals to provoke the envy of their neighbors.

Opposite to Marken lies Monnikendam, characteristically named after its founders, and the first works they undertook. In the thirteenth century or earlier, the monks in the Northern German convents used occasionally to throw off swarms like bees, sending out their

surplus population like the Scandinavian vikings, although the adventures they went in quest of were spiritual. It was a wandering band of the kind that set up the first tabernacles in Marken, and made a settlement on the coast opposite. The arm of the sea that lay between the two monasteries naturally took the name of the Monnikenmeer; and the monks in the mainland having begun by damming, their settlement was naturally christened the Monks' dam. Monnikendam is now a place of as much consequence as some of its more northerly neighbors; yet in the days when it had its share of foreign trade, it must have supported a far larger population than at present. Now it would seem, from M. Havard's description, that the people are nodding over their milk-pails, feeling they have nothing particular to do, between the hours when the cows must be attended to, when once the cheese-presses have done their work for the day. The streets and places were grass-grown and deserted; there were few barges to stir the duckweed on the canals; and the arrival of the little vessel that brought the strangers would have created a sensation, had there been inhabitants enough abroad for a sensation to spread among. As it was, when, in the way of business, they called on a "tinman" some ten minutes after setting foot on shore, they found that the news of their arrival had reached him already by some mysterious means. Yet these drowsy Monnikendammers, phlegmatic as they seem, are not without a sense of poetry. The Monks' sea was a poetic appellation enough for the channel between Marken and the mainland; but in modern times it has been rechristened as the "Sea of Gold," which strikes us as a singularly graceful way of paying a tribute of gratitude to the richness of the bottom over which it rolls. The neighboring dairy-farmers dredge up the sandy mud and spread it as manure over their water-meadows, which are renowned for magnificent pasturage. The next town to Monnikendam is no other than Edam, which has long been advertising its cheeses over great part of Europe. You may see its produce piled like cannon-shot at the doors of provision-dealers from the Shetlands to Sicily, and from the Irish Channel to the Baltic. "Edam" may not have the delicate creaminess of Stilton or Canrobert, or the full-flavored richness of the Roquefort, that weds itself so naturally with the bouquet of Burgundy, when served up on vine-leaves; but it has a charm of its own coming into a Dutch picture, with the warm scarlet orange of its rind, and the bright golden-yellow of its interior; and as it can be indulged in to any extent by robust digestions, it has all honor paid it in its native country, where vigorous appetites are the rule. Mrs. Micawber remarked that the heel of a Dutch cheese was not adapted to the wants of an infant family; but we suspect if Mrs. Micawber had known more of Holland, she would have found "Edam" a common article of consumption among the Dutch children of tender years. At all events, adults devour it in season and out of season. One of your earliest impressions of Holland is the singularity of seeing great slices of cheese served up at breakfast as a matter of course. Considering that cheese-making has always been one of the staple industries of this part of the province of North Holland, and that the land, to say the least of it, supports as many animals as ever it did, it seems almost unaccountable that the population of Edam should have dwindled, in the course of a couple of centuries, to a fifth of its former 25,000.

It is easier to explain the decadence of Hoorn. Hoorn, like Edam, still lives by its cheese, and does even a larger business in that article, as M. Havard informs us. There is a market held every Thursday, when loaded wagons roll in under the ancient gateways and over the creaking drawbridges; when the farmers drive up the high street in primitive vehicles, covered with quaint carvings and flaunting in paint; and when each consignment of the dairies is duly carried to the town-scales and weighed by officials in their medieval garb of coats of white and caps in color. But whereas Edam has to be approached by canals, Hoorn lies actually on the sea, and had once a large commerce. It is true that nowadays its harbor is like a patent rat-trap, and it is much more easy to get in than to get out. The outer sluices can only be opened when the water is at a certain level, and

the sluices may be sealed hermetically in the course of prolonged bad weather. But once its double harbor, such as it was, used to be filled with tiers of shipping; its hardy seamen were brimful of dash and patriotism, and took as kindly to fighting as to peaceful trade. It sent a formidable contingent to the flying squadrons with which De Ruyter used to sweep the Northern Sea in the scandalous days of the degenerate Stuarts. When he moored his fleet in the Medway, and the sound of his cannonade was heard in the city of London, many of his vessels hailed from Hoorn. One of its gates displays a memorial of these glorious days in the shape of an English coat of arms, in staring colors that are carefully renewed. The legend runs that a couple of negroes from Hoorn, on board one of the admiral's ships, carried off the original of the escutcheon from a vessel lying in the Thames. And the Hoorn people have another trophy to show, in remembrance of another honorable exploit. For they played so conspicuous a part on the day of the great sea-fight, when De Bossu's Spanish Armada was shattered in the Zuyder Zee, that they had assigned to them in their share of the spoil the drinking-cup of the captured admiral. Enkhuizen treasures his sword, and Monnikendam his collar of the Golden Fleece. Nor was Hoorn less distinguished in the way of maritime discovery. Tasman sailed from there to discover New Zealand and Tasmania; so did Jan Pietersz Koen, who laid the foundation of his country's colonial prosperity in the South Seas; and Schouter, who was the first to double Tierra del Fuego, the southern extremity of the New World, and who gave the name of his native town to the terrible cape of clouds and storms. Though no longer rich or commercially prosperous, M. Havard found Hoorn still tolerably well-to-do, and, considering the circumstances of the climate, preserving a wonderful air of gaiety. To say nothing of its picturesque ancient gateways, which are somewhat melancholy reminders of departed greatness, the old houses get themselves up as freshly as ever. With scarcely an exception, they have all been *maisons de luxe*, with pointed roofs and staircase gables, with salient reliefs of grey granite, throwing out the warm colors of their brick façades, and richly decorated with carvings in stone as well as in wood. Hoorn, in short, although it stands among rain and fogs, is apparently one of the most coquettish little towns in the world. As M. Havard observes, it seems as if the only appropriate costume in it were the plumed hat, the jack-boots, and the rapier that we meet with in the portraits of Rubens and Van der Helst.

Enkhuizen, at one time even more prosperous than Hoorn, has now only half Hoorn's population. Its 60,000 inhabitants have come down to 5000, and in its harbors, which are said to have once sent out 1000 vessels, there are fewer skiffs than are owned by the fishermen of Marken. And there is one peculiarity about its desolation. There are cities in the neighboring Low Countries that have seen sad changes—Bruges and Ypres for example. But Bruges and Ypres, like Hoorn, still cover very much their old extent of ground, though blocks and single houses have dropped out here and there, and although apartments go begging in the dwellings that remain. In Enkhuizen it is very different. A part of the old city is left in decay, but as for the rest, it has disappeared altogether as if its foundations had been razed and the ground swept clean. Long-abandoned sites, like Nineveh and Babylon, are still marked by artificial mounds bestrewed with fragments of brick and pottery. More than half of Enkhuizen is now a verdant meadow, although, if you dig deep beneath the surface, you will find traces in abundance of its departed life. Far away in the quiet of the country, strolling through the fields, M. Havard came upon a solitary gate that once gave access to the city on that side. What stifled the enterprise of Enkhuizen was the silting up of its harbor: now it has fallen back on the manufacture of the buoys which are so much in demand on the shoals and banks that have been the ruin of it and other localities. But even in its depression and poverty it still finds money to spare for those benevolent objects to which the Dutch subscribe so generously. No city in Europe is more amply provided with charitable institutions than their capital of Amsterdam, and here at Enkhuizen there is an admirably conducted

orphan asylum, dating from the more prosperous years of the city in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

But as each of these dying towns very much resembles another, it is not our purpose to follow M. Havard in his leisurely circumnavigation of the Zuyder Zee. We have borrowed nearly enough from him to indicate the changes that time and circumstances have brought about in the different provinces of a country that is generally prosperous, and to show that the parts that are the least visited by travellers are very far from being the least interesting. There is Medemblik, once the chief town of West Friesland, with a mint of its own, magnificent basins, spacious quays, and the finest shipbuilding-yards in the whole of Holland. These are all to be seen still, but there is scarcely a sign of life stirring in them. There are only 3000 souls left in the place, and they move about it like spectres gliding round a graveyard. Their sole means of communicating with the outer world are by a single small diligence, which crawls periodically to Hoorn. Harlingen, on the other hand, which lies on the opposite shore of the sea, has rallied again, and is become the great outlet for the cattle, the cheeses, the eggs, and the vegetables which are shipped from Friesland for the English markets. But at Hindelopen, which boasts an antiquity of some thousand years or more, the harbors have filled up, like those of Enkhuizen, till you must pole the boat along among the rank growth of matted weeds that makes the port resemble a polder. Stavoren used to make treaties of its own with foreign nations, and is said at one time to have held the third place in the Hanseatic League. Now Stavoren has dwindled to some hundred houses, half of them falling into ruins; and it has hardly five times as many inhabitants. Kampen was made a city of the Empire when Maximilian met the Diet at Worms. Its citizens had protected themselves and their wealth with walls and towers, and deep fosses that were flooded from the Yssel. It still shows signs of healthy life, though its streets are ill-paved and many of its houses out of repair; but in spite of the vulgarity of reviving prosperity, M. Havard found it as well worth visiting as any of its neighbors, for its inhabitants have been careful to preserve the monuments of its earlier splendor. They have levelled their walls to let in light and air, but they have laid out the site in gardens and turned their city ditches into stretches of ornamental water. There are plate, paintings, and wood sculptures to be seen in the Stadhuis and elsewhere; there are books in the town library; there are the remains of a number of monastic institutions, for Kampen was Catholic and munificent: above all, some superb gates are left standing, and set off by the trees, shrubs, and flowers that have been planted around them. Then there is Harderwyk, a little town, a sort of Chatham or Cherbourg in miniature, reclaimed like an oasis from the surrounding desert where the sand has gained the upper hand. Strange to say, for Holland, there is little water, except what comes from rain or inundation: the slightest breeze drifts the loose sand over the barren heaths, which are only browsed by some half-starved sheep. But Harderwyk itself and its immediate neighborhood have been made tolerably habitable by human industry. Its streets and barracks show a military smartness, for it is the great depot whence the recruits are despatched to fill the ranks of the colonial army. It owed its origin to one of those calamities that have destroyed so much property in Holland. The surrounding country was once as fertile as any other part of Gelderland; but in the thirteenth century it was submerged. A handful of shepherds, flying for their lives, took refuge on the highest of the sand-hills, and the collection of huts they established grew into the town of Harderwyk—"the refuge of the shepherds." Though it now smells of pipe-clay, and the gown has given place to the uniform, yet its earlier fortunes are associated with learning, and three or four hundred stranger students are said to have attended the famous schools, which educated among others Boerhaave and Linnæus.

We have said nothing of the Helder and Nieuwe Diep, and the stupendous embankments to be seen in their neighborhood; nor of cities situated somewhat inland, like Leeuwarden, Zwolle, or Amersfoort. Paying a visit to these is merely a question of taking a railway

ticket. But the islands that still act in some measure as a breakwater to shelter the Zuyder Zee from the full force of the North Sea rollers are only to be brought within reach of the traveller if he goes cruising on his own account like M. Havard. The Texel, to be sure, can be reached by chartering a skiff at Nieuwe Diep, and it is better worth an expedition than any of the rest of the group. It is at once the most exposed, and by far the richest and most populous. The Texel mutton is as celebrated as the "*pré salé*" of the French salt marshes, and for the same reason. The pasturage is seasoned with the brine that comes drifting in on the spray from the ocean. But if they can breed sheep of the finest quality, the inhabitants have to pay for it in embankment works and anxiety. To quote Andrew Marvel, the ocean is always threatening to play at leap-frog over their steeples as it has often done before. At intervals the island has been washed almost clean: so late as 1825, it was nearly drowned, and for some time it was very doubtful whether it would ever get its head above water again. Vlieland and Terschelling are so bleak and barren, that man has very much abandoned them to nature. But if it is likely that the sea may some day engulf the Texel, Ameland in a very short time will be again united to the mainland. Dykes and breakwater have been judiciously disposed with that idea, and the water is gradually throwing up an isthmus which will soon turn the island into a peninsula. That line of islands survived the great inundation because, low as they are, they stand comparatively high, and although their soil is sand it is relatively firm. But the little isles of Urk and Schokland, that lie well into the Zuyder Zee, off the curve of coast between Stavoren and Kampen, appear only to have been kept in existence by something like a series of miracles. The former has a thriving fishing population of 1200 souls, who, if it were not for the force of habit and the indifference bred by familiarity with danger, must feel very like so many castaways adrift on a frail raft that at any moment may go to pieces beneath them. But as for Schokland, life there becomes too precarious even for amphibious Dutchmen. The island has taken its name from the shocks it constantly receives from the ocean; the people have been gradually leaving it like the rats in a sinking ship; and we are told that the few families who cling to it from affection are fully aware they are tempting Providence, and have quite made up their minds to the worst.

We have necessarily done but imperfect justice to M. Havard's most interesting book, and may consequently have conveyed an imperfect idea of the attractions of a summer cruise in those Dutch inland waters. But we have heard of nothing so near home that is likely to be so fruitful of fresh enjoyment, for if Holland generally is too much neglected, these decaying cities have been wellnigh forgotten.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A ROMAN "ROUND-ROBIN."

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

("His Friends" to Q. Horatius Flaccus.)

"*Hæc decies repetita* [*non*] *placebit.*"—Ars Poetica.

Flaccus, you write us charming songs:
No bard we know possesses
In such perfection what belongs
To brief and bright addresses;

No man can say that Life is short
With mien so little fretful;
No man to Virtue's paths exhort
In phrases less regretful;

Or touch with more serene distress
On Fortune's ways erratic;
And then delightfully digress
From Alp to Adriatic:

All this is well, no doubt, and tends
Barbarian minds to soften;
But, Quintus—we, we are your friends—
Why tell us this so often?

Why feign to spread a cheerful feast,
And then thrust in our face
These barren scraps (to say the least)
Of Stoic common-place?

Recount, and welcome, your pursuits:
Sing Lyde's loosened hair;
Sing drums and Berycynthian flutes;
Sing parsley-wreaths; but spare,—

Ah, spare to tell, what none deny,
That fairest things decay;
That Time and Gold have wings to fly;
That all must Fate obey!

Or bid us dine—on this day week—
And pour us—if you can—
From inmost bin, as velvet sleek,
Your cherished Cæcuban;—

Of that we fear not overplus;
But your didactic 'tap'
(Forgive us!) grows monotonous;
Nunc vale! Verbum sap.

The Spectator.

O'CONNELLIANA.

JUST thirty-nine years ago a profound sensation was created by a series of letters with the signature of "Runnymede," which were then appearing in the *Times* newspaper. Transparently planned after the model of Junius, they were inferior to those famous compositions in sustained majesty of style and vigor of argument, but exceeded them in ferocity of invective, in directness of personality, and they were flavored with a grotesque *diablerie* of satire which was the writer's own. Notwithstanding the parade of impenetrable mystery made, *more Juniano*, by "Runnymede," it was shrewdly conjectured by literary experts—indeed, it required no very great literary experience to discover—that the epistolary diatribes were from the pen of the author of 'Vivian Grey,' and 'Contarini Fleming,' the recently defeated Tory-Radical candidate for High Wycombe and Taunton. The interest of these letters is great, as complete copies of them are rare, and that interest is enhanced by the fact that they attracted the notice of Lord Lyndhurst, and, first introducing Disraeli the younger, as he then delighted to call himself, to the Tory ex-chancellor, may be said more than any other of his brilliant ventures to have contributed to place the present Prime Minister of England on the first rung of the ladder of political distinction.

At the time the letters of "Runnymede" appeared, the Whigs under Lord Melbourne had been in office about nine months. Sir Robert Peel had resigned the previous year, when the Government

had been defeated on the resolution in favor of a redistribution of the revenues of the Irish Church—the price, as was generally believed, paid by Whiggism for the support of O'Connell—and the "Liberator," whose centenary was celebrated last month in his native land—after so truly Irish a fashion—was confessedly a *puissance* in the ministerial councils of the day, and was regarded as a Minister himself "without portfolio." The two key-notes of "Runnymede's" invectives were the feebleness of the Melbourne cabinet, and the incompetence of O'Connell. The Prime Minister was told that he was "lounging away the glories of an empire." Lord Brougham was informed that "in his elaborate mimicry of Lord Bacon his most implacable enemies must confess that at least in one respect he had rivalled his great original, he had contrived to get disgraced." The Chancellor of the Exchequer was characterized as an "industrious flea." Of Lord Russell "Runnymede" wrote, "My Lord, when our writer learns that you are the leader of the English House of Commons, he may begin to comprehend how the Egyptians worshipped an insect." Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, was represented as the "Sporus of politics, cajoling France with an airy compliment, and menacing Russia with a perfumed cane;" while "the People" were assured that "for the last few years a gang of scribblers, in the pay of a desperate faction, have cloaked every incendiary appeal that they have vomited forth to any section of your numbers, however slight, or however opposed to the honor and happiness of the nation, by elevating the object of their solicitude into that imposing aggregate the People."

But all that was bitterest and strongest in his scorn, his detestation, and his vituperation, "Runnymede" reserved for O'Connell. This fact alone was enough to reveal the authorship of the letters. In 1836 Disraeli the younger was still furious with the brutal attack upon his character and his race, which the Liberator had made in Dublin after the Taunton election. It was barely six months since he had called upon Mr. Morgan O'Connell, the Liberator's son, to resume his vicarious duties of yielding satisfaction for the insults which his father had too long lavished with impunity, and when Morgan O'Connell had declined the task, and repudiated the implied responsibility, had bidden him an epistolary adieu in these words: "I shall take every opportunity of holding your father's name up to public contempt; and I fervently pray that you, or some one of his blood, may attempt to avenge the inextinguishable hatred with which I shall preserve his existence." One is therefore justified in regarding those portions of the letters of "Runnymede" which relate to O'Connell—and in every one of them some allusion to O'Connell is made—as instalments in the accomplishment of the vow of hate which a little while before Mr. Disraeli had so ostentatiously sworn. The Liberator is the "awful shade" which "rises from behind the chair of my Lord President." "Slave!" exclaims "Runnymede;" "it is your master: it is Eblis, with Captain Rock's bloody cap shadowing his atrocious countenance. In one hand he waves a torch, and in the other clutches a skull. He gazes on his victim with a leer of fiendish triumph." Or he is depicted as "the mighty dragon, depopulating our fields, wasting our pleasant places, poisoning our fountains, and menacing our population." Again, addressing "the People," "Runnymede" writes as follows:

"Who is this man whose name is ever on your lips? Who is the O'Connell? He is the feed advocate of the Irish priesthood; he is the hired instrument of the Papacy. That is his precise position. Your enemies, that wretched anti-national faction, who wish to retain power, or creep into place, by clinging to the skirts of this foreign rebel, taunt those who would expose his destructive arts, and unmask the purpose of his desperate principles, with the wretched scoff, that we make him of importance by our notice. He cannot be of more importance than he is. Demoralized in character, desperate in fortune, infinitely over-estimated in talents, he is the most powerful individual in the world, because he is entrusted with the delegated influence of the greatest power in existence. But, because an individual exercises a great power, it does not follow that he is a great man. . . . The hired writers would persuade you that he is a great man. He has not a single quality of a great man. . . . He is shrewd, vigorous, versatile; with great knowledge of character, little of human nature; with that reckless dexterity which confounds weak minds, and that superficial readiness that masters vulgar passions; energetic from the certainty of his own desperate means, and from the strong stimulus of his provisional remuneration; inexhaustible in unprincipled expedients, and audacious in irresponsible power; a *nisi prius* lawyer, with the soul of a demagogue. He is

as little a great orator as a great man. He has not a single quality of a great orator, except a good voice. Learning he has none; little reading, his style in speaking as in writing, is rugged, bold, halting, disjointed. He has no wit, though he may claim his fair portion of that Milesian humor which every one inherits who bears a hod. His pathos is the stage sentiment of a barn; his invective is slang. When he aspires to the higher style of rhetoric, he is even ludicrous. He snatches up a bit of tinsel, a tawdry riband, or an artificial flower, and mixes it with his silvery commonplace, and his habitual soot, like a chimney sweeper on May-day."

Such was the amusing and prejudiced estimate published by Mr. Disraeli, now upwards of half a century ago, of the Liberator. It is, of course, exaggerated and unjust, and Mr. Disraeli would himself have been the first to confess as much. Indeed he has to a certain extent, in his 'Life of Lord George Bentinck,' modified his original views. In speaking of the debate on the Coercion Bill, in 1846, the year before the Liberator's death, he tells us of the "acute points" for which Mr. O'Connell was justly distinguished. And there is much of genuine pathos in his description of the effort of his old and inveterate enemy in the House of Commons. "His appearance was of great debility, and the tones of his voice were very still. His words indeed, only reached those who were immediately around him and the Ministers sitting on the other side of the green table, and listening with that interest and respectful attention which became the occasion. It was a strange and touching spectacle, to those who remembered the force of colossal energy, and the clear and thrilling tones that had once startled, disturbed, and controlled senates. . . . To the House generally it was a performance in dumb show, a feeble old man muttering before a table; but respect for the great Parliamentary personage kept all as orderly as if the fortune of a party hung upon his rhetoric; and though not an accent reached the gallery, means were taken that next morning the country should not lose the last, and not the least, interesting of the speeches of one who had so long occupied and agitated the mind of nations." In the observations I now propose to make, I shall have as little as possible to say of O'Connell in the light of the patriot, the politician, the Liberator. For those who would study his career in those phases, is there not enough, and more than enough, written in his voluminous biography by Mr. Cusack?—in the exhaustive and fresher monogram of Mr. Lecky?—and does not even Lord O'Hagan's compact and eloquent essay, which, though it was not spoken at the past centenary, has still been printed and circulated, give in an attractive and compendious shape all that one need know of the public vicissitudes and ambitions of Daniel O'Connell? I shall be true to the title I have chosen, "O'Connelliana." I shall confine myself to the personality of O'Connell, merely prefacing these somewhat desultory comments with a few words on the point which "Runnymede" suggests, namely, the relations of O'Connell with the Whig party thirty-five years ago.

On the whole, making due allowance for the inflated animosity of a personal enemy, and the greatest phrase-maker the English language has known, it can hardly be said that Mr. Disraeli overstates the case. "There are," wrote Sydney Smith in 1835, "six remarkable men who, in different methods and in different degrees, are now affecting the interests of this country—the Duke of Wellington, Lord John Russell, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Robert Peel, and O'Connell." Very significant and circumstantial confirmation of the accuracy of the estimate formed by "Runnymede" has been supplied in Mr. Greville's journal. Of the negotiations of Littleton with O'Connell during Lord Melbourne's Administration of 1832, and the *fiasco* and exposure in which they terminated, every one was aware. But the famous 'Memoirs' gave a much clearer idea than was possible before of the deliberate and systematic understanding which was entered into between O'Connell and the Whigs. "The Opposition," wrote Mr. Greville, under date of July 24, 1835, "expect a majority of from thirty to forty on the amendment. The union with O'Connell is complete, however long it may last, and he has agreed to give up repeal;" it was just about this period that O'Connell formally announced that he had determined not to agitate for repeal, provided he could secure the rejection of the Coercion Laws. On the 30th March Lord John Russell, as leader of the Whig opposition in the House of Commons, when office was now well within their sight and grasp, gave a dinner to his supporters. O'Connell, who was

present, declared "it was the most delightful evening he ever passed in his life," and publicly acknowledged John Russell as his leader. A week or two later the cabinet of Sir Robert Peel was dissolved, and O'Connell received the offer of the Mastership of the Rolls, which he refused. If Mr. Greville is to be believed, he looked higher. On April 14th Melbourne is definitively charged with the formation of a Government. There were two difficulties—Spring-Rice and O'Connell: the former declined at first to join the new Ministry, as he could see no guarantee of its stability; the latter would not say what he wanted. Both these obstacles were overcome; and then the Whig Ministers, in Mr. Greville's words,

took fright about Brougham. . . . . The difficulty was how to deal with a bully (O'Connell) and a buffoon (Brougham); and as they have succumbed to and bargained with the one, now they are going to truckle to the other. . . . . Nothing can be more meagre than the triumph of the Whigs, nor more humiliating than their position; even my Whig-Radical friends write me word that O'Connell holds the destiny of the Government in his hands, and is acknowledged to be the greatest man going." A few nights afterwards Lord Alvanley asked Lord Melbourne in the House of Peers whether it was true that the Government had enlisted in their interest the powerful aid of O'Connell? Commenting upon this question from his place in the House of Commons, O'Connell called Alvanley "a bloated buffoon." Then came the challenge, which Morgan O'Connell took up. "It was," writes Mr. Greville, "agreed that no time should be lost. So Damer was dispatched to Colonel Hodges, and said Alvanley was ready to meet Morgan O'Connell. 'The next morning,' Hodges suggested. 'No, immediately.' The parties joined in Arlington Street, and went off in two hackney coaches. . . . . An old Irishwoman and a Methodist parson came near them, the latter of whom exhorted the combatants in vain to forego their sinful purpose. Alvanley replied, 'Pray, sir, go and mind your own affairs, for I have enough to do now to think of mine.' 'Think of your soul,' he said. 'Yes,' said Alvanley; 'but my body is now in the greatest danger.'"

It is perhaps worth mentioning that an epigram, usually said to have been written on this occasion—the refusal of Alvanley's challenge by O'Connell *père*—and ascribed to Theodore Hook, had been in existence for more than twenty years, and was not penned by Hook at all. In 1815 Peel sent Sir Charles Santon to O'Connell to "name a friend," and the Liberator 'named' Mr. Lidwill. As between Peel and O'Connell the dispute was subsequently "arranged;" but it broke out between O'Connell and Sir Charles Santon, who challenged each other. Mrs. O'Connell caused her husband, and Miss Santon her father, to be arrested, and it was then that C. J. Burke flung off the lines—

"Our heroes of Erin escape from the slaughter,
By reversing the Scriptural command:
One honors his wife and the other his daughter,
That their days may be long in the land."

The secret of O'Connell's power with his countrymen was his consummate knowledge of their idiosyncrasies, and his natural capacity for reflecting on a glorified scale their aspirations, their vanity, their follies, their conceits. He was an epitome of all that is most brilliant in the Irish character; and as such his fascination and his influence for an Irish crowd never failed. He knew when to flatter and to wheedle, when to cajole and to coax, when to terrify and alarm, when to rouse to indignation and when to quell to submission. He made his hearers feel that they had only to gaze upon his person and to hear his words to witness an apotheosis of all those qualities and characteristics which were the chief ground of their patriotic pride. "Nobody," said one who knew him well, and who hated him as well as he knew him, "can deny to him the praise of inimitable dexterity, versatility, and even prudence, in the employment of the means which he makes conducive to his ends. He is thoroughly acquainted with the audiences which he addresses and the people upon whom he practises, and he operates upon their passions with the precision of a dexterous anatomist who knows the direction of every muscle and every fibre of the human frame." And in miscellaneous society, in London as well as in Dublin, the Liberator could make himself highly agreeable. He was a visitor at Holland House, and it would not be too much to assume that the recognition extended to him had

something to do with his temporary abandonment of Repeal. When Mr. Greville met him at William Ponsonby's in 1829, the year of Emancipation, he said—"There is nothing remarkable in his manner, appearance, or conversation, but he seems lively, well-bred, and at his ease." In the House of Commons O'Connell was a failure, as every man must be who has lived the best years of his life and has grown incapable of readily adapting himself to a new and peculiar atmosphere. He could never quite catch its tone, and therefore he could never for long hold its ear. His quotations and his adaptations of poetry were sometimes exceedingly happy. Nothing could be better than his parody on Colonels Sibthorp, Percival, and Verney:

"Three colonels in three distant counties born,
Lincoln, Armagh, and Sligo, did adorn;
The first in matchless impudence surpassed,
The next in bigotry; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go—
To beard the third she shaved the other two."

Of these gentlemen, two were *imberbis* and the third *intonsus*. He was also decidedly happy when, on being called to order by the Speaker for having characterised the interruptions with which he was assailed on all sides of the House as "beastly bellowings," he retracted the obnoxious epithet, but added that he had never heard of any bellowings that were not beastly. "Perhaps," writes his friend Mr. Phillips, "personality was his most besetting sin. He had a nickname for every one who presumed to thwart him—curt, stinging, and vulgar, suiting the rabble taste, and easily retained in the rabble memory." The personally aggressive instinct, which in the House of Commons found its gratification in such a *jeu d'esprit* as that just quoted àpropos of the three colonels, assumed a far more vehement aspect on popular platforms. "A man," writes Mr. Lecky, the staunch admirer of O'Connell, "who did not hesitate to describe the Duke of Wellington as 'a stunted corporal,' and who applied to other opponents such terms as 'a mighty big liar,' or 'a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief,' or 'a contumelious cur,' or 'a scorpion' (as he called the late Lord Derby), place him beyond the pale of courtesy." But there were force, point, and sting in O'Connell's vituperative phrases. They stood the test of all excellence—they stuck. His description of Peel's smile, that it was "like the silver plate on a coffin," has only been of late forgotten; and his characterisation of the *Times*, "it lies like a false-numbered milestone, which cannot by any possibility tell the truth," is said to have amused no one more than the then editor of the *Times*—Barnes.

Probably the very best account in a few words which has ever been written of O'Connell, is that bequeathed to us by the late Charles Phillips. "He was," writes Phillips, "the *beau ideal* of an Irish agitator. His every movement was racy of the soil. Force, figure, accent, gait, and above all, the rollicking, self-assured independence of his manner, were so many proclamations of his country. As the leader of a multitude, especially an Irish multitude, he never had a rival. For this there was in him a union of qualifications rarely found in any individual. He identified himself with the national peculiarities; he stood sponsor for the perfection of the Irish peasantry, fired their hopes, flattered their foibles, blarneyed their pretensions. . . . There he stood—broad and burly, sincerity itself—a real son of the sod; speaking their own tongue, kindred in tastes, in habits, and by birth, and, dearer than all, a Roman like themselves, what more could an Irishman desire?" It can have been no ordinary mob orator that produced upon Bulwer the profound impression left on his mind by O'Connell haranguing one of his great open air meetings:—

"Once to my sight the giant thus was given:
Walled by wide air and roofed by boundless heaven;
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
And wave on wave flowed into space away.
Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
E'en to the centre of the hosts around;
And as I thought rose the sonorous swell,
As from some church-tower swings the silvery bell.
Aloft and clear from airy tide to tide,
It glided easy as a bird may glide.
To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
It played with each wild passion as it went;
Now stirred to uproar; now the murmurs stilled
And sobs, or laughter, answered as it willed;
Then did I know what spells of infinite choice
To rouse or lull has the sweet human voice.

Then did I learn to seize the sudden clue
To the grand troublous life antique, to view
Under the rock-stand of Demosthenes
Unstable Athens heave her noisy seas."

One can understand, after such a description as this, the tremendous cry of exultation which rose spontaneous from the hearts of nearly a quarter of a million of human beings, at such a sentence as this: "Grattan sat by the cradle of his country, and followed her hearse; it was left for me to sound the resurrection trumpet, and to show that she was not dead but sleeping."

Nor was it only as a patriot and an orator that O'Connell won the admiration and the passionate affection of his countrymen. The character and the power of the man will not properly be understood unless it is remembered that he lived always with one eye most keenly open to dramatic effect. He never forgot that, as a public man, he was always, in a certain sense, *coram publico*, and thus, even in the "seclusion" at Derrynane, he posed in such a way as the more effectively to appeal to the popular imagination. It was there that the Liberator essayed the *rôle* in which he delighted, of the typical Irish squire. Let me at this point draw upon Mr. Neill O'Daunt's 'Recollections'—

"On the third or fourth morning after my arrival at Derrynane, I was summoned by Mr. O'Connell to accompany the hunting party. It was not quite six o'clock. The morning was clear and bright, and gave promise of a beautiful day. We followed a winding path called the 'Meadow Walk,' which crosses and recrosses a merry mountain brook; we ascended the hill of Corkmakister, crossed the line of the new road, and ere half-an-hour had elapsed a hare was started. It was a glorious run; the hare was in view for half-a-mile or more, and as the dogs ran to scent, they kept so close together that a sheet might have covered the pack. O'Connell, who enjoyed the hunt with infinite glee, walked and ran from rock to rock to keep the dogs in view. The mountain air had already sharpened my appetite, and I enquired rather anxiously when we should have breakfast. 'Not until we kill two hares,' replied O'Connell; 'we must earn our breakfast.' . . . . It was a glorious scene; overhead was a cloudless sky; around us, on every side, was the most magnificent scenery, lighted up with brilliant sunshine. There was that finest of all music, the loud full cry of the beagles, returned by a thousand echoes; the shouts of men and boys, ringing sharp and cheerily along the hills; and there was Daniel O'Connell himself, equalling in agility men not half his age, pouring forth one exhaustless stream of jest and anecdote, and entering with joyous zeal into the fullest spirit of the noble sport. . . . . On days when he did not hunt, the mode in which he usually disposed of his time at Derrynane, was as follows:—After breakfast, the newspapers and letters occupied in general from one to two hours; he would then, if the day was fine, stroll out for a while to the beach, the garden, or to his turret in the shrubbery. Whenever I accompanied him on any of these walks, he has invariably pointed out among the surrounding rocks, the course of some hunt, and detailed, with minuteness that evinced the interest he took in the subject, the various turns of the hare and the exploits of the dogs. He would then return to the house, and spend the rest of the day till dinner, in the study. One day I found him reading the 'Collegians,' which he told me was his favorite work of fiction. 'I have been reading it over again,' said he, 'with a melancholy interest. Scanlan was the real name of the man that is called Harden Cregan in the novel. I was Scanlan's counsel at the trial, and I knocked up the principal witnesses against him; but all would not do; there were proofs enough besides, that were quite sufficient to convict him.'"

Temple Bar.

THE BIRDS OF THE POLAR REGION.

WHILE the Arctic Expedition is absent, its many well-wishers will often, in imagination, place themselves in the company of the heroes, will sail beneath frowning icebergs with them, and even lend a hand in tugging the sledges over the rough ice-fields. Thanks to the records of previous adventurers, and to the artist's facile pencil, we seem perfectly at home amongst the frozen solitudes over which lies the track to the north pole. The difficulty of realising these regions lies rather in being able to figure to the mind the particular aspects of the kingdom of ice, the mosses, lichens, vegetation, insects, etc., which will meet the explorers' eyes. At the first blush, it might be supposed that the severe cold would be fatal to all insect life, yet Otho Fabricius collected sixty-three species of insects during a residence of six years in Greenland. In the still higher latitude of Winter Harbor only six species of insects were found by Sir E. Parry during his stay from September till the following August.

But insects do not require for their existence a continuous period of warm weather so much as hot weather during some time of their little lives, so that it is perfectly conceivable that high up in Smith's Sound, during the brief summer, a few insects may be obtained. The mosquito, it is known, cannot live in the latitude of Melville Island, so that this pest at all events will be conspicuously absent from the difficulties of the expedition. Vegetation is meagre enough north of Disco. Considering the extreme cold that is to be encountered, an interesting question arises regarding the birds that may possibly be discovered by the arctic voyagers. In our conjectures on the point, a very competent authority comes to our assistance. Scientific manuals on the physical and natural history of the arctic regions were compiled for the present expedition, and Professor Newton wrote a paper amongst them on the Birds of Greenland, from which we will borrow the main features of that country's avifauna, in order to illustrate our subject. The phenomena connected with the appearance and departure of several. of the migratory birds which visit Greenland, open many very interesting questions, and the scientific staff on board the *Alert* and *Discovery* will pay especial attention to these questions. A few of them may here in the first place be indicated.

Among the dozen gulls or thereabouts which frequent the fur-producing countries of North America, one of the most graceful and beautifully colored is Sabine's Gull (*Laius Sabini*), discovered, as its name imports, by Captain E. Sabine, off the west coast of Greenland. This bird was met by Sir E. Parry in Prince Regent's Inlet, and again on Melville Peninsula. It arrives in high northern latitudes in June; but why should it—as it does—depart again so early as the month of August? Has it accomplished nidification, and finds no further need of staying in the frozen north for a longer period? Or does the first breath of winter deter it from a longer stay, as the early frosts of October quicken the departure of our swallows? A bird so elegantly fashioned as Sabine's gull, with its forked tail, jet black collar, and the curiously versatile colors of its head, a tinge of black, brown, blue, or purple overspreading it, according to the light in which it is viewed, should invite inquiries as to its life-history; and doubtless we shall be wiser on this point should the present expedition return safely.

Again, what a curious history is that of the Great Auk (*Alca impennis*). It has had an existence, as known to science, of rather less than three hundred years, and now, as it is feared, has become extinct. First discovered in 1574 by an Icelander named Clemens in Danell's Islands, off the east coast of Greenland, a large colony of the garefowl, as it was termed, lived on the Gairfowlskerry, near Cape Reykjanes. In 1830 a volcanic eruption caused this reef to be swallowed up by the sea, the survivors of the garefowl escaping to the island of Eldey. With the exception of a few stuffed birds in different museums, and some of their eggs, the rest of this auk's history is contained in scattered notices of its occurrence in the Faroe Islands, North America, and Greenland, and even on a few points of Great Britain. Its last appearances on our shores were at Papa Westra, Orkney, 1812; St. Kilda, 1822; Lundy Island, 1829; and in 1844 at the long strand of Castle Freke in Ireland, where one was picked up soaked with water after a storm, though in 1845 a report was prevalent that a pair had been seen in Belfast Bay. At Eldey, off Iceland, a male and female were killed in 1844; these are the last known in Iceland. Its bones are found in Funk Island, off the coast of Newfoundland; and quite recently, traces of them have been discovered in Jutland, and again in Caithness. And so ends the romance of the Great Auk. Originally a wingless arctic bird, it floats and dives into more southern latitudes till it falls under the ken of man. Ill fitted by its habits to contend with his weapons of destruction, it gradually fades away before civilisation, and, Nature herself seeming to aid in its extinction, disappears altogether in 1844 from his horizon. As the legend which Kingsley has so gracefully embodied in the *Water-babies* makes it come years ago from 'Shiney Wall, where it was decently cold, and the climate fit for gentlefolks,' will the present Arctic Expedition have the glory of rediscovering this bird in its original haunts? At anyrate, any particulars which can be collected concerning its history will be looked for by all ornithologists with great eagerness. Another very rare bird, Ross's Gull (*Rhodostethia rosea*), of which only seven or eight examples have been seen, may be looked for in Smith's

Sound. Three of these specimens were shot in Disco Bay.

Another interesting question, lately referred to in our columns, and which it may be hoped will be solved by our arctic heroes, relates to the breeding-place of the Knot (*Tringa Canutus*), a little bird very well known to all dwellers on the east coast of England. This bird is about the size of a large snipe, and throngs during autumn and spring our own coasts, as well as those of Europe and North America. It must breed in large numbers somewhere in the arctic regions, for it regularly retires northward for that purpose, and has been tracked north of Iceland. It has not been seen on the east coast of Greenland, nor yet on Spitzbergen; it is supposed, therefore, that the countries to the west and north of Greenland are the goal of its northward migration. On the hypothesis of an open circumpolar sea, it is possible that the breeding-haunts of this little bird may be found on its comparatively milder shores. At anyrate, some contributions may be obtained towards a solution of the singular migratory movements of the bird. We have as yet spoken only of its northward migration; but towards the end of summer, it returns to us in still greater numbers than before, both old and young birds together frequenting our shores, till inclement cold weather drives them very far southward, until the following spring.

The ordinary birds of Greenland are pretty well known, thanks to the labors of foreign naturalists, and the observations made by Parry, Ross, and M'Clintock. Professor Newton catalogues them as about sixty-three, while some sixty-two more have been occasionally taken there. The majority are, as might be expected, littoral and aquatic birds. From these denizens of Greenland a selection of thirty-six is made, which he deems, from a consideration of their life-histories elsewhere, and from various facts which seem to bear on their geographical range, may very likely be met in the extreme arctic regions. At the same time, he frankly avows that 'if the expedition meets with thirty species in Smith's Sound, it will surpass expectation.' Writing, however, as Professor Newton does, for the crews of the two ships, who cannot all be supposed to be ornithologists, though all would gladly further the interests of ornithology if they have a chance, it was as well to be liberal in his account of the species which science reasonably supposes may be found in the polar regions.

Opening summer in 1876 will discover, we may hope, the crew of the *Alert*, which has wintered high up in Smith's Sound some way north of her consort, cheerily starting, after the long dreary winter, to visit the depot of provisions which they established some eighty miles north of their winter-quarters, by means of a sledge-journey lasting three weeks, in the middle of the previous September. Most persons either saw the sledges and equipments of the men at Portsmouth before the ships left, or are able to form a tolerably correct notion of them from the engravings which were then published. Probably but few dogs survive, the extreme cold of the winter having acted on them, as it is well known to do, much as excessive summer heat is wont to do on their relatives in more temperate climes. The blue-jackets, therefore, have harnessed themselves to the sledges as enthusiastically as they did to the guns in the Crimean war, and the party is slowly moving to the mysterious pole at the rate of about ten miles a day. Everywhere, green ice capped with white snow, a dreary waste, meets their eyes, while in front lies a rugged region of contorted and riven ice, broken up by the sea, and again frozen into grotesque forms, spanned by the 'water-sky' overhead, which tells of open water. The travellers are beyond the ordinary haunts of the polar bear; all is still, vast, colorless, and monotonous. On a sudden, what seems an animated bundle of snow-flakes rises into the clear gray sky on one side of the party, and on being shot, turns out to be a snowy owl, which had been picking the bones of a long-tailed duck. Both these birds have been shot in Scotland. Soon a "gaggle" (as the little company would be termed in British sporting books) of Brent, or perhaps snow geese, wings its way athwart their path. A rock ptarmigan or two are brought down on the highest part of the day's journey, reminding several of the officers of bygone days on the peeks of the Western Highlands, when grouse would not lie in the corries below, and the only way to fill a bag was to climb for a chance at the ptarmigan on the mountains' brows. These are now eagerly welcomed, as an addition to the evening meal, and seem a link to bind their slayers still closer with the far-off delights of home. On, on, the

weary travellers plod, conversation having ceased, the ringing of the steel-bound sledges on the hardened ice-crusts being often the only sound heard, and that so monotonous, as to conspire, together with the biting air, to render the party very drowsy. On a sudden a whistle of wings is heard, and up dash some plover, our familiar British gray plover, now in summer plumage, the little ringed dotterel of our sea-shores; or, perchance, a 'trip' of the American golden plover, distinguished from the well-known European bird by having the axillary plume under the wing gray instead of white; while a skua hovers on their flanks; and, most delightful now of all sights, because it is so homelike, on a neighboring mass of granite and gravel—the moraine of some glacier which ages ago crawled down into the sea—sits a croaking raven. Omens are unthought of amidst the stern realities of arctic sledge-travelling. Its hoarse voice now sounds more delightful than ever sung the most melodious of nightingales in the copses of distant Oxfordshire.

May fancy track the little party further? Two hours more of their laborious dragging being over, they stand on the frozen sand of the great circumpolar ocean. Gray, dim, and weird-like, it stretches away to the pole in gentle swells, unruffled by any breeze, and apparently but slightly animated by tidal force. Its vastness and its sad aspect, broken by no sail, and never yet visited by civilised man, awe the party into silence; but abundance of birds with their loud calls and vigorous swoops, soon destroy this sense of desolation; as on our own shores, the turnstone and the sanderling run up and down at the edge of the wavelets; sandpipers and phalaropes fleck the distant flats; the arctic tern careers in mid-air, like the swallow of an English summer; eider-ducks, the little kittiwake, and the glaucous gull clamor in an adjoining inlet, where the great northern diver, the puffin, the guillemot, and the little auk are diving in all the exuberance of joy at the tardy blossoming of their cheerless summer. It is a busy scene, such as the ornithologists amongst the men remember to have seen off an Orkney skerry, or beneath the wave-lashed ledges of Donegal. While the tent is being erected, and they are looking over the unknown ocean before them with much the same longing eyes as did Sir S. Baker when he surveyed the vast and mysterious waters of the Nyanza Lake rolling towards him from the distant haze which closed in the west, a shout from one naturalist almost beside himself with delight, proclaims that he sees a couple of great auks stolidly contemplating him from a ledge of ice, and amazed at the intrusion! But here the work of fancy ends; and we must leave to the anxiously expected return of the expedition the exact particulars of this marvellous *rencontre* with the bird over whose existence hangs such a perplexing veil. We have performed our task, and indicated to the reader what species of birds may be met by England's heroes in the circumpolar regions.—*Chambers's Journal.*

JONATHAN.

BY C. C. FRASER-TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "MISTRESS JUDITH," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

TOWARDS EVENING.

JONATHAN spoke very little to Miss Lynn. He watched her going up and down, setting the cups upon the tables, or spreading the large white cloths with her small hands. He watched the lights and shadows on her face under the shade-hat; the small determined mouth, the quick gentle ways, that many others than Jonathan, if they could have had the chance, would have watched too. Now and then she raised her earnest grey eyes to his face, when she asked him a question; and Jonathan looked at them a moment, and thought they were like no eyes he had ever seen before; and then looked away quickly at the may-trees or at the limes. They were not for him, those eyes: what use to look at them?

He had learnt to give up what he cared for most: he could do it again, since he must do it. The first sacrifice had involved another; for if he had been away now, and a prosperous mechanic, this face would never have troubled him. And it was the one face he knew that could.

Rosy, comely country maidens had never touched Jonathan's heart, or made it ache. It was the still, pale face, which bewitched Aaron Falk, that had conquered him at last.

And yet he could say nothing to her; he could only hold his peace. What would his fourteen to nineteen shillings a-week (and how hardly earned they were), and his humble trade, look, in *her* eyes? She had seen his home, two-roomed, and tiny; she knew him best in his work-day clothes, hammering in the dark forge, a common blacksmith.

And she was better born he knew. Her father had been a small farmer. Perhaps the grandfathers of both were on the same footing; but a step once made among the humbler classes is not easily forgotten, or given up. Once a farmer's daughter, always a farmer's daughter. The son of a laborer could be no match for her.

He should never tell, he knew, how strangely her presence stirred him. He was a man of few words; and where his feelings were concerned, Jonathan became a sealed book. And, as for speaking now, what was there to say? He did not hope to have the schoolmistress for his wife; at least he said he did not. He only wanted to see her, to watch her, to have a look sometimes into the depth of those grey eyes.

She was going to be the brewer's wife, all the people said. Should he care to look into her eyes then? Could he do it then? Jonathan started when that thought came to him, and said he had no hope. She was going to have a good home, and he hoped she would be happy. He could not help feeling that she must be happy anywhere, because anywhere she would be loved.

Presently the children came defiling through the field. Mr. May said grace. Miss Lynn marshalled them quietly into their places. It was wonderful how she managed them, without any loud orders or bustle. She lifted her hand, or let it fall, and all the hundred and ten bright little eyes hung upon it, and understood the sign.

Jael was plodding backwards and forwards with hot tea in cans. Ben Bower presided over the milk. The bread and butter had been cut and stacked at the Place by the farmers' daughters and Mrs. Myse.

There was a great silence among the children, deep in hot tea, and with their mouths full. Only the replenishing of cups and mugs went on; and hands shining with soap were stretched out for more and for more.

The sun beat down fiercely, but the tables were under the lime-trees, and balmy breaths of air stole in now and then, and stirred the children's hair, and made ripples in the tea. The sunbeams danced out and in over the white cloth, and over the parterre of gay Sunday hats and cloaks. And, as hunger was satisfied, voices began to rise in a happy half-whispered babble.

"You may talk as much as you like, my dears," said Mrs. Myse, rubbing her hands and smiling. "We wish you to be happy, as well as good to-day."

This had the effect of producing a deep and profound silence. No one had anything to say.

"I think they have done, Ma'am," said Miss Lynn. "Would you be so kind, sir, as to say grace?"

She turned to Mr. May, who had moved away a few steps. He had gone forward to meet Aaron Falk.

The brewer had his hand in the curate's; but everyone saw his eyes had gone beyond him, to where Daphne Lynn stood.

He forgot the hundred and ten bright little eyes, Miss Sophy's, and Miss Maria's keen interest in his affairs, Mrs. Myse's gentle knowing peeps from under the thin black fringe of her parasol. He was at Daphne's side, and holding her hand.

Every one saw that his color changed; that from the moment his eyes had rested on her he had not been the composed self-possessed Aaron Falk they all knew so well. Daphne, who was not agitated as he was, felt that every one had seen it, and a shade of pink came into her face. The brewer's heart leaped for joy when he saw it. It was the first time she had shown any embarrassment in his presence. He hailed the token as full of hope.

Mr. May said grace. The children, led by Miss Lynn, chanted the Amen. Then she said "You may go now;" and the forms were pushed back, and they tumbled over each other into the grass, picked

themselves up and ran on with wild shouts of glee, dispersing themselves over the field.

Meantime Jonathan had been putting up swings in the field, swings of all heights for children of all sizes.

He always put his heart in his work, as Mr. Falk used to say, in the days when Jonathan pleased him, when Mr. Falk's books and maps were all at the disposal of the young blacksmith. He did not look round, though Miss Lynn was at the tea-table, till his job was over. Then he came leisurely back across the grass with a twist of rope in his hand.

The children rushed past him. The table was empty, except at one end where a knot of people (not children) were standing.

Mr. May and Mrs. Myse were there; Miss Sophy and Miss Maria, farmer Bates' daughters, and two or three other assistants were there. Daphne Lynn was there, and a child was clinging to her skirt; and close behind her, trying, as Jonathan thought, to put himself between her and the rest of the group, stood Aaron Falk.

Jonathan came up to Mrs. Myse, and touched his hat.

"Shall you want me any more, Ma'am?" he asked.

"Not to help, thank you, Jonathan, but we shall want you to have tea, after all your kind exertions."

"No, thank you, Ma'am," he began; but Mrs. Myse, turning to Daphne, said—

"Miss Lynn, would you kindly make Jonathan a cup of tea?"

Daphne went to the table at once; the child still clung to her skirt, and followed her.

"I am afraid it is cold, Mr. Cleare," she said; "you must be very tired; won't you sit down?"

"No, thank you," he answered; but he came and stood near her, only a few feet from her.

He did not want the tea; he would have liked a glass of beer much better; but he wanted this from Daphne's hand. A savage pleasure seized him when he saw the brewer standing, disconsolate, under the limes, obliged now to devote himself to Mrs. Myse.

It might be the last time he should ever speak to her; something in Mr. Falk's manner made him think the crisis could not be far off. To-day it might be settled, and then he could never look into those grey eyes again.

He was looking into them, standing near her, strangely miserable and strangely happy, when a sharp cry close beside them caused every one to look round.

Ben Bower and Jael had been clearing the table; they were putting the mugs one into the other, and laying them in the basket.

And the cry came from Jael's lips.

Daphne ran to her.

"What is it, Jael? What is it?" she said, kneeling down on the grass beside her, for the poor woman had sunk down upon it, and was as pale as marble.

Jael made no answer; there was a gurgling sound only in her throat; she was either fighting for breath, or trying to speak.

"Has she been ill?" they asked of Ben; "did you notice anything before?"

"She been a-holding her heart this few minutes, but she often do that; I didn't take no count of it; she mostly holds that when she's tired; she looked up queer at some of you there, sir, and then she cried out; but she'd been breathing hard a few minutes, like she was out o' breath."

"Poor Jael, my poor Jael," said Daphne to herself, reproachfully; "I've not been thinking of you at all; I know she gets easily tired; she often holds her heart and complains of a pain there," she added, turning to Mr. May and Mrs. Myse, who were standing over her.

Daphne had unloosed Jael's gown at the throat, and was chafing her cold hands.

"She ought to have brandy," said Mr. Falk, obliged to come up and show some concern. Then he retreated again, and walked about the field examining the swings.

Mr. May followed him, after Mrs. Myse with a flushed face had consulted with him in a whisper.

"Falk, I am afraid we have no brandy; you know we can't afford such things; may they send for some to your house?"

"Send! Oh yes, of course," was the answer; "send Ben."

The next thing that Aaron Falk saw, was Jael Thorne being led across the field, and out into the road, by Jonathan, whose

arm was supporting her; and on the other side was the schoolmistress, on whose shoulder Jael's hand rested.

Should he send a cart for her? The thought came to him, and then stuck in his throat.

But as he saw her feeble uncertain steps, and knew that Daphne Lynn was going to be taken from him, that he might not see her again that day, he changed his mind again.

"Ben, go and ask if the light cart can be of use—it it shall follow them. And if they want it, harness the grey mare and put her to."

The answer came back.

"Jael 'ud rather go afoot, sir. She's coming round again."

Mr. Falk looked vexed.

"Alfred, dear," said Mrs. Myse, calling him aside and holding his button, "may I ask poor Mr. Falk to supper? I do think he wants an opportunity, and it would be *so* nice. Fancy having that dear little woman at the brewery!"

"But the dear little woman has gone," said Mr. May, smiling.

"Yes, but she'll be back for supper. She and her mother are both to come. But I have not asked the Bates; and there is the cold mutton, and I have made a cake."

Alfred May thought it was seldom he could give his aunt a pleasure. And, if the truth be told, he was as anxious as she was that Miss Lynn should marry his good friend, Mr. Falk. So he nodded his assent.

Aaron Falk was not engaged; he would be most happy to come.

He went about amongst the children all the remainder of the afternoon, playing with them, even swinging them. He talked to the women who sat in groups upon the grass with their babies; he held the transparently thin parasol over Mrs. Myse's head while she did the same.

These things were not after his own heart. But the afternoon was passing; the shadows were getting long. Soon the screaming and the swinging would cease, and he should see Miss Lynn again.

But why had that fool Jonathan gone with her?

And why had Jael fainted?

He put the last question from him without answer. He had nothing to do with the poor charwoman or her state of health.

Chapter XLIII.

"Pimpernels dozing."

"I wish as you'd go back, missus," said Jael, as they passed the brewery and the church, and took the turn to the field, the shortest way to Josiah's cottage.

"I can't go back till I see you better," said the schoolmistress. "Are we going too fast, Jael?"

Jonathan slackened his pace. Jael was leaning heavily on his arm, and her steps were still uncertain, but the livid bluish color had left her face.

"What did you feel?" asked Daphne, with concern. She had never thought to see Jael walk home again.

"Feel?" she repeated, feebly, "I don't know as how I felt. But I'd been feelin' sadly through the carryin' and that, and the heat; and I knew as a straw 'ud upset me. And, somehow, I looked up, and seed him—and—"

Jael stopped short. The perspiration came out on her forehead. She felt she had made a false step, for Jonathan's hand had touched her arm suddenly, and she knew it was to silence her. She had forgotten that she was not alone with Jonathan; her head was still giddy and bewildered.

"Saw *whom?*" said Miss Lynn, with a strange anxiety in her voice, looking first at Jael and then at Jonathan for an answer.

Jonathan was looking straight ahead. His face had a new expression on it—that Miss Lynn could see. She could not interpret the look, but the meaning of it was the thought chasing through his brain—why had he been a fool, and silenced Jael? *He* could never be a traitor and break his promise, even to Aaron Falk; but he might have let another do it, and been blameless: the cup, so close to the brewer's lips, might have been snatched away at that moment, but for his foolish impulse. Another instant, and Jael would have betrayed at least that, in some way, Aaron Falk had wronged her, that the sight of him had "upset" her, as she said. Even at that moment, Jonathan knew that the first impulse had been the right one: "but, O God," he said to himself, "how

hard the right way seemed!" Was there no time when a little evil might bring about a great good? And this time he was tempted to no evil, to no slandering of another man for his own selfish purposes, to no movement of dastard jealousy. To keep silence, and let Jael speak, was all that he needed to have done. It seemed to him that that one quiet movement of his hand was all that stood between himself and Daphne Lynn, and he himself had upheld the barrier that divided them.

A moment after, he remembered all the other barriers that Jael's words could never have removed. He remembered that if Miss Lynn refused Aaron Falk today, it would not make him, Jonathan, a fit match for her. His eyes fell. He turned them on Daphne with a look of penitence, as if he had been doing her an injury. Ah, if she could know the devil that possessed him sometimes, she would not be walking with him now.

"It has been very hot," said Miss Lynn; "you ought not to have worked as you did." But they both knew by her tone that she was quite aware her question had been unanswered.

They went slowly on in silence. The cool grass was pleasant to their tired feet; the sound of Daphne's dress upon the daisies made a soft rippling accompaniment to their troubled thoughts.

So soft, that at last the trouble melted away, and only the rippling went on, soothing them all, and making the sweet evening sweeter.

The sun was only halfway down the heavens; it was still too warm for walking fast, even if Jael's strength had been equal to it.

"I'm keepin' you long," said Jael, her hand still on Daphne's shoulder. "I can walk now, Jonathan, lad, without your arm, on'y keep a-nigh me a while longer."

"We are not in any hurry," said Daphne, "we like going slowly; at least," she added, hastily, "I can answer for myself. It is heaven to be walking through the fields on such an evening. But—do you want to go back?" she asked, turning to Jonathan.

He colored.

"I'd a deal rather go on," he answered.

"There ain't no flowers now," said Jael to Daphne; "you miss the flowers, I count."

"Yes; I miss the flowers in the fields and woods: they are more beautiful than any garden-flowers. But there are a few here; there are some pimpernels going to sleep."

She did not stoop to pick them, for Jael would have lost the support of her shoulder. Jonathan fell behind.

"Well, I'd never say that, if I'd got roses like your'n," said Jael. "Jonathan, lad, the missus here says she favors the field flowers the best. She don't make no count o' your roses."

Jonathan had come to Daphne's side. He had a little bunch of half closed pimpernels in his hand. He was holding them tenderly, but not offering them to Miss Lynn.

"How pretty!" said she; "so small and yet so beautifully made."

"He made a good job o' it, did the Lord," said Jael. "He didn't scamp His work, not with the lessest of 'em."

"Have you got fine roses?" asked Daphne, turning to Jonathan, who still held the pimpernels in his hand.

"It's the roses as grows in *your* garden, I mean," said Jael, standing still a moment to rest. "He planted 'em all for Muster Byles," and she pointed to Jonathan.

"Did you?" said Miss Lynn, with pleased surprise. "I have always wondered how a man who had such bad health could have managed them so well. We have had such roses this year, Mr. Cleare. I don't think you have ever seen them."

"Are there any left?" said Jonathan, looking wistfully into her face. Perhaps she might ask him to come and see them.

"A few," said Daphne. "Will you come and see them? We should be so glad if you would come and look at them at any time, whether I am at home or not."

His face fell. "Whether she was at home or not." A cold invitation. Yet what had he hoped for?

Daphne saw the change. She wondered how she had pained him. She watched him as they turned down the lane. What Mrs. Myse had said was very true. There was something very "reliable" about Jonathan. And it seemed to her there was something more in him than that. There was that indescribable we-

know-not-what that makes us feel a subtle sense of sympathy for some who come across our paths.

He had known trouble; that Daphne Lynn could see: though she did not guess that even now he was troubled, that now he was fighting a harder fight than when he gave up his career and his ambition five years ago.

She only knew of the one struggle, and she thought as she looked at him that she should like him to be her friend. She felt he had picked the flowers for her. She held out her hand as they reached Josiah Thorne's cottage, and said,

"Will you give me those pimpernels?"

He looked up with a quick, keen glance. Was she mocking him and his half shut flowers?

But there was no mockery in her face. And silently he gave her the flowers.

A little, a very little of their bright color passed out of the land of dreams where they had gone to, into Daphne's quiet face.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A CRISIS.

JONATHAN stayed to help Jael up the ladder. Then he bid them good evening and went home.

He could not trust himself to walk home with Miss Lynn, even if she had allowed it, which he thought very doubtful.

He went back thinking how near to her he had been at every step of that sweet evening walk. He kept as close to the very path they had taken as was possible across the trackless field. Sometimes he fancied he could see their trace upon the grass, a whiter shade of green where her dress had passed over the meadow; the spot where he had stopped to pick the pimpernels—the pimpernels that she had taken.

His heart gave a leap, tumultuous rather than happy, thinking that she had asked him for them, that even now they were hers, and in her keeping.

'Drew was in the village street talking with some other men just home from work, when Jonathan came up.

"Had your supper?" asked Andrew.

"No; I don't want supper. I am going up to shut the forge and see after the fire. Come up, won't you?"

Andrew followed him with his hands in his pockets.

The coo' of the evening had hardly set in yet. It was still close and warm, though the sun had gone down and the dust kept rising under the feet of workmen going home.

The two friends sat down on the bench outside the forge, and smoked the pipe of peace together. An hour went very quickly, and the soft grey twilight of a summer evening, that is neither light nor darkness, but a tryst between the two, crept silently over the village. The happy tired-out children were all asleep, though on other summer nights the mothers, who were not averse to knitting in the gardens or on the road themselves, let them roll on the grass or in the dust, as they liked, till the low crowded rooms were cooled by evening breezes, and sleep was possible. But to-day, all through the heat of the afternoon, they had romped, and see-sawed, and swung till in sheer exhaustion they had flung themselves down under the lime-trees, and had shaded their eyes even then from the glints of sun that shot down through peep-holes in the dense foliage. If Miss Lynn had been there they would have asked for stories, and would not, they all knew, have been refused. But Miss Lynn had gone away with Jael Thorne. So they lay upon their backs and made themselves happy as only children can, while Mr. May and Mrs. Myse and their elders sauntered through the field or rested on the benches at the tea-table.

"After tea," said Mrs. Myse, trying to look unconscious, "we will all go into the shrubbery. It is so sweet there on an evening like this."

Miss Sophy and Miss Maria Bates and the other farmers' daughters who had not been asked to supper, had taken themselves away. Mrs. Myse, with unusual caution and diplomacy, had not allowed it to transpire that Miss Lynn and Mr. Falk were to remain. Miss Sophy and Miss Maria had ceased to hope for the honor of any attention from the rich brewer. Jealousy had never fanned the flame of their warm interest in him; for he had never favored other maidens with his smiles. To-day they had exchanged glances, seeing his unusual manner with the schoolmistress. But it was not likely *that* meant anything; Mr. Falk was not

the person to make so bad a match as *that*. The farmer's daughters, who spelt indifferently and dressed worse, looked with condescension only upon Daphne Lynn, who had to earn her bread, and teach naughty village children all day long. No wonder she always dressed so quietly; what else could she afford? And Miss Sophy adjusted the pink rose nodding at the side of her hat as if in approval of her kindly reflections, and tossed back the shining brown curl that strayed upon her shoulder.

Mr. Falk was "not a marrying man," said Miss Sophy and Miss Maria, and so comforted themselves.

"Come down and see the swans," said Andrew, when he had knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "It's too hot for supper or sleeping. Let's take a turn. I'm cramped with sitting here."

They went down to the gate of the approach to the Place, and opening it, leant over the parapet of the bridge to watch the swans. Andrew had brought some bread to throw to them.

The hen had gone to her nest with her downy little ones. They could see her, a white spot among the osiers on the other side. The other swan was on the water, his long neck turned under his wing. It seemed as if he, like other people in Shelbourne, was loath to go to bed on such a night as this. He woke up and came proudly rowing himself to the bridge, when Andrew called, and the bread made circles on the still water.

While they stood there they heard voices in the shrubbery walks. It must be Mr. May and Mrs. Myse out walking. Jonathan and Andrew felt no shyness at being within the grounds; all the people were allowed now to walk there. Indeed, the fences and palings were so broken down and useless that to forbid it would have been folly. Who could prevent the children from coming in to pick the wild flowers that grew there so plentifully? And if the children came, why not others. Mr. May liked to see his people about. It flattered him, poor man, that he should have anything they cared to share with him. He liked them to share his pleasures, and if the moss-grown walks and tangled shrubberies pleased them, it pleased him too to see them there.

When the voices had died away, Jonathan and Andrew walked on. They were both thinking of the night when last they had been here together, coming so troubled and leaving so comforted.

"I ain't nearer the truth now than I was then," said Andrew to his friend. "And yet I know I'm not down-hearted like I was. It's all along of being sure of you, Jonathan—of being able to speak out my mind."

"You haven't been to see 'Scilla, have you?" asked Jonathan, as they walked on and turned into the winding paths.

Andrew shook his head for answer.

"I'm glad you haven't; it would be of no use," said Jonathan. "I'm glad you haven't been."

"I know she's happy enough," said Andrew, pulling the petals out of an ox-eye daisy he had picked, and looking down. "I ast Jael after her, and she al'ays tells me she hears as she don't make no trouble at all. That keeps me quiet, it does, and I don't think I could bear to go and see her, if I speak the truth. You don't think there's anything I could do for her, do you?"

Jonathan did not answer. Andrew looked up and heard footsteps on the walk. They could see no one yet, but they could hear voices coming nearer.

"It's more than I hoped for," a man's voice was saying; "it makes my life look different even—"

The speaker stopped suddenly. Aaron Falk and Miss Lynn were face to face with Jonathan and Andrew.

Daphne had had hers turned away when first Jonathan saw them. She was looking into the shrubs as if to avoid Aaron Falk's gaze. And he was gazing at her, his hand was stretched out as if begging for her hand; and she was wavering only, uncertain, not indignant.

As they came upon Jonathan and Andrew she had colored deeply, as deeply as was possible for that pale face.

Aaron Falk had colored too; but his blush changed to an angry annoyance when he recognised the two young men who had thus interrupted him, who must have overheard his passionate avowal to Daphne Lynn.

Andrew said "Good night, sir," and stepped into the grass to let them pass. Jonathan stood still in the path a moment, and looked the brewer full in the face.

"Let this lady pass," said Aaron Falk, angrily; "have you forgotten your manners, Cleare?"

Jonathan mechanically moved off the path. He noticed no anger in the brewer's tone. His own thoughts were enough for him just then.

Miss Lynn looked up, and their eyes met. She looked at him, and it was more than a passing glance. Jonathan felt that; but the meaning of the look, how could he interpret it? Eyes like Daphne Lynn's are so often full of a strange, wistful earnestness, when a hard heart is hidden beneath their veil.

They passed by, and Jonathan stood still on the spot where he had met her. It was all over now. The crisis had come; and Miss Lynn had the prosperous man, with his money, his lovely house, his education, his manners, his love, at her feet

And she had *looked away* only, when he besieged her ear. "If she had not cared for him," said Jonathan, "she would not have been there with him alone." His "life seemed different," the brewer had said.

Well might it seem different.

Two hours ago Jonathan's life seemed different. The sun was up then, and they were walking together, he and she, through the summer fields.

Now the sun had set. A walk in the shrubbery, a meeting in the path, a few words overheard—and the illusion was dispelled.

It could not be a bitter blow, said he to himself, for he had never known hope.

But, ah! if it might have been someone else that Miss Lynn had blessed—anyone but this man, Aaron Falk!

Mr. May, Mrs. Myse, and Mrs. Lynn passed him by, not fifty yards behind the happy lovers.

"We shall all like it," Mr. May was saying to Mrs. Lynn; "it is what my aunt has long hoped for."

Chapter XLV.

Andrew's Dream.

It seemed to Jonathan that a year passed over him in the half-hour that it took him and Andrew to reach home.

He was vexed with himself; it seemed to him he had fallen in his own esteem. For, all through, he had told himself that his feeling for Miss Lynn was—well, he could not say what it was, the experience being so new to him—but there had been no hope, he said, mixed with his jealous concern for her welfare.

Now he knew, by the dull pain at his heart, by the sudden deadness of the evening sky and of the landscape, that he had before felt to be beautiful and soothing, that hope had been with him, and had now taken flight. It is a thankless task to try and paint a sorrow like this. In later life we wonder at the pain it was possible in youth to suffer; or we forget that such suffering ever was for us, and smile over the foolish, imaginary griefs of a younger generation, with the complacency of a longer experience and a superior wisdom.

But the pain is none the less hard to bear, because half its sting is added by the growing-pains of youth. And it is enough to say that Jonathan suffered as the young only suffer.

All the more he suffered because no one had yet found the key to the locked chamber where he hid away all that seemed to him too sacred for telling. Not that he would put it in that way, for he was little given to naming or analysing, and only knew that it could not be with him as it was with Andrew, who poured out his heart freely so soon as it was burdened. The more a thing weighed upon Jonathan's mind the more he kept silence.

It was the worse for him in more ways than one, for he had many a stab from his friend's lips that he might have been spared if he had been less reticent and Andrew more discerning.

But the time had come for even Andrew's eyes to be opened. He had been too long a scholar in the school of affliction not to see that his friend was another man after the encounter in the shrubbery walk.

And now it was his turn to keep silence. He felt he could not touch upon Jonathan's trouble unsolicited. Plain Andrew was conscious that his friend's reserve set its seal upon his lips also. A man of keener intellect and coarser mind would have felt no scruple in telling Jonathan that he had discovered his secret. Andrew was the reverse of this; if his intelligence had not helped him to guess the truth before, his feelings prevented his

intruding the knowledge of it upon Jonathan now.

But the careless allusions to Miss Lynn and Aaron Falk ceased. The schoolmistress became a sealed subject between the two friends. And Andrew came oftener than ever to the forge, and took his mate out with him to have a walk, or to smoke on the bench outside the house.

Sometimes, if Jonathan were out later than usual, after some job in the village, he would find 'Drew sitting on his bench, waiting for him. Jonathan would have brought a book, and read while he waited. Andrew never read, except out of his prayer-book on Sundays. He sat cross-legged, holding his knee, or whittled a stick with his pocket-knife.

One sultry August evening, ten days after the walk which had decided Jonathan's fate, 'Drew sat longer than usual cross-legged on the bench, waiting for his friend. Though it was past work hours, the sun was still hot and the air heavy. Andrew soon became drowsy. His head went back on the black boards of the shed, for Jonathan's shop was a humble wooden building, and his eyes closed.

But still the sun glared down on him. It seemed to Andrew that as it travelled down the side of heaven it came nearer, burned brighter, and stared him in the face. He got up impatiently and tried the forge door, which was closed. It was locked, but he knew where to find the key, under a wreath of wild clematis that Jonathan had trained over the low roof.

He opened the door. The cool darkness more than rewarded him for the exertion of rousing himself to find the key, which he had done sulkily enough, winking his heavy eyes, and using strong language, alternately to the sun and to the door.

Leaving it ajar, he threw himself on a bench, crossed his arms to make a pillow for his head, and fell asleep.

Meanwhile Jonathan was plodding home from a neighboring farm, where he had been sent for to put the boiler right.

To his surprise he overtook Jael at the top of the village.

"I never expected to see you out again so soon," he said. "And you don't look fit for it now."

"I ain't fit. Nor I don't think I shall be fitter. But I don't like to think 'o the schoolmissus bein' put about because of me. I thought I'd ask Martha Male give me a cup of tea, and then I'd go and see what I could do at the school-house."

"Mother 'll give you tea, and welcome," said Jonathan after a pause.

"It 'ud put your father about, very like, thank you kindly all the same," she answered. "Abraham Male, he's a still body and don't make no trouble o' nothin'."

Jonathan felt what she said was true, and pressed her no further.

"The thing as lays at my stomach now," said Jael, breathing heavily from the exertion of walking, "is that there chap's comings and goings over yonder," and she pointed to the school-house on their left.

Jonathan said nothing. They reached the little gate that led up a narrow gravel walk to the forge. A tiny approach it was, not four feet long and hardly two feet wide. But Jonathan had narrowed it by digging a border on either side, where peas, tied to stakes, filled up the background, and large scarlet poppies nodded in the front. Beyond the peas on one side a patch of potatoes separated the forge from the rest of the village. At the other side fields began. The Red Inn and the school-house stood on the opposite side of the road.

So it was a safe place for Jael to speak, and when she was with Jonathan her usual reserve broke down. The burden that lay at her heart could only be eased now by speaking to him. She showed this so plainly that he never had the heart to divert her from the subject. And now, though it pained him, he wanted to hear her speak.

"He's al'ays a-comin' and a-goin'. He's arter the missus sure enough. And to think as she that's so good and comely is to be matched along of him; it goes agin me that much, Jonathan, I hardly know how to keep my tongue. And yet it ain't no place o' mine to be speakin'. I'll sit down on the bench, Jonathan, agin the door. That walk's a'most too far for me now, I reckon."

"I expect it's too late for you to speak now if it could do any good," said Jonathan, drily. "The time's gone by for speaking."

"You don't mean to say you think she's promised herself, do you?" asked Jael, showing in her faded eyes the

woman's keen interest in such affairs, as well as a stronger feeling against Aaron Falk in his unmerited prosperity.

"Jonathan," she said, when he made no answer, but stood beside her vacantly, looking out over the poppies at the dusty road; and she raised her small, withered, worn hand from under the threadbare shawl, and clenched it,—"will you tell me what the A'mighty's a'-doin' of, that Aaron Falk as has spoiled more lives than one, that's the cause of my gal bein' put away in the 'house,' that ain't got no more heart in his body than a cuckoo has,—what's the A'mighty a-doin' of, that *he's* gitten' all he wants, and that another one, as comely as my 'Scilla, very nigh (though I says it), and a deal wiser, should be put in his way and given to him, without no trouble, nor never a word? The Lord's ways is past finding out—I've thought it many a time, and I'm a-thinkin' it agin to-day."

Jael had dropped her large umbrella with a sharp rap upon the stone before the shop door. When she had finished speaking she rose and stooped to pick it up.

It was then, when Jonathan bent to get it for her, that he noticed for the first time that the door that he had locked was open. Some one had rifled the shop, was his first thought. The last stroke of ill-luck had fallen.

He pushed open the crazy door and saw no thief, but Andrew, with his mouth and eyes open, leaning forward upon the bench, his eyes red from sleep, and his hair ruffled, but his attitude that of earnest attention.

There was no need for Jonathan and Jael to look at each other with a mute "Has he heard?"

They both saw he had heard, before he recovered himself enough to stand up and speak to them.

If any of the three doubted, it was Andrew himself, who passed his hand across his forehead, and wondered whether he had slept and dreamed.

Chapter XLVI.

In the Forge.

Jonathan threw his cap down, and seated himself on the bench.

"Sit down," he said to Jael, pointing to a rough chair propped up against the wall. She was trembling, and her color had changed. She stood hesitating, uncertain whether to obey Jonathan and her tottering limbs, or the dictate of the nervous terror which had seized her and which would have driven her to the door. She was not a woman who knew fear, and the knowledge that she was afraid now, and afraid of Andrew, frightened her still further. She sank down in the chair.

Andrew sat on, staring at her, and still silent.

"Don't look at me like that—don't 'Drew, it's more than I can bear!" she cried, half sobbing, as she untied the faded strings of her bonnet that seemed as if they must choke her. "I did it for the best, I did; I couldn't 'a told you—Jonathan there, he knows I couldn't."

Andrew drew a long breath and then he said,

"You lied to me, Jael. And I as believed you all through, I as thought you were a true woman, and that you were as dark about it all as me."

Jonathan touched his elbow. His face said "Don't be hard on her, she can't bear much now."

"I couldn't 'a told you. If I'd 'ave told you—Jonathan there, he'll tell you what 'ud have happened to fader, let alone to me."

"You needn't have lied, woman," said Andrew, fiercely. "You needn't have said by God you didn't know—"

"I didn't say that," she interrupted him—"I said I *couldn't tell you*, 'Drew; no more I couldn't. I have telled ye so all along."

"You *knew* what I meaned when I asked you," said Andrew, angrily. "You *knew* I went away and thought we was both in the dark, both on us together. But I might have trusted a woman to be shuffle-tongued. I might have known they'd only say the truth when they meaned you to believe a lie."

"'Drew, you needn't pitch into her," said Jonathan. "I've kept the secret as well as her, though I hope I've told you never a lie. I don't think I ever told a lie, knowing it. I never was brought up in that way, and I never saw good come of it."

"And there won't good come o' this," said Andrew, rising, his color rushing to his face as he made for the door.

"Hold hard there, and don't be a fool,"

said Jonathan. "Listen to the reason why we didn't speak before you blame Jael."

"Reason!" said 'Drew, scornfully, "well out with it then. I should like to know the reason as obliged her to lie about a thing that's so near to me—that's changed all my life like—that's—" He sat down and put his hands over his face, leaving his sentence unfinished.

"We gave our promise not to tell—that's the reason," said Jonathan, "and a good reason too. And if Jael's been put to it how to give you an answer when you kept asking and asking, it's not much wonder."

Jael was wiping the perspiration from her forehead with trembling hands.

"I can't stand up for myself, and I ain't a-goin' to," she said, presently. "I may have done wrong, and if I have it's not the fust time. But I don't see as it 'ud have mended things for you if I'd spoken out; and it 'ud have killed fader if that there man had turned him out o' his bed. He ain't going to be long in 's bed, he's druckening every day; he won't live over another fall, he won't. And while he's there I'd as lief he were left in peace. You'd lie, may be, 'Drew—if I did lie, but I didn't—if you could keep the roof over your mother wi' lying."

Andrew was silent. Jael's casuistry was too much for him. He saw the state of things more clearly now. Aaron Falk had used threats to bind over Jael.

"Villain!" he said, between his teeth; "and what's more, a sneaking villain. But how did he make *you* keep your tongue?" he said, turning to Jonathan, not without a touch of suspicion or irony in his tone.

"Partly the same way as he made Jael," said Jonathan a little hotly, looking Andrew in the face. "Partly because my head, such as it is, told me it would be best for you if I held my peace. It would be best if you didn't know now, I take it. You can't master yourself now."

"Don't fall out," said poor Jael, seeing both the young men were getting angry; "it's the A'mighty's doings, and what are we to say agin it? If I've done wrong by you, 'Drew, I'll ast you forgive it, and willin'. I feels too near my time now, to have no feelin's agin nobody, and I'd like 'em all be straight wi' me. So I hope you don't feel no other than friendly to'ards me, 'Drew; leastways, I hope you won't, in a while, when you've got by this, a bit. I ain't fit to stop and have words, I ain't. I'll be gettin' on, Jonathan. Good night to you, Jonathan. Good night, 'Drew. My lad, I trust to you not to speak till fader's gone. It won't be long you'll have to wait now."

Jonathan watched her out of the little gate, and then came back. Andrew rose, and they stood together in the door-way; he had made no answer to Jael's words, had never answered her good-night.

"The Almighty's doings!" he repeated bitterly, when she had gone. "Maybe that man there," and he clenched his fist, as he pointed to the brewery, "maybe he talks about the 'Lord's doings.' If it's the Lord's doings when women lie, it's the Lord's doings when men sin and ruin their fellow men and women. I hate that talk, I do, about the Lord's doings."

"I believe you're right there, 'Drew," said Jonathan, pacifically, and earnestly, too, for he felt what Andrew said was true; "there's a deal of things put to the Almighty's account that ought to be set down in our books instead. There's many things we can't understand: when that mill blew up at Hepreth—the poor little children you'll see there in the hospital, burnt and bruised, and with all manner of sicknesses. But when things are put out of gear all through our wrong-doings, I say with you, it's not fair to blame the Maker. It's plain enough how the mischief came then. But I think you're too hard on Jael. She couldn't do other than hold her tongue."

"She needn't have gone to try and deceive me," said Andrew; "that's what I can't abide."

"Well, if she did, you musn't be hard on her. If she was put to it, it wasn't much wonder; and it's for none of us men to be hard on her. We're truer than woman by a long way, I believe—truer than the common sort of women," said Jonathan, slipping in the amendment eagerly; "but only because we've less to fear. It's fear makes us lie, and be double-tongued—fear and love. And we've not got so much of either of those as the women have, by a long way. Look at Rebecca there, what she did for Jacob."

"Well?" said 'Drew, "and what do you think of her for it?"

"I think it was as mean a trick as ever

a woman played. But I tell you what more I think; and that is, that Jacob was a deal meaner."

"I don't see that," said Andrew.

"Don't see it? Why, Rebecca did it for her son, because she cared for him. But Jacob—he robbed his brother, and deceived the old man, too, and all for himself. If he'd have done it for his brother, I think I'd almost say a good word for him, for all he was a sneak. Well, Jael, she did it for her father and for you. She thought it would be the death of him if Falk turned them out; and so it would," added Jonathan judiciously, for he was not yet quite sure of what Andrew might do, if Aaron Falk came across his path. "And she knew it would be bad for you to know too; and I think it is bad if you can't be a man and master yourself, now you know the truth. Because you could do no good if you hit Falk on the head to-morrow. But for Jael's sake and the old man's, you daren't make a business now. You must be as if you didn't know, that's all."

"Yes, it's easy saying 'that's all,'" said Andrew, impatiently. "If you had set your heart on a girl, as I did, and—" he stopped short, remembering.

"I'd say, that what isn't to be, isn't to be," said Jonathan, looking away from Andrew, and turning his eyes as quickly away from the school-house on which they had rested. "It isn't being a man, to spend your life fretting after any woman, or any man's wrong doings."

"It's fine for you," answered Andrew, hastily, "to speak like that. But you ain't been robbed of your sweetheart by the blackest villain that ever broke—"

Jonathan made some sudden movement that caused Andrew to look up. He did not finish his sentence. The expression on Jonathan's face was one that his mate had never seen since he had left Hepreth Hospital. He was not sure that even there he had seen its equal.

He tried to turn the subject. It was for him to smooth things now. He did it awkwardly, as was natural.

"Well, we know what sort of wife you'd like," he said, laughing forcedly. "If she lied, or didn't lie, it 'ud make no odds to you; you think it's all right for women to be liars. You think so light of 'em."

Jonathan looked down at his friend, for he could look down, with the nearest approach to a sneer that was possible to him, on his face.

"If women that can lie would suit me," he said, "it would be easy finding a wife. They lay to your hand every day. But I didn't come of a woman that lied; and I've no taste for it. But I do feel as I can pity those who have, and who are put in a strait. And as to thinking light of women—I wish to God——"

And then he too broke off. It was the nearest approach to a confidence he had ever made.

Chapter XLVII.

"Is it ay, or no?"

When Jael reached the school-house door, she saw Miss Lynn seated at the window writing.

It seemed to Jael as it would have seemed to the other villagers, that this was the most natural occupation for a schoolmistress. Indeed Daphne had become amanuensis to many of the Shelbourne folk, her neighbors. If a daughter at service were ill, and inquiries had to be made to set the mind of an anxious mother or lover at rest, or if a son got into trouble away from home, and the father was confident a letter from him would set him straight, the schoolmistress was the first person to whom they would turn to write such a letter.

She was pleased to be of use to them, and they all thought "she did make out a beautiful letter." All the more perhaps were they satisfied because she wrote down exactly what they wished to say in exactly their own words. Only by the force of habit she naturally corrected the grammar, and wrote words as Dr. Johnson spells them, and not as they sound.

It was not for poor Jael to discover that Miss Lynn was writing a letter a little out of the common sort to-day. But she did notice that the glib pen hesitated for long moments together, that her face looked a little careworn and anxious, and that at the same time there was the least flush of excitement on her cheek.

Daphne Lynn, usually so composed and serene, had been anxious if not troubled for ten days past. That evening after the school-feast, as they walked through the shrubbery, at the Place, Aaron Falk had asked her to be his wife.

Jonathan had guessed rightly in that, but in one thing (and that a very vital point) he had jumped too hastily to a conclusion. Miss Lynn had not accepted the brewer's offer.

But neither had she refused it.

Her mind was unsettled. She liked Aaron Falk, and she was flattered by his devotion. She felt that in wishing to make her his wife he must be acting with complete disinterestedness. Everything pointed unmistakably to the fact that what would be a good marriage for her would be a very poor one for him. She esteemed him as an honorable man, who was acting honorably and generously towards her. She was touched by his goodness to her mother, and that was a very tender point with her. If her mother could be happy, and spend her last days in peace beside her, if she herself could pass a life that would allow of her devoting her time more to her than she could at present, these would be great inducements to Daphne to accept the brewer's offer.

And in accepting it, she would be taking a step that would please Mrs. Lynn as nothing else could. Long since she had set her heart upon it. Long since she had taken the line of appearing to believe no other issue was possible. It had pained Daphne at first, but little by little, as the course of things began to run more smoothly, the mother became more silent and discreet, ("leaving well alone," as she and Mrs. Myse whispered together—) and the daughter more reconciled to the possibility.

Reconciled? she would have said to herself, if the word had forced itself upon her; what was there to be reconciled to? She liked Mr. Falk and he loved her. It was everything that could be desired; her lines had surely fallen in pleasant places.

She felt no passionate attachment springing up, after daily intercourse with him, that is true. She did not feel it even after the declaration of his love. But she said to herself that it was not in her nature to love passionately. She was born for the ports and calms of life. And how many people made shipwreck of their passionate loves, after all! And Aaron Falk was so much older than she was, there must naturally be a large preponderance of respect in her feelings towards him. Boys and girls fell in love in random foolish fashions. But she, the schoolmistress, twenty-four years of age, and wooed by a man no longer young (in her eyes at least), must not go in for such follies.

She had no past story to tell her what love might be, she was not as yet tempted by its sweetness to forego everything for it.

And yet she could not give Aaron Falk an answer when he asked her to marry him, in the shrubbery-walk. She told him the plain truth—that her mind was not made up, that the step was too momentous to be taken hurriedly, before she was sure they could be happy or not.

"*Happy?*" he had repeated after her, and the tone of fervor and of pain in his voice frightened her. His confidence, his eagerness were such a contrast to her cold uncertain frame of mind, to her composed, chilly sentences. If he expected her to respond in all their intensity to these feelings, she had better refuse him at once.

She told him so; but he was touchingly humble, touchingly content to wait. To hear she had not any feeling of repugnance to him was a relief; to hear he might hope, had made "all the difference in his life."

And for ten days she had been communing with herself about the answer. To-night, she had told herself, it must be given; her mother had been telling her so for nine days past.

But before she wrote it she forced herself to look honestly, as she thought, into her own heart. There were no secrets there; but were there any leanings? Could she ever repent afterwards if she married Aaron Falk? Could she say, "I have known nobler men than him?"

She answered that she did not know enough of Mr. Falk to decide this utterly. But all lovers must leave something to the future, something for experience to decide. The lover could not quite show what the husband would be, nor the woman that is being wooed, the wife. She marvelled when she thought of her lover's perfect faith in her: how could he know for certain that she would make him happy?

She allowed to herself, as she sat combing her hair before the little glass upstairs, the morning before the letter was written, that other men (she put it carefully in the plural) had moved her sympathies more than Mr. Falk. She had seen other men lead nobler lives than she knew him to lead, but that was only, perhaps, because she

had heard of incidents in other men's lives, while she had heard little or nothing of Mr. Falk's life. And if these other men had awakened feelings of sympathy, of very warm and deep sympathy in her mind, she had called forth little or no response in them. A noble man, if he had loved her, might have roused a deeper feeling than she could have *at present* for Aaron Falk. At present, said Daphne with marked emphasis, leaving a wide sea of possibilities of good in the future; *might*—but what was the use of wasting life in "mights" and "mays" that could not be?

All through the mazes that she wound through, Daphne kept up the plural number. Other *men*—other *lives*. And yet she was thinking of one man, seeing one face, admiring one life; and knowing that the one man who could have conquered her affections, neither cared to do so nor dreamt of making the attempt.

That Mr. Falk loved her was certain. That she liked him was certain. That she could keep him no longer waiting for an answer, was certain.

And that when she accepted him she would make no show of a depth of feeling of which she was innocent, was quite as certain.

In the evening she sat down to write her letter.

"Dear Sir," she began. It was hardly the way to address an accepted lover. She took up another sheet of paper, and wrote—

"Dear Mr. Falk,—I have been considering for ten days past the question you put to me. I beg your pardon for having so long kept you waiting for an answer. Perhaps you will forgive me more readily when I tell you that I am prepared to give you the one I believe you desire. I do not pretend that my feelings toward you are such as those you have so kindly expressed to me. But I feel your generosity and kindness very deeply, especially in the way you have acted towards my dear mother, in offering her a home, and it will always be my pleasure as it will be my duty to show you I am not ungrateful."

After some hesitation, Daphne added, "I shall be away from home to-morrow morning, but my mother and I shall be glad to see you towards evening, if you feel inclined to come."

She smiled to herself as she read over the last sentence. She was half ashamed of it. Inclined to come? Of course he would be inclined to come. It was just because she knew he would be so much inclined, so irrepressibly anxious to come, that she had told him she would be out in the morning. She would go up to see old Josiah Thorne.

She looked up as she signed her name, and saw Jael at the front door, knocking.

Telling her to take a seat, Miss Lynn folded and addressed her letter, and went out to see if there were any child about who could carry it to the Brewery. Perhaps it would have been wiser if she had given it to a grown-up person; for her scholars could read writing, and many adults in Shelbourne could not. But Miss Lynn cared little for what people said, when there was nothing to be ashamed of. And, after all, to-morrow all Shelbourne would know she was going to marry Aaron Falk.

(To be continued.)

RECENT HISTORY OF THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

A BRIEF notice of the Pitcairn Islanders in Dilke's *Greater Britain* reminds us that there are still in existence two remnants of the once famous mutineers of the *Bounty*—one in Pitcairn Island, in the vast South Seas; the other in Norfolk Island, in the Australian Seas. The readers of this *Journal* may perhaps remember the main incidents of this singularly interesting history, down to about the year 1850. We then recounted how Captain Bligh, in H.M.S. *Bounty*, set out on a voyage of discovery to the South Seas in 1787; that in 1789 many of his crew, headed by Lieutenant Christian, mutinied, forced him and eighteen of the crew into an open boat, and cast them adrift; that after much suffering he and some of his companions reached England in 1790; and that in 1791 the Government sent off Captain Edwards in the *Pandora* to seek out the mutineers and bring them home for trial. There came to light facts, one by one, showing how Lieutenant Christian and his companions, after much quarrelling and fighting, settled down, some at

Otaheite (Tahiti), and some at Toobonai, with Otaheitan women as wives. Captain Edwards captured the party at Otaheite, but did not know that the others were at Toobonai. Christian navigated the *Bounty* to Pitcairn Island, burnt the ship, and settled down finally at that island. Happily, there was a steady religious man, John Adams, among them, and he, after Christian's death, trained up a rising generation of mixed breeds in habits of peaceful industry. How these Pitcairners increased and multiplied to a community of a hundred and fifty souls—simple, well-principled, and loyal to the English sovereign—and how they came to have interviews occasionally with visitors from the outer world, our two former articles showed. Let us now briefly touch on the incidents of the last quarter of a century.

The year 1851 marked the beginning of a series of proceedings destined to make an important change in the condition of the islanders—more than sixty years after the mutiny. A plan was formed to remove them to another spot, under the dignified title of a colony, although small in dimensions. The colonial secretary in England, Sir John Pakington, wrote despatches on the subject; and so did his successor; but these ministers differed one from another concerning what it was best to do. Norfolk Island, near Australia, had for some time been used as a sort of prison or penal settlement for the more desperate among the convicts; it had not turned out satisfactorily; and the Government conceived the idea of transferring the Pitcairners to that place as their future home. Accordingly, Sir William Denison, governor of New South Wales, took the subject into consideration, and decided that the removal might possibly be effected in 1854. The Pitcairners, now increased by the addition of grandchildren and great-grandchildren to a total of a hundred and seventy persons, expressed pleasure and thankfulness when they heard of the plan. The end was not yet, however; governments moved more slowly than the simple Pitcairners expected.

A pleasant picture of this deeply interesting people was presented in 1855, when Captain Fremantle, in H.M.S. *Juno*, touched at the island, to ascertain how far unity of opinion and wish prevailed among the islanders. The Rev. Mr. Nobbs, their pastor and schoolmaster (a few 'outsiders' had reached them by this time), assembled them together, and read to them a description of Norfork Island, and the terms of the Queen's offer. A large majority at once assented to the proposal; but some could not find heart to quit the only home they had ever known, albeit barely a mile in length. George Adams, a son of John Adams the mutineer, was among these. They were sensible of the Queen's kindness; they well knew that any further subdivision of the land of their tiny island would reduce the portion for each household or family to a mere patch scarcely worth cultivating; but still they were loath to leave 'home,' and make a perilous voyage over thousands of miles of ocean. At length, one hundred and fifty-three, out of a total of a hundred and eighty-seven souls, decided on Norfolk Island. Captain Fremantle found them to be so affectionately attached one to another, that he believed they would all join when the time of departure arrived. He described them as a pious, unsophisticated, single-minded, cheerful, docile people; his crew were never tired of rendering them little kindnesses, which the islanders returned in their own artless way. Whether at Pitcairn Island or Norfolk Island, they were delighted at the idea of being recognised subjects of Queen Victoria.

In 1856 Sir William Denison chartered the ship *Morayshire*, to convey the descendants of the mutineers to Norfolk Island. Lieutenant Gregorie, R.N., managed the enterprise. He arrived at Pitcairn on 22d April, and found that the islanders had provided themselves with good stores of sheets and packing-cases, in readiness for the grand flitting. All, though some of them unwillingly, had decided to go. They packed up everything likely to be useful, with a stock of swine, fowls, and fresh vegetables; leaving a few head of live-stock to multiply as they might.

It was a scene without parallel when, on 3d May, the islanders departed from Pitcairn; without parallel, for though the number was small, no community had ever before been reared under such remarkable circumstances. Sixty-six years after the mutineers of the *Bounty* first landed on the island, their descendants quitted it. The simple-hearted people were troubled with some of the miseries of a long ocean-voyage; but they kept up

cheerfully, the men and boys helping the sailors in any way that might be useful, the women and girls engaging in needlework and domestic duties. An infant was born during this remarkable voyage; and the little stranger received the names of Reuben Denison Christian. (The little community had only a dim knowledge of the fact, that Lieutenant Christian, grandfather or great-grandfather of this child, had been a lawless mutineer.) They only sighted one island during the voyage; it caused great excitement among the Pitcairners, being the first strange land the greater part of them had ever beheld. With the crew they were on excellent terms throughout, and harmony was never once disturbed.

After a voyage extending over sixty-three degrees of longitude, the *Morayshire* arrived at its place of destination. What the Pitcairners felt at such an exciting time, we can hardly conceive in our present English mode of life: hopes, fears, wonderment, regrets followed in rapid succession, as the shores of Norfolk Island came into view; and the people speculated whether Queen Victoria thought of them as anxiously as they thought of her. One hundred and ninety-four (including the 'little stranger') landed on the 8th of June. The government had set aside such buildings and store-sheds as might be immediately needed, leaving the people to provide better at leisure. Dr. Selwyn, bishop of New Zealand, paid them three or four friendly visits, taking such seeds and plants as might be useful to them; and Mrs. Selwyn stopped with them many weeks, ingratiating herself with them by kindnesses which easily won their hearts. Norfolk Island, small as it is, was raised to the dignity of a distinct colony, but under the charge of the Governor-general of New South Wales. In October of the same year, Captain Fremantle paid them a visit in the *Juno*, and was pleased to find them progressing favorably. There were, however, many perplexities in the thoughts of the islanders. The long voyage and the change of scene had somewhat unsettled their habits. They marvelled at the contrast between the past and the present; at the vast size, as they deemed it, of the really small Norfolk Island; at the largeness of the buildings; and at the amount of property made over to them. They were like children, almost bewildered with a sense of magnitude in all around them; and displayed a kind of timid distrust of their own powers of appreciating what they saw.

In the following year, Sir William Denison went over to see how the little colony prospered. He found their simple code of laws inapplicable to their present position, and substituted a new code—a constitution, in fact. It almost excites a smile to hear of so formal an instrument as a constitution for a colony of only two hundred persons, with provisions relating to magistrates, councillors, doctors, chaplain, commissioners, a great seal, oaths of allegiance, public meetings, public works, public receipt and expenditure, judges, juries, legislation, punishments, fines, schools, and schoolmasters. There was a little dark spot, however; the people had become somewhat indolent and improvident. The government had provided them amply with live-stock, seeds, plants, tools, agricultural implements, boats, and fishing apparatus; and as their wants were simple and easily satisfied, the islanders felt no need for doing much work, nor 'saving for a rainy day.' He saw evidence that they would be benefited by the instructions of a millwright and smith, a shoemaker, a mason and plasterer, and a gardener or farmer; and he planned the means for supplying these aids after a time. One great advantage was, that the moral conduct of the people remained as exemplary as ever; the lessons taught by old John Adams had sunk deep and taken firm root. The whole adult population assembled to meet Sir William; and he was struck with their general good looks. 'There were none who could be called strikingly handsome, but all had good features, well-developed foreheads, and an intelligent expression of countenance.' Mr. Lower could have aided a new chapter to his *History of Surnames*, by a study of those which prevailed among the islanders. A census of the population revealed the names of the original mutineers of the *Bounty* over and over again: Christian, Adams, Young, Quintal, and M'Coy, were one or other of them in almost every house. There were two hundred and twelve souls altogether, forming thirty-four families. Only one bachelor, Samuel M'Coy, lived by himself; and there was an old spinster of sixty-four, Mary Christian. One family comprised Charles and Charlotte Christian and eleven sons and daughters. Matrimony was evidently in

high favor, for there were only seven spinsters of marriageable age.

By the year 1859, some of the older people began to have a yearning to return to their first home, Pitcairn Island; and two families, numbering seventeen persons, made the voyage in that year. The women generally showed more of the qualities of their original Otaheitan mothers than of their English fathers, especially a passionate fondness for music and dancing; and were with some difficulty imbued with English notions of thrift, application, and mental exercise.

Another official visit, in 1862, led to the following report: 'On the whole, I am clearly of opinion that as large a measure of success has attended the removal of the Pitcairn Islanders to Norfolk Island as could well have been expected. The people are not much given to steady and continuous labor; but, on the other hand, it must be recollected that the climate indisposes to exertion, and they have not the stimulus of want to prompt them to toil. The people live in security and abundance, attend divine worship regularly, and are free from all those foul practices and baneful superstitions which render the occupants of too many of the lovely islands of the Pacific licentious.'

Occasional notices in later years show that there is a little interfusion of new blood among them, by marriage with English persons from Australia and New Zealand. Some, moreover, have gone back to their own tiny island. When Sir C. W. Dilke was collecting materials for his *Greater Britain*, he made a brief stay at Pitcairn Island. The Union-jack was espied on shore; canoes pulled off to the ship, laden with oranges and bananas; three men nimbly came on board; and one of them, without any embarrassment in manner or speech, grasped the captain's hand, and said: 'How do you do, captain?'—'How's Victoria?' The Queen of the British Empire lived in their hearts, although they had never seen her. It appeared that fifty-two of the Pitcairners had found their way back from Norfolk Island, but that some difficulty had arisen about ownership of bits of land, the late comers interfering somewhat with the early comers. The handful of people traded occasionally with passing ships, exchanging fruit and poultry for cloth and tobacco. Wine and spirits they knew nothing about. The old familiar names of Adams and Young were prevalent. Some lady-passengers in the ship sent a blue silk dress to a Mrs. Adams, and a red-and-brown tartan to a Mrs. Young. Young was also the name of the magistrate, a sort of small viceroy to represent the Queen. One of the most interesting points connected with the brief interview (none of the crew or passengers appear to have landed on the island) was, that the three islanders inquired earnestly for any recent English periodicals! Here was the old Saxon voice speaking out again, on a speck of land amid the vast ocean.

Thus it is, then. The mutineers of the *Bounty*, or such of them as escaped violent deaths, intermarried with Otaheitan women; and their descendants, morally pure to a most unusual extent, now inhabit two widely distant bits of land—Norfolk Island in the Australian Seas, and Pitcairn Island in the South Seas—both alike rejoicing to call themselves subjects of Queen Victoria.—*Chambers's Journal.*

SNOWDROPS.

O Snowdrops, do not rise,
Because the happy eyes
That loved you once, now underneath you lie;
Let not your buds appear,
Each seems a frozen tear,
That never drops, and yet is never dry.

Such useless tears they seem,
As in a heavy dream,
We pour about our griefs to make them grow;
When all the lights are pale,
And all the cruses fail,
And all the flowers are underneath the snow.

Macmillan's Magazine.

LITERARY NOTICES.

RODERICK HUDSON. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

"Roderick Hudson" just misses being that Great American Novel for which the world has been waiting so long. In it, as in his shorter stories, Mr. James shows remarkable insight into character and the obscure workings of human motives, singular power of analysis combined with a strikingly picturesque imagination, that "sweetness and light" which belong to true culture, and wonderful mastery of style. In it, too, he demonstrates for the first time that his art can be applied to large canvases, and that he is able to sustain the reader's interest through several hours of steady reading.

The main theme, so to call it, in the plot of "Roderick Hudson," is the rise and decline of a genius; and the profound insight and skill with which this theme is worked out give the book a real psychological value, independent of its merits or defects as a story. Roderick Hudson is a young limb o the law in Northampton, Mass., who spends the time which, according to the unanimous opinion of his family and neighbors, he ought to devote to the study of Blackstone and Kent, either in vague and apparently profitless brooding, or in modelling busts and statuettes in the back basement of his mother's house. One of these statuettes which he had presented to a friend attracted the attention of Rowland Mallet, a gentleman of wealth and leisure, and a *connoisseur* withal; and the latter was so pleased with it and with the young sculptor himself that he forthwith offered to take him to Europe and furnish him with the means for studying his art. The offer was eagerly accepted; and, after spending six months in viewing the kingdoms of the Old World and the glory of them, the two young men found themselves settled in the Eternal City. Here, within a year, and before, in the opinion of his brother-artists, he had mastered the elementary processes of his art, Roderick produced two glorious statues, one of which "a good judge here and there has been known to pronounce the finest piece of sculpture of our modern era." He became almost without effort the petted lion of the season; visitors flocked to his studio, orders came in, and he seemed to have stepped at once upon the broad highway to fame and fortune. This very success, however, proves a congenial soil for the lurking weaknesses of his character; and, yielding to the seductions of society and love-making, he gradually finds his genius going into irretrievable eclipse. Fitful flashes burst forth now and then; but, from this time on, Roderick strides swiftly down into that valley of despair which awaits the consciousness of lost power, and the melancholy tragedy which closes the story comes almost as a relief. Intertwisted with this main thread are two love-stories, one of which, at least, is very tenderly and delicately handled, while neither is commonplace.

All the principal figures—Roderick Hudson, Rowland Mallet, Mary Garland, and Christina Light—are marvellous studies of character; but the great defect of the book is that they are neither persons nor portraits. The author, indeed, performs his own part too well: his analysis is so elaborate and subtle that he reveals the very processes by which he has created his personages, and leaves nothing for them to do but to demonstrate the perfection of their mechanism. In a novel as in a drama, character and the growth of character can be legitimately indicated only by action; but Mr. James is not content with the action until he has carefully analyzed its *rationale*. That he does this wonderfully well does not redeem the essential vice of a method which destroys the very illusion which it is the primary object of his art to create.

Perhaps the greatest charm of the book lies in the atmosphere of Old World culture with which its pages are saturated as with a perfume. Not even Hawthorne reproduces more faithfully the sentiment and glamour of Rome; and we know of no work which impresses the reader more forcibly with the illusion of locality.

MONEY AND THE MECHANISM OF EXCHANGE. By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., F.R.S. International Scientific Series, Vol. XVII. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

Leaving untouched those vexed questions of finance about which economists are still disputing, and which barely admit of decided answers, Professor Jevons gives in this instructive little volume a lucid descriptive essay on the past and present monetary systems of the world, the materials employed at various times in making money, the regulations under which coins are struck and issued in different countries, the natural laws which govern their circulation, the several modes in which coin may be replaced by the use of paper documents, and, finally, the method in which the use of money is immensely economized by the cheque and clearing system which has re-

cently come into vogue. The history of Money, from its most primitive stage of pure barter to the wonderfully perfect mechanism of exchange represented by the London and New-York Clearing-Houses, is here set forth in a manner so clear and simple that a school-boy can understand it; and at the same time the principles upon which all sound currency, whether metallic or paper, national or international, must be based, are rendered equally intelligible.

The book is exactly what is needed at the present time in the United States, where the elementary principles and facts of economical science are less understood, probably, than in any other civilized country. The currency questions which are agitating the popular mind here at the present time are not at all similar to those which the enlightened financiers of England, France, and Germany are discussing; but are, in fact, such as the simplest knowledge of the real nature and functions of Money, and of its history, would settle forever in the mind of any intelligent person. Professor Jevons's little book supplies just the necessary information, in a manner which can not fail to make the subject interesting to all; and we hope it will secure the wide circulation which it merits. We commend it especially to the attention of conductors of commercial colleges, and of all schools in which a business education is given.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MRS. FLETCHER. With Letters and Other Family Memorials. Edited by the Survivor of Her Family. Boston: *Roberts Bros.* 1876.

Mrs. Fletcher was the wife of a Scotch barrister, and her life covered the long period from 1770 to 1858. During a considerable portion of that time she was prominent in Edinburgh society, and numbered among her acquaintances, at one time or another, many of the most celebrated literati and statesmen of the past and present generations—Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Wordsworth, Southey, Campbell, Crabbe, Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, Sir Thomas Erskine, Dr. Arnold, Mazzini, Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Aikin, Harriet Martineau, and others. All these figure more or less prominently in her pages, which thus acquire a certain lustre and importance; but the "Autobiography" deals chiefly with personal and family experiences, and is most interesting, perhaps, as a picture of the *vie intime* of an affectionate, cultivated, and noble woman—being written, indeed, as her editor assures us, "solely for private circulation." Those who go to the book in search of anecdotes, gossip, small-talk, and the usual attractions of memoirs, will be disappointed in Mrs. Fletcher's simple and unpretentious narrative; it pretends to no interest save as the life-history of one whose long life, associations, and personal character render her an interesting figure even to those who can know her only through her book.

Among the letters which the volume contains there are several interesting ones from Wordsworth, Lord Jeffrey, and Lord Brougham, and two highly characteristic ones from Mazzini. The volume is also embellished with two handsomely engraved portraits of Mrs. Fletcher, one taken at the age of fifteen, and the other at the age of eighty.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND. By Jules Verne. Translated from the French by W. H. G. Kingston. New-York: *Scribner, Armstrong & Co.* 3 vols.

M. Verne confessedly aims in this work to produce a new Robinson Crusoe with modern improvements; and though he has evidently failed to comprehend the secret of the charm of his immortal prototype, his narrative is very interesting and, in a way, instructive. His castaways are consigned of course to a desert island, but not to solitude, being five in number, and all Americans. They had escaped from Richmond in a balloon during the siege of the city by General Grant, expecting to land shortly after getting outside the lines; but a great storm was raging at the time of the ascent, and the adventurers were blown seven thousand miles in a south-easterly direction, and finally landed on a hitherto unknown island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. During the last hours of the perilous voyage, in order to avoid being precipitated into the sea, they had thrown overboard every thing except the clothes on their backs; so that when landed on the island they were utterly destitute of tools, instruments, or utensils of any kind. The problem before them, therefore, according to M. Verne, was, "from nothing to produce every thing;" and they proceeded to do it with an ingenuity, industry, and vigor worthy of their Yankee origin.

M. Verne manages his narrative with a good deal of skill. The adventures are novel and various; the interest well sustained; the incidents exciting and yet plausible; and the *denouement* satisfactory. In his ingenious expedients for overcoming the various obstacles and difficulties with which the castaways were confronted, he shows considerable knowledge of chemistry and industrial processes; and this element of instruction, which might very easily have been made tedious, is one of the most attractive features of the book. To sum up: "The Mysterious Island" shows M. Verne at his best, and is good enough to make

one regret that he should fritter away so much of his talent in the mere bookmaking in which he has lately been occupied.

The volumes are copiously and well illustrated, but Mr. Kingston's translation is very unsatisfactory.

EIGHT COUSINS; OR, THE AUNT-HILL. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: *Roberts Bros.*

Miss Alcott presents the rare example of an author who is successful, who produces rapidly, and who yet maintains the quality of her work. "Eight Cousins" shows no falling off from "Little Women," and is, in fact, an excellent companion-piece to that popular book. Like all Miss Alcott's stories, it would probably torture the feelings of precise, sentimental, or "nervous" persons, whether young or old. It reproduces the sports, the romping, the noise and confusion of genuine boys' and girls' play; but the fun is always genuine and innocent, and the prevailing tone among the playmates is one of hearty and unaffected comradeship. Miss Alcott instils no nonsense into her readers. On the contrary, her influence is healthful and breezy. Her boys and girls may have rather too much of American "smartness" and self-assertion, but they are never "missy," or self-conscious, or precociously sentimental.

"Eight Cousins" relates how a young "miss" of fourteen, sick mentally and physically from over-coddling, was converted into a healthy, wholesome, and happy girl by the wise influence of a sailor uncle and guardian. His regimen consisted simply of the dress, food, habits, and amusements appropriate to childhood; and the enjoyableness of the process, and the completeness of its success, will doubtless tempt other parents and children to try the same tonic.

DISSERTATIONS AND DISCUSSIONS: Political, Philosophical, and Historical. By John Stuart Mill. New-York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

We have in this volume—the fifth of the "Dissertations and Discussions"—about a dozen of the hitherto uncollected papers of the late Mr. Mill, together with two of his speeches. Of the papers, two are general in character, on "Endowments" and "Treaty Obligations;" three are on "Land Reform;" and the rest are reviews of "Thornton on Labor and its Claims," "Professor Leslie on the Land Question," "Taine on Intelligence," "Maine on Village Communities," "Grote's Aristotle," and "L'Avere e L'Imposta" (Property and Taxation). Both the speeches are on "Land Tenure Reform," and were delivered in furtherance of the efforts of the Land Tenure Reform Association, of which Mr. Mill was a leading member.

None of these papers extend in scope beyond the limits of an ordinary magazine article; but Mr. Mill never touched a subject which he did not illuminate, and on those here discussed he had a right to speak as an authority. Aside from their value, too, the papers have a special interest as the last of a miscellaneous character which Mr. Mill wrote.

A TEXT-BOOK OF HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY. Designed for the Use of Students and Practitioners of Medicine. By Austin Flint, Jr., M.D. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

In this volume, Dr. Flint reproduces the substance of his elaborate treatise in five volumes, which has been generally accepted as the most comprehensive and reliable work on human physiology that has appeared in the English language. Omitting those bibliographical citations and matters of purely historical interest which render his larger work valuable as a book of reference, the aim of the *Text-Book* is "to teach, systematically and with uniform emphasis, what students of medicine are expected to learn in physiology, and avoiding elaborate discussions of subjects not directly connected with practical medicine, surgery, and obstetrics." Dr. Flint has done good work as an original investigator, and he has had much experience as a public teacher of human physiology; and his book will doubtless be found especially adapted to meet the wants of medical students and practitioners.

The volume is issued in very handsome style, being well printed and most admirably illustrated. There are three large plates and over three hundred smaller engravings, nearly all of which are beautifully executed.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

M. H. TAINE is lecturing at Geneva on the Ancien Régime, the subject of his forthcoming volume.

M. CAMILLE ROUSSET, of the French Academy, will shortly bring out a History of the Crimean War. M. Rousset has been for many years a clerk in the French War Office.

M. TROUBAT has announced his intention of publishing with Messrs. Michel Lévy Frères a collection of Notes by Sainte-Beuve on the men of his time; but the notes are so severe and so indiscreet that he still hesitates.

FRANCISCO GONZALEZ VIGIL, who held the position of Librarian-in-Chief of the National Museum at Lima, is dead. We learn that a manuscript of his, on the aboriginal languages

of the west of South America, will be published as soon as practicable.

MESSRS. MICHEL LÉVY FRÈRES are to publish shortly the two volumes of Michelet's *History of the Nineteenth Century* which he left in manuscript, covering the period from the Consulate to the year 1821. A considerable portion is devoted to England and Russia; and the most curious feature of the work is a preface on "The Decline of the Nineteenth Century."

MR. SWINBURNE has been writing a review of Auguste Vacquerie's new work of political subject-matter, *Aujoura'hui et Demain*. The reviewer takes up in a bantering spirit the Platonic theme of the incompetence of poets to handle any practical or national question (Vacquerie being himself a powerful dramatic and lyrical poet), and suggests that, if the bad politicians are actually or potentially the good poets, the prospects of poetry at the present day ought to be flourishing indeed.

A NEW publication by M. Victor Hugo, if only of a few pages, is sure to attract attention. He has recently been writing some papers on his period of exile in the *Rappel*, and now publishes a *brochure*, entitled 'Ce que c'est que l'Exil,' which will serve as Preface to 'Pendant l'Exil,' which is itself a continuation of 'Avant l'Exil,' and precedes 'Depuis l'Exil.' Thanks to these volumes, in which the poet, now returned to his country, himself relates, with all their authentic details, the events of his life, posterity will not be exposed, as so often it has been, to vagueness and error as regards the intimate knowledge of the life of a great man.

UNDER the title of *Shakespeare's Tragedies*, Mr. D. J. Snider, a backwoodsman of the United States, has issued a reprint of his criticisms on *Romeo and Juliet*, *Lear*, *Timon*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*. While not on a very high level, the essays are independent and have good points, though they make rather too much of the structural divisions of the play and the groups of actors. We quote one sound opinion: "The somewhat prevalent notion of making love the mainspring of Lady Macbeth's actions, and of seeing in her the tender, devoted wife, who committed the most horrible crimes merely out of affection for her husband, is ridiculous, and is, in my judgment, contradicted by the whole tenor of the play." —*The Academy*.

WE believe that there are in Siamese only two works as yet printed which are of interest to foreign scholars, namely, a Grammar and Dictionary. Both of these are imperfect, and therefore it is all the more satisfactory to learn that a revision of these works is about to be made, and that the King of Siam himself (who has of late shown himself interested in astronomy and other kindred sciences) has commanded the publication of a small cyclopædia, which treats wholly of Siam, its history, geography, literature, and political constitution. Such a work will doubtless prove a useful handbook to those interested in Siam. The Preface will be by the King himself, and one of the most interesting portions of the work, as far as we can at present judge, will doubtless be an Appendix containing a vocabulary of several little known dialects spoken on the eastern frontier of the Siamese territory.

THE life of John Locke, on which Mr. H. R. Fox-Bourne has been for some time past engaged, is now completed, and will be published shortly. Mr. Fox-Bourne has been able to make use of more than one hundred and seventy letters written by Locke, besides about forty written to him, which have never been printed. He has also discovered the original manuscripts of several short treatises written by the philosopher but never published, among them, "An Essay Concerning Toleration,' penned fourteen years before the first of Locke's famous 'Letters on Toleration,' others illustrating the growth of his opinions on philosophical, theological, and political subjects, and a curious collection of medical memoirs and notes, showing how extensive were his studies and practice as a physician, and connecting him as a joint-worker with Thomas Sydenham, "the father of English medicine." These and a large quantity of other original materials have been made use of by Mr. Fox-Bourne in his forthcoming work, which thus promises to tell us vastly more than the world has yet known about the public and private life of one of the foremost men that England has to be proud of.

SCIENCE AND ART.

OCEANIC CIRCULATION.—The controversy between Dr. Carpenter and Mr. Croll as to the cause of oceanic circulation is still carried on with vigor. Dr. Carpenter's conclusions, drawn from the temperature-soundings in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, made by the *Challenger* Expedition and the officers of the U.S.S. *Tuscarora*, and published in the *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, are criticised by Mr. Croll in a paper read before the British Association at its last meeting, and published in the *Philosophical Magazine* for September and October. Mr. Croll asserts that the temperature-soundings, so far at least

as the North Atlantic is concerned, prove the physical impossibility of any general interchange of polar and equatorial water due to gravitation. He considers it a condition absolutely essential to the gravitation theory that the surface of the ocean should be highest in equatorial regions, and slope downwards towards either pole; whereas the researches of the *Challenger* Expedition have brought to light the astounding fact that the general surface of the North Atlantic, to be in equilibrium, must stand at a higher level than at the equator. To prove this statement, Mr. Croll selects a certain section in the North Atlantic (the one adopted for illustration by Dr. Carpenter) and computes the extent to which columns of water at the equator, and at the latitude 38° N., are each expanded by heat, using for the purpose Muncke's tables of expansion of sea-water. As a result of the calculation it appears that there must be a rise of at least 3½ feet from the equator to latitude 38° N. In answer to this argument Dr. Carpenter (*Nature*, October 21) points out among other things that Mr. Croll in his computation has omitted the consideration of the inferior salinity of the equatorial column, which, as it shows itself alike at the surface and at the bottom, may be fairly taken as characterising its entire height. This will make a difference in the opposite direction of about one foot in 1026; sufficient, therefore, if the excess in the North Atlantic column extends to a depth of no more than 600 fathoms, to neutralise the whole 3½ feet of elevation which Mr. Croll deduces from relative temperatures.

Substitutes for Coal.—According to a writer in the *Revue Industrielle*, the world need not be uneasy in prospect of the consumption of all its coal, for explosives will take the place of coal, and supply all the mechanical power required by future generations. A little more than a pound of dynamite, when exploded, would lift from the ground and project a weight of one hundred and sixty thousand kilogrammes. A kilogramme of nitro-glycerine exploded in a closed chamber develops a theoretical pressure of two hundred and forty-three thousand atmospheres. The heat developed is in proportion; and we are assured that "in a single litre of nitro-glycerine there is stored up five thousand five hundred horse-power working continuously for ten hours."

Periodical Variation of the Sun's Heat.—Mr. Blanford has published in the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* a discussion of the results of six years' observations of Solar Radiation made with the black bulb *in vacuo* at eleven stations in Bengal, for the six years 1868–9 to 1873–4. The results, as the author says, "agree in showing a very decided variation of the incident solar heat: a variation which, in the epoch of its maximum approximatively, its rapid rise before that maximum and slower decline after it, agrees with the variation curve of the solar spots." In Mr. Blanford's words, "It is needless to point out that a vast train of inquiry is opened up by the fact, once established, that the solar heat undergoes a periodical variation."

Raw Cotton as a Dressing for Wounds.—Surgeons in Europe and America are now using raw cotton as a dressing for wounds, and with excellent effect. A layer of cotton spread over a wound or over the surface exposed by amputation, protects the part thoroughly, filters the air, and prevents the access of floating germs, whether poisonous or not. It is important that the cotton be fresh and of good quality; and if it is to be used in a hospital, it should not be previously exposed to the air of that hospital; moreover, a dressing should never be renewed in the foul air of a ward. In time of war and on the battle-field, the cotton would prevent much suffering. "In civil practice," as remarked by Dr. Van Buren, "it promises to be useful principally in the large hospitals of great cities, where pyæmia and erysipelas are always liable to become endemic, in preventing the poisoning of open wounds by those diseases, and also by thus enabling surgeons to save limbs which might otherwise require amputation." The cotton above described is that manufactured in the form of wadding.

Utilization of Waste.—A department has been added to the Bethnal Green Museum (London) which promises to be highly instructive. In all manufactures, and, indeed, in all dwellings, there is a great deal of waste, some of which is noxious. Art and science are continually trying to discover uses for this waste, and have had much success; and in the new department above referred to, there is a large collection of articles manufactured from waste. Waste silk, cotton, and wool are now converted into clothing or articles of domestic use. Beautiful dyes and exquisite perfumes are obtained from waste coal-tar; cork-clippings are manufactured into floor-cloth; and many other articles are now "on view," as auctioneers say, at Bethnal Green. Any one who discovers a way to utilize waste (old corks, for instance), may reckon on an ample reward.

A Gas-burning Furnace.—At a late meeting of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chemical Society, Mr. J. Wallace described an arrangement of a Bunsen burner with which there is perfect

combustion of gas. The usual arrangement is reversed, and instead of regulating the pre-admixture of air from below, it is done at the top by back-pressure, by means of an adjustable perforated metallic plate placed over the top of the burner-tube. When the gas is lit, small bright green beads form on the perforations, and above them the flame appears, not a hollow flame with a dark interior, but a flame solid to the centre. It is a noteworthy achievement to have proved that gas may be burnt completely in large quantities and in such a manner as to render it a useful and profitable fuel under many circumstances where a measured quantity of heat has to be produced. With a furnace comprising a cast-iron gas chamber into which twelve one-inch burners were fixed, Mr. Wallace demonstrated his proposition. The combustion was perfect, whatever might be the quantity of gas passing, and was not disturbed by sudden lighting, or turning low, or off. A furnace of this kind, as was explained to the meeting, when placed below a steam-boiler, may be regulated by means of a valve adjusted to move at any given steam-pressure, and thus regulate the supply of fuel (that is, gas) exactly at the rate steam is required. There will be no deposit of soot, nor any 'striking down' of the flame, and no pressure is required beyond that of the ordinary gas supply. A small steam-boiler is indispensable in many laboratories, and in many operations in science and the arts; and with Mr. Wallace's furnace such a boiler may be heated and kept under proper control. It has been proved that a boiler of four horse-power may be kept at work with a consumption of gas at the rate of sixpence an hour.

An Egyptian Geographical Society.—We are told that Egypt was the cradle of science. Certain it is that Egypt has long been asleep, and has of late shown signs of waking up. A further sign is the establishing of a geographical society at Cairo, under the title Société Khédiavale de Géographie. The first meeting was held in June last. Dr. Schweinfurth, the well-known traveller, delivered the inaugural address; and the Society have now begun the study of all branches of geography, and are endeavoring to throw light on those parts of Africa of which, at present, little or nothing is known. The results are to be published in a quarterly *Bulletin*.

Action of Camphor on Plants.—Professor Vogel, of Munich, has lately published some curious experiments on camphor and its physiological action on plants. In 1798, Benj. Smith Barton first announced the stimulating action of camphor on vegetable organisms. He stated that a tulip with its stalk dipping in a solution of that substance withered much later than others kept in common water; and that a yellow iris that was about to fade was reinvigorated for a few hours by means of camphor. Barton therefore came to the conclusion that this drug acts upon plants as a stimulant, much as spirits do on the animal frame. These all but forgotten experiments have lately been resumed by Professor Vogel, who has lately communicated his results to the Academy of Munich. He first prepares a homogeneous solution of camphor by triturating it with distilled water, and then shaking it up with a larger quantity of the same; and into this he puts his plants. Two branches of seringa (common lilac) in blossom, of equal size and vigor, were selected; one of them was put into common water, the other into the camphorated solution. A remarkable difference was soon noticed. After the lapse of twelve hours, the former was already drooping and nearly faded, while the latter was still erect and apparently as fresh as ever, some of its buds having even opened in the interval; and this healthy condition lasted three days. In another experiment a branch of lilac which was nearly dead was put into camphorated water and revived for a short time. The action of camphor is less powerful on the vine, and scarcely of any effect on black elder. The idea now presented itself that this drug might also have some action on seeds, and, accordingly, some of *lepidium sativum*, or garden cress, were subjected to this treatment. They were chosen very old, because in that state their germinating power is much weaker than when they are new. The seeds were placed on blotting-paper in porcelain plates one portion being wetted with the camphor solution and another with common water, another piece of blotting-paper was laid over each. The germinating power of these seeds is considered not to extend beyond three years, and yet, under the influence of camphor, some of 1869 germinated in the course of twenty-four hours, and others of 1871 in seven hours, while those exposed to the action of pure water either did not give signs of life, or, at least, very imperfectly. From these and similar experiments it may be concluded that camphor is a valuable agent in horticulture.

The Physiological Action of Ozone.—Messrs. Dewar and M'Kendrick, of Edinburgh, have made a series of experiments on the physiological action of ozone. Ever since Schoenbein showed that a mouse shut up in an atmosphere of ozone died in about five minutes, a notion has prevailed that ozone acts in an energetic way on the animal body;

but until these experiments were made, scarcely any thing was known of the subject. The conclusions, as stated by the experimentalists are: "1. That the inhalation of an atmosphere highly charged with ozone diminishes the number of respirations per minute. 2. The pulsations of the heart are reduced in strength, and the heart is found beating feebly after the death of the animal (experimented on). 3. The blood is always found in a venous condition in all parts of the body, both in cases of death in an atmosphere of ozonised air and of ozonised oxygen." (In this particular the action resembles that of carbonic acid.) "4. Ozone exercises a destructive action on the living animal tissues if brought into immediate contact with them; but it does not affect them so readily if they are covered by a layer of fluid. 5. Ozone acts as an irritant to the mucous membrane of the nostrils and air-passages, as all observers have previously remarked."

RATE OF GROWTH IN CORALS.—An interesting account of the rate of growth of corals is given in a letter addressed to Professor Dana by Professor Le Conte, and published in *Silliman's American Journal*. The following portion is of importance: "Professor Agassiz and his party were at Fort Jefferson, Tortugas. Dr. William L. Jones and myself had gone to examine a little island about eight or ten miles to the north-west. On returning to Fort Jefferson in a small boat, when about half way between the two islands, and in the still shoal water on the inside of the line of reefs, to our great surprise the boat suddenly grounded on the close-set prongs of an extensive grove of madrepores (*Madrepora cervicornis?*). On examining closely the trees of this grove, we found: 1. That the prongs were far more thickly set than is usual in this species; 2, that all the prongs not only of the same tree, but of all the trees of the whole grove, grow up to nearly the same level, which at the time examined was very near the surface; 3, that all the prongs at that level were dead for a distance of one to three inches from the point. The lower limit of death seemed to be a *perfectly horizontal plane*. The dead points rose above it to various distances not exceeding three inches. We rowed around the margin of this grove for a considerable distance, and found everywhere the same phenomena. I satisfied myself that the whole grove, for hundreds of acres in extent, had been clipped in a similar manner. On subsequent inquiry at Key West, I learned that the mean level of the ocean, owing probably to the prevalence of certain winds, was higher during one portion of the year than during the other. It became evident, therefore, that during the high water the living points of the madrepores grow upward until the descending water level exposes and kills them down to a certain level. With the rise of the mean level again new points start upward, to be again clipped at the same level by the descending water. The levelness, the thick setting, and the deadness of the points are all thus completely accounted for. It is precisely the phenomena of a clipped hedge."

VARIETIES.

BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.—Eighteen years have now elapsed since a work appeared which made such a sensation on its first issue that its author might almost have described it in the words of Gibbon, who tells us that his first two volumes were in the winter of their appearance "on every table, and almost every toilet." To attain the sudden brilliancy of the meteor and retain the permanent illumination of the planet is a fate shared by few efforts of human labor with the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. It is not too soon to say that Buckle's *History of Civilization* does not belong to that small band. We greatly doubt how it would bear that test of permanent value, a second perusal; we strongly suspect that many among the readers once fascinated by its brilliancy would, without any change in their own point of view, now turn with impatience from its shallowness. Still, it was a valuable and noteworthy book. We are a little unjust in requiring permanence as an element of literary value; a book may be at once ephemeral and useful. Bacon's saying, "Truth emerges sooner from error than from confusion," often as it is quoted, is not enough laid to heart. Truth, perhaps, owes as much to those who stir and quicken thought as to those who enlarge its stores. Let the reader remember some of the *vivâ voce* discussions the brilliant fragment provoked, let him unite in imagination the critics whom no accident could bring together now in this world. Can he, as he reviews the varied group, recall any other volume, not fictitious, which was a subject of common interest to minds so numerous and so diverse? The distinction is not a small one. It may belong to a work in one sense merely ephemeral, the next generation may find its brilliancy tarnished, its learning questionable, its theories futile. But the work done is not ephemeral, seeds of thought have been dropped into thousands of minds, and one or two contain soil where they will germinate. To stimulate thought in many minds is a work well worth achieving, whatever comes of it, or whether anything comes of it that our instru-

ments can measure. And this is the very least that can be said of Buckle's *History of Civilization.—The Spectator.*

CHINESE MOURNING CUSTOMS.—In the third month of every year, at a period which is called *Ching-ming-chieh*, the Chinese are accustomed to visit the graves of near relatives in order to *chi-sao*, that is, to sacrifice and weep. On this occasion they repair the graves and otherwise put them in order; in some instances offerings are made to the dead in the shape of cakes, wine, fruit, etc., and last, but not least, a quantity of paper money is burned, by which, however, we must not be understood to mean bank notes, for it is merely a tinsel imitation of silver and gold. The ceremonies observed on the death of a father are usually somewhat as follows:—All the relatives are at once informed of the event, notice of which on a slip of white paper is pasted on the door-post of the house, and the descendants of the deceased assemble at the house, dressed in white, and with white bandages round their heads, and pieces of white cloth or silk are brought by friends and placed over the corpse. The eldest son, who is, of course, chief mourner, goes through a curious ceremony, called "buying water," that is to say, he fetches some in a bowl from a neighboring stream or well, throwing in two small copper coins in payment for the same. With this water they wash the face and body of the corpse, and then place it in the coffin, which is far more massive and ponderous in its construction than those we use, and is somewhat different in shape; it generally has a hole made in the lid for the deceased's spirit to escape through, but is otherwise most carefully closed up in all its joints and seams. The remains of the deceased then lie in state, and a tablet is erected bearing an inscription similar to that which is afterwards placed on the gravestone. Incense is burned, and the children of the deceased make their prostrations before this tablet every day for seven days. The funeral procession usually takes place after three weeks; in front of the coffin are friends and relations, and following it are the sons and grandsons, behind whom come the women of the family in sedan-chairs, uttering loud lamentations. The tablet, spoken of above, is also carried in the procession in a sedan-chair or under a species of canopy. The coffin is lowered into the grave at a lucky time, chosen by a fortune-teller, and earth is scattered over it by the sons of the deceased, but we have never heard of anything approaching to a religious ceremony being performed. Offerings are made to the spirit of the deceased, mock money and incense are burned, and the relatives all prostrate themselves at the grave. After the obsequies have been thus duly performed, the tablet is taken back to the house, and placed with the other ancestral tablets belonging to the family. —*Sunday Magazine.*

THE TENNYSONS.—Nearly fifty years ago, there appeared a small first volume of poems by two brothers—Charles and Alfred Tennyson. Wordsworth then thought Charles the greater poet of the two. Alfred afterwards gave himself entirely to the muses; Charles devoted himself to the care of his rural parish and the faithful discharge of pastoral duty. Charles Tennyson (Turner) was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, July 4, 1808. George Clayton Tennyson, his father, was rector of Somersby, &c., and himself a poet, although he did not publish anything. He married Elizabeth Ffytche, the daughter of the vicar of Louth. He took a great part in the education of his sons. The eldest surviving son, Frederick, is a poet, and published "Days and Hours," and has written many beautiful poems. Charles, our author, is the second surviving son; and Alfred—the poet-laureate —is the third. These three brothers were at Trinity College, Cambridge, where Frederick and Alfred obtained prizes; Charles, the Bells scholarship. Before going to college, when they were yet in their teens, Charles and Alfred published a small volume of poems together—to which we have alluded. At Cambridge they became acquainted with Arthur Hallam, who was afterwards engaged to their sister Emily. It was the early loss of his friend, to whom he was tenderly attached, that moved Alfred to write "In Memoriam." It was when Charles was at Cambridge, that a friend and fellow-collegian, John Frere, by showing him some original sonnets, called his attention to the particular form of poetry to which he has remained constant ever since. Charles Tennyson published his first volume of sonnets soon after, while he was yet at college. A copy of this volume was shown to Coleridge, who made some very favorable notes on it. Unfortunately, Coleridge was prevented from carrying out his intention of writing a commentary on each sonnet and lyric in the volume. Leigh Hunt also reviewed it favorably, together with his brother Alfred's first volume, which was published at the same time. Charles Tennyson changed his name to Turner, in obedience to the wish of his great-uncle. He took holy orders, and after being curate for some time, in 1836 took possession of his little living of Grasby, in Lincolnshire. He and his brother Alfred married two sisters, daughters of Henry Sellwood, Esq., who married Sarah, sister of Sir John Franklin, the arctic explorer.—*International Review.*

OLD CHINA.—To persons who are thinking of collecting old china we are almost inclined to give the well-known advice of *Punch* to persons about to marry—"Don't." Prices are almost prohibitory just now, except to people with very long purses indeed. Still there are bargains to be got, and there is china to be bought, though not at fashionable *bric-à-brac* shops, or at the great auction marts of the metropolis. No one, for instance, can go far wrong who buys for a pound or so a pretty teacup and saucer which has a well-painted group of flowers upon it, or a fine landscape; the painting is worth all the money, and such things do turn up occasionally at out-of-the-way auctions, and in small country towns. The writer was not long since at the house of a country clergyman in a remote county, where he observed some apples upon a dish of old Worcester china—the square-marked Worcester—painted with exotic birds. Upon inquiring whether the owner knew its value, he was informed that it was a part of their common dessert service, which had been in family use for two generations, and was thought to be nice, but not more valuable than other china. He examined the plates and dishes, however—there were about a dozen altogether—and told his host that this little service was worth probably a couple of hundred pounds, a communication which was received with a general laugh of amazement and incredulity. However, this dessert service was sent to Christie's and sold for a little under two hundred pounds! But it may be asked, what is the cause of this factitious value which is attached just now to old china? And in answer we should be inclined to deny in the first place that the value is rightly to be called factitious. "The real value of a thing," says Butler, "is just as much as it will bring." And, although this may not hold good with regard to "securities" bought and sold on the Stock Exchange, which pass from hand to hand often without having any real existence at all, in the case of good works of old pottery and porcelain, the things have an intrinsic value, which must always be realisable under the usual conditions of national prosperity. They are beautiful in themselves, and under present circumstances they cannot be reproduced. The imitations, however near, are still inferior; a something of the original spirit is lacking; and if even tolerable they cannot be cheap. Men cannot in the nineteenth century afford to give the time for artistic work in manufactured goods which it really requires. In fact, our usual "manufactured goods" are not manufactured at all—that is to say, wrought by the hand of man—but made chiefly by machinery. The Greek vases, and indeed the Sèvres and the Chelsea vases of the last century, were not turned out by the gross. The Philistine world indeed may sneer at the artificial value set on old pieces of crockery ware or rusty iron. But the art-student knows their true worth; and he esteems them as precious, because standards of a better taste produced when men could afford time, and thought it worth while to do their work as well as they were able.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

(No. 2.)

(*At the Alexandra Palace Banquet, October* 25.)

Paying sight! Left and right,
Growds pressing onward,—
Sharp Alexandra Board
Dines the Two Hundred!
"Free passes grant them all!"
Veterans, short and tall—
Sharp Alexandra Board—
(Profits will not be small)—
Dines the Two Hundred!

"Go it, the Light Brigade!".
Toast-Master, sore dismayed,
Queered by those heroes' chaff,
Boggled and blundered.
Theirs not to speechify,
Still less to make reply;
Theirs but to drain all dry,—
Into the drinkables
Walked the Two Hundred!

Bottles to right of them,
Bottles to left of them,
Bottles in front of them,
While the band thundered:
They knew no "Captain Cork"—
Boldly they went to work,
After the eatables
Fell to their knife and fork,—
Thirsty Two Hundred!

A la Russe might surprise,
Still they knew joints and pies,
Clearing the dishes there,
Relevés and *entrées*, while
Scared waiters wondered;
Then, plunged in 'bacca smoke,
Glasses and pipes they broke—
Comrades long sundered,
Big with old lark and joke,
Gleefully met again—
Jolly Two Hundred!

Trophies to right of them,
Trophies to left of them,
Cardigan's charger's head
Piously sundered!
Back they reeled, from the spread,
Straight as they could, to bed—
They that had dined so well—
Nothing to pay per head—
Happy Two Hundred!

When shall their glory fade?
O, what a meal they made!
Cockneydom wondered.
Honor the Charge they made—
Bravo the Light Brigade!
Hearty Two Hundred!

Punch.

pert in photography can readily detect the palpable signs of imposture. In an extremely small number, the circumstances of their preparation have been so special, or the skill employed has been so perfect, as to betray no mark of dishonest fabrication.

Becoming prevalent in this country at a time when the first ardor of the impulse given in America had considerably diminished, the development of the asserted phenomena has been more rapid in England than in the United States. The earliest observers told of muffled knocks, or sharp electric crackles, which by their number gave signs of assent or dissent to a question, or indicated the letters of the alphabet. Tables and other articles of furniture were endowed with motion, in most cases under the hands of the experimenters, but in other instances, it was said, when untouched. Musical instruments sounded in the dark. To these indications of spiritual force, now reported for more than twenty-five years, have succeeded, it is asserted, in this country, more direct appeals to the senses. Faces, hands, and figures, resembling those of departed friends, have become visible in the subdued light provided for the practice of the circle. Articulate sounds have been breathed through flexible tubes; mediums, and persons not themselves mediums, have been floated in the air; bunches of lovely and delicate flowers have been rained down through the darkness; fiery embers have been placed, without injury, on the hands and on the hair of the head; and at last every attribute of life, form, voice, tangible substance, manufactured (and dishonestly manufactured) clothing, and vigorous resistance to attempted violence, have been displayed by what is said to be a disembodied spirit.

With regard to this last, the most marvellous and most convincing of demonstrations, it has, indeed, been carried too far. Experiences said to have taken place in London have been repeated in Philadelphia, in the presence of one of the oldest and most cautious writers on the subject of Spiritualism. As far as any one, who was not an expert in *legerdemain*, could be a judge of the real, the apparent, or the fictitious nature of any unexplained phenomenon, Mr. Owen was eminently to be relied on. Yet all his experience and all his caution were in fault in presence of that last and most imposing of manifestations. After repeated *séances*, visited by the materialised spirit of Kate King, Mr. Owen has published a card to admit that he was the victim of a deception. A widow with two children has confessed that she was paid to play the part, and to personate the materialised spirit. We sink from the supernatural to the ghost seen in Don Juan.

The dim and shadowy border-land of the invisible world has always been a region that fascinated the human mind. There lies the cradle of Religion. There extends the paradise of Poetry. Children, women, all the finer natures of our race, snatch a fearful joy from lingering in the half-forbidden precincts. The grave man, wearied with the toil and din of the battle of life, becomes a child again when his thoughts flit to that unforgotten wonderland. The faint twilight, through which shadowy forms glint like angels, and seen by which all that is undefined is pregnant with wonder, may some day yield to the pure bright light of day. But to replace its tender glimmering haze by the dense dull fog that weighs upon the necromancer, is not to confer a boon on mankind. The man who argues that, because he knows nothing of a spiritual world, nothing can be known regarding it, may be a pedant, but he is not a philosopher. The greatest names in history are those of the men whose glances have penetrated the farthest into a vista closed to duller vision. For a man fed upon the printed wisdom, and pale with the city life, of the nineteenth century, to think that he can weigh, in his tiny balance, the giants of olden times —that he can prove that Mohammed was a lunatic and Moses an impostor—is only for the owl to declare his disbelief that the eagle can gaze full at the sun. But the man who is ready to accept any wonder, so only that it be a wonder, is no better than a fool.

Two very different branches of investigation must be pursued, in order to obtain any comprehensive acquaintance with this great subject. They may be termed the historic, or literary, and the philosophical. Under the latter head ranks the physiological investigation of the phenomena of life, and the scientific in-

quiry into any alleged phenomena which may show that life is not the consequence, but the cause of organization. Into this inquiry we are by no means unprepared to enter. The brilliant physiological discoveries of the present century are such as to furnish a new field for the patient analyst; and the more exact habit of observation, which the advance of knowledge and the improvement of instruments have aided, is as yet almost entirely unapplied to the investigation of pneumatology.

A research of this nature, however, is chiefly interesting to those to whom physiology is not altogether unfamiliar; and it is beset by the singular disadvantage of being discouraged by some of the very men to whom the world would most naturally look for its prosecution. Our own belief, that an enforced study of the morbid side of physiology has often had the effect of leading the anatomist to confound condition with causation, will not be admitted without a struggle. In a word, the *reconnaissance* may at any moment become a contest.

An impartial glance at the literature of pneumatology can lead to conflict only on the ground of incompetence, whether in the investigator, or in those who condemn him. The great phenomena of the existence of definite human beliefs, and of the influence which, for good or for evil, they have exerted upon mankind, can be inquired into apart from the consideration of the amount of truth and of error which may mingle to form each creed. The physiological inquiry would be incomplete without some reference to the literature of the subject. A *precis* of the latter, or rather an indication of the sources from which such a *precis* may be drawn up, would be both in itself useful and interesting, and also of further value as an introductory chapter to the philosophy of pneumatology.

We believe that the best mode of bringing this obscure and important subject before our readers, that is possible within our limits, will be to give a brief notice of two or three of those works which, from the known high character of their authors, stand apart from the general low level of the 'spiritualistic' literature of the day. We shall thus present the views of men who are eminent in science, in theology, or in literature, which are, to a certain extent, accordant in their admission of facts, although widely differing in the inferences to be drawn from these facts. We shall glance at the extreme positions held by those who deny all occurrences of the nature commonly called supernatural, and by those who, with open-mouthed fatuity, attribute all ordinary events to extraordinary causes. We shall point out that while there is ample testimony as to the occurrence of phenomena inexplicable according to the general order and limitation of organic life, the study of these phenomena has not advanced a single step beyond the establishment of their objective reality. We shall show that, on the admission of those best qualified to judge, the study is attended not only with disadvantage, but with danger; that its results are, both practically and of necessity, vague, contradictory, and absolutely unreliable. Lastly we shall show, from literary evidence, that the spiritualism of the nineteenth century is identical with ancient necromancy; and that thus, so far from being a new source of positive information as to the unseen world, it is a perplexed and illicit curiosity, which has obtained no useful result during a history of more than three thousand years, and from which neither from theory nor from experience, does it appear probable that any important knowledge can ever be ascertained. We commence with the testimony of a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Mr. Crookes' statement of the temper and method in which the investigation of any obscure phenomena should be approached breathes the true spirit of philosophic inquiry. Elected a Fellow of the Royal Society on the first proposal, while yet a young man, as the discoverer of a new metal, Mr. Crookes is known for his researches in chemical analysis, photography, metallurgy, physical optics, astronomy, and meteorology. An invidious and discreditable attack made on him by one of our contemporaries has had the effect of bringing his labors into more public notice than they might otherwise have secured. His last physical discovery, if the accounts are accurate, that of the impulsive energy of light, is one of the greatest strides made since the discovery of gravitation, of which it may be called the complement. Mr. Crookes has had

the hard fate of being attacked, by those who have not read his works, as a 'recent convert to spiritualism,' at the very time when he was accused by spiritualists of want of faith, or of candor, in refusing to accept the explanation of phenomena that he admitted to be genuine. Thus he occupies that safe position of admitting that which can be verified, and no more, which becomes the intelligent man of science, whatever be the field of his inquiries.

Mr. Crookes divides those phenomena, called spiritual, which he has himself witnessed and tested, into twelve classes, for which we refer to his little book. He cites eight theories as adduced to explain them. Of these, the first three—imposture, subjective delusion, and unconscious nervous or muscular action—he briefly dismisses as applicable only to a portion of the phenomena, if to that. Three other theories, namely the action of evil spirits, of spirits of a neutral or intermediate class, or of the spirits of departed human beings, are not necessarily mutually exclusive, although the last is the spiritualistic theory *par excellence*. There remains the theory that the medium, or some of the persons composing the circle, exerts by some unknown process a power that is both physical and intellectual. This hypothesis falls to the ground before the cases in which both physical and intellectual results are far in advance of the capacity of the medium or the circle. The last theory has been called Psychic force. If this be used merely as a provisional term, to imply the unknown cause of certain obscure and remarkable phenomena, it may perhaps be as good as any other. All that can be actually predicated of it is as follows.

Competent witnesses attest the occurrence of certain phenomena, both physical and intellectual, which are explicable on no known physical theory. They generally occur in the close vicinity of certain individuals of more or less diseased or abnormal constitutions; are intensified by the increase of numbers of persons brought into contact with these individuals, and become most marked when these associations are most perseveringly formed.

It is the general hypothesis that a certain *aura*, or atmosphere, emanates from such a group of persons, in or by virtue of which such events occur, as, in the absence of other explanations, are naturally referred to the action of an intelligent, incorporeal power. By some persons this hypothetical atmosphere is called the Psychic force, but by others that term is applied to the cause of the phenomena, be it what it may. In either sense the term is admissible, but its double use tends still more hopelessly to confound a matter extremely obscure. Beyond the point that certain phenomena are genuine, but as yet entirely unexplained, we do not think that Mr. Crookes has carried his conclusions. To that limit it seems that all patient, candid, and impartial investigators will accompany him. Beyond that limit we think none have safely and profitably ventured; nor does the result of Mr. Crookes' study of the subject for four years give much promise that any are likely to do so. Admitting the existence of a peculiar force, the law and the origin of its activity are as yet unknown.

From the position of the philosophic expectant, who admits the evidence of his own senses, but avoids any inference which is not logically clear, we pass to that of the man of science, who admits, and that of the theologian, who denies, the ordinary explanation of the phenomena. 'Miracles and Modern Spiritualism,' by Mr. Wallace, and 'The Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism,' by Dr. Mahan, are two books which may be very advantageously read together. Both authors are men who command the respect of numerous readers. Each is favorably known in his own field of labor. Each is able, truthful, painstaking, and impressed with a deep sense of the importance of the subject on which he writes. The conclusions at which they arrive are opposed; but as to the facts on which the conclusions are based, there is, to a considerable extent, no diversity of opinion between them. The reader will thus find the ground cleared to a considerable extent. When the spiritualist and the anti-spiritualist agree in the description of phenomena which have come under their own observation, there is an unusual amount of *primâ facie* evidence of their truth.

With regard to the deductions from the admitted facts, it is instructive to observe that each of these writers is most convincing when he confines his attention to

considerations akin to his special branch of study. Each seems to wander when he attempts to enter the province familiar to his opponent. Mr. Wallace brings forward a few selected facts, with such careful notation of dates, authorities, and references, as enables the reader to verify his statements. His deductions from these statements are clear and logical, so far as scientific appreciation goes. The want of proof is due, not to any unscientific method as refers to the phenomena cited, but to a want of exhaustive collection of phenomena. But when from the work of the analyst Mr. Wallace turns to that of the moralist, in his paper on the 'Moral Teachings of Spiritualism,' this partial generalization becomes fatal to the argument, and we cease to agree with the writer.

Dr. Mahan has collected a far wider and more diversified group of phenomena, chiefly taken from American sources. His experience, direct or indirect, has been more comprehensive than that of Mr. Wallace. But there is an entire want of scientific precision in recounting and in dealing with these phenomena. There is no such accuracy of statement or of reference as may enable the reader to trace the narrative on his own account. He must take Dr. Mahan's statement, or leave it; he is not enabled to verify it. As to the inferences from these statements, while they are often very probable, they are never logically certain; nor is the final hypothesis, it seems to us, even capable of definite statement in scientific language. But with Dr. Mahan's view of the moral bearings of the question we readily agree.

'A confirmed philosophical sceptic,' Mr. Wallace 'was so thorough and confirmed a materialist,' as to have no place in his mind 'for the conception of spiritual existence, or for any other agencies in the universe than matter and force.' Having his curiosity awakened by some slight but inexplicable phenomena occurring in a friend's family, a desire for knowledge and love for truth led him to pursue their investigation. Slowly and reluctantly he became convinced of the occurrence of facts, but it was long before he found himself compelled to refer the phenomena to any incorporeal origin. It is natural that, when driven to this conclusion, the relation between modern phenomena and the religious argument should have occupied a prominent, not to say a disproportionate, space, in Mr. Wallace's speculations. His two well-known papers, printed in the 'Fortnightly Review,'* are republished in this book. Their clear, temperate, and precise statements produced a strong effect on the public mind when first they appeared; nor is any one justified in giving a hasty judgment on the subject without having read these or similar accounts.

Having resided since 1850 in several of the chief centres of the spiritualist movement in America, Dr. Mahan, who is the First President of Oberlin College, Ohio, has met with evidence which he 'could not resist with integrity,' 'of the reality of physical manifestations of a very startling and impressive character.' 'As far as the intelligent communications are concerned,' he has 'found equally valid evidences for the reality of the facts of spiritualism.' He finds himself 'necessitated, therefore, in moral honesty, to admit the facts;' but in seeking for their explanation he confesses that he did so under the unfortunate assumption that 'their character precluded any other supposition than an exclusively mundane origin.' Of course a book might be written on such an assumption, but then it should not have the word 'scientifically' included in the title.

We may note, in passing, a characteristic feature of each of the two volumes. Mr. Wallace's book, with a very brief table of contents, reproduces three independent essays. It is thus deficient in unity and sequence of plan. But an index aids the reader to master the facts. Dr. Mahan's book has an elaborate table of contents. He commences by sketching the plan of the treatise, and gives such unhesitating titles to his chapters as 'Positive and Conclusive Proof that all these Manifestations are the Exclusive Result of Mundane Causes, and not of the Agency of Disembodied Spirits.' All that he shows, however, under this imposing title, is that certain very similar phenomena, long known to men of science, have not usually been referred to spriritual agency—their mode of occurrence being entirely unexplained. The

* Reprinted in ECLECTIC for August and September, 1874.

looseness of statement and of argument of which we complain is appropriately illustrated by the absence of any index to the book.

Dr. Mahan's first and second chapters treat of the 'Effects of Animal Magnetism upon the Human System,' and of what has been called 'the odylic, odic, or psychic force.' Mr. Wallace heads the fourth section of his paper on 'The Scientific Aspect of the Supernatural,' Od-force, Animal Magnetism, and Clairvoyance.' By exact references to known facts, known authorities, and known works, Mr. Wallace supports his position that 'certain individuals are gifted with unusual powers of perception, sometimes by the ordinary senses leading to the discovery of new forces in nature, sometimes in a manner which no abnormal power of the ordinary senses will account for.' By a series of such phenomena Mr. Wallace holds that we are gradually led up to the line which divides what are commonly called natural and supernatural, but would be more simply termed corporeal and incorporeal agents. In the view of Dr. Mahan, who ignores the maxim, *idem non est similis*, the odylic force is 'identical with that which is the immediate cause of the spirit manifestations,' which again is 'identical with that from which result all the phenomena of mesmerism and clairvoyance.' He continues to urge that 'the admitted fact that an essential part of the phenomena are undeniably originated by exclusively mundane causes requires, without proof to the contrary, that they all be referred to the same causes.' That is to say, he first assumes that a greater or less degree of similarity is the same as identity; he then assumes that because a cause is as yet undiscovered as to its nature it must be 'mundane;' and he lastly gives his opponents the choice of either proving a negative, or coming under his definition. This is not a method of argument that has weight with scientific minds.

Dr. Mahan states that the following conclusion is undeniable. 'There is in nature a medium of communication between mind and mind, other than that by which communications are had, through the ordinary channels of the senses.' That this 'medium' is anything else than the agency of incorporeal spirits, he does not attempt to show. He quietly assumes it, and thus, as it seems to us, involves himself in far greater difficulty than that which he wishes to shun.

The whole mass of the abnormal phenomena described by Dr. Mahan may be divided into three primary natural groups, entirely independent of the names by which they may have been designated by different observers. First we rank that large and comprehensive class, including some of the most sensational accounts, in which direct imposture has been so often detected, that it is justifiable to regard the entire group of asserted phenomena as likely to prove direct impositions.

The second is a no less comprehensive group of observations in which we have every reason to believe in the *bonâ fide* character of the witnesses, and in which direct imposture is therefore out of the question. But the possibility of self-delusion is so great, in the cases to which we refer, that however strong may be the subjective evidence, and the conviction produced in the mind of the witness, the objective value of the testimony is *nil*, or at all events very slight, to a third person. Under this head will rank most of those instances, whether they are called mesmeric, biologic, or spiritualistic, in which the knowledge or the will of one person appears to be communicated to, or to affect, a second, without the ordinary use of the senses.

But in the third case Dr. Mahan acknowledges the existence of a small group of phenomena in which neither imposture nor self-delusion appears to be possible; nor is the hypothesis of the transmission of the will, or of the knowledge, of one person, by any unexplained means, to a second, at all applicable. It is in these rare and exceptional cases, there can be little doubt, that those causes are to be grasped, the explanation of which is the key to the whole question. But it is precisely these crucial instances that Dr. Mahan is content to leave unexplained, and to refer to the utterly inadequate explanation of chance coincidences.

Any communication made to man from the invisible spiritual world, must partake, it must be admitted, of either a subjective or an objective character. Each of these methods has its own special power of

conviction; each is exposed to its own special danger of deception. Objective phenomena, appealing to the sense of hearing, of touch, or of vision, have been from extreme antiquity regarded as the most impressive, so far as general credence is concerned. They also, in many cases, have the peculiarity of very close resemblance to those phenomena which we now call electric, or electro-magnetic, which are producible experimentally, and which very intimately and powerfully affect the nervous system. The 'raps,' which are usually the first phenomena expected at a *séance*, often resemble the cracking discharge of a Leyden jar or of an overcharged conductor. Appearance of light, movement of heavy bodies without visible agency, or spectral presentation of faces or forms, are the chief classes of objective phenomena which are now asserted to occur. They have been asserted thus to occur from the date of the earliest record. They appeal directly to the sense of wonder, and thus to the acceptance of the intelligence. But they are very capable of simulation, or production by artifice. So subtle is the skill of the professors of legerdemain, that even those who are aware of their intention to delude the senses are for the most part unable to detect how these wonders are effected. Under the conditions of darkened rooms, and other precautions proper to a *séance*, it would be easy for a professed conjurer to produce phenomena similar to most of those attributed to the agency of the medium. The great doubt, therefore, attendant on any objective phenomena said to be spiritual, is that of imposition; and the character of the medium, or other persons concerned, is of the first importance in any estimate of the evidence. In nine cases out of ten the moral difficulty of supposing that imposture is attempted will be more serious than the physical.

On the other hand, in purely subjective phenomena, such as the occurrence of a powerful impression on the mind, the hearing of articulate words, which the auditor is conscious are inaudible to other persons; the uncontrolled or automatic motion of the hand, as in writing unpremeditated communications; the utterance of speech, from some overpowering and foreign impulse, or dictation; the occurrence of the latter phenomena during the sleep, or the apparent sleep, of the medium;—the experience may be such as entirely to preclude the idea (to the subject) of impositions, or influence, *ab extra*, by any human agency. But in all these cases, and notably in the most subtle and important, the terrible fear of self-delusion presses on the mind. In the most remarkable mediums (as in the case of Mohammed himself) the constant recurrence of this fear has formed a very painful part of the experience. Again, even if the medium be convinced, by careful and repeated tests, that self-delusion is absent, the testimony is simply verbal to a third party. Independently, therefore, of the truth or falsehood of any given case of supernatural manifestation, the difficulty of establishing the *bonâ fide* truth of the fact (which has nothing to do with the truth or falsehood of the communication made), will always be of extreme magnitude. Nor can any simple method of manifestation be conceived which is not attended by this difficulty.

There is, indeed, one method by which the subjective and the objective can be so combined that, to the subject at least, the evidence may be taken as conclusive. And it is a curious fact that this method presents a flat contradiction to an assumption that pervades almost all *dicta* as to demonology, sorcery, or even theology. It is commonly asserted that man is so far master of his own thoughts that they cannot be read, against his will, by any spiritual being. This view is directly opposed to such phenomena as we now cite. The method of investigation in question is the putting a mental question by one individual, and the giving a reply to it either by sounds, by writing, or by words, by another. Of the occasional occurrence of this there is no question. A man may put a mental question, and, to avoid self-deception, either write it down, or make some note, sketch, or hieroglyphic, known to and seen by himself alone, and may receive an answer which, true or false, evidently intimates knowledge on the part of the respondent of the question put. A case of this nature may be mentioned as occurring at Naples eighteen years ago. Dr. Dionysius Lardner was present at one or two *séances* in the *salon* of Mr. Robert Dale Owen, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the King of Naples. Dr. Lardner retired to the end of an ad-

joining room, and wrote something on a piece of paper, which he folded up and brought back with him to the table where the medium sat. The alphabet was called for, and after three or four attempts the medium declared that the reply was unintelligible. Mr. Owen proposed recommencing. The same result was repeated a second and a third time, when the medium rose and said it was useless to go on, that such checks occurred sometimes, and that the only thing to do was to break up the *séance*. Dr. Lardner inquired, 'What was it that you obtained?' The medium replied that it was only a few letters, which had no sense or signification. Dr. Lardner pressed to know what the letters were. 'Oh,' said the medium, 'they were only B E T A.' Dr. Lardner opened his folded paper, on which was inscribed only the Greek character β. Mr. Crookes relates a yet more striking instance, in which a word in a newspaper which he had covered, without seeing it, with his finger, was correctly written by the planchette.

'Hints for the Evidence of Spiritualism' is a vigorously written little book, which has reached a second edition. Some perplexity has been expressed as to the real gist of the argument which it urges. By one critic the work has been called a trenchant satire; by another, a parody on the whole argument for Christianity. The author disclaims the latter implication, but admits that it would have been nearer the mark 'if they had called it an application to spiritualism of certain arguments, vulgarly held to be conclusive in the case of dogmatic Christianity.' The book contains indications of wide, not to say omnivorous, reading, the results of which there is no effort to reduce to system. It is marked by a masculine and incisive common sense, which is unfortunately deprived of any title to sympathy by the utter absence of any reverence of tone or sense of imaginative beauty. The key to this ill-digested labor may be found in the expression (if it is anything but sardonic), 'the greatest philosopher of our age,' which is actually applied to Mr. J. S. Mill. Such an appreciation of calibre will prepare the reader to find details grasped rather than principles—the part taken for the whole; and the search for truth reduced, in the absence of that modesty and humility which characterise wisdom, to a sort of blind man's buff.

None the less are the subjects brought forward, however rudely and roughly handled, worthy of the most anxious study. The book furnishes abundant evidence of the importance of that aspect of spiritualism which we have endeavored to present to the reader. We are shown, in a brief and hasty sketch, the outline of a new *cultus* that has been more rapid in its growth than any known form of religion. Indifferent to the historic basis of Christianity, this new faith echoes the tone, and applies the method, of Christian teachers, in diametrical opposition to the *corpus* of orthodox doctrine. Despised, as a rule, by men of science, it challenges them to apply their own method to investigate its asserted phenomena. Entirely unfettered by authority, it claims to speak with an authority that is absolute, being at the same time sublimely indifferent to the dissonant jangle of its unnumbered utterances. Relying, it may be, on a certain nucleus of objective phenomena, fringed by a group of impostures of every kind, it is callous to ridicule and patient even of neglect. Thus the more heartily we may echo the last line of the little book, itself a quotation, 'It is not so sure that there is nothing in spiritualism;' the more important becomes the research that enables us to trace back the marvels now asserted to be produced, and to be novel, to their origin in the darkness of the past.

With regard to the greater part of the lighter and of the periodical literature of this subject, it is difficult for criticism to select language that is appropriate. The only terms that are applicable are such as, from the very fact of their applicability, are scarcely admissible in our pages. We should blush to print the very titles and tables of contents of some of the productions to which we refer. One of their most striking characteristics is the total absence of essential novelty. The oldest and crudest speculations are reproduced in language that only differs from that used by earlier authors in its want of any literary merit. The venerable folio of Dr. Lee, printed in 1659, contains more striking, positive, and startling statements than almost any more recent work. But, except for its greater dignity and gravity of tone, it might be taken for a produc-

tion of the spiritualistic press of to-day. The three volumes of Cahagnet have a special value. They enter into certain physiological questions which at the date of the publication of the volumes were obscure. On these they give certain asserted revelations, which are extremely curious, and which, in a former state of science, might well be regarded as probable indications of truth. But physiology has advanced since the time of Cahagnet's writings, and has so far advanced as to show the falsehood of some of his primary positions. No instance can more distinctly show the difference between the discussion of hypothesis as a method of attaining truth, and the blind acceptance of *soi-disant* scientific revelation. The result of accepting the revelations made to Cahagnet would have been the falsification of physiology.

We turned, with unusual interest, to a work bearing the name of one of the foremost champions of liberal thought in Germany, which proposes to discuss the great philosophical question of the Prophetic Spirit, a question that may be called the very nucleus of pneumatology, so far as that subject is connected with religion. In the great struggle in which Dr. Von Döllinger is engaged, he has the warm and hearty sympathy of the intelligence of this country. And from this work, no less than from his other utterances, it is abundantly evident that the writer is 'of that stuff they make storm sails of.' The spirit and the mantle of Luther rest upon him. And he has this great advantage over Luther, that he is not engaged in a fight with that which, however corrupt, is the most cultured civilisation of his day; but with the historic development of the same mighty power that has at length nailed to the mast the black flag of defiance, in scorn at once of human reason and of ethical philosophy. As a weapon, rude and yet handy, for his great struggle, the work we have cited is one of much value and interest. But the title is a pure misnomer. It reminds us of the celebrated chapter 'On owls in Iceland.' Prophetic spirit in the Christian era there is none, so far as Dr. Von Döllinger can see. And if we omit the words 'in the Christian era,' the rest of the sentence will hardly require modification. That prophecies 'arise as the spontaneously-generated product of a certain condition of things and of public feeling, without any defined object, without the definite or conscious authorship of any individual person,' may possibly be true in certain instances; but we are not prepared to accept such a statement as either philosophically or historically satisfactory, when thus broadly made. To these mythical predictions Dr. Von Döllinger adds the two other species, of 'prophecies of deliberate creation, and which are intended to serve some altogether special interest' (in other words, palpable forgeries), and of those which are only 'conjectures, or sympathetic views,' of those who, 'following the laws of causal connection, draw conclusions with regard to the phenomena of a future age, and boldly predict them as facts.' Myths, forgeries, and audacious impostures make up the sum of this view of prophetic utterance.

It is with pain, almost with humiliation, that we refer to the book called the 'History of the Supernatural,' by Mr. W. Howitt. It is a work calculated to impose on persons of imperfectly literate habit, by a very large range of quotation; much of which, however, bears evident marks of being second-hand, and the whole of which is ill-arranged and undigested. Everything, according to Mr. Howitt, is spiritual. But although, under certain reserves, a degree of truth may be admitted as underlying this view, it is another matter when the author plunges into the wildest inferences. There is a total absence of scale or proportion in his work, together with the most incongruous juxtaposition of authorities and of doctrines. Above all, the broad distinction between Religion and Sorcery, although more than once referred to, is constantly overstepped and confounded. 'In its best shape,' says Mr. Howitt, 'magic is a revolting invasion of the sacred power of the supernatural in the Church; in its darkest form it is concretely devilish.' It is difficult to understand how a writer, who uses language so much stronger than any we have ventured to utter, should prove an apostle of that very pursuit which he so unflinchingly stigmatizes. We can only regard so curious a blindness as an illustration of the natural consequence of practices that are as contrary to the methods of science as they are to the counsels of every form of religion or morality.

The most marked and glaring instance of this is so positively revolting, that we almost hesitate to quote it. In his endeavor to shield the practice of the modern spiritualist from that broad and deep condemnation which he affronts from the voice of the Ancient Law, Mr. Howitt has permitted himself to say (p. 197) that Christ 'sought to the spirit of the dead,' and 'broke the law before the face of Moses.' If such an outcome of the new apostolate be found in the pages of a man not unfamiliar with literature, what must be the case with those who have no such safeguard?

It is not in the work of Mr. Howitt alone that we find instances of the perilous path upon which the modern spiritualist so blindly presses forward. Names the most august and venerable have repeatedly been rapped out as those of the spirits attending a *séance*. It is now some fourteen years since Baron Guldenstubbè, in experiments appropriately carried on in the cemeteries of Paris, was presented with the quotation, in uncial Greek letters, of the line translated, 'I am the least of the apostles.' The Baron instantly supposed that he was holding intercourse with the Apostle Paul. Other Jewish saints and prophets have been named as visitants. They neither speak, however, in their native tongues, nor utter their natural sentiments, but express, in feeble English, strange interest in trivial details, and in persons the most incongruous to their historic character. On one occasion, which will be known to many of our readers, the alphabet indicated the presence of no less a personage than the Founder of Christianity. The circle broke up in alarm, not again, it is to be hoped, to assemble.

In the present vexed and doubtful state of a question of paramount importance, it may prove both interesting and instructive to inquire into ancient magic. A comparison of the necromancy of the present day with that of the past is pregnant with information. A peep into the cavern of the witch, or the circle of the necromancer, as they existed between two thousand and three thousand years ago, reveals a scene undistinguishable, in its essential features, from the darkened chamber of the *medium* of to-day.

In every age, and under every form of religious belief, one grand rule has been accepted as the condition of supposed intercourse with the spiritual world. Whenever the subject has been approached, until within the last few years, it has been regarded as consisting of two diametrically opposed branches. Whether men have regarded the order of nature, visible and invisible, as subject of one Supreme Ruler; whether they have held a dualistic creed, and recognised, in the trials and troubles of human life, the balanced contention of the powers of good and evil; or whether they have even risen to so lofty a generalisation as that of the Magian doctrine; they have never failed to hold that the light shed by the Sacred Altar was reflected by the cave of the sorcerer. We are not about to discuss the truth or wisdom of the view. We are not inquiring into the origin of these creeds. We are regarding them as they affected the human mind, and thus formed essential elements of the philosophy of history. Thus viewed, religion and impiety, inspiration and necromancy, the word that came from God to the prophet and the word that was sought by the wizard from the familiar spirit, have always been held to exist side by side. Wherever we find the belief in supernatural powers, and in the possibility of intelligible communication between such powers and mankind, we find the belief in these two counterparts. And the more profound the belief in the Divine Revelation, the more distinct has been the condemnation of the arts of the necromancer and the sorcerer.

It must not be said that words like this are terms of abuse. They have a definite historic significance. It is possible to ascertain distinctly what that significance is. In so doing, we arrive at an important result: we find that the hidden knowledge of antiquity has led to the foundation of two very distinct schools. The one has been that of the inquirers into nature. Commencing with a vague reliance on the aid of invisible power, man has, step by step, learned how to question nature herself aright. From the superstitious faith in herbal magic has sprung, by slow degrees, the *pharmacopœia* of modern chemistry. From the furnace of the alchemist has been drawn the retort of the chemist. The mysterious hints of the Cabbala, as to the controlling of the elements by number and

by name, have been elucidated by the grand discovery of the equivalents of chemistry. In a word, in the pursuit of natural magic, the human mind has unawares advanced into the clearer light of natural philosophy.

The second portion of that ancient lore has followed no such beneficial course. It is now what it was in the days of Moses. While the natural philosopher of to-day may look back, with wonder, on the path by which his predecessors have gradually advanced from the early pursuit of magic, the *medium* of to-day is in the exact position of the necromancer of the time of Saul. As much incertitude, harass, evil (even apart from the grosser forms of purposed imposture), attend the utterance of the familiar spirit of to-day, on the testimony of those who believe in its objective existence, as when 'the woman said unto Saul, I saw gods ascending out of the earth.'

It may be said that it is easy to assert, but impossible to prove, the identity between the necromancy of the present day and the invocation of the familiar spirit in old times. To tens of thousands of persons such an identification would be, not only matter of great interest, but of yet more value as a caution. It is calculated to set the mind at rest, if not upon the greater or less degree of uncertainty that attends on the use of the planchette, the trance medium, or similar modes of inquiry, at all events on the positive impropriety and possible danger of such pursuits.

We therefore ask from our readers a little patience while we trace, more minutely than we should otherwise attempt to do, some of the chief lineaments of ancient magical and necromantic lore.

The Ancient Law refers, in the same passages, to sorcery and idolatry as kindred abominations. The modern idea of idolatry, that of its being a blind and ineffective superstition, is not to be found in the Pentateuch. Notwithstanding the sense which we are accustomed, from our actual standpoint in England, to put upon those expressions of the later prophets which speak of idols as vain, there is no doubt, from the full consent of ancient literature, as well sacred as profane, that it was not the vanity, but the positive evil, of idolatry that was combated by the institutions of Moses. During the Roman Empire, a sufficiently catholic, or indifferent, spirit prevailed, to allow of the reception, in the Pantheon, of statues of foreign gods. At Athens, the 20th day of the month Hecatombeon, was the festival of the Theoxenia, an act of hospitable reverence to foreign deities. In the language of the Moabite Stone, of the Egyptian, the Persian, and the Assyrian stellæ, and of the Hebrew sacred writers, we find the same forms of religious utterance. Each people had its own separate object, or objects of worship. Each people regarded its own deity as being more or less hostile to the deities of other nations, and as protecting their own worshippers in strife. Thus the desecration or destruction of the temples of conquered peoples was, at all events before the time of Darius Hystaspes, held to be an act of piety on the part of the conqueror.

It is important to bear in mind this view, which all ancient writings confirm, with reference to the language of Moses as to idolatry and sorcery. These matters are not regarded in the Pentateuch as ignorant superstitions, but as overt acts of active disloyalty to the worship of Israel. If the response of Baal or of Chemosh be denounced as false, it is not as an imposition on the part of the priest—as the forgery of an oracle—but as a deception on the part of the deity consulted, that such falsehood is to be dreaded. And one very distinct proof of the objective character ascribed to oracular replies is, that some of the most famous, those of Amphiaraus, for example, were held to be communicated by dreams, not through the priest, but directly to the inquirer.

It follows that a belief in the superhuman source of oracular reply is something entirely distinct from an admission of the propriety of seeking that reply. When the king of Moab offered up his eldest son as a burnt-offering on the wall of Kerac, he was not regarded by the priests and prophets of Israel as what people smugly term a "poor blinded idolater." He was an armed enemy, employing those rites of worship which were proper to the service of his national deity, and that deity was an actual opponent of the God of Israel.

Sorcery and idolatry, from the time of Moses to that of Constantine, were associated methods of obtaining, from the invisible powers, aid or information that was

not afforded to the pious worshipper in the ordinary course of his religion. Which was the true and which the false creed, was debated in ancient times as hotly as in our own. What was a religious act in a Roman, was idolatry in the eyes of a Jew. In one point, however, there was a universal assent. Appeal to the invisible powers, other than that which was in accordance with the prescriptions of the local national religion, was everywhere branded as criminal.

Thus, while it is from Hebrew literature, during a period of 2500 years, that we can draw the most exact details as to the forbidden practices of the magician, the condemnation expressed by the law of Moses was echoed during that long time, *mutatis mutandis*, by the conscience of the entire civilised world.

The second injunction of the Decalogue, as to which there has been such fierce debate between the Greek, the Romish, and the Lutheran and other Protestant Churches, is, as matter of literature, a development of the first. It is the basis of ancient legislation as to magical practices. It is elucidated by distinct injunctions, to the number of fifty-six, in the Pentateuch, which form about one-sixth part of the negative precepts of the Jews. In the Oral Law, the subject is defined with minute detail.

The fundamental prohibition, thus regarded, is this: 'Thou shalt have no other gods before the face.' That is, in the plainest terms, a prohibition of either foreign worship or domestic magic. This is followed by the prohibition to make any sculpture or other representation of any planet, animal, fish, or reptile; to eat at any feast of an idolatrous nature; or to serve any idol after its peculiar rite. Such is the literal sense of the second commandment according to the Hebrew commentators.

In a subsequent passage occurs, however, something even more germane to our present inquiry than this broad and comprehensive law. We have in the Book of Deuteronomy* an absolute classification of ancient magic. Nine distinct practices are there enumerated, and branded with the one general condemnation, *Omnia enim hæc abominatur Dominus*. The study of these several species of magic introduces us into the very inmost cavern of the sorcerer.

The first of the abominations of the nations mentioned in this important legal codex is an illustration rather than a definition of a class of offences. It is an explanation of the words which, in the English Version, are translated 'nor serve them,' and which signify, according to the Oral Law, the veneration of any foreign deity after its own peculiar rite. The instance given is that of leaping through the fire in honor of Baal, which is a milder form of that actual sacrifice of infants by fire that was carried on in the Valley of Hinnom, and wherever the distinctive seven chapels were erected to Moloch.

The observance of this ancient rite has lingered to our own day. The time of its annual practice, namely, Midsummer Eve, connects it with the worship of the Sun-god. In the southern provinces of Italy the mountain sides are aglow, on this evening, with sparkling bonfires. The youth of the village districts collect around the blaze, and leap through the flames with shouts of 'Bel, Bel!' It is the relic of the rite performed on the bluff summit of El Maharaka, in the presence of Elijah, by the priests of Baal. A somewhat similar practice, that of precipitation (clothes and all) into the sea, which is now carried on, in the same region, in honor of Santa Lucia, with the special intent of curing ophthalmia, is probably a relic of the worshp of the fish-god and goddess, Dagon and Derceto.

Another of these special rites was the worship of Marcolis, or Mercury, by throwing a stone on a heap. In this simple, but forbidden rite we trace a relationship to the cairn building of our own Celtic predecessors, and also an illustration of the origin of the sacred character of the Term, or terminal figure of Hermes in classic mythology. Baal-Peor had also his own peculiar rite, which is plainly mentioned in a verse (the 28th) of the 106th Psalm, to which neither the LXX. translators, Jerome, nor his English followers, have given the full translation; which is, however, not to be mistaken.

The name of the second magical or idolatrous practice enumerated is one that has a good or a bad sense, according to the method by which counsel is sought.

* Deut. xviii. 10.

It is the word which, in the book of Proverbs,* we find translated, 'a divine sentence in the lips of the king.' It is the word used in the Pentateuch † to denote the 'divination' of Balaam. It denotes that spirit of counsel, of command, or of prediction, that was believed in ancient times to rest on the king and on the high priest. On the rightful counsellor and guide of the people this oracular wisdom was believed to descend unasked, or, at all events, uncompelled. To invoke it by rites, for unlawful purpose, or by any but the fit subject, is prohibited by the Law. It is the practice for which (although successful) Baalam was ultimately put to death.

The third prohibited practice is closely allied with those religious rites of which it may be termed a mockery. It relates to sacrifices other than those enjoined by the national religion. The Hebrew word employed yet lingers on the mountains of Moab in the name of Beth-meon, or the place of augury, which is applied to one of those summits on which Balaam built the seven altars that are distinctive of the worship of Moloch. The original sense of the word appears to be that of divination by inspection of viscera. Translators, however, have differed in their rendering; the word used by the Septuagint implying divination by means of audible sounds; Jerome referring it to the observation of dreams (for which purpose the querists were wont to sleep within the precincts of the temples, and on the skins of the victims); and the English translators, and the learned Abbe Chiarini, speaking of observers, or prognosticators of times.

Under the word Meon we may thus rank almost all these attempts at divining the future that are based on the observation, according to the rules of sorcery, of actual phenomena, except the movements of animals. Of these modes, the inspection of the viscera of the sacrifices is that which is most familiar to the classical scholar. Any extraordinary anatomical development was regarded as a portent. Three modes of what may be called physical divination are alluded to as practised by the King of Babylon.‡ 'He cast up arrows,' § 'he consulted images,' or sculptures, 'he examined the liver' of the sacrifices. All ideas of good and bad luck, as attendant on certain days, are condemned by the Oral Law, as coming under this prohibition. The indication of conduct by trivial incidents, such as by the falling of straws across the path, is here condemned. So is the use of the 'Sortes Biblicæ,' or 'Sortes Virgilianæ,' or the opening of any book at random, to take counsel from the first words on which the eye may light. So are such practices as those of the ring and the sieve; the inspection of the grouts in a teacup; the interpretation of dreams by numerical or other fixed rules; horary questions in astrology (in the research of which such inexplicable coincidences are almost always to be traced); cheiromancy, or inspection of the lines of the hand; fortune-telling by cards; even the simple arbitrage of tossing up a coin; all these are instances, more or less obscure, of those attempts to pry into the future otherwise than by the honest use of the reasoning powers, which have given the name of sorcery (*sortiger*, *sortilegus*) to those appeals to chance which are substituted by the sorcerer for the rules of ordinary sagacity.

With regard to the fourth, fifth, and sixth species, or groups, of magical practices enumerated in the portion of ancient jurisprudence to which we refer, there is some cross reading amongst the several translations as to the exact signification of the respective Hebrew words. But whatever difficulty may be raised in consequence, there is a general accord in the definition of the three species of sorcery that are contemplated and condemned by the legislator. The three branches in question are, the magic of the augur; that of the herbalist, poisoner, or witch proper; and that of the enchanter, or sorcerer, who uses spells, potent words, or chants. While the previously mentioned forms of magic may be described as misdirected religious rites, the practices now in question were addressed to the consultation of nature. In his study of the habits of animals, of the virtues of plants, and of the power of melody, the ancient magician was unconsciously laying the basis of the education of the naturalist, the anatomist, the physician, and the musician.

The Hebrew word first employed only differs in its pointing (on which no reli-

* Prov. xvi. 10. † Num. xxii. 7.
‡ Ezek. xxi. 21. § 2 Kings xiii. 15.

ance can be placed) from that which is now spelt Nahash, a serpent. The use of this reptile as a symbol of wisdom, and as the emblem of the god of medicine, is of the most remote antiquity. Much nonsense has been talked about serpent worship ; but as a visible expression of mighty power, residing in a form that would, apart from experience, seem incapable of sustained motion, early wisdom may well have chosen such an emblem. Old legends of pagan date often bud forth, under baptised names, in France and Italy. In Auvergne, the church and village of St. Pourceau commemorate some dimly intimated relic of an ancient faith, in the legend of the appearance of a viper issuing from a cup that had been vainly poisoned for the destruction of the saint. The observation of the flight of birds, in all times, and of the behavior of the sacred chickens, in Roman history, is connected with this form of divination, to which the name of Augury properly belongs.

The Hebrew word translated *witch* appears to refer, as do several other expressions in the Bible which do not occur in the present passage, to the hidden, whether in the sense of the discovery of that which is secret, or to the secrecy in which, in all ancient nations, any appeals to the invisible powers, except those which were in accordance with the rites of the national worship, were necessarily conducted. In the half-dozen instances in which this word is found in the Bible, the meaning of the giver of potions, or the practiser of herbal magic, is perfectly appropriate. This species of witchcraft is of very ancient origin. It was not absent, as an auxiliary process, even from some far higher forms of divination ; as in the case of the Pythia who chewed laurel. Its description by Virgil is familiar to us all. The terrible epidemical form in which the practice of poisoning broke out in France, and the infamous name of Brinvilliers, are fresh in the page of the historian. Yet even here good and evil seem to hold almost as close a relation as do concave and convex. While the witch, as using perfumes, smoke, or any of those narcotic herbs which were implements of ancient magic, gives her hand closely to the poisoner; from the very knowledge collected, at first, for magical purposes, has sprung one of the chief blessings of modern times, the knowledge possessed by the physician of the *Materia Medica*.

The LXX., Jerome, and the Authorised Version agree in the interpretation given to the sixth class, the *Habar Habar* of the Hebrew, as *incantator*, charmer or chanter of spells. The only hesitation as to the translation arises from the circumstance that Buxtorff translates the word by *sociatus*, and explains it of those who by adjurations and incantations associate serpents and other noxious animals with them, so as to make use of them without injury to themselves. It is true that the idea of incantation, or charming by the voice, is still present in this explanation. But it would seem more orderly to regard all forms of animal magic as comprised under the fourth class, *Nahash*, and to confine the use of the word now in question to incantation ; and this the more so because there is a closely related word that is translated *occultavit*. There seems good reason to suspect that this expression has been the origin of the magical word Abracadabra, conveyed to European ears through the medium of the Arabic language. Under the head of magic in connection with animals rank the fearful superstitions connected with Lycanthropy, a firm belief in the existence of which at the present day is yet prevalent in South Italy. When dogs are heard to howl by night, the peasants shudder as they recount the last appearance of a were-wolf.

There is, at all events, no doubt that the power of incantation—chanted or spoken spells, or words of power—forms a distinct genus of sorcery. It is with this division of the subject that the word magic is most intimately connected. This term designates the art of the Magi, a word imported into the Greek from the Persian, and having the same import as the Chaldean *Rab*—great, or master. The earliest idea of magic that can now be traced is to be found in the Cabbalistic books. It is to the effect that all things were created by the words of the Almighty ; from which it is deduced, that if these words could be learned by any of His creatures, they would be able to exercise something of the same power by their use. This led to a species of transcendental analysis of the words, and even of the letters, of the sacred books ; and to the as-

cription of wonder-working efficiency to the different forms of the Divine name. The *tetragrammaton*, or name of four letters, which the fourth commandment forbade to be taken in vain, was pronounced, among the Jews only, by the high priest on the Day of Atonement. It was uttered aloud nine times in the course of the services of that day, and to pronounce it at any other time was, according to most authorities, a capital offence.

The *tetragrammaton* appears to be indicated as the Shemhamphorash, or expressed name of God, by which, according to the book Caphtor, Moses wrought all his miracles. In the Codex Kiduschin of the Talmud, it is said that the *nomen*, or hidden name, was expressed first in twelve, and secondly in forty-two letters, and that the latter tradition had been lost. The Ghemara of the treatise Sabbath of the Talmud speaks of miracles performed by the son of Satda by the use of the sacred name; and Luther, who has written on the Shemhamphorash, identifies this personage with Christ. It is probable that much of the ancient magical lore sprang from giving a literal sense to the Agada, or poetical allegories of the sacred books, and of their commentators. The mighty power ascribed to Solomon comes under the same category. The general idea of magic is that the elementary or demiurgic spirits can be compelled, by proper adjurations, to obey the invoker. Before this mighty agency all the ordinary laws of nature were supposed to bend, and it was thus the firm belief of many ages that nothing was impossible to the magician.

We find repeated references to this idea of the power of a name in the New Testament, as in the case of 'certain of the vagabond Jews, exorcists,' at Ephesus.* All the magic, part of the necromancy, and even part of the alchemy, of the middle ages, hold to this parent source.

Connected with the power of words are the allied, though distinct, ideas of the power of rhyme, of song, and of music. In this relation we pass from the transcendental region of magic to that which is chiefly emotional. The effect of music on some animals, and notably on snakes, is not unknown in our days, and this knowledge formed a portion of the *arcana* of the ancient sorcerer. Music, so far as we are aware, has been connected with every ancient form of worship, and its connection with worship still exists. We find a close relation between music and the access of the prophetic spirit to be fully accepted in the Old Testament. It was on meeting the company of prophets, with lute, and tambour, and pipe, and lyre, that the Royal Spirit descended on Saul. The effect of the lyre of David on the spirit-vexed king is a well-remembered story. And when Elisha consented to inquire into the future at the request of Jehoshaphat, King of Judah (2 Kings iii. 15), he said, 'But now bring me a minstrel.'*

We have seen that the forms of sorcery already mentioned may be regarded as either perversions of religious worship, or attempts to acquire a knowledge of the secrets of nature by means which are not those employed by true science. With changes in creed and in forms of worship, the rights of the diviner have sunk into discredit and disuse. The torch of physical investigation has lit up the dark places of the herbalist, the snake-charmer, and the alchemist. There remains a third branch of sorcery, which may be defined as a perversion of human nature itself. It is one which is unchanged since the dawn of history, because, by its very nature, it is incapable of progress. Long practised only by stealth, it has, within the past quarter of a century, been avowedly followed by millions of people. To describe its ancient form is to identify the sorcery of America and of England with that of Syria and of Moab.

The sixth species, then, of sorcery, is denoted by the words Baal Obh, or Shaul Obh, the Lord, or the slave of the Spirit of Python. The Septuagint translators, here slightly differing from the Mishna, from Jerome, and from our own version, have used the word ἐγγαστρίμυθος. Although this word is no other than the name of that rare and curious power that we term ventriloquism, no such harmless application of the term was intended by the Greek writers. Like *legerdemain* of all kinds, ventriloquism is now chiefly known as a source of public amusement. In early times it was regarded as the de-

* Acts xix. 13.

* *Pulsator*—the species of instrument is not further indicated than by this word.

mon who spoke from within the body of the magician, not always employing the natural organs of speech. All books on demonology, down to a very late date, are full of instances of the kind, in which they enter into details not fit for reproduction in our pages.

With the above qualification, which is rather nominal than real, all accounts of this order of sorcery are in full accordance with one another. The quaint Hebrew terms have their English equivalent in the expression, 'the familiar spirit.' The Greek synonym, 'the spirit of Python,' is the phrase employed in the New Testament to describe the case of the damsel who was exorcised by the Apostle Paul at Philippi,* Macedonia being, according to the Jewish writers, a part of the world especially liable to supernatural visitation. Down to the time when the most active fanaticism was enlisted in the pursuit of persons accused of witchcraft, the idea of the character of this form of sorcery was unchanged. It is the form in which demoniac influence was supposed to be chiefly sought by witches. It is closely connected with the next species of forbidden research, for which we have, or rather had, until recently, no English name. Nor are we aware of any equivalent to the Hebrew word in any other language. The learned Surenhuse has transliterated the word in question into the quaint form of *Jiddoa*. Another school of Hebrew pronunciation spells it, in Latin, as *Idgnoni*. Translators have been content with the general terms of diviner, wizard, *ariolus*, τερασκόπος, or *diseuse de bonne aventure*.

But the judiciary treatise of the Mishna,† which sentences the follower of the *Obh* to be stoned to death, is accompanied by full comments on the character of these forms of sorcery. Bartenora gravely gives a description of the *Idgnoni* in language such as would be used by a writer in speaking of some rare, but well-known kind of animal. The account partakes too much of the character of the Agada, or romantic part of the Talmud, to be fully intelligible. But all the authorities agree that the special peculiarity of the *Idgnoni* was that of automatic utterance, by the mouth of the wizard or pythoness. The *Obh* communicated in various modes. Sounds that appeared purely natural to the ordinary ear, were articulate to that of the wizard under this influence. Thus, in the case of Balaam, it is not intimated that the voice of the ass conveyed any meaning to the two servants of the prophet, or to the princes of Moab who accompanied him. The large and obscure category of what are called impressions on the mind, which at times obtain, as is well known, the force of objective reality, are connected with the domain of the 'familiar spirit.' But absolute possession; the use of the organs of speech as if only a speaking-tube; the use of the hand of a sleeping person to write; in a word, the direction of the mechanism of the human body by a spirit which is not its own, is the function of the *Idgnoni*.

It is probably that the *furor* of the Pythia of Delphos was an instance of this kind of magic. The degree to which any abnormal utterance is or is not uncontrollable, is always extremely obscure. The cases of demoniac possession mentioned by the Evangelists, in which the demons are said to cry out, are in exact accordance with the descriptions of the Talmudical writers. As a physiological observation, there exists a long series of disturbances, rising from the inspiration of the poet or of the orator to the most terrible form of temporary derangement, that of *delirium tremens*, as to which the hypothesis of external spiritual agency furnishes at all events an intelligible theory. Hysteria, again, in its wonderful mimetic power, is closely allied to disturbances of this nature. The wild epidemics which have not been confined to the dark ages, the fanaticism of the flagellants, the repeated outbreaks of cases of asserted possession, are all closely linked together. But it has been reserved for the present age of enlightenment to regard the unhappy subject of such disturbances, whatever be its source, as the accredited apostle of a new revelation; and to take down his utterances—whether involuntary or otherwise—under the name of the communications of the trance medium.

As to the ninth and last of those things which, in the language of the Ancient Law, the Lord abominates, all translators and commentators agree.

* Acts xvii. 16-18.
† Sanhedrin, cap. vii. 4.

It is necromancy, or appeal to the spirits of the dead. Of this we have a clear example in the account given in the Book of Samuel of the visit of King Saul to the Witch of Endor. It is worthy of note that the one insoluble difficulty which, on the admission of necromancers themselves, attends this branch of sorcery, has arisen, to the confusion of commentators, in this early instance. Dismissing, for the sake of argument, the idea that the witch is an impostor, the doubt whether the influence which she invokes can in any way be relied on, is incapable of resolution. Apart, therefore, from any question as to the criminality of necromancy, the fact of the utter futility of the pursuit is placed beyond the possibility of question.

The mention of necromancy as the last of the nine idolatrous and magical pursuits denounced by the Ancient Law is significant of the fact that it was regarded by the Great Legislator as the extreme form of abomination. The pollution that was incurred, not only by the touch of a corpse, or of a bone of the human body, but even by the remotest relation to such an object, was more feared by the Jews than any other form of ceremonial or physical defilement. This pollution was communicable from person to person, or from person to object, and from object to person, to the fourth degree. A special rite, that of the Sacrifice of the Red Heifer, followed by the use of the water in which the ashes of that sacrifice had been steeped, was instituted for the purification of those who were necessarily polluted on the occasion of a death in the family. And the entire course of the temple ritual depended on perfect legal purity in this special respect.

It is thus clear that those rites which were often carried on in cemeteries, in tombs, or in presence of skulls, skeletons, or human bones, were regarded with unusual horror by the countrymen of Jesus Christ. In all forms of sorcery some aid to the display of the spiritual influence was sought from locality, from perfumes, from the introduction of plants, from the use of drugs, or from some other physical agency. Thus the Pythia was both subjected to the mephitic vapor that issued from the earth, and was further influenced by the chewing of laurel leaves. The Cumæan Sibyl was affected by the sulphureous vapors that ascended from the lake Agnano, in the immediate vicinity of her cavern. The votaries of the oracle of Amphiaraus slept on the skins of the victims. Even in the supreme case of the consultation of the oracle of Urim, by the High Priest at Jerusalem, the fumes of incense and the blood of constant and numerous sacrifices gave a special atmosphere to the Holy House. The fact that some external aid of this nature was invoked, in every form either of religious or of magical rite, is very striking. And it has a direct bearing on modern sorcery.

The writers of the Ghemara speak of the cadaverous aspect peculiar to those who sought communion with the spiritual world as a well-established and well-known characteristic. It is evident that, of all forms of magic, that which sought to establish communion with the departed was the most criminal. It not only violated those laws which forbade the observance of times and portents, and the listening to the voice of the familiar spirit, but it introduced the special element of the worst form of ritual pollution to the very hearth-side.

Human progress finds its limits in those of human capacity. With toil, patience, and perseverance, has each step in the onward path been hitherto attained. To the best of our judgment, this toil has been of as much value in the development and discipline of the powers of the race as in its objective results. Knowledge acquired by any means but patient study, is lightly held and lightly lost. The power and stature of humanity depend far more on the discipline undergone than on the knowledge acquired. All attempts at short cuts to knowledge have hitherto proved disastrous failures. Reliance on authority, rather than the use of the truthful method, is the doctrine of superstition, of obscurantism, and of tyranny. If such be the case when the authority is known, palpable, and surrounded with the attributes of visible power and dignity, as in the case of the papal decrees, what can be said when the authority is invisible, intangible, incapable of definition or of verification? Obedience in such a case is the reversal of human progress. To hearken to the voices of the dead is either a delusion or a reality. If it be the former, no delusion can be more

mischievous, more degrading, or more revolting. If it be the latter, no pursuit can be more dangerous. It is an attempt to return to the infancy of the human race. It is a revolution against reason, and an arrest of scientific and practical education. It is so opposed in its nature to the primary laws of human progress and human welfare, that its character must be apparent to every man of calm intelligence, even apart from the emphatic condemnation of the legislators of our race. —*British Quarterly Review.*

WEATHER.

As it is just possible that the word weather may not convey to everybody the same idea, and that different persons may attach somewhat different meanings to it, it will perhaps be useful to begin by indicating the sense in which we are going to use it here. That sense, however, can scarcely be determined by direct definition, for, if Webster is correct in saying that a definition is "a description of a thing by its properties," it follows that it can only be applied to things which possess properties. Weather therefore can never become the subject of a definition, for its essential character is to be always changing, and, consequently, to have no fixed properties at all. When, then, we learn from another grave authority, that weather is "the state or condition of the atmosphere with respect to heat, cold, dryness, moisture, wind, rain, snow, and fogs," we may, if we are satisfied with the phrase, admit it as a general and approximate statement on the subject, but we cannot, certainly, accept it as possessing the qualities of a definition. And even as a mere statement it is incomplete, for it makes no mention of shade, sunlight, hail, dew, and rainbows, all of which are incontestably elements of weather.

But if we cannot establish a definition, we can arrive at the same end by following out a distinction. By determining the differences between weather and climate, by sorting out to each of them its own share of their seemingly somewhat intermingled rights, we shall finally attain a complete view of weather by itself.

Climate is, in the general acceptation of the word, a settled condition; while weather is the most uncertain, the most fluctuating of our surroundings. Climate rests on certain recognised bases; weather shifts about with accidents. Climate depends on distance from the equator, on height, on the formation and exposition of the soil, on the degree of purity of the atmosphere, on proximity to or distance from the sea, on the action of man through cultivation; but weather is, to a great extent at least, independent of all these influences. Weather is, essentially, the disturber of climate; it improves it or it spoils it, from day to day; it is consequently a part of it, but a part of it as health and disease are parts of our bodies. Climate is geographically fixed, while weather is atmospherically variable; climate is a calculated quantity, while weather is an unknown one. All sorts of rules are applicable to climate, but none are applicable to weather. Climate is monarchy, weather is anarchy. Climate is a constitutional government, whose organisation we see and understand; latitude and altitude are its king and queen; dryness and dampness are its two houses of parliament; animal and vegetable products are its subjects; and the isothermal lines are its newspapers; but weather is a red-hot radical republic, all excitements and uncertainties, a despiser of old rules, a hater of proprieties and order. Climate is a great stately sovereign, whose will determines the whole character of the lives and habits of his retainers, but whose rule is regular, and is therefore so little felt that it seems like liberty; but weather is a capricious, cruel tyrant, who changes his decrees each day, and who forces us, by his ever varying whims, to remember that we are slaves. Climate is local; weather is universal. We are indifferent to climate because we are accustomed to it, but we are dependent on weather because we never know what form it will take to-morrow. Climate is the rule; weather is the exception. Climate is dignity; weather is impudence.

If these comparisons are admitted as exact, it ceases to be impossible to bestow a name on weather; there is a certain

modern locution which seems to have been made expressly to designate it; weather is "a girl of the period." Like that conventional young person, it is impertinent, imperious, and unguidable; like her it is often brilliant, but easily bad-tempered; like her it is sulky and gay by turns, with no avowable reason for being either; like her it dresses noisily; like her it holds its tongue lazily, or talks loud impetuously; like her it is, on the whole, a mistake. Whichever way we look at it, we find it open to objections. Socially, it is what the novels of the last generation used to call "a heartless coquette," who tempts, stimulates, and lures, and who sets the worst possible example to her neighbors. Morally, it is both a deceiver and a spendthrift, whose conduct would humiliate and pain its ancestors, if it had any. Intellectually, it may be described as an idiot, or its actions are the consequence of no recognisable motives whatever. And yet, with all these unmistakable defects, it exercises an all-pervading power over every fruit of nature, from man to mushrooms. Indeed, poor nature (which, by the way, as Voltaire observed, is most wrongly named, for she is in reality all art, and not nature at all)—poor nature must sometimes feel that, in creating weather, she has afflicted herself with an intolerable master, who wilfully ill-treats both her and her offspring, and spoils irascibly a good deal of her prettiest and brightest handiwork. It would, however, be altogether useless to ask her why she has been so singularly foolish as to permit weather to exist at all, for she never answers inquisitive questions of that kind; and perhaps, even does not know what the answers are. Her ignorance, indeed, is possibly as great as that of weather itself; and, in fact, she proclaimed that it really is so when she made that remarkable confession to the curious philosopher, saying to him, "I am water, earth, fire, air, metal, mineral, stone, vegetable, animal. I feel that I have an intelligence within me; you have one too, but you cannot see it. I cannot see mine either; I feel it, but I cannot measure it. Why then do you, who are but a small part of myself, desire to know what I do not know?" Weather is in the same situation.

And now, as we have, in this way, obtained a general idea of what we mean by weather, and as we are not likely to learn much more about the hidden reason of things by pausing for a reply, we may as well go on to the technicalities of the question.

Weather includes every modification of the atmosphere by which our organs are sensibly affected. Each one of its agents is a power by itself, exerting a special action of its own upon us, but resembling all its fellows in their common characteristic of capriciousness and instability. Its influence, in some shape or other, is unceasing, for it works upon us through the air, which of all the details of creation is the one with which we are in the most intimate relation. And yet, though almost every other form of matter has become, in some manner or degree, subjected to our will, and can be directed, modified or used by us, more or less, as we like, how we like, and when we like, the air remains mercilessly our master; it imposes itself on us according to its own fancies only, everywhere and always, sleeping or waking. We cannot do without it, but we can in no way control it; life, heat, and sound come to us through it alone; without it we could neither hear, nor be warm, nor breathe; without it we could neither smell the flowers nor listen to the birds. Our food depends upon it, for abundance or starvation are its children. And, finally, we ourselves are materially composed of it, for we, and all the animals and vegetables around us, are in reality, as Thales wisely said, made up of condensed woven air. But yet, notwithstanding all these relationships, the atmosphere keeps us off at arm's-length and will not permit us to use it in any ways but its own. This is vexing, but nothing whatever is to be gained by losing our temper about it; it would be altogether futile to imitate Voltaire and to scornfully call the air "a blue and white heap of exhalations;" that would in no way help us. It is just as well to be polite, in spite of the annoyance we may feel at the attitude of contemptuous mastery which the atmosphere assumes towards us.

It was observed just now that weather has no visible motives for its actions, and that it therefore merits to be called an idiot. But, though it has no motives, it has causes; like a bucket which goes up and down in a well, it has no will of its own, but it obeys impulses which it can-

not resist. The causes are somewhat various, and are even, occasionally, conflicting; but yet they all have one common origin, they all result mainly from the fact that the atmosphere rests on a mixed floor. If all the air reposed exclusively on water or on earth alone, there would be no weather; of course there would be climates, but they probably would be very nearly free from accidents or changes, for the reason that no sufficient agent would be at work to upset their regularity as weather does. It is the division of the earth into sea and land, it is the joint though separate action on the atmosphere of those two bases, which create weather; it is the counter working of those two pavements on the air above them which provokes its good or bad behavior; it is the contrast and the clashing between evaporation and precipitation, between the uplifting and the downpouring of the waters, according to the variety of topographic influences, which bring about the wild uncertainties of weather and destroy the peaceful unities of climate. It is, however, not solely because the surface of the earth is a mixture of wet and dry that these incongruities arise; the varied nature and the diversified disposition of the materials of which the land part of that surface is composed, must also be taken into account; for as through their agency the distribution of heat on land is rendered most uneven, the atmosphere in contact with that land is irregularly heated also, its faculty of absorbing vapor increases or diminishes with its temperature, and, in this way, a second motive cause of weather is produced. It is, however, altogether insufficient and discourteous to make our first allusion to vapor in this casual, incidental sort of way. Vapor is the primitive form of all the visible elements of weather; it is the fountain which supplies all downfalls on to earth, whatever be the shape they take; without it there would be no clouds, no rain, no snow, no dew, no moisture of any kind at all. It is the common mother of all the race of wet, it is the embryo of all the forms which liquid can assume. It is everywhere around us; all life depends upon it; without it neither birth nor growth are possible; without it all England would be ruined to-night, for there would be no more steam. After this special homage to its merits and its value, we can now proceed with the consciousness of duty discharged.

The next thing to be observed is, that as the evaporation which supplies vapor is a process brought about by the action of the sun, which action is exercised in a very tangled and untidy fashion, we find in its uncertainties the third great spring of weather. The power and vigor of that action depend, firstly, on the proportion of the substances of which the atmosphere is composed,—for, though the composition of air, properly so called, never varies at all, the quantity of water vapor which may, from time to time, mix up with it in order to form the atmosphere, does vary very largely. Secondly, the nature of the action of the sun keeps on changing in each place all day long; as the earth turns round the different parts of the atmosphere receive different quantities of heat at constantly shifting angles. So that, with a perpetually varying mass of vapor to act upon, and with a perpetually varying power of action upon it, it is not strange that the working of the sun upon the atmosphere should present an amount of confusion and of family disputation, for which even the Chamber at Versailles cannot offer a parallel.

So far we can comprehend, in part at least; but we get next to a question which really is a puzzler. We have been talking about evaporation, and about vapor, and about the sun, and, taking them separately, they have not offered us much difficulty; but now we must go a step further,—we must put them all three together, and we must add to them a fourth idea, called condensation. The effect of this addition, which looks so simple in words, is to complicate the position gravely, and to lead us to a riddle which the cunningest of scientific people have hitherto been unable to solve. Under the influence of condensation the sun-made vapor which, so far, was invisible, becomes converted into a visible object called a cloud: that is to say, according to the dictionary, "into a visible mass of particles of water suspended in the atmosphere;" this object, which is cold-made, constitutes the first external manifestation of weather—it is the first obvious sign we see of it; it is the first product of that struggle between heat and cold which is the ancestor of everything else that we shall

discover in weather. So far no objection can be made, for if weather is to exist at all, it is essential that it should have causes. But now comes in the insoluble enigma. Clouds, as has just been said, are made of water, and water is 816 times heavier than air; how then do clouds manage to get lifted up into the air, and to stop there comfortably, apparently without an effort, and to travel thousands of miles there, at all sorts of paces, just as if it were quite natural and proper that they should be there? Nobody can tell us. Now really it is humiliating that at the very outset of our attempt to make the acquaintance of weather, we should encounter an obstacle of this sort, which bars the door to all possibility of real intimacy. Of course wise people have tried to scramble over it; of course there have been plenty of suggestions of the peculiar reasons which enable clouds to defy what are supposed to be the laws of nature, to despise attraction, and to mock at gravitation: but not one of the explanations which have been invented is considered to be sufficient; the clouds go on swimming incomprehensively above us, in utter disdain of a number of excellent reasons why they should do nothing of the kind. If they behaved like everything else in nature, they would never go up at all; but then, in that case, they would not be clouds. Some learned gentlemen have asserted that clouds are supported by rising currents of hot air, which push them up from below, apparently just as children blow up soap bubbles and keep them floating as long as their breath lasts; others have considered that electricity, in some unknown fashion, contrives to hold them in their places; others, again, have urged that the water globules of which they are formed contain "obscure internal heat," which by expansion makes them lighter than the surrounding air, converts each of them in that way into a Mongolfier balloon, and so enables them to remain suspended. We ignorant people are of course quite ready to believe any one of these interpretations, or any other, provided only the sages will tell us which one to adopt; but so long as they hold silence on the point, all we can do is to stare inquisitively at the clouds, and say within ourselves, "How on earth, now, do you manage it?"

The duties of a cloud are to supply us with water in all its summer and winter forms—that is to say, with rain, sleet, snow, hail, and fog; and to preserve us from excesses of both heat and cold by shielding us from the sun's rays when the air is too hot, or by preventing the radiation of terrestrial heat when it is too chilly. Children would, no doubt, insist on adding that an additional duty of clouds is to show us which way the wind blows. In order to accomplish these different functions, clouds adopt a variety of densities and shapes, and place themselves at a variety of heights; but whatever be the altitude at which they range, or the specific gravity or the form which they may momentarily assume, they are always at work at their vocation, and, as long as they are required, are unceasingly engaged in making weather. But all of them do not disappear in "the caverns of rain;" some of them fulfil other objects than shower-making, and do not vanish in drizzle; what becomes of these others when they are done with? What is the fate, for instance, of those fleecy dreamy, high-bred looking clouds which come and go in the still hotness of July, which softly appear and as softly disappear in the silent summer sunlight? To this, at all events, we can give an answer; those graceful "nurslings of the sky" are dissolved back again into vapor by heat: they remain water, but they once more become water invisible. Like everything else around them, it is not in their power to cease to be; invisibility is not mortality. Their story of unending life is told in Shelley's "Song of the Cloud;" their law is, "I change, but I cannot die."

Of these imperishable clouds rain is the first-born child; it may be added that it is, too, the favorite grandson of vapor. But notwithstanding its eminent position in the family, it cannot be said to be altogether a credit to its relations. Rain is incontestably possessed of some most remarkable capacities; its talents are brilliant; its influence is enormous; but the value and the merit of its qualities are lamentably diminished by the capriciousness, the wilfulness, and the disorder with which it employs them. Of course it has the excuse of having been abominably brought up, like all its kindred, and of never having had the advantage of good examples at home, for neither weather, nor vapor, nor clouds, set their younger

relatives a pattern of steadiness, of dignity, or of regularity of conduct. But whoever may be to blame, the fact persists that the merits and defects of rain are so intermingled, that it is sometimes very difficult to distinguish them from each other. Open-handed generosity and niggardly avarice; the gentlest and tenderest caresses and the fiercest blasts of temper; the most dashing and impetuous public speaking and the dryest and most painful silence, are all mixed up together in this richly endowed but wildly wayward nature.

And yet, with all its faults, rain does render us more service than the clouds it comes from, although its benefits often lose half their value by coming at the wrong time. Its distribution is as unequal as that of wealth; like money it bestows itself in excess in one direction, and does not give itself at all in another. It never rains one drop on the coast of Peru, in Northern Mexico, in the African Sahara, in central Arabia, or in the Desert of Gobi; but in Patagonia it scarcely ever leaves off raining. And in quantity it is as irregular as in locality: one inch a-day is a heavy fall in England; but in the Highlands of Scotland three inches are not unfrequent; and at Gibraltar 33 inches have fallen in 26 hours. If rain-gauges could be established out at sea, in the region of the Equatorial Atlantic calms, it is probable that the heaviest fall would be proved to occur there; but as pluviametry is, thus far, a process which is only applicable on land, we are temporarily obliged to accept the Khasia Hills, opposite the head of the Gulf of Bengal, as the seat of the most abundant downpour that we know of, for there the rain of each twelve months attains the prodigious depth of 44 feet. The enormity of this dampness may be appreciated by the fact that even in the west of Ireland, where the whole swing of Atlantic wet comes down eagerly on the first land it reaches, the yearly fall, in the very moistest periods, never exceeds 10 feet, while in France the average is 30 inches, and in Russia only 14.

As rain means vegetation, and no rain means deserts, the results of these diversities glare out conspicuously; the existence of plants, and consequently of animals, depends as much on water as on temperature, so that the absence of rain necessarily entails the absence of life. And here we leap, incidentally, into the very midst of an enormous question—the relationship between history and weather. Power, commerce, wealth grew up, some thousand years ago, in certain places, and not in others, as natural results of atmospheric influences. If the shores of the eastern Mediterranean were the first seat of the world's progress, it was not because they furnished easy water-carriage, but because they were illumined by a sunny sky. The glories of Egypt, Greece, and Rome were, in reality, an affair of weather; they would have been utterly impossible in Lapland. Karnak, the Acropolis, the Coliseum could never have been built amidst snow and ice. The disposition to work out progress beneath rough skies is essentially a modern tendency; until a few centuries ago civilisation was exclusively a child of warmth.

Of course it may be said that all this is a matter of climate rather than of weather, and there is some truth in the objection; but, all the same, weather alone, weather irrespective of climate, has had a good deal to do with history. It was, most certainly, weather which produced the Deluge; it was a storm which drove inhabitants to America, and another one which protected England from the Armada; it was snow which overwhelmed Napoleon in 1812; it was fog which helped Mary Stuart to escape the cruisers of Elizabeth, and to cross from France to Scotland; it was fog which enabled the Russians to get unseen up the hill-side at Inkerman. All this was weather. It is weather, not governments, which keeps the world as it is; the atmosphere is infinitely more essential to us than constitutions; if weather changed its actual forms of action, we should all of us have to change too. If rain happened to disappear in Europe, Europeans would disappear with it; the green fields of England, like the vineyards of France and the great corn-grounds of the lower Danube, would dry up into shrivelled wastes; while, perhaps, the dreary plateau of Thibet would grow into the garden of the earth. What would become of the western march of civilisation in such a case as that? It really is humiliating to see that politics and power are, after all, matters of mere mud.

The behavior of rain is a question of

almost as much interest to us as its distribution. To be of real use it must come down in a certain way, neither too fast nor too slow; its drops must be neither too large nor too little; it must fit its shape to the period of the year and the needs of the soil; the driving mists of autumn, the short but heavy downfalls of July, "the sweet, fleet silvery April showers,"—as Lord Lytton the younger so deliciously calls them in that loveliest of poetic fables, the "Thistle"—must all arrive in their time and place. Luckily for us, the personal manners of rain are not, like its general conduct, exclusively a product of its own capricious temper; they are influenced, to our great advantage, by something else than winds and sunbeams. The air itself guides and graduates the falling drops; it diminishes their eager speed by its resistance; it forbids them to attain accumulated rapidity; it shelters us by its universal buckler against a ferocity of pelting which, if left unchecked and uncontrolled, would flatten us at each shower. Even the size of the drops is not quite left to hazard; amidst so much waywardness and disorder it follows, exceptionally, a sort of rule; it depends a good deal, it is true, on the quantity of water in the cloud from which the drops emerge; but still, the rain which filters from the edges of a cloud is almost always fine and small; that which tumbles from the middle of it is usually big, because its globules have an opportunity of mixing up with those below them; while, as the dripping finishes, the drops grow smaller, because, as there are fewer of them, they find no others to incorporate with as they descend.

The services which rain renders are not limited to the earth and its products; its action is not solely exercised on plants. Part of its good work is done up above us, before it gets down to leaves and roots. It largely influences the air through which it falls; it cools and purifies it; and it seems even to be admitted as quite probable that, in certain cases, it washes away the germs of endemic and sporadic diseases. If ever we could manage to find out a means for directing the weather, it is not impossible that one of the results of the invention would be to enable us to suppress atmospherically-propagated infections, and that, by a skilful use of the pail and mop on the air we breathe, we could wipe out of it the taints of a good many sorts of plague and pestilence. That pretty dream does not seem likely to be realised in our time; but it is not, perhaps, so fantastic as it appears at first sight, for, as we have found out how to master lightning, and how to lead it where we please,—how, in fact, to "inoculate thunder,"—it is not altogether ridiculous to hope that, some day, we may do the same for rain.

Fog is the second of the children of clouds; so, at least, we may fairly suppose; for, though the successive dates of birth of the offspring of the skies have not been regularly inscribed in the family Bible of nature, it really does look extremely probable that fog came upon the earth immediately after rain. Indeed there are wise men who calculate that it even preceded rain, and that it is, consequently, entitled to the position and privileges of the firstborn. But, whether that be true or not, it is natural to us people of the nineteenth century to place fog second; for, whatever may have been its exact rank formerly, it is certainly, in our time, a vastly less important personage than rain. The aspects of the two brothers are so different that the hypothesis of their possibly being twins is altogether inadmissible; scarcely any family likeness can be discerned between them: rain is a cloud dissolved into falling water; fog is the cloud itself come down upon the ground; it is, like rain, composed of water globules, but those globules have not burst. And the characters of the two kinsmen are as unlike as their external appearance. Rain is a spendthrift who casts about his substance in every direction; fog is a miser who holds together all he has. Rain is invariably in motion; fog is always indolent and lazy. Rain is active, violent, and noisy; fog is stagnant, sulky, and silent. Fog is manifestly jealous of his brother—gets into his way as much as possible, and seems to try fallaciously to prove that, as their common mother, cloud, can descend to earth entire in the shape of her second son, it is altogether needless for her to tumble down there in pieces under the name of the elder one. Unfortunately, however, for the pretensions of fog, it is of no kind of use to us, while its liquid relative is indispensable. It seems, indeed, to know this, for it likes particularly to stop in inac-

cessible places, on mountain tops or out at sea, where scarcely any one can look at it, as if it were ashamed of its condition. It is true that it does visit us occasionally on dry land, but in a nasty hesitating sort of way, and it rarely presumes to show itself amongst us in broad daylight. Most of the other members of the family of weather—with all their faults—have some redeeming qualities; but fog is hopelessly objectionable: it is ugly, useless, stupid, and dirty.

The third child is a daughter. She floats in the winter air in the white frock that was given to her at her birth, and though she is now as old as the north wind, she has never changed her robe. Cold, still, spotless, and majestic, she seems altogether out of place amidst her coarse relations: they are a disorderly populace; she is a stately queen. Silent, frigid, and so white that her very name means purity, she stands alone—the Pallas Athene of weather. Her movements are soundless; she hushes all around her; she effaces everything she touches; all signs of life are hidden beneath the noiseless veil she spreads. Immaculate, irresistible, and eternal, she possesses an awfulness and a grandeur which are special to herself; nature has produced no counterpart of her; and it is perhaps as well that she has no sister, for if the clouds had two unmarried daughters of her type, mankind would have hard work to get through the winters. The immensity of her power can, however, be judged only in her own chosen homes, and it is indeed well worth our while to visit them, for of all material royalties, there is not one like hers.

And yet this splendid vestal is not invariably the mighty, ruthless, immutable sovereign that we behold on the mountains and at the poles. Like all other rulers, she has her weak moments. It is saddening to have to own that so superb a princess can ever change her glorious form, but the truth is evident—she thaws! Her attributes of whiteness and eternity are, after all, mere questions of thermometer and position; they dazzle our bewildered eyes as we humbly gaze upon them on the summits of the Alps; they turn into dirty water in Pall Mall. We easily forget, when snow is sitting nobly on her throne, that the plebeian blood of rain and fog is running in her veins; but she herself, despite her majesty, is forced to own the lamentable fact as soon as she gets warm. How she must hate heat! To be glorious, brilliant, stainless now, all grand and undefiled and beautiful, and then, because the sun shines out a little, to be obliged to vanish into puddle! What mockery of the greatnesses of this earth!

But, after all, it serves no purpose to be sentimental. If negroes have black skins, if cows have horns, while sheep have not, if tigers prefer flesh to oats, it is because those peculiarities are special to their race, and are inherited by each member of it. For the self-same reason snow is condemned to thaw; water she is, to water she returns; only it really is a pity it is not always clean.

As for the uses of snow, it would be absurd to talk about them. She is too beautiful and too royal to be used. Let us leave her where we found her, in the air and on the crests, up there amongst the eagles; let us forget that she can melt, and that she has functions to discharge.

But what can possibly be the functions of her next brother—hail? Cutting crops to pieces and breaking panes of glass cannot seriously be called a function, and yet, what else does hail do? Indeed the presence of this creature amongst the connections of weather is decidedly an enigma. It is a child of the clouds; that is certain; but it is a child whose birth is shrouded in mystery, for nobody has found out exactly how hail is made; and as we are equally ignorant of its uses when it is made, it really may be urged that, perhaps, it would be just as well if it were never made at all. It is manifestly the bully of the family; it never rendered a service to anybody; on the contrary, it is always doing damage in the wilfullest and most senseless fashion. And, furthermore, it is an undutiful and disrespectful son, for, as it comes down frozen into ice, it reveals to us with the most shocking indiscretion, that it must sometimes be most horribly cold in its mother's lap, which is a distressing fact that no really affectionate, deferential son would ever consent to divulge. It has been observed twice already, that the clouds have brought up their progeniture abominably, but this one is really worse than all the rest.

There ends the list of the offspring of

cloud. Dew is her little brother, not her child; for, like her, he issues direct from their common mother—the invisible vapor suspended in the atmosphere. He is, consequently, small as he is, the uncle of rain, fog, snow, and hail. He has the merit of being the one single member of the entire family whose manners are always perfect; he is a charming, laughing, bright-eyed little fellow—a blithe and sparkling morning visitor, who opens the day for us with smiles. He, like his superb niece, snow, has a name which we have adopted as an emblem: as she is purity, so he is freshness; and well indeed does he symbolise that word—for what else is fresh like dew? This baby boy of vapor is the great jeweller of nature; it is he who sprinkles her with flashing gems; it is his bright handiwork which makes the leaves and grass-blades glisten in the early sun: his workmanship is indeed so brilliant that we almost doubt his origin, and have some difficulty in believing that he is really of the same rough race as weather and its brood. But the proof thereof is close at hand: he can freeze; he can become hoar-frost; and then, alas! when his drops have turned into crystals, he thaws, and disappears in dirty water, as is the habit of his lineage. Poor, little, charming dew! he does deserve a better genealogy.

Shadow and shade, too, are not the children of cloud: they are simply her pupils; she does not create them of her substance—she only forms them by her teaching and example—she passes by, and says to them, "Follow me;" and they do it. But still they are important elements of weather; for it is they who take the place of sunbeams when the sky is grey; it is they who soften down the noon-tide glare—who mark the days of rain, of dulness, and of winter. It is they, again, who flicker fitfully on the hill-sides and the plains—who pass in spots of undulating darkness across "the whisperous wheat" (Lord Lytton again)—who overcast the sparkling waves with deep-blue moving patches—who add to nature's sweet variety, by playing with the light amidst her work. They constitute the one real charm of weather: it is they who give to it its color, its wandering diversity of tone, its ever-shifting glow. The sombre, slaty gloominess of the storm time—the whitey-grey of the morning mist—the sharp, clear, marching images which mark the passage over us of the hurrying autumn clouds—the distant dimness of the coming rain—the July contrasts between hot lustre and cool calm,—all these are the doings of shadow and shade. Without them weather would be all darkness or all brilliancy, according to its passing humor: with them it becomes as variable in aspect as it is in temper, and nature gains a beauty the more.

Thunder and lightning form a strange couple by themselves; they are neither relatives nor friends of the family of cloud; they seem indeed to be barely on visiting terms with its members; for they come to see them very rarely—sometimes even not for months together: they live apart, and show themselves only on great occasions. Their precise situation in the set is rather difficult to define; but it may be said, with approximate exactness, that they are to weather what swearing is to language, what cholera is to disease, what a lion is to beasts. It is possible that they may have a use; but if so, it has not been yet discovered; for as their tremendous grandeur is out of all proportion with their ordinary effect of turning milk sour, it really cannot be reasonably supposed that they were created solely for that minutely destructive purpose. Neither can it be seriously pretended that their object is to furnish proof that mankind can easily be terrified by sudden flame and sound. So far as we can thus far perceive, they appear to be a pure expletive, superb and violent, but, like many others of the manifestations of weather, totally incomprehensible.

And now we can begin to approach the self-constituted guardian of the entire group—the domineering master who drives its members all about before him with a temper even more capricious than their own, but whose guidance is so absolutely indispensable to them all, that without his aid neither clouds, nor rain, nor snow, nor shadow could move one inch. What would they all be without wind? In order to completely govern them, wind assumes as many forms as color does; and even in these days of observatories and weather-charts it is scarcely possible to establish a complete catalogue of them all. There are hot winds and cold winds, wet winds and dry winds, sea winds and land winds, perma-

nent winds like the trades, periodical winds like the monsoons, and variable winds like these we have around us here; there are mountain winds, valley winds, and plain winds; "brave west winds," hard north-easters and "fainting air;" and there are all the varieties of local winds special to particular districts, like the sirocco in Italy, the simoon in Arabia, the kamsin in Egypt, the harmattan in Guinea, the mistral in France, the "hot winds" in Australia, the föhn in Switzerland, the nortes in the Gulf of Mexico. But all these diversities are, in reality, alike in their origin and nature; from the lazy breath which does not lift a leaf to the hurricane which voyages twice as fast as the quickest railway train, they are all substantially identical, for all are currents in the atmosphere.

If there were no wind, weather would be immovable; it would rise up and disappear on the same spot, according to local causes; there would be no sort of relationship or sympathy between the weathers of different districts. If there were no wind the modern science of meteorology would have no existence; for if nothing carried storms and rain in a recognised direction, and with a recognised speed, we could not be told by telegraph what will probably be the nature of the weather round our coasts to-morrow. Steam has rendered us tolerably independent of wind for navigation, but thus far the other uses of wind have not been replaced by machinery; it alone continues, amongst other of its occupations, to be the sole known means of transporting clouds about the sky.

And, in addition to its general duty as a carrier, wind has a special function to discharge in the composition of weather, for it is it, and it alone, which makes storms; it is it alone which puts weather into a real rage. Without it weather would often be sulky, gloomy, disagreeable, but it would never be ferocious. Hurricanes, cyclones, tornadoes, and typhoons are virtually mere wind, and yet they incontestably present the most outrageous forms which weather can assume. Without wind all the other elements of weather would be passive; in themselves alone they constitute mere local agencies; it is only when their inherent power is multiplied by the speed which wind bestows upon them that they acquire destructive force. It is the wind which enables the snow to drift and deepen, the rain to travel over whole countries and to inundate them all, the hail to beat down the crops of entire districts, the fog to march along from sea to land; if "life is movement," it is evidently wind which bestows life on weather.

Wind, however, in the midst of its inconsistent caprices, is controlled, like all the other elements of weather, by the degree of heat. As heat makes vapor, so also does heat make wind, and we have proof thereof in the fact that the average number of storms each year rises gradually from 2 in Siberia to 9 in London, 14 in Paris, 43 in Rome, and 60 in Calcutta. Wherever a tempest occurs we may be absolutely certain that temperature is at the bottom of it, for wind of all speeds, from 1 to 100 miles an hour, is a mere rushing of air to take somewhere else the place of other air which has been carried off by hot ascending currents. But, in tearing about in what seems to be so fantastic a fashion, wind is unceasingly rendering us a vast service; it is conveying vapor from damp places to dry ones. If ever it were to leave off doing so, evaporation in the dry places would become greater than precipitation, the level of the inland waters would fall, vegetation would disappear, there would be no more food, and the population would be driven away. All this because the wind would have stopped blowing in the direction where it is wanted! There is no doubt at all that such would really be the case, for it has happened already round the Caspian and the Sea of Aral.

The relationship of wind towards weather is somewhat like that of a painter's brush towards his colors; without the brush the colors would remain daubed upon the palette, but with its help they form a picture. It is true that in the case of weather the picture is inharmonious, irregularly drawn and indiscriminately shaded; but still it presents a vigor and a life which indicates that it is the work of no common hand. We gaze each day, and each hour of each day, at the great fresco which is painted for us by the winds, and yet, habituated to it as we are, it never tires us: it perpetually strikes us by its grandeur, its vitality, its ever varying lines. It may indeed be said that the view

of it constitutes one of the few permanent pleasures that we possess, and it has the advantage over most other pleasures of being obtainable without an effort. And yet though we have this strong reason, and many others too, for feeling gratitude towards wind, though it serves us as a water-carrier, as a seed and pollen spreader, as a scavenger, as a drying machine, and as a grand artist, it is probable that the greater part of us never entertain towards it any lively sentiment of thankfulness, and that we habitually limit our acknowledgments of obligation to it to the direct and personal benefits which it occasionally renders us, as when, on the evening of a sultry day, a breeze springs up and brings us coolness, or when it at last conveys our ship into port after a weary voyage. For the daily, constant work of wind we have no gratitude: if, indeed, we think of it at all, it is rather to cry out against its violences than to thank it for its services; they pass unperceived before our negligent eyes. Here, however, we are forced to recognise and proclaim them, for without wind, all the other elements of weather that we have been talking about would be as motionless and as torpid as a mushroom in a hollow tree.

There is one more constituent of weather — temperature; it is usually and most rightly classed with climate rather than with weather, but yet its relationship to the latter is real enough to oblige us to include it in our list. It is dependent mainly on latitude and altitude, so much so, indeed, that it may be said—as a rough formula which is subject to many exceptions—that heat diminishes at the rate of about 1° Fahrenheit for each degree of distance from the equator, and for each hundred yards of height above the sea; but still it is a little influenced by mere weather too, only in the latter case we have no sort of law to guide our calculations of probable results. We all know that, as rules of climate, there are no very violent oscillations of temperature in the neighborhood of the sea, and that heat diminishes as we advance into the interior of continents, and leave the sea behind us. For instance, Amsterdam and Warsaw, and Copenhagan and Kasan, are, respectively, on about the same parallels of latitude, and yet their mean annual temperatures are 53° and 46° in the first case, and 45° and 37° in the second. This we can understand, because it is climate—that is to say, a fixed condition. But we altogether fail to comprehend why July in England should have been a hot and dry month in 1874, and a wet and cold one in 1875. That striking contrast was distinctly and undeniably brought about by weather, and nothing else; and it is, for that very reason, although unintelligible to ordinary people like us. Of course it is easy enough to explain it scientifically, but what good does that do to us? Of course it can be announced that what happened this year was a necessary result of excessive condensation of vapor over the British Isles, provoked by the arrival of unusual frigid currents in the atmosphere, which currents were sent our way by perturbations in the movements of the strata of the air somewhere else, above Japan, for instance, or towards Cape Horn. But that learned interpretation, supposing it to be infallibly exact, affords very small satisfaction to us, for, even if we comprehend it theoretically, we fail altogether to realise it as a fact. Notions of atmospheric equilibrium, of compensations, of its being accidentally cold in London because it is accidentally warm in the Galapagos, are outside the grasp of the mass of us; our conceptions of the causes of sudden changes of temperature are, habitually, more simple. If it becomes very hot, we expect to be informed that a new comet is in sight; if it turns very cold, we cannot help suspecting that some icebergs must have floated down to the latitude of Aberdeen. As for referring a broiling afternoon at Brighton to a storm at Calcutta, or a chilly week in August to a magnetic disturbance round New Zealand, not one of us is capable of it. And yet those versions would be the true ones, while the icebergs and the comets would be all nonsense. We do not adopt them, however, because, as popular ignorance fits in handily with our prejudices, while scientific reasonings appeal only to our understanding, we find, in this case as in so many others, that it is vastly easier to let ourselves be guided by imagination than by knowledge.

And yet, indifferent as we may be about explanations, we are invariably ready to blame weather for all excesses

that occur in temperature; our very language proves it; we say "hot weather" and "cold weather," as if heat and cold were properties of weather. Nothing can be more unfair than this; temperature is often somewhat exaggerated, either way, by weather; that is quite true; but the fundamental fact that it is cold in winter and hot in summer has nothing on earth to do with weather. Weather is an extraneous influence which temporarily increases or diminishes the action of certain permanent natural laws, but it no more makes those laws than tailors weave the cloth out of which they cut our coats. The presence or the absence of clouds, of rain, of snow, of wind, does manifestly affect temperature; but it affects it only because it existed already. Weather is nothing but a tool in the matter; it shapes and fashions temperature some little, but we could no more produce temperature by the help of weather alone than we could manufacture a piece of calico with a pair of scissors and a thimble.

But though weather exercises only a very restricted action over temperature, its authority is extensive over everything else that it touches. Allusion has been already made to several of its material functions, and all that need be added on that chapter of the question is the general observation that, as regards the culture of the ground, weather is even more important than the nature of the soil itself. The French express this truth by a proverb which is in all their peasants' mouths—"Mieux vaut un bon temps qu'un bon champ." Crops are almost entirely dependent upon weather. The supply of corn, wine, and oil, and of all the other necessaries which we have successively learnt to cultivate, is mainly a question of more or less heat and cold, of more or less wet and dry. All that is evident, and needs no telling. But the ways in which weather dominates over the persons of men and women are perhaps less generally noticed, and may therefore be worth a passing allusion.

Our virtues and our vices, our temperaments and our passions, are all so bound up with our physical organisation that they cannot help varying with the outside influences to which the latter is exposed. We see proofs enough of this in the radical differences of national character between the inhabitants of countries whose climates are unlike; and though the variations of temper and disposition which are provoked amongst dwellers in the same country by changes of weather alone, are insignificant when compared to the far greater consequences produced by climate, yet they are distinct enough to supply evidence of the reality of the cause which begets them. That heat engenders indolence and irritation, and develops the nervous system; that cold engenders activity and energy, and develops the muscular system,—are facts with which every one is acquainted, for they are rules in general constant application before our eyes. But these rules and their effects are modified each day by the action of the weather, and there it is that we detect the special consequences of that action. And it is particularly easy to do so in a climate like our own, where the usual absence of extremes of temperature permits equilibrium between the muscular and the nervous system, and renders both of them, for that very reason, more accessible to atmospheric variations than is the case amongst inhabitants of excessive climates.

That is, no doubt, the reason why thunderstorms give some of us bad headaches, why long rains augment our national solemnity, why persistent fogginess and chill depress us, why brighter skies than those we habitually see excite in us a momentary gaiety and elasticity, which, in our astonishment and want of practice, we rarely know how to utilize. And, in differing degrees and shapes, these same conditions apply in other countries than our own; a large part of Europe takes the exact shade of its character for each day from the weather which it finds when it opens its eyes in the morning. It is true that, in the majority of cases, we are almost unconscious of the subtle influence which is thus at work upon us, not only because its effects are usually too minute to attract our attention, but also because we are so accustomed to them that, unless they happen to be exceptionally marked, it does not occur to us to investigate their cause. This indifference applies, however, to a good many other things besides weather, and the fact of its existence no more indicates that the action of weather on us is not real, than our forgetfulness that we are always

breathing implies that we could do without air.

And, furthermore, this indifference is limited to the present; it does not extend to the future; it in no way prevents us from trying to discover means for prognosticating coming weather; in that direction, at all events, our minds have always been inquiring and our attention has always been active. The curiosity that the whole world feels upon this question is legitimate and natural; for though no amount of previous information would render weather less capricious, yet its capriciousness would be less damaging and annoying if we knew well beforehand what changes to prepare for. It is therefore disagreeable to be obliged to recognise that there is no present probability whatever that we shall ever attain any distinct knowledge on the subject. It is true that we have invented the barometer, and that in these latter days we have had recourse to scientific observation on the largest international scale; but still, with all this help, we do not manage to see beyond the morrow. And even that small glimpse into futurity would be impossible if we did not know by telegraph what was happening elsewhere yesterday. Failure, however, does not discourage us; we go on calculating and seeking; we are pushed on in our researches by a universal curiosity—by a curiosity which seems to have always existed, and which has grown particularly strong during the last two hundred years. To satisfy it the world has had recourse to prophets, who have really discharged their functions with such a remarkably correct appreciation of what was wanted from them, that the work of Maury and Fitzroy becomes lamentably mean and little compared with that of Zadkiel and Moore, of Mathieu Laensberg and Mathieu de la Drôme. Those soothsayers were not restrained by the miserable considerations which influence the learned gentlemen who are trying to replace them; in their hands prediction was comprehensive, unhesitating, and ferocious; it scorned the absurd bonds of time and truth; it satisfied all wonderings; it contented all sorts of fancies, for, not restricting itself to the mere prophesying of weather twelve months beforehand, it threw in revolutions, wars, and plagues as well. Much time will probably be required, and much spread of education too, before weather charts will be accepted by the masses as a satisfactory substitute for thrilling penny almanacs. Dry facts can scarcely be expected to easily replace superstition, and as the superstition is, in this case, the common property of all Europe, its eradication will be proportionably more difficult.

If ever the happy time arrives when official weather-books will be published annually at Greenwich; when rainy days will be calculated prospectively with as much certainty as eclipses; when the date, nature, and duration of every storm will be rigorously determined two years in advance,—then, evidently, the astrologers will have to abandon their profession. Meanwhile, however, they will probably continue to exercise it without much hindrance: the only serious competitor they have as yet is, not meteorology, but nature herself, for she is generous enough to place at our disposal a variety of little signals, which render us some service, as it is, and would render us much more if only we knew how to read them aright. In her hands coming events do really cast their shadows a few yards before; and, if we were clever at discovering the meanings of the shadows, they would perhaps tell us more about the movements of weather than we have hitherto been able to learn from the united observatories of the world. We know, for instance, in a general way, that we may reckon on a duration of fine weather if the sun sets in crimson clouds and rises brilliant, or if the stars are numerous and bright; that dews and white morning fogs are symptoms of clear days; that if the sun is dark and vapory, or if the moon is sickly, with blunt horns, and a circle round her, or if the stars are pallid, big, and do not scintillate, we may look for rain; that if the sun comes up pale and then turns red, or if the moon is large and ruddy, with sharp, black horns, we may count on wind. We have noticed, also, that certain plants have ways of warning us of coming wet; that several of them shut up their flowers when rain is approaching; the chickweed, indeed, has this habit to such an extent that it is called in France "the poor man's barometer." And there are enthusiasts who pretend that even animals are good enough to speak out, after their fashion, on the same occasion; they assert that, when

rain is in the air, horses hinny, oxen low, sheep bleat, asses bray, and crows, frogs, and ducks become particularly noisy.

But the birds are the best judges of all, for they live in the air and feel its pulses and its throbbings; they are specially organised for the purpose. Toussenel, indeed, goes so far as to say that every bird possesses within itself the very properties of the thermometer, barometer, hygroscope, and electroscope. The cranes were perfectly aware what sort of a winter was approaching in 1812; they proved their knowledge of its nature by migrating weeks sooner than their usual date in order to get out of its way. Unluckily for Napoleon he did not recognise the facts as the cranes did. Neither do we of this generation pay much attention to the instructive auguries which are offered to us by the swallows when they fly low, or by the sea-birds when they hover close to shore instead of travelling out over the waves, as is their habit when the weather is going to be fine. It is perhaps not altogether absurd to suggest that a system of predictions might yet be organised by careful observation of the proceedings of the birds; but as such a device would not be scientific, there is no actual prospect of its adoption.

The notion that the moon exerts an influence on weather is so deeply rooted that, notwithstanding all the attacks which have been made against it since meteorology has been seriously studied, it continues to retain its hold upon us. And yet there never was a popular superstition more utterly without a basis than this one. If the moon did really possess any power over weather, that power could only be exercised in one of three ways—by reflection of the sun's rays, by attraction, or by emanation. No other form of action is conceivable. Now, as the brightest light of a full moon is never equal in intensity or quantity to that which is reflected towards us by a white cloud on a summer day, it can scarcely be pretended that weather is affected by such a cause. That the moon does exert attraction on us is manifest—we see its working in the tides; but though it can move water, it is most unlikely that it can do the same to air, for the specific gravity of the atmosphere is so small that there is nothing to be attracted. Laplace calculated, indeed, that the joint attraction of the sun and moon together could not stir the atmosphere at a quicker rate than five miles a day. As for lunar emanations, not a sign of them has ever been discovered. The idea of an influence produced by the phases of the moon is therefore based on no recognisable cause whatever. Furthermore, it is now distinctly shown that no variations at all really occur in weather at the moment of the changes of quarter, any more than at other ordinary times. Since the establishment of meteorological stations all over the earth, it has been proved by millions of observations that there is no simultaneousness whatever between the supposed cause and the supposed effect. The whole story is a fancy and a superstition, which has been handed down to us uncontrolled, and which we have accepted as true because our forefathers believed it. The moon exercises no more influence on weather than herrings do on the Government of Switzerland.

Regarded as a whole, the question of weather has the double merit of being both important and interesting; it has, from all times, dragged towards itself the attention of the ignorant and the wise alike; philosophers and peasants have studied it with equal attention, but with equal non-success. It has always persistently hidden its secrets from us, or, at best, has opened them to us in the most limited degree. Our attempts to fathom them have only led us into superstitions; and of all the branches of knowledge which men have pursued, it may be said, with truth, that there is not one in which they have made so little progress as in weather-lore. Maury's discovery of the law of storms is the one single contribution that has yet been made to the creation of a weather science; and even that law has extremely limited applications, and is open to innumerable exceptions. In no other direction whatever have we been able to detect any appearance of a rule; we have traced out causes, but not codes; we have got on a little with the former, but the latter remain as invisible to us as they were to Aristotle. Indeed, if such a thought were not in flagrant contradiction to the whole of our experience in all other directions, we should be almost tempted to imagine that, in this one matter, nature has not acted with her usu-

al precision, and that she has drawn up no code at all. That explanation of the caprices and inconsistencies of weather is, however, inadmissible: there must, of necessity, be perpetual laws for its guidance, as for everything else; it is only as a justification of our own ignorance that we incline to fancy that there are none.

That being so—and assuredly it is so—our admiration for nature's capacity of lawgiving ought to increase immensely; for the statutes which she has invented for the government of weather must be far more wonderful than those which she enforces elsewhere. They imply the existence of the strictest order amidst indescribable disorder, of a recognised predominant will where all wills appear to be contending for the mastery; of an accepted absolute commander, where all looks like flagrant disobedience; of ever-present reason amidst what seems to be the wildest incoherence; of all-controlling despotism, co-existing with the outward signs of absolutely uncontrolled liberty. It must be owned that the task of comprehending this is excessively embarrassing, and that we really have some small excuse for trying to evade it. In other cases the laws which nature applies are in more or less harmonious agreement with the agents which they employ, and with the effects which they induce; but here the agents and the effects present themselves before us in such tumultuous confusion, in such wayward independence, with so vivid and so resolute a character of immunity from supervision, that it is most desperately difficult for us to imagine that there can be any harmony at all between them and the unknown laws which we suppose to be directing them, but which they seem to so thoroughly despise.

It is humiliating to turn away from an unsolved riddle; but, as nobody has ever been able to explain this one, it is not likely that we should be successful, even if we tried. Let us leave it to posterity. And, with it, let us bequeath the wise advice which Mathieu Laensberg offered to his readers,—"Il faut prendre le temps comme il vient, les gens pour ce qu'ils sont, et l'argent pour ce qu'il vaut."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE TRUE EASTERN QUESTION.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

A VISIT to the eastern coasts of the Hadriatic, planned long ago with objects bearing wholly on the history of past times, has lately given me a glimpse of a stirring piece of modern history, and has called my thoughts back to subjects which were more familiar to them twenty years back than they have been of late. I had longed for years to see the Palace of Spalato, and the other wonders of the land which gave Rome so many of her greatest Emperors. This year I had for the first time the opportunity of carrying out this wish of many years, and its carrying out in this particular year caused me to hear and see somewhat, not only of the Palace at Spalato, but also the revolt in Herzegovina. I was able to hear much of the matter from men familiar with the seat of war, and myself to get a glimpse, though only a glimpse, alike of enslaved Herzegovina and of unconquered Montenegro. These sights called up again old thoughts and old controversies. I have ever been one of those, a body sometime very few in number, who could not understand why our love of right and freedom, our hatred of wrong and oppression, should be bounded by the Hadriatic sea. I could never understand why, while we denounced the oppression of the Austrian or the Russian, while we admired and sympathized with all those who rose up against it, we were bound to uphold the far blacker oppression of the Turk, and to hurl every name of contempt and dislike at those who strove to shake off his yoke. I was one of those who raised their protest one and twenty years back, when we were entrapped by a crafty tyrant into waging war against a sovereign and a people who had never wronged us, on behalf of the foulest fabric of tyranny on earth. I could see no glory, no wisdom, nothing but the deepest national shame, in lending the arms of England to

support the cause of Pope and Turk against the nations of Eastern Christendom. To me the names of Alma, of Balaklava, and of Inkerman are names of national humiliation. They are records of blood shed by English hands in the cause of wrong; and blood shed in the cause of wrong, whether it be shed in victory or in defeat, is matter for shame, and not for boasting. Thus I thought and spoke when there were but few—a few there always were—who thought and spoke with me. Now that the madness of the moment is past, now that we can see things by the light of twenty more years of experience, there are more who speak, there are many more who think, as a few of us thought and spoke during the national frenzy of the Russian war. But few or many it matters not; truth is the same in either case. At Alma and Inkerman England fought for wrong, as a generation before at Navarino she had fought for right. In 1827 we fought to free a nation from its tyrants, and the good work was called an "untoward event." In 1854 we fought to keep nations in their bondage, and it became the fashion to glory in our shame. We have again the choice of good or evil opened before us; we have again to choose between the precedent of the righteous act of which we were ashamed, and the precedent of the unrighteous act in which we gloried. We can again, if we will, do something, perhaps not by fighting but certainly in some other way, either for the cause of good or for the cause of evil. We may use such influence as we may have in the counsels of Europe, either on behalf of the Turkish oppressor or on behalf of the victims who have at last turned against him. God grant that whatever we do, by act or by speech, it may be in the spirit of 1827, and not in the spirit of 1854.

When I spoke and wrote about these matters twenty years back, the subject was one which had for me, as it still has, a twofold attraction. I felt that, setting aside all associations which might sway us in the matter, all considerations of past history, of religion or race or language, we who spoke up for the oppressed against the oppressor were only speaking the language of simple right. We spoke on behalf of the Greek and the Slave, only as both we and others were wont to speak on behalf of the Pole, the Lombard, and the Hungarian. We spoke on behalf of Christians under Mahometan oppressors as I trust we should have spoken on behalf of Mahometans under Christian oppressors. But for myself personally the matter had also an interest of another kind. The political wrong against which we strove was but the continuation of a great historic wrong. The historic wrong had in truth no small share in bringing about the political wrong. The schism between the Eastern and Western Churches, the rivalry between the Eastern and Western Empires, had wrought a lasting effect on the minds of many who had never heard of either Church or either Empire. A kind of dislike and contempt towards the Christian nations of the East had been fostered for ages in the minds of the Christian nations of the West. The "Greek of the Lower Empire" was held up to scorn as the type of everything that was vile, and the modern Greek was held to be, if anything, a little viler than his Byzantine forefather. Of the great mass of the Christian subjects of the Turk, the Slaves and the Bulgarians, many people seem never to have heard at all. All members of the Eastern Church were jumbled together under the common name of Greeks. Up to that time the Eastern Church had often been looked at with some sympathy by Protestants, as having a common enemy at Rome; but that Church was now suddenly found out to be something worse even than the Pope himself. People in Western Europe who protested against the oppressions of Russia or Austria often had no more real knowledge about Italians, Poles, and Hungarians than they had about Greeks, Slaves, and Bulgarians. But they had at least not been brought up with a prejudice of ages against Italians, Poles, or Hungarians. People therefore came to look with sympathy on the victims of Russia and Austria, while they looked with a kind of suspicion upon the victims of the Turk. They also made the great discovery that the Turk had some of the virtues, or apparent virtues, which are commonly found in masters, while his victims had some of the vices which are always found in slaves. It would have been too much trouble to stop and think that the vices of the slave ought to go in some measure to the account of those who made him a

slave. It was enough that the Turk had some virtues, and his Christian subjects some vices. He was, by force of this argument, ruled to be altogether in the right, and his Christian subjects to be altogether in the wrong. Then there came in the great Russian bugbear. We are told that, even if the Christians of Turkey had grievances, it was no time to think about them or talk about them when all Europe had a much greater grievance. Greek, Slave, Bulgarian were to be taught a lesson of self-sacrifice; they were to be taught to sit down quietly under real and undoubted evils at the hands of the Turk, because Western Europe had chosen to take it into its head that some unknown and shadowy evil was coming on mankind at the hands of the Russian. Then, as usual, to the help of all this mass of falsehoods, fallacies, and half truths, came that dense mass of invincible ignorance which always plays so great a part at all times of popular excitement. Many people could not be made to see the difference between Turkey and the Turks. Because in Western Europe England and the English, France and the French, mean much the same things, they could not understand a state of things in which the Turks were not Turkey, but simply the invaders and oppressors of Turkey. I remember a meeting in some midland town, Derby I think it was, where a resolution was passed in honor of "the glorious patriotic spirit of the Turkish nation." The same people would certainly not have passed a resolution in honor of the "glorious patriotic spirit of the Austrian nation," when Radetzky set forth to win back Lombardy. That "the glorious patriotic spirit of the Turkish nation" simply meant the obstinate determination of a horde of robbers to keep possession of the houses and lands of other men, certainly never entered the heads of the good people who passed the resolution. They doubtless thought that there was a Turkish nation living in Turkey, just as there is an English nation living in England, and a French nation living in France. We heard much in those days about the "rights of the Sultan," and it was not everybody who understood that the rights of the Sultan over the houses and goods of Greeks, Slaves, and Bulgarians were exactly the same as the rights of a burglar to the house into which he has broken, and to the goods which he has found in it. In short, the moral confusion which condemned oppression on one side of the Hadriatic and admired it on the other, though it was largely strengthened by wilful and interested perversion, rested in the main on a deep and solid foundation of honest ignorance. The clamorers on behalf of the Turk were undoubtedly one class of that large order who call evil good and good evil; but in a vast number of cases they did so simply because they had been led honestly to mistake evil for good, and good for evil. The worst is that, when a general delusion of this kind has taken possession of the mind of a nation, the delusion cannot be got rid of till it is too late. Truth commonly gets the better in the long run; but for the time falsehoods and half truths get so firm a hold that truth is not listened to. People may now endure to be told that it is a truer patriotism to try to keep one's country out of an unjust war than to join in a wild cry for rushing into such a war. But twenty years ago all that those who did so got for their pains was to be called unpatriotic and un-English. There is now time to pause and think before we again irrevocably commit ourselves to the cause of unrighteousness.

When all these confusions were rife twenty years back, the history of South-Eastern Europe had been for a long time a favorite subject of my thoughts and reading, though I do not profess to have ever studied it in the same detail in which I have studied some parts of Western history. But I had learned enough to know—Mr. Finlay's writings alone could teach that much—how large a part of European history has been utterly misconceived through the traditional contempt for the "Greek of the Lower Empire." As commonly happens, error with regard to past history and error with regard to present policy went together; for in truth the one error was built upon the other. In those days a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* could talk, seemingly with glee, about "the last Byzantine historian being blown into the air by our brave allies the Turks." The man who wrote this nonsense perhaps really thought that, because the Turks were unluckily allies of England in the nineteenth century, therefore they must also have

been allies of England in the fifteenth century. He certainly did not think it worth while to stop and think that more than one "last Byzantine historian" contrived to write the history of the very storm in which it was thus taken for granted that he must have been blown into the air. About the same time it was the fashion to write little books about the history of Crimea, in which there was always a great deal about Mithridates, always a great deal about Catherine the Second, but in which the most instructive thing in the history of the peninsula, the long life of the Greek commonwealth of Cherson, was always left out. Perhaps the writers had never heard of the fact; perhaps it was thought inexpedient to let it be known that there ever had been anywhere, least of all in Crimea, so dangerous a thing as a Greek commonwealth. There was therefore a good deal of work to be done by the mere lover of historical accuracy as well as by the lover of political freedom, and both I and others did what we could to spread abroad truer ideas on both branches of the subject. What we generally got for our pains was to be called *philhellênes*, and to be laughed at for troubling ourselves about "petty states." As I have read history, "petty states" have generally been the salt of the earth; and, as for the name *philhellên*, I am in no way ashamed of it, if only it be not used in any exclusive sense. I am simply for right against wrong, for all the victims of the oppressor as against the oppressor, not for any one class of his victims as against any other class. I will accept the name of *philhellên* with gladness, if only I am allowed to add that I am equally *philoslave* and *philobulgarian*.

Those days have long passed away. Since then it has been only by fits and starts that the affairs of Eastern Christendom could be the chief object of the thoughts of any man in the western lands. It was no more than human nature if, in the face of the great events of the last sixteen years, in face of the reunion of Germany and Italy, in the face of the overthrow of tyranny in France and of slavery in America, the best friends of the Greek, the Slave, and the Bulgarian might sometimes forget them for a season. Now and then indeed the East became again uppermost in the thoughts of men who could think and feel. There was the moment when Montenegro secured her freedom at Grahovo; there was the moment when Crete rose against her tyrants. Of that last tale of English shame I have before spoken in these pages. I have spoken of the crime of that flinty-hearted man who, when men who had hearts, English consuls and English sailors, were doing what they could to save Cretan women and children from their destroyers, bade that the common rights of humanity should be refused to the oppressed, for fear forsooth that we should "open the Eastern question," or disturb "the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire." Then too was seen that other shameful sight of an Englishman sold to the barbarian, abusing English naval skill and science to press down again the yoke of the barbarian on nations who were striving to cast off his yoke. I suppose that the highest degree of glory and of infamy to be found in the annals of naval warfare may be seen in the two contrasted pictures of Hastings in command of the *Karteria* and Hobart in pursuit of the *Henôsis*.

But the climax of our national shame was not yet reached. That an Englishman should bear arms in the cause of a barbarian despot, that an Englishman should forbid the offices of humanity to that despot's victims, were after all only the crimes of particular men. But it was something like a national humiliation when the very moment of the Cretan war was chosen to give the oppressor of Crete and of so many other Christian lands a public reception in England. There is something very strange in the way in which we deal out our favors to foreign potentates. When any king comes among us who, either on account of his own character or on behalf of the nation over whom he rules, is really entitled to respect, hardly any notice is taken of him. It may be in some cases that such a prince wishes to avoid the burthen of having any great notice taken of him; but the fact is plain; a respectable king passes almost unnoticed in England, while, when some despot or tyrant or perjurer comes among us, people at once fall down and worship him. Such an one is always received with every honor; crowds assemble to cheer him in the streets; orders of chivalry are bestowed

upon him; he dines with the Lord Mayor, and the Lord Mayor is made a baronet on the strength of the dinner. The red hand is in truth not unhappily chosen as the symbol of the guest for whose sake the honor is conferred. So we received Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, when his words of perjury were still fresh upon his lips, when his hands were still reeking with the blood of his December massacres. So we received the Turkish Sultan at the very moment when a Christian people were striving to cast off his hated yoke from their necks. The Turk got his dinner and his garter; the badge of Saint George was thrown around the neck of the successor of Mahomet; and the Lord Mayor got the rank which seems specially reserved for those who have tyrants to dine with them. But, far worse than this, we were told in the papers that the popular reception given to the Sultan could be compared only to the popular reception which had been given to Garibaldi. Had it come to this, that the English people were ready to cheer anything?—that to a London crowd an oppressor and a deliverer were the same thing—that Englishmen were equally ready to shout when Sicily was set free, and when Crete was again bowed down in slavery? So it was. And the cup of our folly and ignominy was filled up by giving a ball to a man who was not the least likely to dance, and by charging the expense of the costly foolery on the purses of the people of India. It was suddenly found out that England was a great Mahometan power, and, to keep up our Mahometan character, the unoffending votaries of Brahma were made to pay for the caperings at which our Mahometan guest sat and looked on. Our seal for the Turk and his Prophet was so great that Christian and heathen alike were to be mulcted to do them honor. The Sultan came with his hands reeking with Christian blood, decked in pomp wrung from the tears and groans of Christian subjects. Not to lag behind our guest, the cost of his entertainment was to be wrung out of men of yet a third religion, men who had hitherto deemed that the rule of the Christian had at least delivered them from the rule of the Moslem. Of all the strange forms which oppression and homage to oppression ever took, surely the most grotesque was that of making the people of India pay for a ball given in London to the Grand Turk.

These things too are now passed away. The Turk went back; Crete was again bowed down under his yoke, and I suppose the people of India paid his bill. I remember saying my own say at the time pretty much as I have said it now. Then came a lull. There was comparatively little to make us think of Turks, Greeks or Slaves, till the beginning of the present struggle for freedom. Of course, as will always happen where there is unceasing oppression, there has been unceasing discontent and occasional outbreaks. But till this year there was nothing to make the affairs of South-Eastern Europe the chief object of one's thoughts. But now that time has come again. The deliverance of Eastern Christendom has again become the thought which must stand foremost in the mind of every one whose love of right and freedom is not pent up within certain limits on the map. The great strife between right and wrong has again begun, and it has begun in a shape which leads us to hope that we are now really seeing the beginning of the end. For my own part, such news as has been now coming for months from Bosnia and Herzegovina would in any case have stirred my soul to its inmost depths. The wrongs of the West have been redressed; the rod of the oppressor has been broken; Italy is free; Germany is united; France is humbled; Austria is reformed. Is not then the moment come for the yet bitterer wrongs of South-Eastern Europe to be redressed also? Lombardy and Venetia are set free from the whips of the Austrian; has not the day at last come for the Greek and Slave and Albanian and Bulgarian lands to be set free from the scorpions of the Turk? Thoughts like these would have been stirring even in the quiet of one's own home; but they have pressed themselves upon me with tenfold force since a journey planned long ago with other objects has given me the means of seeing and hearing somewhat for myself. I have been able to tread the lands where the strife for freedom is actually going on, to speak with men who have borne their part in the struggle, to learn what is the feeling of men in lands which are themselves free from the dangers of the strife, but whose sons look with brotherly friendship on the

men who are engaged in the great and righteous work.

In saying this, I do not wish any one to suppose that I can give such readers as I may find any special information which they cannot find elsewhere. In the present war the English public has had the great advantage of having the facts of the case clearly and truly set before it. It is a great gain that in this matter the *Times* has mainly taken the right side, and still more that it has been well served by its correspondent on the spot. Every letter in that paper which comes from Ragusa is worth reading and pondering over. By great good luck, the usual purveyor of chatter, the correspondent who tells us what he had for dinner and how many princes he talked to, seems to have found a more congenial sphere elsewhere. The paper from which many Englishmen take their opinions as well as their facts is luckily represented at the present seat of war by a well-informed and trustworthy man, who has had long experience of Turkish doings and of revolts against them, and who is not above putting plain facts into rational English. I have no means of adding anything in the way of mere fact to the accounts which it is to be hoped every one at home has read for himself. All that I can do is to put forward again an old story, old arguments, but a story and arguments which have lost none of their strength by being old. And with me at least they have gained a certain freshness now that they are to me no longer merely matters of book-learning, but are in part at least founded on actual eyesight. Even a few hours on Turkish ground brings more clearly home to one what Turkish rule is. And one cannot be long in the lands to which the Turk is a neighbor without finding out that his neighbors have very different notions about the "Eastern question," about "the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire," from those which have been so long thought the correct thing in the West. Those cant phrases of diplomacy may still satisfy some readers, and even some writers, in England; they do not satisfy anybody in Dalmatia. These men see the wolf at their door, preying on their neighbors' flocks if not on their own, and it is not so easy as it is here to make them believe that the ravenous beast is a harmless and useful watch-dog. Here in the West we are told of a succession of beautiful promises of reform made by Sultan after Sultan to their Christian subjects. Some of us are actually simple enough to believe that these promises were meant to be fulfilled, or even that they have been fulfilled. In Dalmatia, where the victims of these broken promises come trooping bodily over the frontier, men know better what Turkish promises are worth. We are told here of the stainless good faith of the Turk; they see with their own eyes that Turkish faith is much the same now as it was when Bragadino capitulated on the promise of life and liberty and was flayed alive as his reward. We are told that the nations now under the foreign yoke must be kept under some foreign yoke or other, lest everything should fall into chaos. They look up to the mountains above their heads, and see there a native state under a native prince, where life and property are as safe as they are in any Western land, where even the Mussulman refugee finds a sure shelter. The Slave under Austrian rule himself enjoys, if not a national government, yet at least a government which protects life and property and family honor, and does common justice between man and man. He sees in Montenegro men of his own race and speech enjoying all this and something more. It is therefore not so easy to persuade him as it is to persuade people here that it can anyhow be for the common good of mankind that a third class of men of the same race and speech, differing in nothing from the Dalmatian and the Montenegrin save in the ill-luck of their history, should be kept down any longer under the yoke of a power in whose mouth government means brigandage, under whose rule no justice can be had by the weak against the strong, whose promises are, as school-boys used to say, like pie-crust, made to be broken. Perhaps they are wrong in their conclusions; perhaps the advantages of all these things may be more clearly seen at a distance than they are at a man's own door. But it is at least hard to make men who see these things at their own doors think otherwise than as they do. In Dalmatia and Montenegro in short men think very much as men would think in Hampshire, if, while Hampshire was under a civilized government, Berkshire was under a power from which

no redress could be had for the bitterest wrong if a Berkshire man were the sufferer. Perhaps they are quite wrong; perhaps they need to be enlightened as to the blessings of Turkish independence, as to the existence of Turkish integrity. But at least their mistake is natural, and, in the lands where the mistake is natural, it is also beyond doubt universal.

This then at least I can say, that Dalmatian feeling is unanimous for the insurgents and against the Turks. And surely the feeling of those who see what is going on without being immediately touched by it is worth something. There is at least a chance that it may come nearer to the truth than the theories of men who sit in London or elsewhere, and say that a thing must be so and so because it suits their preconceived theories that it should be so and so. Here people simply go on repeating a number of stock phrases, which, if they ever had any meaning, have ceased to have any meaning now. They repeat them as if they had a kind of *opus operatum* efficacy; as if something was proved by merely saying the same form of words over again. A diplomatist or a newspaper writer says that the "Eastern question must not be opened;" and perhaps he really thinks that, in so saying, he has proved something or settled something. But if he is asked what is meant by "opening the Eastern question," he will not find it so easy to explain. Most likely, however, he will say something about Russia; it is the received traditional rule that he should say something about Russia. Now what the "Eastern question" really means is the question whether a horde of invading barbarians shall still be allowed to hold the nations of South-Eastern Europe in bondage. It means whether insolent oppressors shall still refuse to them, not only political freedom, but those common personal rights which even a decent despotism secures to its subjects. It means whether England and other European powers which have hitherto agreed, for their own supposed interests, to back up this fabric of oppression shall any longer go on doing so. That is the real "Eastern question." No one thinks that the Turk can stand by his own strength. He stands, because hitherto the powers of Europe have fancied that it suits their purpose to let him stand. England, France, and Sardinia went to war one and twenty years ago with the avowed purpose of keeping him standing. By so doing they made themselves accomplices in the doings of the power whose existence they undertook to prolong. The true Eastern question is whether European powers shall go on condemning the nations of South-Eastern Europe or to remain under barbarian bondage. Diplomatists and newspaper writers may sit and say that the Eastern question shall not be reopened. But the Eastern question has been reopened by the swords of the patriots of Bosnia and Herzegovina. With one voice they say, Come what may, we will never again submit to the Turk. He may kill us; he may lay the land desolate and drive us out of it; but we will never again be his subjects. The question is what those who have hitherto made it their business to keep certain nations under the Turkish yoke are to do, now that those nations have declared that they will endure anything rather than the Turkish yoke. There may be many ways of breaking the yoke, but those who are under it have made up their minds that it shall be broken in some way or other. Even now diplomatists are chattering about further promises of reform, about a separation of this and that district, about the change of this and that governor. None of these things touch the root of the matter. The people of the revolted lands know that no faith is to be placed in Turkish promises. They do not want reforms at the hand of the Turk; what they want is freedom from the Turk and all that belongs to him. Some years back the people of Lombardy and Venetia told the world that what they wanted was not reform at the hand of the Austrian, but freedom from the Austrian. There were men then who thought that the bondage of Italy was as needful for the interests of mankind as some think that the bondage of Bosnia and Herzegovina is now. But Europe in general did not think so; and Italy is free. Now in Turkey the state of things against which the Italians rose would come in the shape of a great and blessed reform. The Christian subjects of the Turk would be glad indeed to find themselves now no worse off than the Italian subjects of the Austrian were then. But mark the different measure meted out to nations east and west of

the Hadriatic gulf. On one side we applaud men for rising against a government, because it is offensive to national feeling. On the other side we bid men lie down quietly under a government which refuses them the common rights of human beings. Such a government they declare as one man that they will endure no longer. By so doing they have reopened the Eastern question. That question certainly admits of more than one answer; but before we get any answer, we must settle what is to be the shape of the question. Here, with many minds the Eastern question means how to keep the Turk in. In the lands where the Turk is something more than a name, the Eastern question means how to turn the Turk out.

I have in the course of this article more than once, of set purpose, made use of phrases which I know will provoke controversy. I have called the Turks barbarians; I have called them an invading horde. These are the kind of phrases which I know are specially offensive to those who have taken on themselves the strange mission of defending the continued bondage of a large part of Europe. But it is well to set before men's minds, even at the risk of repeating a thrice told tale or a hundred times told tale, what the real state of the case is. It is well again to show what the system really is which the victims of the Turk are striving to overthrow, and which his abettors in England and elsewhere are striving to prolong. To them no phrase is more offensive than to be told that the Turks are an Asiatic horde encamped in Europe. No phrase is more offensive, because no phrase is more true. The usual art of the defenders of the Turk is to speak of the Turkish power as if it were an ordinary government, to speak of revolt against it as if it were an ordinary case of revolt against a government. They perhaps do not go so far as to say that the Turkish government is a good government; but they certainly wish people to believe that it is a government, in the same sense in which the monarchies and commonwealths of other parts of Europe are governments. Now the one point to be clearly understood is that the state of things in South-Eastern Europe is not an ordinary case of government, good or bad. It is a case of subjection to a power which has no right to be called a government at all. The governments of civilized countries may be, and are, better or worse, more or less in accordance with national feeling. There may be under them more or less of political freedom: the judicial and administrative system may be more or less well contrived, more or less purely carried out in practice. Still, in all of these governments, in all the various shades between pure despotism and pure democracy, the government at least professes to act on behalf of the general body of its subjects or citizens, for the good of that general body. The worst European government professes to do equal justice between man and man in private causes, and, for the most part, the profession is pretty fairly carried out. When it is otherwise, it is commonly owing to some defect in the particular law, some corruption on the part of the particular administrator of the law. It is not commonly owing to anything in the constitution of the governing power which makes it absolutely incapable of doing justice even if it wishes to do it. Such governments may be better or worse; some may be positively bad; but they are not essentially and incurably bad. A government may be bad, because it is a government of strangers offensive to national feeling, or because, though it is not a government of strangers, yet it is in the exclusive possession of one class of the nation. Such governments are bad governments; still they are governments. They discharge—at least there is nothing to hinder them from discharging—the primary duties of a government; life, property, female honor, may be safe under them, and equal justice may be done in all matters of merely private interest. But the so called Turkish government does none of these things; it can do none of these things. The Turks are still, as they have been ever since they landed in Europe, a mere horde of invaders. That they landed five hundred years ago makes no difference. A government is not unlawful merely because it had its beginning in a foreign conquest. A government which began in foreign conquest may be legalized in the course of time, sometimes in the course of a very short time. It is legalized as soon as the conquerors and the conquered feel themselves parts of one nation, with common national inter-

ests and feelings. It matters nothing to a modern Englishman, it mattered very little to an Englishman of the reign of Henry the Second, on which side his forefathers had fought on Senlac or at Ely. It matters nothing to a modern Frenchman whether his forefathers were Gaul or Frank, Iberian or West-Goth. But it matters now, just as much as it mattered five hundred years back, whether a man in Turkey is a Turk, or a subject of the Turk. England is the land of the English; France is the land of the French; but Turkey is not the land of the Turks; it is the land where the Turks hold other nations in bondage. The process of conquest which in other cases came to an end sooner or later, in some cases marvellously soon, has in South-Eastern Europe gone on to this day. The distinctions, national and religious, which existed five hundred years ago are as broadly drawn now as they were then. The Greek, the Slave, the other nations under the Turkish power, remain now as distinct from the Turk as they were in the days of the first conquest. The Sultan is to his Christian subjects no more a national sovereign now than he was five hundred years back. He was an alien master then, and he remains an alien master now. Nowhere do the Turk and the Christian look on one another as fellow-countrymen, as all the inhabitants of France or of England look on one another, however distinct and hostile their forefathers may have been in remote ages. At the end of half a millennium, the so called Turkish government remains what it was at the beginning. The Turks remain as they were then, an army of occupation in a conquered land. The chief difference is that the army of occupation was under far better discipline then than it is now. The early Sultans were all of them wise rulers; some of them were, according to their light, just rulers. Some of them had no mind to oppress the conquered any more than was needful to secure the power of the conquerors. Under the great Sultans, the lot of the conquered was a hard one; still it was a lot marked out according to certain rules and laws. Oppression might go so far but but no further; and there was some hope in the last refuge of the oppressed, that of flying from petty tyrants to the throne. Under the little Sultans, this last hope has long passed away. Read in the letters from Ragusa in the *Times* what the people of Bosnia and Herzegovina suffer at the hands of their petty tyrants, and judge whether they are likely to gain anything by flying to the throne of Abd-ul-aziz.

The so called Turkish government is then, I say, no government at all. It has no claim on the allegiance of those whom it calls its subjects. Founded on wrong in the beginning, it has kept on the first wrong to this day. It has never, even after five hundred years, become a national government. It has never, in all those ages, had any feeling or interest in common with those of the nations over whom it has borne sway. It has never done for them even those common duties of government which the worst of civilized governments does for its subjects. The Turk is still as much an alien in European Turkey as he was when the land first began to take his name. The Sultan may be our dear and cherished ally, he may be Knight of the Garter and guest of the Lord Mayor, but he is none the less the chief of an intruding horde, dwelling by force in the lands and houses of other men. What kind of treatment it is that Turkish rule carries with it, Englishmen may learn from the letters from Ragusa in the *Times*. In Herzegovina, as elsewhere, the causes of revolutions and their immediate occasions are not always the same. The cause is doubtless the abiding determination of the people to shake off the hateful yoke. The immediate occasion of the outbreak was of that kind which has been the immediate occasion of so many outbreaks, the old tale of the Sicilian Vespers and of the daughters of Skedasos of Leuktra. One necessary accompaniment of Turkish rule is what the Greek poet sang of in Byron's day —

παίδω, παρθένων, γυναικῶν ἀνήκεστος φθορεία.

"Every pretty girl," so I heard at Ragusa, "is carried off as a matter of course." It was a specially foul outrage of this kind which immediately led to the revolt. The Eastern question then simply means whether this kind of thing is to last; it means whether men are to be left under a form of local administration which, when the doer of a murder or suspected murder is not at hand, at once puts all his kinsfolk to the torture. And all this comes

on the top of the grinding fiscal exactions both of the local landowners and of the Sultan's tax-gatherers. These last, it is well known, have been raised in defiance, as usual, of a distinct promise made by our knight of Saint George to the European powers. Something more was wanted for the vices and follies of a barbarian palace, and the subject Christians had to pay. Men suffering under wrongs like these see but one answer to the question whether such things are to be any longer endured. They do not take things quite so calmly as a writer in the last number of this Review. To drive the doers of such deeds beyond the Bosporos or anywhere else may seem "wild and sensational" to gentlemen sitting at their ease in London; to those who have to endure their presence, the attempt to get rid of them seems at once a right and a duty. It is easy calmly to tell the Christians of the East that "they have but to marry and give in marriage to settle the Eastern question." The encouragement to marry and give in marriage must indeed be specially great, as long as those who are given in marriage are likely to be dealt with as they are dealt with by the Turkish masters of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

And now I shall perhaps be taken to task for the use of the phrase "Turkish masters." I shall be told that the Mahometan inhabitants of Bosnia and Herzegovina are not Turkish but Slave. I shall perhaps further be told that, even in the other provinces, the Turks are really no Turks, but Europeans, descendants of European mothers, in many cases of European fathers. I know all this as well as any man. I have myself put forward these facts over and over again; but I am quite prepared to be told them over again as a great piece of news. I use the word "Turkish," because it serves, better than any other word, to express the dominion of men who, if not Turks naturally, have become Turks artificially. The Turks in Europe are an artificial nation, just as the modern Greeks are. That is to say, there is a Turkish kernel and a Greek kernel, round which a number of other elements have gathered and have been assimilated. Multitudes of men who are not Turks or Greeks by natural descent have, in this way, become Turks or Greeks for all practical purposes. Nothing is more certain than that, during the great days of Ottoman dominion, the bravest soldiers and the wisest ministers of the Sultans were hardly ever Turks by blood. They were renegade Greeks, Slaves, not uncommonly western Europeans. The tribute of children paid by the subject nations formed the strength of the empire. As long as it was paid, the subject nations could not revolt; those who would have been their natural leaders in revolt were taken from them in their childhood. But renegades of all these classes practically became Turks. There were few indeed among them who, like Scanderbeg, ever went back to the nationality and religion of their childhood. And in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the case is, as is well known, a special one. At the time of the Turkish conquest, the bulk of the landowners in those countries apostatized in order to keep their lands, while the mass of the nation remained faithful. In these provinces then the immediate oppressors are not Turks by blood, but men of the same race as the oppressed. But this in no way makes matters better, but rather worse. A foreign conqueror may command a certain kind of respect which a native renegade certainly cannot. In some cases it is a certain softening of tyranny when one's tyrants are one's countrymen; but that rule can hardly apply to the domination of such a caste as this. It is said that among the Bosnian oligarchy there are many who speak nothing but Slave, to whom Turkish and Arabic are unknown tongues, and who are not remarkable for any deep knowledge of the Koran. In this there may be an element of hope. In case of a revolution the right way, such men may turn back again as easily as their forefathers turned in the first instance. But for the present they are practically Turks. They are a part, and one of the worst parts, of the great fabric of Turkish oppression, and it is in accordance with all experience everywhere that their dominion should be even more galling than that of the genuine Turks themselves.

Another objection is sure to be made, so easy is it for the advocates of wrong to find objections to every movement on behalf of right. We are told, sometimes glibly enough, with that kind of ease which often comes of over and over again repeating a well-worn formula, that the re-

volt is no real revolt at all, that its chief leaders and agents are not natives of the country, that it is a movement got up from without, a movement stirred up by Russia, a movement stirred up by Austria, a Pan-Slavic movement, anything in short rather than a real rising of an oppressed people against its tyrants. These things are always said whenever there is a revolt among the subjects of the Turk, and there is just enough truth in sayings of the kind to make them mischievous. There is no doubt that the movement is a genuine native movement; there is no ground for saying that the leading men among the native Christians keep aloof from it. There is no doubt that the mass of the actual insurgents are really natives of the revolted provinces, stirred up by the wrongs which they themselves have suffered. But, on the other hand, there is no doubt that their ranks have been swelled by sympathizers from kindred but happier lands, and that even some of the leaders of the movement come under this latter head. So it always will be in such cases; and why should it not be so? As a rule, the people of an enslaved district, if left quite to themselves, really cannot rise. They need help from without to enable them to do anything. And shall we dare to blame the Slave who, under the rule of Austria, at least enjoys the common rights of humanity, or the Slave who, on the heights of Montenegro, rejoices in a freedom won by his own right hand, if he goes to the help of his suffering brother who is still under the yoke? To take the analogy which I started before, if Hampshire were free and Berkshire enslaved, should we think it a great crime if a Hampshire man went to help a revolt in Berkshire, or if he even suggested to the men of Berkshire that a favorable moment for revolt had come? Between the men of Montenegro and the men of Herzegovina there is no wider difference in blood and speech than there is between the men of the two West-Saxon shires. The only difference between them is that the man of Montenegro is free and the man of Herzegovina is in bondage. Is it a crime then for the freeman to help his enslaved brother? Is it a crime to think that one good turn deserves another, that, as many men of Herzegovina fought on the great day which secured the freedom of Montenegro, it is only common gratitude if some men of Montenegro fight in their turn to enable Herzegovina to win her freedom also? The wonderful thing is, not that some Montenegrins have joined the insurgent ranks, but rather that, at such a moment, any one Montenegrin can keep his pistol and yataghan idle in his girdle. That any one Montenegrin can hold back is a sign of the power of a wise prince over a law-abiding people. The traveller in Montenegro is almost inclined to mourn that, while the great strife of right and wrong is going on below, a single one of her valiant sons should be forbidden to share in the good work. But it may perhaps be better that those free heights should still remain a city of refuge, where the Christian flying from the Turk, aye and the Turk flying from the Christian, may seek shelter, and never seek in vain.

The revolt then is in truth a genuine revolt of an oppressed Christian people againstMahometan masters, whetherTurks by blood or apostates of their own race matters not. It is a revolt of men who have made up their minds to cast away the yoke or to perish. The conventional talk about reforms is the mere childish babble of diplomatists. The time for reforms is past, or rather there never was such a time at all. The experience of twelve hundred years of history ought by this time to have taught us a very simple lesson. The state of things in the European provinces of Turkey is one where the evil is far too deeply rooted for any mere attempts at reform to mend it. The truth is that no real reform can be made as long as Mahometans, whether Turks by blood or not, bear rule over men of any other religion. In so saying, I need hardly disclaim any intolerant feeling towards the Mahometan religion or its professors. I have, in more forms than one, striven to do justice to the Arabian Prophet as one of the greatest of reformers in his own age and country. I know as well as any man that there are large parts of the world where the preaching of Islam has carried with it a wonderful advance in every way, moral, social, and political. Towards a Mahometan nation, living in its own land, I have no ill-feeling whatever. I have no ill-feeling towards Persia. The Persian nation gradually adopte Mahometanism, though, in adopting it, they gave it a new form of their own. Persia

is really a Mahometan country: the few men of any other religion, Christian or heathen, are, in the strictest sense, dissenters. It is open to them to make the same claims, and to fight the same battle, as a dissenting minority anywhere else: but they cannot claim to be themselves the nation; they cannot call the Mahometan majority intruders or invaders. And what is true of Persia is true also of a large part of the Ottoman dominions in Asia. The country is really Mahometan, and I have no wish to meddle with its Mahometan occupants. It is true that they have displaced a Christian population; but they displaced it so long ago that no practical question can arise out of the displacement, any more than out of our own displacement of the Welsh in Britain. But the case in European Turkey is quite different. There the Mahometans are in no sense the people of the land; they are an army of occupation, holding down subject nations in their own land. That welding together of conquerors and conquered into a single nation, which has legalized conquest in so many other cases, has never happened in the case of the Turks in Europe, and in truth it never can happen. The peaceful fusion of the two races, the absorption of the Frank by the Gaul or of the Norman by the Englishman, never can happen where the conquerors are Mahometans, and where the conquered cleave to their national faith. One of the first principles of the Mahometan religion is that, wherever its votaries have dominion, men of all other religions shall be their subjects. Koran, Tribute, or Sword still remains the alternative as it was in the days of Omar. By payment of tribute, the conquered Christian, Fire-worshipper, or Hindoo secured his life, his property, and the free exercise of his religion. But he still remained one of a subject class in his own land. Then and now alike, he is not only politically the subject of a Mahometan sovereign; he is civilly and socially the inferior of every one of his Mahometan fellow subjects. What the Mahometan law prescribes for tributaries of another religion is a contemptuous toleration. If persecution is forbidden on the one hand, any real equality with men of the dominant religion is forbidden on the other. When such a state of things as this has been the law, it has naturally followed that the treatment of Christians and other non-Mahometan subjects of Mahometan powers has varied greatly in different times and places. Cases may here and there be found in which the subject, the Giaour, got better terms than the capitulation of Omar gave him. In most cases he has got far worse terms. The Turk has everywhere been worse than the Saracen whom he supplanted, and the Ottoman Turk has been the worse of all Turks. In fact, when it is laid down as a matter of religious principle that men of other religions are the natural inferiors and subjects of the Mussulman, it is hardly to be expected that the Mussulman will keep himself within the letter of capitulation. Where the law prescribes a contemptuous toleration, oppression and persecution are always likely to be the rule in practice. So it ever has been; so, in the nature of things, it ever must be. Let the capitulation of Omar be carried out to the letter throughout the Ottoman dominions; the Christian population will still be in a state worse than the state which in other lands has been commonly looked on as fully justifying revolt. They will still be worse off than ever Lombard was under Austrian or Pole under Russian rule. But it is quite certain that the Christians of Turkey are far worse off than the capitulation of Omar would make them, and it is quite certain that they will remain so as long as they remain under a Mahometan government. The Porte may make endless promises of reform; but, even if it wishes to carry them out, it cannot. A Mahometan government cannot, if it will, give real equality to the subjects of other religions. If it does so, it sins against the first principles of the Mahometan law, and it must draw upon itself the ill will—from their own principles, the perfectly just ill will—of its Mahometan subjects. One Mahometan ruler did give perfect equality to his subjects of all religions; but, in doing, he had to cease to be a Mahometan. If Abd-ul-aziz has strength to follow in the steps of Akbar, let him do so, and the blessings of mankind will be on him. That would settle the Eastern question at once. But there is no intermediate choice between that settlement and that other settlement which the patriots of the Slave provinces are seeking with their swords. As a Christian, as an Akbarite, sovereign, the Turkish Sultan

may go on and reign as the Cæsar of the New Rome, and the weapons which are now lifted against him may be used for his defence against a malecontent Mahometan minority. But no reform short of this will answer. A Mahometan government may rule well, as far as any despotism can rule well, over a Mahometan people. Over a people not Mahometan it must ever be, even in spite of itself, a government of sheer force and oppression. It must ever be a government towards which its subjects have but one duty, the duty of throwing off its yoke whenever they have the power.

The Turk then must go or he must cease to be a Turk. As he is not likely to cease to be a Turk, it is enough to say that he must go. It does not follow that he need go all at once. From Servia he has gone already. Bosnia and Herzegovina have given him notice to quit, and from them he must go at once. It will be time for him to go from Bulgaria and Albania when Bulgaria and Albania give him notice to quit also. But Bosnia and Herzegovina have made up their minds that they will get rid of him or perish. Which of these two alternatives is to take place is the true Eastern question. It is the question which the powers of Europe have to settle. No one supposes that, if the combined voice of Europe speaks, the sick man whom Europe has so long swathed and bolstered up for its own ends will dare to disobey. An awful responsibility therefore rests on those who now guide the counsels of the European powers. It is nothing short of the responsibility of deciding between good and evil. Shall the lands which have risen against the yoke be forced down again beneath the yoke, or not? To talk of reform is childish. The Turk, as long as he remains a Turk, cannot reform. The revolted lands ask, not for reforms which cannot be had, but for freedom which may be had. It is freedom for which they ask; never mind what form freedom takes; freedom from the Turk will be a blessing, in whatever form it comes. Be it the freest of commonwealths, be it only a despotism which does common justice between man and man, in either case it will be freedom to men who have so long groaned under the yoke of mere brigandage. One change may be better than another, but any change will be better than what is now. And now at such a moment as this is it too much to ask that the wretched talk about interest and honor and prestige, which has so long grated on the ears of all who love right for its own sake, may at last be hushed? As for "prestige," I hardly know the meaning of the ugly foreign word; by its etymology it would seem to have something to do with the tricks of a juggler. As for honor, I know of only one way in which true honor can be won, and that is by doing right fearlessly at all hazards. The most honorable thing of all is never to do wrong; next after that comes the true courage of the man or the nation who, when wrong has been done, is ready to confess the wrong and to redress it. Our true honor can never demand that we should go on propping up a rotten fabric of evil; it does demand that we should undo the wrong that we have done in helping the evil cause thus far. As for interests, questions about Central Asia or the Suez Canal, I do not profess to be any judge of such matters; but if our Atlantic island has any real interest in them, I suppose that those questions, like other questions of interest, come under the head of the eternal rule that interest should give way to right and duty.

ἀλλ' εἰ δίκαια, τῶν σοφῶν κρείσσω τάδε.

We were told one and twenty years back that our interests were so pressing, that the Russian bugbear was so frightful, that we had no time to listen to the claims of oppressed nations, even when we had ourselves doomed them to oppression. So I would say back again, that, when a plain duty calls on us to help the cause of our suffering brethren, I at least can find no time for nicely calculated questions of interest, not even for counting how near Russia may, in the discharge of her civilizing mission in barbarian lands, have come to the bounds of our own distant dominion. I can only say that the interests of Russia or Austria, the interests of France or Germany or England, must not be thought of in the face of the interests of humanity. Happily one specially sordid form of interest will now be driven to hold its peace. Europe will hardly be called upon to prop up the black fabric of Turkish tyranny in the interest of Turkish bondholders in Eng-

land. The Turk has, fittingly enough, played the Turk with his creditors as well as with his subjects. Englishmen were not ashamed to lend their money to the barbarian, knowing that every penny which they lent could be used only in propping up the foulest of tyrannies, and in enabling a sensual despot to spend yet more on his luxuries and his vices. They lent their money, knowing that every penny of interest that they were to receive was to be wrung by the minions of a tyrant out of the scanty earnings of an oppressed people. They have their reward. The Turk, true to his traditions, has broken faith; the pleasures of the Sultan's court have been found too costly; the resources of his victims have been found too scanty; and the men who strove to prop up wrong by gold have found that gold is no longer forthcoming out of the abyss of Turkish misrule.

While I write, the news comes that the deputations from the insurgents have gone to the three courts of Berlin, Vienna, and Saint Petersburg, to "formulate," as the telegram runs, their demands. Later still come other rumors that their deputations are not likely to be attended with much success because the demands of the insurgents "menace the integrity of the Ottoman Empire." Let them ask for reforms, let them ask for "decentralization;" these the great powers may perhaps be inclined to guarantee; but freedom they must not hope for. Later again come, one after another, utterances from Vienna and Saint Petersburg, each one darker and more meaningless than the one which went before it. I know not what truth there may be in all this. I know not what may be the shape taken either by the demands of the insurgents or by the answer of the powers; but I do know that all talk about reforms and decentralization and guaranteeing this and that is simply childish. The three powers can guarantee reform in one way, and in one way only; but that is a way which is certainly menacing to the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The only way in which any reform can be guaranteed is by giving the lands which are to be reformed full practical emancipation from the Turkish yoke. Talk about new divisions of provinces, about giving Christians a greater share in the local administration, even about putting this or that district under a Christian governor, is not to be listened to. A Christian governor is not necessarily better than a Mahometan governor. A Christian who stoops to be the agent of the Sultan is not likely to be among the most high-minded of Christians or among those who enjoy the greatest confidence among their brethren. The one thing which is needed, the one thing which will meet the wishes of the revolted provinces, the one thing which will ease the powers of the thankless labor of propping up the sick man, will be to give each province, as it demands it, full practical emancipation from the Turkish yoke. Thus the Eastern question may be solved. Such a solution is doubtless inconsistent with the integrity of the Ottoman Empire; but no other solution can be righteous; no other solution is possible.

I just now used the words, "full practical emancipation." I made the qualification advisedly. If practical independence is to be had only at the cost of a nominal homage, or even of a fixed tribute, to the tottering despot of Constantinople, I do not think that practical independence should be refused on those terms. Servia, I believe, still keeps some forms of vassalage, and I have always held it to be one of the misfortunes of Greece that she was at once cumbered with the trappings of an absolutely independent kingdom instead of being allowed to march gradually towards the crown of perfect independence. The nations of the Byzantine peninsula must never be allowed to become wholly isolated from one another. They must never lose the tradition of looking to the New Rome as their natural centre. As long as the Turk sits in New Rome, he may well be the overlord of all of them, provided his overlordship remains as purely formal as it now is over Servia and Roumania. It will be enough if the lands which are striving for their freedom are put under some government which shall secure to them, if full political freedom, so much the better, but at any rate the common rights of human beings. Everything else is a matter of detail. The most obvious course would be to attach the revolted lands to Montenegro or to Servia, or to divide them between Montenegro and Servia. A glance at the map will show how near independent Montenegro and practically independent Servia come

together. The Slave provinces which are still under the yoke are all but isolated from the mass of the Turkish dominions; they form a kind of peninsula of bondage. The main difficulty either in attaching them to Servia or Montenegro, or in forming them into a third Slave principality, lies in this. In Servia, at the time of its emancipation, there were very few settled Mahometan inhabitants. When the Turkish soldiers and officials had marched out, the land was left wholly Christian. In Montenegro of course there never were any Mahometan inhabitants at all. In Bosnia and Herzegovina, on the other hand, there is both a Mahometan and a Catholic minority; and, in setting free the great Orthodox majority, care must be taken not to perpetuate wrong, by giving the Orthodox any undue supremacy over the Catholic and the Mahometan. It might be feared that, either in a newly-formed Slave state or in an extended Servia or Montenegro, there might be danger of old wrongs being repaid in kind by a dominant Orthodox majority. And again the question presents itself, whether an extended Montenegro might not lose its distinctive character, and the Montenegrin experiment, the experiment of civilizing a small warlike tribe, without destroying its distinctive character, without bringing it down to the dead level of common European life, is so interesting, and has hitherto been so successful, that one is loath to do anything that may disturb it. Annexation to the great neighboring monarchy has an ugly sound, and I should certainly not advocate it for its own sake, or in case anything better can be found. Still it has something to be said for it. We must not forget that the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy of 1875 is not the Austrian Empire of 1865. It is giving it less praise than it deserves to say that its rule is better than that of Turkey, and that Herzegovina would greatly gain if it were raised to the level of Dalmatia. Under the rule of the Apostolic King Catholic and Orthodox contrive to live side by side; and under that rule Catholic, Orthodox, and Mahometan would have more chance of doing so than they would have under a purely Othodox government. The great difficulty in the way of annexation in this quarter is the dislike of the Magyars to any strengthening of the Slave element in the united monarchy. Zealous Slaves have been known to answer that the Magyars are Turanian intruders no less than the Turks, and that Turks and Magyars might with advantage march off together. But the kingdom of the apostolic Stephen can be hardly got rid of so easily as this. Hungary and the other lands joined under the rule of her King seem marked out as called on to be the leading Christian state of South-Eastern Europe. Within the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, even within the Hungarian kingdom itself, there is already the strangest jumble of nationalities and religions. And the like jumble of nationalities and religions there must be in any considerable state which may arise in South-Eastern Europe. The present union between Hungary and Austria supplies a precedent for a *quasi*-federal union, which, if a greater number of states were joined together, might become more truly federal. For the King of Hungary and Dalmatia to become also King of Bosnia is not ideally the best remedy for the evil. But that, or anything else, would be a relief to lands which have been so long bowed down under the yoke of the barbarian.

Here are great issues, issues so great that but few of us can have any direct control over them. But one thing we can all of us do. All of us, far and near, can stretch out a helping hand to the hapless and homeless fugitives who have fled before the face of the barbarian invader, to seek shelter in the friendly lands of Servia, Montenegro, and Dalmatia. Women, children, old men, helpless beings of every kind, have fled from the face of the destroyer to throw themselves upon the charity of their happier brethren. I, who have seen their distress, can bear witness to its being the saddest sight that my eyes ever saw. Not that either private or public charity has been lacking; but it is as when Burke spoke of the victims of another desolating war,—"It was a people in beggary; it was a nation that stretched out its hands for food." There are men on the spot, in hospitable Ragusa, who are doing all that single men can do; but the cry of these unhappy refugees is one which should speak in the ears of all Christendom, in the ears of all the

civilized world. England is not commonly the last in such good works, and the cause of these helpless refugees has been strongly represented by the *Times* correspondent at Ragusa. Let me add my word to his. If there ever was a voice which ought to go to the heart, if there ever was a time when we ought to stretch forth a kindly hand, it is to help these helpless victims of a stern necessity. While their kinsfolk are fighting for faith and freedom and all that is dear to the heart of man, they can only suffer in silence, unless the hand of charity is stretched out to help them from every land where faith and freedom and the common rights of human beings are no longer things which have to be striven for on the field of battle.—*Fortnightly Review.*

GERMAN HOME LIFE.

BY A LADY.

VII.—Women.

'Ehret die Frauen,' says Schiller in one of his best-known poems: 'Sie flechten und weben himmlische Rosen ins irdische Leben;'

(Honor to women! To them it is given
To garland the earth with the roses of heaven;)

and in a key of fervent exhortation, he proceeds to contrast in changing metre, and terms certainly *not* advantageous to the 'superior,' the characteristics of the two sexes.

By the 'superior' we of course mean the stronger sex: the *style esclave* still obtain in Germany. No John S. Mill has as yet arisen with Quixotic enthusiasm on the social horizon of Teutonia, nor has, so far, the voice of the emancipated been heard in the Fatherland.

It has somewhere been rashly asserted by some one that every woman not born an Englishwoman, could she have had a choice in the matter, would have chosen to be so born. No greater error could be made as regards the German woman. She, taking her all round, is absolutely contented with her lot, and supremely disregardful of the estate of other women. The day of small things not only suffices for her, but is to her as a crown of glory; she despises the frivolity of the French, the freedom of the English, the fearless strides and absolute independence of the American woman. Do not believe that you will be able to sit long in the seat of the scornful: you will have to come down and go out, for towering high above you, on her pedestal of homebaked virtues, and looking down upon your ornamentalness and uselessness with the fear and dislike virtue assumes in gazing upon vice, stands the traditional *Hausfrau*. That she should have anything to learn of her neighbors (outside the Fatherland) is impossible; there is only one country in the world, and that is Germany; there is only one woman and that is the German woman. In the face of such convictions as these, it would be daring to hint at the state of mind that has been characterised as a mean satisfaction with a mean position. The 'coming woman,' as yet, casts no shadow across the dead level of German home life. The 'platform woman' and the 'medical woman' are still only known by evil report; beings that cause the virtuous matron to draw her imaginary skirts shudderingly around her ample form, and to pass by, with mentally averted eyes, on the other side.

When, in Germany, the (so-called) chivalry of the Middle Ages fell dead, and the romantic period came to a timely end, Woman seems to have disappeared into indefinite drudgery, whence she only emerges to bewilder us by her paradoxical position during the Goethe-Schiller period. The intellectual resurrection of the Fatherland, the age of philosophy and letters, the Weimar-Athen's epoch, when a grand spiritual revolution shook old prejudices and false tastes to their rotten foundations, presents a picture full of intense interest to the student of human nature. After years of silence and obscurity, Woman comes again to the front; yet truth obliges us to confess, in no very elevated guise. Artificiality was banished from Society; Nature now was to have her rights; paint and powder, ruffles and *talons rouges* were deposed; and in the place of French audacity, wit, and

sprightliness we have classic robes, fillet-bound heads, melancholy, moonshine, and sentiment. All social conventionalities are upset and defied. Men and women change partners as in a quadrille; a continual *chassez croisez* confuses society. 'There is hardly a woman in Weimar,' writes Schiller to Körner, 'but has a *liaison*. They are all coquettes; one may easily fall in with an affair of the heart, though it will not last any time.' Extravagant worship of the purely intellectual, on the one hand, and a throwing off with undisguised contempt the old traditional restraints of life on the other, mark the most brilliant period of German history. A glorification of personal freedom is the gospel of the new school, whereof the highest doctrine seems to be that every man shall do what is good in his own eyes, since his appetites, passions, and desires are sacred emanations from a Superior Being implanted in his breast only to be gratified. Selfish sentimentality, hysteric weepings over the dullness and indifference of mankind, rhapsody, melting of sympathetic souls, romantic meetings, absence of all firm purpose or high-strung resolve, elective affinities, bathos and suicide, mark the epoch of the rehabilitation of Woman in Germany.

As we gaze round on the Weimar group, we are puzzled. We see Jean Paul with his *Titanide*, Charlotte von Kalb, a big, flighty, foolish woman, tumbling, morally and physically, any way (the lawful husband philosophically indifferent to the eccentricities of his half mad, slatternly spouse), disputing the possession of Richter's Platonic soul with the sentimental Emilia von Berlepsch, also 'a married lady;' and in the dim background languishes, somewhat obscurely, a Madame de Krudener (not the author of *Valérie* be it observed), and yet another sympathetic being, nameless to posterity. It is true the 'only one' (*Der Einzige*) is a little shocked by the fall from the empyrean of one 'dear angel,' and a little trammelled by the exactions of the other, but his purer spirit at length finds the repose it seeks in the haven of matrimony. We see the great Goethe, after endless 'love affairs,' not too great to form a *liaison* with Frau von Stein (Herr von Stein quite agreeable to the arrangement), of whom it must be said that she turned out a considerable thorn in the majestic poet's flesh. A sentimental and bellettristic correspondence flourishes during a decade, long before the end of which we read between the lines that Goethe is heartily sick of his exacting charmer. They quarrel—as all lovers in all times have done, and will do—and the disputes are generally made up by presents of sausages, fruit, or cakes from the high-tempered lady. Goethe goes after strange goddesses; and the rupture is complete when he 'declines on the lower range of feeling' of a Christiana Vulpius. We see the calm Schiller puzzled as to which he ought to love best, his wife or her sister Charlotte von Lengefeld; and an uncomfortable suggestion presents itself to the mind that he may have married the wrong lady. We are almost tempted to think that the correct Körner had a *tendre* for his sister-in-law, the artist, Dorothea Stock, whose lover, Huber, ran away with another man's wife, said man uttering pious aspirations for the happiness of the interesting couple, and imploring Heaven to bless their union. We see young Jerusalem dying of Wertherism; von Kleist shooting himself with his 'friend' Sophia Vogel, 'am heiligen See,' near Potsdam, and Charlotte Stieglitz trying to rouse her husband, a confirmed hypochondriac, by stabbing herself to the heart before his eyes with a dagger. Not the least part of the strange picture lies in the fact that the exceptional women ('they are *all* coquettes,' says Schiller) of blameless lives and decent conduct mix freely with their more elastic sisters, and seem definitively, and of conviction, to have adopted the axiom, that all lapses from virtue are to be regarded with the strictest toleration.

Amidst all these ecstasies and fervors, simmerings and sighings, we turn with a feeling of relief to the wholesome typical figure of Werther's Charlotte, and admire the exquisite calmness with which she, having seen

> His body borne before her on a shutter,
> Like a well-conducted person
> Went on cutting bread and butter.

She, after all, though the others be the representative men and women of an epoch, is the typical German woman; true through all time; and she has gone

on cutting bread and butter ever since. In fact, for decent German women there seems, by universal consent, to be no other career; and when we consider that the world is full of exorbitant persons, who clamor three times a-day for food, let us give all honor to the bread-and-butter cutters of life.

But in the rebound from artificiality, the then polite world fell into such extremes of genteel sensibility that no one dared to be truly natural. The ambition to shine, if not by talents, then by singularity; if not by beauty, then by extravagance of opinion; if not by rank, then by recklessness; destroyed the very simplicity that the enthusiasts had originally taken for their text, and 'the modesty of nature,' overstepped, became unnatural.

Nevertheless, we must remember that this is the period to which every German man and woman turns with pride and pleasure; it is the moment of time when Woman emerges from the obscurity and drudgery of the dark ages, and becomes a personage and a power. The lives at which we have briefly glanced are not the lives of obscure, little-regarded persons; they are those of the representative men and women of the times, who gave the tone to society and to literature; not hidden, shamefacedly, under deprecatory bushels, but set up high on the altars of enthusiasm and hero-worship. These men are their greatest: these women their highest and brightest: these philosophies and poesies and moralities, their supremest, sublimest, best. It is their *ne plus ultra* of all that culture and development can produce. Like the age of Pericles, an age to be cited by admiring worlds for all after times, with proud pointings of the finger to the unapproachable group, and triumphant upward glances of unspeakable adoration.

This is what German men and women get out of it. To outsiders this affectation of Nature is the most offensive form of the artificial. The French *marquise*, chattering shallow philosophies, could at least amuse you by her wit, if you refused to be bewildered by her beauty; but these votaresses of 'Nature' bore you to death with their dull loves and high-flown correspondence; the talk is so tall, the outcome so small; the sentimentality is so heavy, flat, stale, and unprofitable, that you turn from these *femmes incomprises*, these tender transparent souls, and feel in your heart that perhaps worse things than epigrammatic immoralities, paint, and patches have happened to you.

The ideal woman of Germany is still much what Schiller painted her; she poses in passionless serenity (as you may see on the title-pages of the poetry-books), surrounded by sister-souls, and crowned with stars. She is a soft sentimental creature, all sensibility and adjectives, weaving 'heavenly roses' into this earthly life; sighing softly to the stars, wandering in moonlight, culling forget-me-nots and pansies, and enwreathing her blonde brows with the flowers of the feelings; melancholy, sympathetic, *schwärmerisch;* blue-eyed and pensive; swimming, somewhat vaguely, in vast seas of sentiment, not far from dangerous gulfs of bathos. The Egeria of some favored Numa, the 'heavenly friend' of a semi-Platonic lover; vaporous, floating somewhere, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth, ready to dissolve at the touch of this gross work-a-day world, and so pass away in a state of elemental purity to more sympathetic regions.

There is no figure more poetic than that of the ideal German woman; there is no actuality more prosaic than the flesh and blood reality, as she lives and moves and has her being. The ideal woman is always unmarried; the real woman is married. If marriage be the prose of life, German marriage is of prose, prosiest. 'Mit dem Gürtel, mit dem Schleier,' says Schiller, with the gentle cynicism of his cold, calm nature, 'reisst der schöne Wahn entzwei!' With the loosened cestus and the lost veil, the sweet madness is also lost. He knew best. The finding is not one to gratify the weaker sex generally, but no German woman has been found to resent the poet's utterance. They thenceforth, if goddesses at all, are household goddesses; their pedestal, if pedestal be still possible, is set upon the great Teutonic tripod — the home-baked, the home-brewed, the home-spun. Marthas henceforth, cumbered about with too much serving (consider only those clamorings for food at which we have already glanced), to have time for aught else.

It seems to be an accepted dogma that a man is a man, whether he be Bachelor or Benedick; whereas a woman may only be properly so called when she has fulfilled her destiny as wife and mother. Short of that she is an incomplete unit; and, whatever other 'mission' she may have fulfilled, that which Nature originally intended for her remains unaccomplished. Under the heading of 'Marriage,' Woman in her fullest development shall be dealt with; for the present we can only contemplate her as she walks 'in maiden meditation fancy free.'

The girl is, however, mother to the woman; and if, in the majority of cases, the woman be only the greater child, a glance backwards from effect to cause will go far towards explaining this feminine phenomenon. We have seen what the ideal German woman is, and the young lady tries to copy her. She piques herself upon her 'sensibility,' and is proud of her '*Empfindlichkeit*,' a quality which often has the root quite as much in 'tetchiness' and temper as in tenderness. She is easily offended, easily discouraged, easily thrown off her balance. The feminine virtues of patience and submission become, by exaggeration, vices of helplessness and indecision; she is kept in a state of such tutelage and irresponsibility as can scarcely fail to make her troublesome at a crisis and useless in an emergency. Clinging and clamoring have come to be looked upon as somewhat obstructive attributes, and the parasitical virtues are, generally, rather at a discount amongst us; but this is not so in Germany, where negative acquiescence ranks higher in women than positive affirmation, where their poets paint them helpless and their husbands like them subjugated.

When the writer of these pages first went to Germany, it was with the expectation of finding in every tenth woman an uncrowned Corinna, and in every twentieth a silent Sappho: silent only in the sense, be it observed, of the poet's 'mute inglorious Milton.' Even at the capitol Corinnas were not; and Sappho was conspicuously absent 'without leave.'

Now, in Germany learning is the characteristic honor of the nation; and it is the proud boast, and the just one, too, of German women, that they alone, of all the modern feminities of the earth, are absolutely well educated. The same professors that lecture to their brothers and cousins within the university halls and college class-rooms come down from those greater altitudes to teach the children and young girls in their day-schools. They are taught regularly, systematically, patiently, lovingly. A German girl must be dull indeed who is not well-read. Everything is taught, and everything is taught well. But, after all, a building is not made of brick only, nor a ship of mere wood; and there are a score of diverse influences and social conditions working on the outer and inner systems of female education in Germany quite beyond the reach of any professors however eminent, or any pedagogues however profound.

Besides education, there is such a thing as self-education. A woman may be very well up to the general mark, nay, high above it in all matters of ordinary education; yet, if she strive not to teach herself somewhat of those things that make life lovely, she will learn before long that all her knowledge is but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, and that the wisdom of her professors has been spent on her in vain. In the moral and social education of a German girl, even in her physical education, precisely the contrary doctrine prevails. She is taught that to be womanly she must be helpless, to be feminine she must be feeble, to endear herself she must be dependent, to charm she must cling. She is not brought up to be, she does not desire to be, the companion, the comrade, the equal, in 'all that not hurts distinctive womanhood,' of the men around her. She is thrown back upon herself and other women for society and amusements; a life that revolves in a narrow circumscribed round of inanities is considered good enough for her. To be herself, is to be nothing—less, worse, than nothing. To be as like everybody else as she can; to copy her friend's clothes, phraseology, and manners; to worship the platitude of precedent, to conform to the dead level that custom has prescribed, to keep carefully to the sheepwalk, to applaud in concert and condemn in chorus, is the only behavior that can be tolerated. If she does these things she fulfils all the law and the prophets, and it shall be well with her;

but if she do them not, she will be viewed askance by her sisters, eyed with dislike and suspicion; it will be whispered that she is a *Blaustrumpf*, or a *Freigeist;* it will be proclaimed that she is a *Pietistinn*, or an *emanzipirtes Frauenzimmer;* she will be stigmatized as *ueberspannt*, revolutionary, dangerous, objectionable.

Allowances are made by these gentle ladies for the eccentricities of French, English, and American women, on account of the unfortunate accident of their birth; but they are inexorable towards one of their own circle who would dare to assert any originality of character, or independence of action. Woe would certainly betide the folly of that virgin who would venture to shake off the 'wounding cords that bind and strain,' and make an existence for herself independent of the cackling of the *Kaffées* and the weariness of infinite boredom based upon everlasting babble. Visions of charming German women I have known rise up and look at me with blue pathetic eyes. They are the exceptional women, the women least loved by their fellows—disturbing uncomfortable souls, bringing constraint and *gêne* in their train. The utterances of such women, though modest enough, are out of key with the Philistine chorus (shall we say the *vox Dei*?) in the background. And, after all, it is by these, not by the vague, exalted, heroic figures, that the sorry action of the play is helped forward, and the platform chiefly occupied. They have one bugbear and one object of idolatry, these monotonous ladies; a fetish which they worship under the name of *mode;* a monster between public opinion and Mrs. Grundy. To say that a thing 'is not *mode* here' is to condemn it as if by all the laws of Media and Persia. It is not her centre, but the system of her social education, that renders the German woman so hopelessly provincial. Recent great events might have led us to expect greater results in this direction. The last advices from Berlin show that petty personal spites, small envyings, backbitings and jealousies are as rife in the Imperial City as in the much despised little Residenz-towns. Nor can any change for the better be hoped until men and women are allowed, or will allow themselves and each other, to mix on terms of greater personal equality and dignity.

Let us look back at the physical conditions of the young girl's life. We have seen her sitting *hinter Ofen*, living in a dry overheated atmosphere, nibbling at unwholesome nicknacks, pecking at her food, and poisoning herself with sweets and sours. A girl is seldom sent to school away from home, by reason of the extra expense of board and lodging. Every one who has lived in Germany must remember with pleasure the gangs of fresh round child-faces passing through the streets during early morning hours. All these little students carry neat knapsacks containing books, slates, &c. strapped on their backs, and the pavements and the promenades are made merry with their chatter. *Jahrein jahraus* they go, growing less round and less rosy as time passes on, until early maidenhood is reached. On holidays the children meet together and play; there seems no idea that these little brothers and sisters should suffice for each other, with the occasional excitement of 'a party.' Boys and girls do not play together as our boys and girls do: even at a very early age, strictest division of the sexes obtains: were boys allowed to burst in upon the confabulations and titterings of these little misses, and loudly proclaim their scorn (as English youth is apt to do) of 'girls' nonsense,' it might be better, eventually, for all parties.

As the little girl grows older, she has her coffee-parties like her elders, and makes a vast number of acquaintances of her own age, so that society forms a large ingredient of juvenile life. All the little sayings and doings, envyings and uncharitablenesses, are repeated day after day; the little spites and jealousies are kept up through a long course of years, and the daily gossip becomes almost a necessity of life. There is no 'coming home for the holidays.' The children are *at* home; they have only more time for the discussion of the quarrels and friendships that have rejoiced or offended them during the 'half-year;' more coffee-drinking, more gossip, and more liberty.

The child buds into early maidenhood, and then this passing to and fro through the streets, where she knows every one, and is known to all, begins to have its

disadvantages. She becomes self-conscious, has a bowing acquaintance with her friends' brothers, who meet her by chance (or otherwise) on their way to or from school and college. A system of coquetry is now inaugurated, which is not without its influence on her character. Hitherto she has had coffee and gossip; but now a fresh stimulant comes to her life; she has something to conceal; her eyes become less candid, and her gaze is not so fearless as it was. Here again, not the girl, but the system, is to be blamed. The sort of frank 'flirtation,' beginning openly in fun and ending in amusement, which is common amongst healthy, high-spirited boys and girls in England, and has no latent element of intrigue or vanity in it, but is born of exuberant animal spirits, youthful frolics, and healthy pastimes shared together, is forbidden to her, and these tacit arrangements are made and enjoyed after the surreptitious manner of stolen fruit.

Quite young German children are extremely deft with their fingers, and it is surprising to see what charming specimens of their handiwork these little maidens offer at birthday shrines or on Christmas trees. It would be well that English governesses and school-mistresses followed the example of German ladies who undertake the education of girls in this most essential part of a gentlewoman's education; for the most part it is totally neglected in our better-class schools, and the present rage for art-needlework has nothing to do with the prosaic essential acquaintance that every lady should have with the darning needle and the cutting-out scissors. As a German girl approaches the completion of her education, her studies are somewhat relaxed, and she profits by the time thus gained to attend once or twice a week at a *Nähschule*, where well-brought-up ladies will give her a course of lessons on cutting out, fixing, piecing, patching, and darning, as well as in every possible and impossible sort of ornamental stitchery. She will make her brother a set of shirts, and for herself a complete outfit against the day when she emerges from school-girlhood into young-ladyism.

The Rite of Confirmation now comes. In Protestant Germany it means nothing of the religious enthusiasm, the ardent aspiration, the passionate resolves that often mark the epoch in the minds of our young people. There is nothing of 'recollection' or piety about the rite. It simply means, to those whom it most concerns, a long dress, visiting cards, a bouquet, a lace-frilled pocket-handkerchief, the 'Du' of childhood exchanged for the 'Sie' of young ladyhood, and the potential *Schlafrock* and *Morgenhaube* for early hours. Visitors pour in to offer congratulations and presents; cake and wine and bustle pervade the domestic atmosphere; a droschky is hired, and the confirmed young Christian is driven out to pay visits and show off her finery.

German girls have no outdoor amusements, if we except skating when the winter proves favorable. Boating, riding, archery, swimming, croquet,—all the active, healthy out-door life which English maidens are allowed to share and to enjoy with their brothers, is unknown to them. There may be several horses in the stable (as is not unfrequently the case where there are cavalry brothers), yet no one dreams of training any of them to carry a lady. Such diversions are looked upon by the girls themselves as bold, coarse, and unfeminine. Country walks, thick boots, and water-proof clothes are out of the programme, nor could you convince them that a good gallop in the open, or a long stretch over the common, would morally and physically be much better for them, more wholesome and commendable, than the close unhealthy atmosphere of coffee-gossip. It is in vain that you tell them such exercises, far from unsexing them, fit them all the better for the duties of their sex; it is difficult for them to hear you out and not show the scorn they entertain for you.

For much that affects the lives of German women we must, however, look at the conditions of existence generally. In England, where the villages are closely dotted about, where noblemen's seats, manor-houses, the luxurious villas of retired bankers and merchants and lawyers stand thick and threefold, where the social position of the clergy is a recognised one, country life takes an idyllic turn that the pencil of Leech will hand down to posterity. The girls in these families are all about equally cultured and well-mannered; they feel no shyness when

asked to the big entertainments that the duke gives to his country neighbors; they are not overcome with embarrassment if the sons of the house let the light of their lordly countenances shine upon them; very often the rector's daughter is a far more elegant woman than Lady Dorothy or Lady Elizabeth. The schoolfellows of these young ladies, though not the cream of the cream, are of good position, with brothers in all the professions —at the bar, in the army, in India, in the colonies, in merchants' and bankers' and lawyers' offices; there is a refinement and an ease of manner about them that makes their acquaintance desirable and their society pleasant. They come up to town once or twice a year, and visit largely among their friends in the different counties of England; and belonging to what may, for want of a better term, be called the upper middle classes of society, there is yet nothing in their language or bearing to define their position or indicate their precise rank. They will read the same books, hear much the same talk that everyone else hears, and, having connections 'up and down along the scale of ranks,' acquire insensibly an ease of manner that has its basis in self-respect and a modest independence of, and indifference to, other folks' grandeur. But in Germany there are no smiling villages where squire and parson and lord of the manor meet on terms of friendly equality; no big red-brick houses with paddocks and shrubberies and brilliant gardens; no trim villas with closely shaven lawns, geometrical flower-beds, and a 'man and a maid' to keep things going. Germany is a thinly populated country: the scattered villages are mere assemblages of huts, dismally huddled together. The *Pächter*, or tenant farmers, may have a smart, trim abode, and the *Bauer* (not, as is often supposed, the patient, plodding 'peasant,' but) a sort of yeoman farmer, tilling his own little plot, has doubtless gold and silver and linen galore cunningly secreted in chests and presses after the manner of his kind in other countries. And there, too, is the parson; but neither he nor anyone else thinks of model cottages, draining, window-gardening, or the like. In short, *there is no one to think of it.* The farmer is usually a greedy, grasping, extortionate man; the Bauer much the same; the parson, a farmer like the rest, is very like the rest, as we shall see elsewhere in other matters. The lord of the soil is a great noble; the estate is twenty, thirty, forty miles in circumference, and his well-tilled acres bring him in a vast revenue. He comes occasionally for the shooting, and his stewards and bailiffs transact the necessary business of the estate with him. The ladies of the family are at Berlin or Vienna, Ischl or Baden; some of them are, perhaps, 'placed' about the court; what have they in common with the womenkind of such lumbering, uncouth clods as these? Now and again, with a trampling of horses and a blowing of trumpets, they arrive, dimly magnificent through a whirlwind of dust and fanfaronade. The people on the estate pause with apathetic wonder in their monotonous work, and gaze up out of the vast brown, hedgeless fields as though the gods had flashed by that way. On Sunday, the family-pew, which is like a great opera-box, will be furnished, and the *gräfliche Familie* will yawn through the squalid service. The parson, before he begins his discourse, will bow to the sublimities in the opera-box, and perhaps, if the countess be bored beyond endurance, he may be fetched up to the Schloss during the afternoon to make up a second whist-party, and play unlimited 'robbers' into the small hours of Monday morning.

From the foregoing it will be readily understood why it is that German women can know nothing of the charm of country life. There is no such thing as country life, as we understand it, in Germany; no cosy sociability, smiling snugness, pleasant bounties and hospitalities; and above all, for the young folk, no freedom, flirtation, boatings, sketchings, high teas, scamperings, and merriments generally. 'Society' in small towns is necessarily very restricted; commercial people (these have hitherto been generally Jews) visiting amongst each other; professors and professional men's families forming another circle; whilst 'society' proper, consisting of officers' families, of those 'placed' about the court, of the higher civil functionaries, with a scattering of the *noblesse* unattached, who prefer living in town,

or have retired from active service, regard all outside their own exclusive circle with supreme indifference, not to say contempt.

Years pass; the young girl is no longer so very young; her friends are beginning to be anxious; a suitable *parti* must be found; she has not much choice. She must marry an officer, or an employé as high in office as may be. This is no case of curates and croquet; or of barristers and Badminton; archery-meetings and Government clerks, and a villa at Putney. Clergymen are *nowhere* in German 'society'—barristers impracticable (for matrimonial purposes), and of bankers, merchants, and commercial people generally out of the big towns, there can be no question. Nevertheless a marriage is arranged; but first there is the knotty point of the 'caution' to be settled. A 'caution' in its Transatlantic sense must not here be pre-supposed. A 'caution' in the Teuto-technical sense is the sum of fifteen thousand thalers (more or less, according to the grade of the intending Benedick), to be deposited, if the lover be, as he is almost sure to be, a military man, in Government funds, by the contracting parties, so that should the husband be killed in the service of his country, or die an inglorious death at home, the widow may have a sufficiency upon which to live '*standesgemäss*,' or in a manner befitting her position. There are, however, not very many young couples who can deposit this sum, so that what with money difficulties and the scarcity of suitors, the young lady has a somewhat uncertain time of it until fate and the 'caution' smile propitious.

The betrothed couple are, however, not much nearer than they were before: they are never allowed to be alone together. They put on their best clothes and go about paying visits, and the poor old *Frau Mama* toddles panting after them, always keeping the young folks well in view. This may, perhaps, account for the singular manners and customs of lovers in Germany; their demonstrative familiarities being quite calculated to terrify a shy person into apoplexy. The betrothal is, on the whole, a more important affair than the wedding.

The evening before the marriage—the *Polterabend*, as it is called—a singular ceremony takes place; all the friends of the bride's family go to her house, unlimited coffee and cakes, and *Bowle* are consumed; people arrive in costume, place is made for them, and they repeat appropriate and inappropriate verses, original or borrowed, whilst they present their gifts. Clatter and confusion reign; it is a relief if dancing vary the scene, which generally closes with speechifying, toasting, and rather indiscriminate allusions of the pointedly personal character. Having brought our young friend so far along love's flowery way, we will pause, hoping to meet her again before long in all the added dignity and lustre of matronhood.

It will be undestood from the foregoing that German marriages, though not concluded in the altogether conventional manner of the French, have still a vast deal less of sentiment and a great deal more of calculation about them than the 'gushing' character of the nation might lead us to expect. The German has many points of resemblance with the Scotchman: he is 'canny' and longheaded, prudent and frugal; he is sentimental, but not carried away by sentiment. '*Wenn der Deutsche schenkt*,' says Goethe, '*liebt er gewiss!*'

For the maiden lady of noble family foresight has provided the refuge of the *Stift*. A *Stiftsdame* has a recognised and official position in society: she wears her '*order*' across the breast or on the shoulder of her black silk gown, in the 'world;' and lives in a state of droning comfort when her leave of absence expires and she has to retire to her secular cloister. The Protestant *Stift* supplies (in a very advantageously amended form) the place of the Catholic convent. The Reformation, not knowing what to do with its superfluous spinsters, instituted the Stift or 'Foundation for Noble Maidens.' The foundation was made in this manner. A certain number of Protestant nobles, living within a given circuit, would become aware (*dans le temps*) of a number of marriageable, but not-likely-to-be married daughters dwelling within their borders; thereupon they would come together, consult, compare, and resolve that each count or baron should contribute his thousand thalers (more or less) towards the purchase of lands; that the sum thus invested should give each de-

positing party a presentation in perpetuity to the so-called *Stift*. A house or houses would be forthwith bought or built; forests, fisheries, farms added thereto; an overseer or intendant appointed; an abbess or prioress nominated (probably the lady of most distinguished descent amongst the nobles contributing); the land would be farmed, the Stift supplied with every sort of produce, the accounts audited by one or other of the founders, and for all time a comfortable, nay, in many cases a luxurious retreat be provided for such maidens as were doomed to fade suitorless into the sere and yellow. It will easily be understood that in many cases the land purchased at a few shillings per acre has, in the course of years, risen to an immense value; that many of these Stifts have become extremely wealthy, and that, so far as material comfort goes, they leave nothing to be desired. The rule is a secular one; in all cases the ladies are allowed to go into 'Society;' leave of absence for three or six months yearly is granted; marriage is quite a possibility; friends are received with hospitality, even with profusion; a sitting and a bed-room, and a personal attendant is apportioned to each lady; and though in some cases meals have to be partaken of in common, and permission asked of the prioress or abbess to take drives into the country or a walk into the village, yet severity of the rule cannot be complained of. On the other hand, there is often a pettiness of tone, a narrowness of feeling, a personality, and a prejudice that makes life in such institutions a weariness. The meanest of all pride prevails; the snobbish elevation of rank and title-worship, that adulation of mere descent, that envy and detraction and rage for belittling, which is, more or less, the poison of German society generally, and the special poison of all small, self-contained, self-occupied, self-adulating communities. I have dwelt at some length on the system of prying and scandalising that obtains in Germany, because it is a crying evil, one that cuts at the very root of all confidence, and peeps and whispers with a persistence worthy of a better cause; but I should be unfair, were I not to add, that it is done without any conscious malignity; out of *désœuvrement*, rather than of malice prepense; *pour passer le temps*, rather than to injure or destroy. Neither can it be possible that these ladies believe all the news they promulgate; nay, nor the half of it. It has not unfrequently happened to the present writer to see the lady whose character had just been torn to tatters, or was in process of tearing, enter the room with unsuspicious confidence, and meet with the warmest of receptions. At first one is startled: upon reflection one understands that this system of 'murdering characters to kill time,' is after all mere amusement (for the murderers), and a clinging to use and wont.

It will be objected that there are narrow circles and parish politics everywhere, and that gossipry is not the exclusive privilege of the German. True, but it is only when for years and years the same local twaddle repeats itself, the same personalities and pryings prevail, that the mischievous and offensive results become overpowering. It will be asked how it is, then, that young English ladies are so enthusiastic for Germany and the German life? Simply because they *are* English; free to take all that is pleasant, and there is much that *is* pleasant, nay, even precious in that life; untrammelled by all the social tyranny that cribs, cabins, and confines the ordinary German woman; bound by no obligation to do as others do; free to come, and go, and enjoy; not dreaming in their easy philosophy of life of the horror with which such comings and goings, sayings and doings, are regarded in strictly German circles, nor how loud the reprehension, how utter the condemnation, that watches and follows their unsuspecting footsteps. An English girl would revolt from the tyranny of small things that encompasses a German girl's life; she would start aside like a broken bow, rebel overtly, and probably prefer the life of a governess (and that is saying much), with a sense of work, and independence, and personal identity, to carry her onwards, to the dull routine of comparative comfort and superlative nonentity.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S BIRTHPLACE.

BY GEORGIANA M. CRAIK.

We were in the North of Ireland, and about to start for London, in the spring of 1857, when, soon after it was published for the first time, we read Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." The book had been eagerly looked for by us, and when it arrived we read it with the deepest interest. It was a biography that took possession of us; for days, as it passed from one of us to another, we talked of little else but the pathetic story of that wonderful household amongst the Yorkshire moors.

One day, at last, one of us said, "Suppose we were to go and see Haworth on our way to London?"

It was a happy proposition that seemed to fit in with everybody's desire. We seized the idea with delight, and in a very short time we had resolved to make out the little expedition, and had arranged our route. We could only manage to spend one day in the place, and as we all wanted, if possible, to see Mr. Brontë, this single day, we agreed, had better be a Sunday. To enable us to reach Haworth on Saturday evening we therefore set out upon our journey—four of us in number—F., A., M., and I—on a Friday evening (it was the 29th of May, the evening of a glorious summer day), in the steamer to Morecambe from Belfast.

Early on Saturday morning we reached Morecambe, and thence, after a pause of some hours, we went on by Lancaster to Keighley. It was five in the afternoon when we arrived at Keighley, the nearest station to Haworth; and here, after having booked our luggage at the station to await our return next day, we made our way to the best-looking inn that we could find; very tired, and hot and hungry, for we had spent a good while in wandering about Lancaster under a burning sun.

We were now between three and four miles from Haworth, and we had to trust to our feet, which were already tolerably weary, for making out the remainder of our journey. In addition to fatigue, also, M. was unfortunately by this time ill with a violent headache, and we were, further, laboring under some half-acknowledged anxiety as to the nature the accommodation that we might find Haworth when we finally reached it; though we were well aware of the existence of an inn in the place—the "Black Bull"—poor Branwell Brontë's inn—for anything we knew it might be the smallest of hostelries, quite incapable of supplying us with the three bedrooms we needed. As we sat in the hotel at Keighley, waiting hungrily and wearily for the meal that was curiously long coming, anticipations of the manner in which we might be called upon to pass the night began to press rather seriously upon us.

"It is a very wild expedition, I am afraid," F. said, shaking his head with gloomy forebodings; and the other three of us were too ill or too hungry to make any very effective attempt at consolation.

By the time, however, that we had been refreshed by food (and very excellent, when at length it appeared, was the meal that we were given—served to us too, in a homely, old-fashioned, sunny room, which has left an impression on my memory ever since as of the pleasantest hotel-room I ever saw) our spirits rose once more. The evening was so beautiful that, with our hunger appeased, perhaps even the prospect of a night upon the moors did not seem altogether alarming to us. At any rate, at half-past seven o'clock we started on our walk to Haworth—doubtful though we were as to what was to become of us at the end of it—full of energy and eager anticipation.

From this point I copy from my journal, written at the time.

"It was the walk that the three Brontë girls used to take so often. It is nearly four miles; a road closed in for the most part on the left hand, sometimes by houses or mills, sometimes by high banks or low hills, but on the right open in length and breadth for miles—long, wide, verdant valley, rising up with a splendid sweep into high moor. Behind one of these moors, as we walked, the sun set, and a great flush of crimson rose over half the sky; and

then, as the twilight came slowly on, faint mists began to steal up out of the valley, and fall like a veil upon the hills, wrapping the whole wide beautiful view in a soft mysterious haze. And then high up, far above us, almost on the summit of one of the bleak moors, the Haworth lights began to steal out one by one, like stars in the deepening twilight. For full two miles before we reached it we could see the village, and the square church tower against the sky.

"For the most part of the way the road is level; the real ascent of the hill only begins at the entrance of the town. There it begins suddenly. We entered the street, and then at once the ascent became abrupt, growing steeper at every step, until, after climbing nearly half a mile, it was almost precipitous; a narrow street, paved all across with long rough narrow stones, down which the wooden shoes of the villagers came clanking as we toiled upwards, with a strange, most unfamiliar sound.

"We were almost tired out when we reached the top, and saw at last, hanging out conspicuous against the sky, on the very summit, the welcome sign of the 'Black Bull,' our hoped-for destination for the night. We went straight to it, and our first enquiry was whether we could get beds. All through our walk we had been half afraid that at the end we should find ourselves compelled to return and sleep at Keighley; but a moment more set us at our ease now. The old inn had beds for us all—plenty of them—accommodation of all kinds.

"We told them what we wanted, ordered our beds to be made up, left poor M., who was utterly exhausted now, lying on a sofa; and then the rest of us—F., A., and I—far too excited to stay indoors, went out again into the village. It was almost ten o'clock now, and nearly dark. The inn joins the churchyard, and we stood at the churchyard gate as we came out of it. There was the church close beside us, and beyond the church was the Brontës' house. We spoke to a policeman whom we found standing near, and asked him the way to it, for there seemed no pathway. He took us in charge at once, guided us first to the front of the house, which, as it stands actually in the churchyard, can only be seen from there, and then took us round to the entrance, which is on the north side. As we stood looking up at the front, lights appeared at one or two of the windows, at the parlor down stairs, and at the window of the little room that used to be called the 'children's study.' We spoke to the policeman about the Brontës, and found that he seemed to have some glimmering notion of Charlotte Brontë's fame.

"Having finished our survey of the house we returned to the inn, and F. being too tired by this time to walk any more, we left him there, and A. and I, after a few minutes' rest, sallied out again. We wanted to make some little purchases before the shops closed; we went once more down that strange precipitous street, which, long past ten though it was now, was still all alive with men and women clanking up and down it in their wooden shoes, and we went into several of the little shops and bought various odd things in remembrance of the place. To several of the people too that we saw we spoke about the Brontës, and they all talked of them with a certain amount of kindly interest and regard, but with little or no warmth. On the whole it struck us as very curious how little mark they seemed to have made upon the place. Nobody showed any desire to be communicative about them. Such questions as we asked were answered, but this was nearly all. Evident as our interest in the whole family must have been, it seemed to stir no desire in any one to gratify it. There was even an appearance of what almost might be called unwillingness to acknowledge any peculiar excellence or noticeableness in the Brontës, which is perhaps, when they speak of their superiors, a common trait of the democratic, independent Yorkshire mind, but which, from its unfamiliarity, amused and struck us. 'Yes, they are very good people,' their whole tone seemed to say, 'but we haven't much to do with them. It's no business of theirs to meddle with us. They keep to their work and we keep to ours. As to their being more remarkable than other people—it may be so, but we know nothing about that.' Of what Charlotte Brontë had become, their knowledge was for the most part very vague indeed. The landlady at the 'Black Bull' said to us afterwards that she had heard there had been a book written about her, and

there was one copy of it, she believed, in Haworth, but she had not seen it, and she did not seem to feel, nor did she profess that she felt, any curiosity at all about it.

"A little before eleven we made our way back to the inn for good, and had supper, and went to bed, A. and I sleeping in a room whose windows looked clear down into the churchyard, with a damp, mouldering, churchyard smell in it.

"Sunday, May 31st. We were pretty early astir, and before I was dressed I saw F. out in the churchyard, and having, in a few minutes, joined him, we wandered for a little about the tumble-down graves (there is scarcely a grave-stone in the whole place that is standing upright), and presently, seeing an old man lingering about much as we ourselves were doing, we went up and accosted him, and found that he was the old clerk of the church. So finding him, after a few moments, unlike our friends last night, evidently of a garrulous turn of mind, we attached ourselves to him, and soon fell into a long talk about all the Brontës—a talk that was very interesting to us, though he had little or nothing that was actually new to say. I forget how long he told us he had been clerk of the parish, but at any rate he had watched the growing up of all the Brontë children, and he talked of them familiarly and with great kindness, speaking of them always by their Christian names, without any formal prefix of 'Miss' or 'Master,' and repeating many of the little facts about their common daily life that Mrs. Gaskell tells. He had taught them all to sing when they were children, he said. He spoke a good deal about poor Branwell, and all his miserable story. While we stood talking with him, leaning over one of the grave-stones, a younger man, who turned out to be the sexton, came up and joined us; A. and M., too, had already some time before come from the house; and presently we four, having parted from the two men, went round the churchyard again, and stood for a good while looking at the house, and the small, ugly-looking garden belonging to it, that is cut out of one corner of the churchyard, with a path running all round just within the stone bounda wall.

"We returned to the inn after abo an hour, and had breakfast; then, goi out again, we were, for the second tim picked up by our friends the sext and the clerk, and taken by them into t church. It is a large, open church, wi a gallery at the west end, and with t reading-desk and pulpit placed in t centre of the south aisle, and facing t north. We were taken within the cor munion rails, where, beside the altar, t Brontë monument stands with its lon sad list of names overflowing into t little added tablet that records Charlot Brontë's death; and then to the vestr where they showed us the registry of h marriage, and where we stood for a go while, with the open book and its tv signatures before us, while they talked us of her wedding-day. Then we l the church, and they took us to the Su day-school, which the clerk was eag that we should inspect; but when v reached the door we saw that teachi was going on, and, in spite of the o man's reiterated invitations, we insist on drawing back. Indeed, we were a li tle vexed even to have been brought the door, and rather annoyed aga when, on returning to the church hal an-hour later for service, the sexton— show, I suppose, his sense of the fees b stowed upon him—marshalled us in one of the most conspicuous pews in t whole building, immediately under t reading-desk.

"Only Mr. Nichols officiated—a dar grave-looking man, with a sensitive fac and a singularly sweet voice. H preached a plain, sensible sermon to very thin congregation, and at abo twelve o'clock we were all dismissed.

"We went back to the inn, and h lunch; then walked for a little about t village, which, lonely as its position perched up on a hill-top, is a large ar populous place (they told us that t parish had as many as seven thousar inhabitants), and then climbed up to t wild barren moor behind the parsona where the Brontë girls so often used go, and lay down in the sunshine on t heather for a happy half-hour. It w another perfect summer-day, clear, war and bright, and the great spread of hi

moorland, with its subdued coloring, was wonderfully beautiful. As we lay resting and looking at it, it seemed so easy to picture the three little solitary figures that used to roam about it, hand in hand. We could almost fancy that we saw them emerging from the dingy stone house, and climbing, with their quiet, unchild-like steps, up the steep ascent.

"We were wending our way slowly back to the village, when a well-dressed man came up to us, and saying that he had heard we were strangers, invited us to come and see the house in which he was living, which long ago had been occupied by a former eccentric clergyman of Haworth — a Mr. Grimshaw — of whom Mrs. Gaskell gives a curious account in her book. He took us to it accordingly, —a quaint and very charming old house, and talked to us by the way as we went; but he was more disposed to talk of Mr. Grimshaw than of the Brontës, and though he was a sensible man, we did not get much out of him that was especially interesting. After we had seen his house we parted from him, and, returning to the village, proceeded once more to the church, to the afternoon service, which begins at two o'clock.

"This, it soon appeared, was the fashionable hour in Haworth. The church, which in the morning had been two-thirds empty, filled well now; and though, as before, the service began with only Mr. Nichols being present, it had not proceeded far when the vestry-door opened and Mr. Brontë, dressed in his gown, came slowly into the church and took his place in his pew,—the old Brontë pew which had stood sadly and touchingly empty until now.

"He preached an extempore sermon, on the text: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,'—a poor enough sermon, yet more interesting to us than many a better one might have been. We were in a pew in the gallery looking down upon him, so close that we could see him very well. He is a tall, large man, and was dressed with the utmost scrupulousness. The face struck us as handsome, but possibly it may be handsomer now than it was in his youth, for the features are large and strongly marked. I thought I saw some likeness in him to his daughter's picture, but it might have been merely fancy. He has a very self-possessed manner. He walked into the church and up the pulpit stairs with great deliberation, and even with a kind of stateliness, converting the slowness of movement that is probably forced upon him by his feebleness and his half blindness into something that rather adds dignity to his appearance than suggests the idea of weakness. More than once, both before he began his sermon, and in the course of it, he turned his head round and looked full at us. The old fire, of which, I suppose, there was plenty once, seems all to have burnt out of him now. He looked quiet, grave, emotionless; neither stern nor gentle; only calm.

"The sermon was ended, and we had taken our last look of the church and of the preacher by half-past three; and half an hour later our last look of Haworth itself. We left it at four o'clock, and walked in the bright afternoon sunshine the four miles back to Keighley, often turning to look once more at the square church tower standing so long in sight against the sky, and once for a long time sitting down to rest by the roadside, with the beautiful valley at our feet, and the wild wide moors rising up, wave on wave beyond."

Eighteen years have passed away since that little visit was paid, and the last of the Brontë's—the old man whom we saw that day, left then so sorrowfully wifeless and childless—has long ago now gone to join wife and children,—one name more added to the long list of names on those two stones within the communion rails. Not many persons connected by blood with the Brontës are probably ever likely to visit Haworth and the church in which the old man preached so long; yet, possibly, for years still to come, some strangers now and then may care to go out of their way a little to make a pilgrimage, as we did, to that curious village on the Yorkshire hill, and, thinking of the strange and touching story of those three sisters' lives, may linger, as we lingered, about the moors they loved so dearly, and the melancholy little house in which their childhood and their youth were spent, and the church where two of them lie buried.—*Evening Hours.*

THE ANSWER OF Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS TO A ROMAN "ROUND-ROBIN."

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

(*Vide* "ECLECTIC" *for January.*)

GOOD friends, you urge my Odes grow trite,
And that of worthless station,
Of fleeting youth and joy, I write
With endless iteration.

But say, in mortals, base or great,
Have you a change detected?
Are they, when victors, less elate,
When vanquished, less dejected?

Do they no more in mundane mire
For golden garbage scramble?
Or, but companioned with the lyre,
Up twisting Anio ramble?

Hath Fortune ceased to prove a jade?
Hath favor waxed less fickle?
Hath shamed Bellona dropped her blade,
Or Death put up his sickle?

Doth age no longer rime the hair?
Finds Virtue always supper?
Or, when cit. rides, a Knight, doth Care
No more bestride the crupper?

Do not the rosy hours wax pale,
New loves old loves disherit;
And sleight of golden showers prevail
'Gainst Danae's brazen turret?

Sooth, *verbum sap.* But then, Jove knows
Men are not wise, but foolish;
Whether they scan Soracte's snows,
Or those near Ballachulish.

Still, still they hug the bestial sty,
And have not changed one wee bit;
Unpleasing truth, which "*Repeti-*
Ta decies (*non*) *placebit.*"

Ask such to share my Sabine meal!
And twine the parsley classic!
For such to break the Manlian seal
And liberate my Massic!

A pretty tale! Why, ken you not,
Good friends, as lately showed I,
In verse already you've forgot,—
Profanum vulgus odi?

Fair maid, or Minister, I dine,
Toast Rome or *Alma Venus:*
When Lydia will not kiss my wine,
Why, then, I ask Mæcenas.

For such and self the chords I strike
Of wisdom, love, and scorning;
And if the world my themes mislike,
Well—Gentlemen, Good morning!

The Spectator.

JONATHAN.

BY C. C. FRASER-TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "MISTRESS JUDITH," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

COUNTING THE COST.

MISS LYNN was ashamed of herself next morning when she found herself hurrying out after breakfast, instead of staying at home in a state of happy expectancy.

She had not yet told her mother that her answer had been given. If she had, Mrs. Lynn would have loudly protested against the unfeeling conduct of her daughter to her betrothed. Mr. Falk told to *wait till the evening* to come to the school-house, after Daphne had accepted him! Such a thing would have shocked Mrs. Lynn's sense of propriety in a degree not easily to be described. She had thought her daughter a little too independent in her behavior to her rich wooer all along. This would have been the final piece of imprudence, in her anxious eyes.

So Daphne kept her mother in ignorance of her happy decision till Mr. Falk's visit became dangerously near.

She was glad to escape into the fresh air that morning, and to take the well-known walk across the fields to the Thornes' cottage. Carefully she surveyed the prospect as she went, for she did not want to come on Mr. Falk again among his sheep. She could not disguise from herself the fact that she knew him too little not to dread their first meeting under these altered circumstances. Cool and composed as a kind host and neighbor, she had liked him; as a lover, she had felt less at her ease with him; as her future husband, she could hardly as yet tell what her feelings towards him might be. And the unknown has always something of the fearful about it. It was so to Miss Lynn, though she wondered at and was a little perplexed by her own misgivings.

But no Mr. Falk started up in the meadows or leapt forth from behind the elm trees, only his cows looked up lazily at Daphne as she passed.

At the top of the meadow, where all Shelbourne, on the one hand, and the top of the Thornes' cottage and Hepreth in the distance on the other, could be seen, she turned and stood still, looking back at the village. There stood the brewery, large and prosperous; Mr. Falk's stables, where the Virginian creeper grew; the brewery-house itself, a snug nest among evergreens and elm-trees, its pretty gables covered with creepers, the thin blue smoke rising from its kitchen chimney. The garden, bright as butterflies' wings, lying in the sun, the velvet lawn on the left sweeping to the road below. A figure was moving about in the garden. Daphne strained her eyes to see if it were her betrothed. But no, it was a man in his shirt sleeves, trimming the edges of the grass along the walks.

She could not help a flush of pleasure, knowing it would be all hers. The comfort, the ease, the pretty home-like house, above all the garden—it took her breath away to think of it. No more toiling over books and slates all day;

freedom to do as she liked, and money to spend on what she liked. To have her mother with her, and to make her last days happy; and above all, to be a mother to the parish, like Mrs. Myse, wine to give to sick people, milk and dinners to little Lily, help of all sorts to Josiah Thorne and Jael; the tears came into her eyes thinking of it all. She felt she hardly deserved to be the possessor of so many things she cared for.

And then she blushed, thinking how she had come out that morning to escape meeting the man who was to give it all to her, the man she must promise to love, honor, and obey.

And so she would, she said to herself. She would try to make him very happy; she had made him happy indeed already, by giving him her promise. All the rest, all the right and natural feelings would come in time.

Josiah Thorne's eyes brightened as he turned his head on the pillow to welcome her.

"You been a long time a-comin' to see me," he said feebly. 'I didn't think never to see 'e no more in."

"Oh, don't say that!" said Daphne; "I hope you will see me many times yet."

And she thought that next time she came she might have a basket of fresh eggs, a bottle of port wine, and a bunch of grapes to bring with her.

The old man shook his head.

"I'm got i' the walley o' the shadow," he said—"i' the walley o' the shadow—but I'm not through't yet. I don't count to see another Michaelmas, I don't. Michaelmas he took our rent, did master; al'ays had the rent, I had; didn't have to ask for't twice, he didn't. Nice gentleman he was, and a good master to me. Forty years I worked along o' him."

"Who was he?" asked the schoolmistress.

"Muster Falk, Muster Falk, who else?" said the old man impatiently. "Never were no other like him. I been in a deal o' parts, nine miles t'other side o' Hepreth I been, and niver heerd tell o' another like him."

"Was he—was he Mr. Falk's father?" asked Miss Lynn, coloring a little.

"Muster Aaron we call him, i' my time. I hear tell as folks speaks well o' him; but my gal and he fell ou count, and—"

"Hev yer piller moved, fader?" a ed Jael, coming up to the bedside, a fidgeting with the pillows, unnecessar as Daphne thought.

But Miss Lynn's curiosity was arous She must hear all she could now ab Aaron Falk, since she was trusting happiness to him.

"What have you to do with him?" asked, looking at Jael and the old n in turn.

"Nothin'!" said Jael, hastily. "H our landlord, that's all. It's his hou this is, and it's his land as it stands though fader and gran'fader carried stones here, and put 'em together."

"*His house?*" repeated Daphne, lo ing perplexed; "but I asked him or and he said—." And then she stopp herself. If Aaron Falk had not told the exact truth, or had not appeared do so, she was the last person that m betray him.

Jael gave a hasty shrug.

"He *said* a deal, I warrant," she swered, sulkily as Daphne thoug "Sayin's easy."

Daphne felt a something betwee short breath and a sigh rising, a stopped it.

"Let me read to you, Thorne," said, and she took down the old du Bible.

She thought it would soothe her, it always did, as she saw it soothed old man who had got "into the valley

But the Psalm she fell upon at haz was in the key of her own thoughts:

"Lord, who shall abide in thy taber cle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill

"He that walketh uprightly, a worketh righteousness, and *speaketh truth in his heart.*"

It was a small matter—a very sm matter—that Aaron Falk should h equivocated when she had asked h whether the miserable tumble-do cabin were his.

And yet the knowledge of it took sweetness out of Miss Lynn's w home.

Jael's sulky words might have b spite. But what was to explain the e sion from the truth, of which she her was *certain?*

Suppose he were not utterly noble, then, after all? Suppose *there were*, after all, nobler men than he?

Her thoughts still came in the Bible language she had so lately used at Josiah Thorne's bedside. As she went down the slope of the meadow, and looked again at the house that was to be her home, a voice seemed to say to her, "Turn away thine eyes from beholding vanity."

She did turn away her eyes, not because she could make answer to the voice that she knew it to be vanity: but because the sight of it did not make her as happy as it had made her before.

Chapter XLIX.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men."

The brewer did not feel quite happy about his reception that evening. Daphne was not exactly cold in her manner; indeed, under the circumstances, he felt it would have been hardly possible for her to be so; but he did not think she was quite as cordial as she ought to have been.

He was too much attached to her, however, and too happy in the promise she had given him, to think much of trifles. She was undemonstrative by nature, and he must not expect her to feel for him as he felt for her.

So he argued, until it chanced to slip out that she had been up to see the Thornes in the morning. After that, any coldness of manner or words, rather, any want of the natural warmth he had expected, assumed a more serious appearance in his eyes.

Daphne noticed that his countenance looked a shade less radiant, and with the faint suspicion of some injustice or hard dealing to Jael and her father in her mind, she was wide awake to everything that might throw a light upon the subject. If there was any thing to be known discreditable to the man she was about to marry, she had better know it at once. If he were indeed a hard landlord, she must let him know now that she disapproved of him in that character.

Yet his very change of countenance at the mention of Jael's name made her afraid to try and find out the whole truth. She did not know him well enough to ask him why he had denied that the cottage was his. Indeed, the reason of that seemed plain enough: a lack of moral courage in a very small matter. She had complained that the cottage was miserably out of repair, and he had shuffled, and said it was not "exactly his." Yet Jael said he was her landlord.

Daphne, who would forgive enormities in Eliza-Ann, and pity the erring and the malicious all round her with a divine pity, was yet inexorable in her demands upon the man that was to be her husband. Him she *must* look up to, and honor; there was no alternative, she felt, but that of contempt.

And yet she tried to shake all doubts of Aaron from her. She heard him call her "Daphne" for the first time with no other feeling than a little surprise. She gave him a flower when he went away, feeling she ought to make amends to him, and sent him off happy. She reproached herself when he had gone, thinking how good and kind he had been, how dutiful to her mother; and wondered at her own perversity. She had told him she could not marry yet; that she must consult Mr. May and Mrs. Myse first; that time must be given them to find a new schoolmistress. And to this resolve she remained firm. Two or three months' time she must have.

And yet Aaron Falk went home in a glory of sunlight, loving so much himself, that he thought he was loved more.

And after this things went smoothly on. The school opened again, till a new mistress could be found; and the brewer came every evening to tea, or to walk with Miss Lynn. All the village knew they were to be married before long, and all the village was pleased, with very few exceptions.

Mrs. Bellar was one. "Hartful 'ussy," she said, shaking her head and the mane upon it, that would have been tawny but for frequent applications of "Family Hair-grease" "Hartful 'ussy! she set her cap at 'im all along from the very first. *She* won't go dry for want o' asking drink. Stuck up *she*'ll be when she gits in that there house, suvvents and all, and things she aint never so much as seen through a bermometer. Pity her suvvents I do, if she treats 'em as she did

my poor gal; nothin' but a bag o' bones she were when she took her by her poor shoulders and knocked her out o' the house. I daresay she thought I'd come a-scramblin' and a-beggin' and a-prayin' on my knees for her to take her back—as if *I'd* go to 'umble myself so to *any* lady, let alone *her*. Eliza-Ann, my dear, come here, that's a darlin'. Ah you Billy there—you sinner, you young varmint, wait you till I bring the stick about your bones, and make 'em rattle!"

Andrew kept silence, because he saw there was little use in speaking, and believed that to speak would be to ruin Jael, who, though inadvertently, had been the cause of his finding out the black secret at last. But he changed his work, and his employer, and walked three miles out of Shelbourne every day, that he might avoid coming upon Aaron Falk. He loathed him so that he would have gone farther than that to escape a meeting with him. If he met him, he could not tell what the consequences might be. He never spoke of him to Jonathan; but they both knew, like their neighbors, that Miss Lynn was going to marry the brewer. Sometimes the two young men would see them walking through the fields in the September evenings; and both, with one consent, would change their course, to avoid them.

"It seems we've got nothing to do with folks that are happy, you and I, 'Drew," said Jonathan once, when they had thus avoided the lovers; "our lives don't seem to fall that way."

His voice had a half defiant half miserable tone.

"No, nor yet with folks that are bad, I hope," his mate answered, in a tone more defiant, if less miserable.

But Jonathan was happier about his friend, at least. Andrew was less fierce against Aaron Falk than Jonathan feared he might have been. And as for 'Scilla, Jonathan took great comfort in the fact that 'Drew had almost ceased to speak of her. The wound had left its scar, but it was surely fast healing.

So things went on, Daphne being drawn nearer to Aaron Falk by much intercourse, and by the force of his unwearying devotion: Andrew and Jonathan being drifted away by the tide of fate from all that had once seemed dearest to them; and still, as men do, livir and working on.

It was late in September, and th wedding had been fixed for the midd of October, before anything of impo tance happened in Shelbourne to distur the even monotony of its days.

Mr. Falk calling one morning with message for Miss Lynn, and a hope seeing her before school hours, was tol by her mother that she was not at home that she had been called to the Thorne cottage the evening before, and ha no doubt spent the night there. A la borer had come to say that, passing b the end of the lane, he had seen a re handkerchief tied to a stick out of on of the windows. Thinking somethin was amiss, he went to the door. Ja had opened it for him, telling him th old man, her father, was at the point death; but she could not leave him look for help, and that it was by th mercy of God that he had noticed th signal of distress, and come to her.

"And it's you as she'd like to see, Mi sus," said the man to Miss Lynn; "sh thinks the old man 'ud like to see yo afore he goes."

Daphne did not need to be aske twice; but, carrying a bottle with som brandy in it under her shawl, she went fast as her feet could carry her throug the darkness, across the meadows an up the lane.

Jael burst into tears when she saw he

"Oh, the Lord's pitiful and of grea mercy, after all. I'm not afeard for t be alone with him when he goes; but thought there weren't no one to speak good word for him to the Lord, nor y to say no good words to him hisself 'ud cheer him up. And I couldn't sen for the minister; maybe he'd come, bu it 'ud likely be the death on 'im, comi out o' nights."

"I'm very glad you sent for me," sa Daphne. "I can't often be of use. shall stay with you through the night."

She took off her shawl and bonne and put some brandy in a cup, the on one that was not broken. Then the tw women went up the ladder together.

"He is very ill," said the schoolmi tress, leaning over him, and watching th snatched, short breathing, "but it is n death, Jael,—not at present."

"Do you think there'd be time, then?" asked Jael, eagerly. "I'd like send for my gal, if there'd be time. She'd fret, maybe, if she didn't see him afore he goed."

"Could we send her a message?" asked Daphne.

"Jonathan 'ud take it, that he would, if he knowed I war in trouble," she answered. "We'd best wait to daylight, and then I'll get him to go."

"I will go and see him, or get some one else," said Daphne, "as soon as it is at all light. And then your girl could be here early in the forenoon."

She made Jael lie down upon her bed, while she sat by the old man's side. Jael, who was weary, slept heavily. Miss Lynn kept awake, and as soon as the first pink stole into the sky, she put on her bonnet, and slipped out of the house.

CHAPTER L.

JAEL'S MESSAGE.

IT was a relief to her to pass from the stillness and gloom of the poor garret, where the shadow of death seemed already to be brooding, into the freshness of the early September morning.

All the lane, as she went down it, was glistening with dew-drops, the grass and ferns were spanned over by myriads of gauzy spider-webs; the few birds of autumn were gabbling and chirping over their breakfast; and slowly the sun was riding up the heavens, and sending a glow and a glory over the stubble in the reaped fields.

It seemed to Daphne that she was the only living thing that had not rested. Even the ferns, late as it was in their little lives, had shaken the dust off their fronds, and bathed themselves in sun and dew, and were standing up fresh and feathery in the hedge-rows.

And she was chilly and tired. Her head and limbs were aching. She thought it was from want of sleep and the anxiety of watching. But, after all, the old man had given her little cause either to keep awake or to be anxious. He had slept all through the night, after she had arranged his pillows and raised his head; only his short fitful breathing and a thick husky cough showed it was more the sleep of exhaustion than of rest.

But her mind had been busy all through the night. She had made many plans as she sat by the old man's side, looking for the morning. Jael should not lack a friend when the old man was taken; it would be in her power now to befriend her, and Aaron would befriend her. All the people spoke of him as good and kind to the poor.

The cock on the church spire was all a-blaze, as Daphne passed out of the damp grass in the meadow on to the village road.

The village itself was alive now with the tramp of laborers' feet, the opening and shutting of the doors as they came out, and the whistle of the younger men, on whom life's burden sat lightly.

Andrew Male stood in his doorway pulling on his coat; Martha, neat as if it were midday, was putting some bread and cheese into his wallet; other wives and mothers with their hair awry in nets, or tucked up hastily with a hair-pin, were beating mats against the garden railings, or pulling their sleepy boys out of bed.

Many stopped open-mouthed to see the school-mistress going past at that early hour, and making for Jonathan Cleare's house.

Mrs. Cleare was arranging her cap at the window up-stairs, when Miss Lynn knocked at the door. The sound did not reach her dull ears, and it was a heavy footstep from behind the house that came at the summons.

Jonathan, in a coarse linen jacket, as clean as his mother's apron, and with a trowel in his hand, smeared with mortar, came round the corner.

Daphne Lynn, as she came through the village, and up the little garden, had felt, she could not tell why, a little fear of meeting Jonathan. She knew it must be all fancy, and yet she could not help fancying that of late, when he had met her, he had tried to avoid her. Had she ever shown him that she liked and respected him? She colored at the very thought, but her conscience acquitted her. It had never been her misfortune to care for those who did not value her friendship; she had never been more than friendly, to use the strongest word, to Jonathan Cleare.

And as she stood at the door and heard his footsteps coming round the

corner, she drew herself up, and said to herself that as the promised wife of Aaron Falk she need feel no false modesty with other men. Of late she had not been to see Mr. Cleare; but now it was well she should make friends with all the village people; it might be in her power to do them all in turn some service.

"I came with a message from Jael Thorne," she said to Jonathan; "the old man is very ill, and Jael is very anxious to see her daughter; I think her name is Priscilla, and she is in the workhouse; do you know her?"

"Yes, I know her," said Jonathan, "and I suppose Jael wants her to come out?"

"Yes; she said you would go for her, if you knew she was in trouble. But you are busy, I see." And she looked at his dusty hand, and the trowel.

His sore heart, taking all things amiss, read her look as one of contempt, or at least of condescension.

"I'm always busy," he answered curtly; "some must work if the world's to go on; and I was not one that was born with a silver spoon, as some folks are."

His tone more than his words hurt Miss Lynn.

"You speak as if I despised work," she answered, coloring. "I that have worked all my life, till now. I despise those who cannot work, and I do not know why you misunderstand me."

She looked up at him, and meeting his clear grey eyes, looked down again. She would not part with him so. If there was any man in the village she respected more than another, it was this man; and she had enough vanity to be pained and indignant at his wilful desire to quarrel with her.

Bodily fatigue had made her weak, as it makes most women. The tears started to her eyes against her will; they sometimes did so when her mother spoke sharply to her.

And she knew that Jonathan was standing there, watching her face.

She dared not look up again, for fear he should see these meaningless tears, which, in his unkind frame of mind, he might interpret to mean anything. She spoke with her head down.

"Can you go, or shall I look for some one else to send to Hepreth?"

"I'll go," said Jonathan, in a subdued voice; "tell Jael I'll go myself."

"Thank you," said Miss Lynn, "she seemed to wish you should go yourself to break the news to Priscilla. Good morning."

She turned and went quickly out of the garden. Jonathan stood still, watching her, not moving to open the gate.

When his little mother came down, five minutes after, he was still standing there, twisting the trowel in his hands.

"Your breakfast's ready, Jonathan," said her gentle quavering voice, at the door; "I've got a bit o' fresh fish for you, to morning; it tastes beautiful, it does."

He threw off his white coat, and changed it for a better, washed his hands at the pump in the garden, and drank off his cup of tea; and then, without stopping to taste the fish, he cut off a piece of bread from the loaf, and was off to Hepreth.

'Scilla was a strange girl, and would not come at everyone's bidding. He and Jael knew that, and that was why she was so anxious that he should fetch her.

"I don't never feel hungry of a mornin', I don't; I'm a bad mornin' woman,' said Mrs. Cleare, "but I don't like to see Jonathan go out fastin'. His father he took his victuals well, when he were a young man, same's Jonathan."

"Well, it ain't done *him* not much good, not to speak of," said Martha Male; "my way is to let the men take or not take, as their nature is. Nothin don't do you good as your stomach's se against. It's a waste o' good cookin and good victuals; and it's my thinkin that more men die of too much drink than die of too much fastin'."

By eight o'clock there was no change in the old man's state, and Miss Lynn went home, promising Jael to return in the evening, or earlier if she was sen for.

"I'd take it kind if you'd come again,' said Jael, sitting up wearily in her bed "There ain't no one to speak a word fo him to the Lord, not if he goes in the night-time. Minister, he'll be sure to come in the day: I wouldn't have hin do no other."

Daphne Lynn went back, very weary to her day's teaching. As she put on

her bonnet again that evening, to start for the Thornes' cottage, she looked forward with more than usual satisfaction to the time—a little more than a fortnight hence—when she would be her own mistress, and the drudgery of school-work would be over.

She promised her mother not to stay with Jael all night, unless she found that she had no choice but to remain. Indeed, she felt little equal to another night without sleep in the hard chair by Josiah's bed.

Mr. Falk, who had come late in the afternoon to see her, had been very much opposed to her leaving home again. It was not her place to nurse Josiah Thorne, he said. He would willingly pay a suitable person to wait upon him.

"You are very kind," Daphne had said, with quite decision, "but it's not quite a matter of money. He fancies that he likes to have me there; and I know I like going. I shall not stay later than nine, unless Jael is afraid to be left alone, because my mother wants me to come back."

"*I* should wish you to come back, too," said Mr. Falk. There was an assumption of something like authority in his tone that startled Miss Lynn.

"I am sorry if you disapprove, but I feel I should be wrong if I did not go." Then, thinking she had spoken hastily, that she was not quite dutiful to him, she added more gently, "It is so seldom I can be of use to anyone, Aaron."

He relented as she looked wistfully at him. He thought it was the softest, kindest expression that had ever lighted up her face when she was alone with him. He had seen the look before; but it was given to her mother, or to some of the little children in the school.

"I know you will always do right. God bless you, Daphne," he said, as they parted. When she had gone a few steps up the field, for he walked with her to the gate leading into it, he followed her, and, taking both her hands in his, he looked into her face.

"I want to thank you for looking at me as you did just now. It is the first time, dear, that you have looked at me as if you trusted me. You don't know what you are to me, Daphne. I don't suppose you ever will know."

"Why not?" she said, looking up surprised. Her head had been turned away from him.

"I don't know why I said that. I hope you will know later, when you are my wife. Perhaps you will get to care about me a little more then."

"I am afraid I have been undutiful to you," she said, "or you would not say all this."

"Perhaps I have said too much," he answered; "but I care for you so much, that I have a horrible dread sometimes that you may cease to like me—to—. But it is a very little time that I have to wait now. I won't keep you longer, it looks like rain."

He held both her hands still in his own. Now he stooped and kissed her forehead.

"Good night, Aaron," she said gently, and turned away. He stood by the gate, watching her, till she was out of sight.

She was touched by his tenderness. She looked back, and waved her hand to him.

And after she was gone he still stood there, watching the path she had taken.

Chapter LI.

The Break of Day.

"I THOUGHT you'd come," said Jael's voice wearily, from the garret, before Miss Lynn had begun to climb the ladder. "The day's been terrible long without you. Fader he's been a-frettin' for ye wonderful."

"How is he? And has your daughter come?" asked the schoolmistress, untying her bonnet and sitting down by the old man, where Jael had given up her seat.

Jael shook her head.

"Jonathan's been arter her, but the child's ailin' and she couldn't come. She'll come to-morrow, early, maybe, if the doctor 'ud let the child out;—she thinks a deal more o' that than o' her grandfader."

Daphne looked at the old man, and then at Jael, who read her look.

"She'll be too late. He's a-goin' fast. Doctor come to-mornin'. He said he might last till evenin', or till break o' day, but he couldn't no longer."

Miss Lynn saw that the doctor must be right. The short breathing of the morning had become quicker, and more

uncertain. As night came on, there was a painful rattle in the throat as well.

"That's death," said Jael, as she sat at the foot of her own bed, her face covered with her hands. She had become a fatalist now, as most of us perhaps become, when death or sorrow meets us face to face in the pathway, and we see there is no turning back. She had given up using the stimulants the doctor had ordered.

"Not always," said Daphne. "But I do not think he can last very long."

He was almost unable to swallow now, though he still spoke a word or two, with long pauses between. He said Jael's name often, 'Scilla's once. But he had no cares to disturb his peace.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," read Daphne, "I will fear no evil."

His eyes brightened then for the last time. He tried to turn his head upon the pillow. The words were familiar to him, and he smiled.

When the psalm was finished, he nodded his head in pleased content, and closed his eyes. Daphne thought it was one of the most beautiful sights she had ever seen. The smooth bald head, the prominent but finely shaped nose, the refined, sweet mouth, and the child-like blue eyes looking out above the thin wrinkled cheeks, on which the work of ninety years had left its traces. The ineffable peace, and freedom from all fear of death, in strange contrast with the poverty of the poor garret, and the gloom of the gathering night outside the rattling window,—there was something wonderful and moving in it all; and Daphne, watching the old man by the light of the candle, that threw its dim rays far enough to show Jael still sitting at the foot of her bed and rocking herself gently to and fro,—forgot that she was weary, and that this was the beginning of another sleepless night.

Pattering against the crazy window came the rain that Aaron Falk had foreseen. Now and then sheet lightning divided the sky, and sent a pale glamour over the elm, and the tops of the orchard-trees. There were awful silences, as before a storm; and then the wind rose and soughed dreamily, and rose again, and battled in the branches; and the wet leaves on the nearest boughs beat against the window-panes, and made weird noises, like the crying of an infant in the dark.

After a while, Daphne changed her seat, and took her place by Jael's side.

"Can't you sleep a little, Jael? I would wake you at the slightest change I am going to stay here. It is too wet to go home, if I wished it; and, in any case, I should stay to-night."

"It's too late for ye to go home," Jael answered, rousing herself for a minute and comforted that she could not lose her friend. "It must be nigh on midnight," she added, looking out at the window, where a black line marking the horizon was all that could be seen through the sparkle of the rain-drops and the shivering of the wet leaves.

Miss Lynn looked at her watch, and found Jael was right. She had learnt from the face of nature to guess at times and seasons better than those who could read and write. She had not had a clock for many a long year, and yet she knew the hour for supper and for bed as well as the birds in the copses.

She sat down by Daphne, who covered her shoulders with a shawl, for she was shivering. It was useless to ask her to sleep, now that she knew her father's time must be so short. She was more faithful to her post than they whom the Saviour asked to watch by Him. Sorrow that made them heavy, had made her wide awake.

"It won't be long before I go arter him," she said, breaking the silence suddenly.

"Jael, for Priscilla's sake you shouldn't wish that."

"'Scilla? what can I do for her? I ain't fit to work no more. There's on'y the work'us afore her—on'y that."

"Don't say so," said Daphne earnestly, laying her hand on Jael's, which was very cold. They were talking in hushed voices, not because they could disturb Josiah Thorne, who was past that, but because it was the chamber of death. "Don't say so, Jael! 'Scilla shall not stay in the workhouse. I can prevent it now—I shall be able—"

Jael only shook her head again. A bitter smile, that Miss Lynn did not see was on her face.

"Don't shake your head," Daphne went on eagerly. "If anything happens

to you, I will take care of Priscilla. You know, Jael," she added, "things are going to change with me now. Priscilla can come and be my servant. Mr. Falk—"

Jael lifted up her face and looked at Daphne with a pitying, and yet half-scornful expression, quite new to her. Before Miss Lynn had time to try and interpret it, Jael broke out,

"Poor dear, little you know what you're sayin' of! The thin' you're speakin' of can't never be. And don't speak of it to *him*—for the love o' the Almoighty don't name it to *him!* I wants to die i' the old house like fader. I don't want to go i' the workus for the little while I've got left—"

Miss Lynn's disturbed, anxious face brought Jael to herself.

"I'm light-headed," she said, "trouble's made me light-headed. Couldn't you rest, my poor dear, on my bed?"

Daphne had stood up. Some impulse made her feel she must leave Jael's side; some vague notion that this would ease the pain Jael had inflicted. What could it mean? What did it all mean?

She walked across the room in a dreamy state, and was about to sink into the chair by the old man, when the candle flaming up suddenly, showed her that the face she had left on the pillow had changed its look.

"Death," said Daphne to herself, though she had not seen that look more than once or twice before.

And it was death. A little before the dawning, just at the time he always fancied he heard the master's voice calling him, the Great Master had called Josiah Thorne, and this time he had answered to the call.

Jael rose, like King David when his child was dead. She folded away her grief, and thought no longer of herself.

"Go away you," she said to Daphne, "you ain't used to such things. No one shan't touch fader but me. I've always done by him sin' ever mother went, and I'll do for him now."

Daphne went to the window, and looked out into the night. When she left it a few moments after, the last service had been rendered to Josiah Thorne, and he lay sleeping under a snow-white sheet.

Jael pointed to it.

"I've had that by me this many a month," she said. "I wouldn't never use it, so as he'd have it clean against he went."

She took some sprigs of rosemary and lavender from a drawer, and laid them on it.

"And now you'll sleep," she said, "for you've done all for him as you could. It was his time to go, and he's went. The Lord 'll not find nought amiss with him; he al'ays loved the Lord, and keeped his goin's straight. On'y—I'd have praised Him if so be He'd let my gal seen him afore he went."

She was pointing to her own bed while she spoke.

"I am not tired," said Daphne, wearily enough, "you must sleep there, Jael."

"I? I'm goin' to keep along o' him. I ain't agoin' to leave him now, till they've put him away."

She laid herself down on the bed where her dead father lay sleeping, reverently, as if she feared to disturb his rest.

Daphne tried to sit up for a little while; she felt as if she could not sleep in that strange scene, on Jael's wretched bed.

But this very scene, and the death of the old man, had served to drive from her mind the thoughts that troubled her. All seemed nothing in the immediate presence of the angel of death.

And she was young, and her strength was overtaxed.

After a little she threw her shawl over the pallet bed, and stretched herself upon it.

For a moment she heard Jael's regular breathing, and knew she slept.

Then everything faded from her, and she, too, was sleeping.

Outside the wind was moaning like a lost soul, and the rain was pattering. Within lay the old man, motionless, under the white sheet, with the rosemary on his breast.

Chapter LII.

Daphne's Awaking.

When Daphne opened her eyes the bright September sun was streaming into the room. The rain-drops had dried away from the window, and the leaves of the elm-tree; the wind had gone

down, and everything was changed: she must have slept late, she said, raising herself from the hard bed which sheer weariness had made soft enough for a deep long sleep.

The first sight of the grey shawl under her head recalled the scene of the past night. The second thing on which her eyes fell was the smooth white sheet stretched over what had, a few hours before, been Josiah Thorne.

It was all true, then; and yet, how like the truth was to a dream. The wretched room, the poor bed on which she found herself, the dead man lying before her—surely it was a dream. A fortnight hence she was to be the rich brewer's wife, a great lady in the parish; Daphne hardly knew whether that or this was the most unreal.

At first her bewilderment was too great for fear. But as she came to herself, and saw that Jael was gone, that the dead man alone kept her company, a feeling of awe stole over her. She rose, and casting a hasty glance at the awfully still outline of the figure on the bed, she gathered up her shawl, and began to descend the ladder hastily.

She must be sleeping still, or her eyes were strangely dim and heavy: for that was not Jael whom she saw before her.

It was someone with the look of Jael, but with beauty that Jael had never had. Tall, fair, with wide, child-like blue eyes, a slim, straight figure, and something that is indescribable of beauty and grace in all her movements and gestures; this was the woman that Daphne saw.

And this must be Jael's child, Priscilla.

Daphne, who had paused in wonder on the ladder, came down slowly. Jael was not in the room. The door was open, and the cool morning air was blowing in. A little breakfast was prepared on the table with more care than was common in the poor home.

Priscilla was standing near the doorway, the sun falling on her dark blue workhouse dress and on her fair hair; she was looking down at a little child, who, with his back to the ladder and Miss Lynn, was crawling upon the floor, and clinging to his mother's skirt, making soft, babyish gurglings and cooings.

"You are Priscilla?" said Miss Lynn; "I am glad you have come, for your mother's sake, though you are too late to see your grandfather."

"Yes, I know," said the girl, shuddering.

"Is this your poor—your little child?" asked the schoolmistress, gently, a touch of infinite sadness and pity in her voice. So beautiful and so young, what pity could be enough for her?

Priscilla looked pleased at its being noticed. She stooped, and raised the child in her arms. It, too, was in its blue work-house dress; and as she raised it, meaning to show its face to the stranger, and the child, in a baby ecstasy of love and play, turned its cheek instead on to its mother's shoulder, and clung about her neck, it seemed to Daphne that they were two beautiful flowers growing upon the same stem.

And these were paupers, said Daphne; could God have punishment great enough for him who had brought them to this? It should not be so any longer; at any price, Priscilla must be saved from the degradation and danger of a workhouse life.

"Priscilla," she said, coming nearer her, "it must not be as it is now, any longer; the workhouse is not a fit place for you; you would like to come away from it, from the bad people you have to live with, wouldn't you? you would like to come and be"—she hesitated as she looked at the beautiful face—could this girl ever be a servant?—"You would be my servant and my friend, wouldn't you, if it can be managed?"

Priscilla looked a little troubled; she pressed her cheek nearer to the child's head upon her shoulder.

"You need not have to part with the poor little child altogether," said Miss Lynn. "Your mother would keep that, and you could see it sometimes, you know."

"The school-house isn't far," said 'Scilla, looking happier, but still doubtful.

"It would not be at the school-house," said Miss Lynn; "I am going to be married; the Brewery House is going to be my home; we can't afford to keep a servant just now, but then—"

Jael had come in, with a bundle of sticks in her hand. She was looking at Daphne as she spoke. 'Scilla was looking at her mother, her lips parted,

and her cheeks paled. The little child had turned his head, and he, too, was looking, with round baby eyes, at the speaker.

Was it something she read in any of these faces that stopped the words on Daphne Lynn's lips? Was it the remembrance of Jael's words of last night, with their awful solemnity of utterance —"The thing you're speaking of can never be?"

Daphne did not know; only she knew at that moment a sudden light came to her, a light to light up darkness and sin. It was the rent in the heavens in the blackness of the still thunder-storm; the flash that brings not daylight, but fire and sword.

She staggered to the doorway, and pushing past Jael, ran down the green lane as if she were pursued.

Heaven and earth were reeling before her; whether she stumbled and fell, seemed to matter nothing to her.

And yet, through the dumb horror and despair that had seized her, and made her careless of all else, she was conscious of one overmastering fear—the dread of meeting Aaron Falk.

CHAPTER LIII.

TROUBLE AND TOIL.

THE children had already gathered in the play-ground when Miss Lynn hurried through it to her home.

She had not forgotten them, nor that she had the daily routine of teaching before her. The force of habit is strong; and in her miserable agitation she had yet thought of looking at the church clock as she passed, and had been relieved to find it was not quite nine. She could have a few moments to think, and to control herself, before she went among them.

Her first impulse was to run up stairs, and lock herself into her own room. But she remembered her mother, who had been left all night—not alone, it is true, for Martha Male had consented to come and sleep in the house on condition that she should go home at six to prepare Abraham and Andrew's breakfast.

But the mother would be alone now, and she was never very happy without Daphne. So the daughter went straight to her room.

Never before had she been thankful that her mother was blind.

Now, as she caught sight of her own face in the glass, she could not but be thankful. She felt that in the last hour her face had aged sensibly. She never had much color: now, though she had walked so rapidly, she was as white as marble. Her mind still full of the dead face she had seen, she started, seeing how like her own was to it. Was she going to die? Did people die of trouble such as hers?

She almost hoped so, till the blind woman turned her sightless eyes at her with that mixture of helplessness and vacancy that only blind eyes wear. Then Daphne knew she must live: that there was something to live for.

Everything was passing from her but this: this only death could take from her.

She sat down by the bedside, and laid her cheek against her mother's.

She had meant to be brave, and to hide her misery for a while, till she could express it better. What was this weakness coming over her?

She raised her head, and began to unfasten her shawl, and fold it up.

She had not spoken yet. Her mother thought it was that the old man was dead.

Daphne had not seen many deaths. It was enough to disturb a stronger woman than her.

The mother, who was peevish enough when her child was well and in prosperity, began now to soothe her in her turn.

"I see he is gone, my dear. Well, he was very old, you know. The young may go, but the old must, as the saying is. He was quite ready, I hope. I'm sure you've been a comfort to them. But you're terribly tired. Give me your hand. How cold it is—is it so cold this morning? And it's not as steady as usual. You're quite over-tired, Daphne, my dear. I can't let you do this again. What will Mr. Falk say, if he sees you like this?"

Daphne pushed her hand away, and rose from her seat. She walked up and down the room meaninglessly, once or twice, hardly knowing what she was doing. Her mother thought she was beginning to put the room in order.

"My dear, Martha's put me straight, and given me a cup of tea. Get your breakfast, and don't stand about longer. Did you sleep at all? If not, you are not fit to go to the school. You see, my dear," and her voice began to have some of its natural petulance, "these good deeds you take on yourself make you quite unfit for your proper duties. You can't keep the school to-day. But, after all, it doesn't much matter; it'll have so soon to break up. I told Mr. May you must have ten days or so before your marriage, to get your things ready, and that."

Daphne had thought about her "things," like other women. There were half finished things lying about her now. She turned from them with a sharp pain, only to meet the stab of her mother's words.

"I will get you your breakfast, mother," she said, glad of the opportunity of getting away. "And I *am* going to have the school to-day. I slept a good deal last night."

Mrs. Lynn had her breakfast brought to her. But Daphne went fasting into the school.

"School-missus do look bad," said the elder girls to each other, and to their mothers, when they went home at night.

"She's ta'en the old gen'leman's death wonderful to heart, I take it. And yet it's on'y what's right and natural, poor dear. It isn't many as carries their years so well as Josiah's done."

"I wonder as Muster Falk's willin' for her to be gaddin' about and nursin' of sick folk. She do look a bit delicate."

"Muster Falk? may-be he ain't willin'," said one of the men, with a laugh. "But she's got the rein-hand of him I count. He's wonderful taken up with her, they tell me. He'll cut every blessful flower as ever growed in that there glass-house of his, and give 'em away to her. She's born to luck, she is, and looks like it."

"Don't look like it to-day," said another man. "I happened on her to-mornin' early as she were comin' down the street: and white as a churchyard ghost she was. Didn't like the thoughts of stoppin' along o' the corpse, I reckon. And no blame to her neither."

"She'll be set up very like when she's a fine lady; but she's a nice one now, anyway. A beautiful letter she can make out, and no mistake. And a good turn she'll do for the worst of us."

"It's a bad thing when a woman gets the bit between her teeth," said an older man, shaking his head. "But if there's any as I'd give her head to and trust her to go the right way, it's that young woman."

"I believe the blessin' of the Almighty's on her," said Mrs. Cleare to Jonathan. "And He'll direct her ways for her; I don't feel no fears o' that."

Meantime the longest day of the school-mistress's life passed by. One only consolation she had to keep her up; it was, the knowledge that Aaron Falk was out for the day, that he did not expect to be home till evening.

If there had been the chance of his coming to see her at the dinner-hour, or after the school closed, she felt she could not have stood up teaching; trying, and wonderfully succeeding, in teaching as if nothing were amiss.

In our sorest straits the knowledge that we have *time* is very supporting; though after that time is over, nothing can come but the blow we are avoiding now.

Daphne's endurance was strained to the last point; she felt that a meeting with Aaron Falk that day, and the scene that must follow upon it, would be more than either mind or body could stand.

"Please 'm, are we to come again to-morrow?" asked the children, when lessons were over. "Mrs. Myse told us as you wouldn't want to be troubled with us no longer; she said there wouldn't be no more school."

"Come again as usual," said Miss Lynn, "I will speak to Mrs. Myse."

"Don't stop to put away anything!" she said, quickly. She felt as if the jar of another slate must make her cry.

They went out, wondering; such an order had never been given before.

Perhaps they would have wondered less if they could have seen her after they were gone, when, locking the school door, she sank down on her knees before one of the desks, and hid her face in her hands.

CHAPTER LIV.

MR. MAY'S MANDATE.

"'SHE's not at home? Well, it does not matter. You will do quite as well, Mrs. Lynn, though I am very sorry not to see her dear face. But I came to say we can't *hear* of her carrying on the school any longer. We think it only fair to Mr. Falk, you know, and to all the people, and indeed to Mr. May and myself, who expect to see her looking,—not *nice*, because she always does *that*,—but particularly sweet and pretty on the great day, that she should have ten days to prepare. And poor Mr. Falk, you know, he complains to Alfred that he *never* has time to see her. He is quite *aggrieved*, you know, and seems to think it is dear *Alfred's* fault. So, for our sakes, if not for her own, and for the sake of the wedding gown, you know, the school must be closed to-morrow. It is Mr. May's *particular* wish and order you may say to her, Mrs. Lynn. *How* is the good little woman?"

"She's not well to-day, ma'am. I think she's over tired. She's wanting in judgment about some things, though I can't find much fault with her. And she would have it she must stay with Jael Thorne because the old man was dying."

"Ah, yes; but *how* grateful Jael is to her! I've just been up there, and she is longing to see her again. The poor child, Priscilla, has come home, but she's of little use to her."

"Still it's company for the poor woman, isn't it, ma'am? Daphne needn't be thinking she's left alone."

"No, no. Set her mind at rest on *that*, if she doesn't know Priscilla is there. Did she mention to you that she had come?"

"No, ma'am, she didn't. But she's so very tired to-day. She's spoken little and eaten less. She went out for a little turn half-an-hour ago. She said her head ached."

"Well, remember, it's *settled* that the school does not open to-morrow," said Mrs. Myse, assuming a look of strong-mindedness and decision.

She was slipping on her goloshes at the door over her flat little cloth boots. She always made a point of taking them off as she entered a house, and putting them on as she left it, if there was the slighest chance of their being damp.

"You see I have to be so careful with dear Alfred," she said. "If I were to come in with anything damp on, he would begin sneezing directly. I believe that, humanly speaking, goloshes have saved my life and his."

"Well, I'm sure we hope you'll always wear goloshes, ma'am," said Mrs. Lynn, with solicitude. "Shelbourne would not get on well without you and Mr. May."

"You are *very* kind to say so. But that reminds me," she answered, laying her hand kindly on the blind woman's arm, "that Alfred and I take *great* comfort, thinking that if we go we shall not leave Shelbourne *quite* to strangers. Your dear daughter and Mr. Falk will be father and mother to our parish, I know."

"Daphne will always try to do her duty in whatever place she's called to, ma'am. I believe that."

"I believe it, too, and so does Alfred. It makes us both *very* happy that Mr. Falk is so blessed. He has been something between a brother and a son to us since we came to Shelbourne. The only thing I long for now is to see him happy. He is *most* patient, but I think he feels this long waiting very much. I never saw greater devotion than his, Mrs. Lynn."

Mrs. Myse looked into the forge as she passed.

"I hear you've been arranging things for poor Jael, Jonathan. I hardly liked to ask when the funeral is to be, she is in such a state of dull grief."

"I saw her this forenoon, ma'am. My mother went to see if she could do anything for her, and she said she'd like me to call. If it's the same to Mr. May she'd let it be the day after to-morrow. It's soon, but it'll be best for her when he's taken away. He'll be put in the coffin to-morrow morning. The men will be there by eight o'clock with it, and I'll go up and give them a hand. She'd like it better than having only strangers."

"I am glad she will let it be soon. But I was afraid she would not be willing: the people mostly have such a feeling against a speedy burial. I think the sooner the *better*, Jonathan, when once God has taken us to rest."

"She's so ailing," he answered, "she

made no words about it. She didn't seem to care one way or another. So I named the day."

As Jonathan closed the shop door that night he saw Miss Lynn going in at the school gate alone.

Andrew, who was waiting for him to come to supper—for the evenings were too short and chilly now, on the verge of October, for evening walks—said as he watched her,

"She's alone to-night. He's gone out for the day, I count. A pity as he can't stop away altogether. It would be a good thing for more than one in Shelbourne."

Jonathan made no answer. He never did answer now, when 'Drew spoke of Miss Lynn. To listen was hard enough work for him, without speaking.

"I can't do nothing for Jael, I suppose?" Andrew asked, turning the subject. "I sent up word when your mother went, as she was to let me know if I could do anything; but she said you'd promised to see after things for her."

"Yes, I'm going up to-morrow morning. He's to be buried the day after. You'd best not help carry him, 'Drew. I'll get bearers. You aren't strong enough to play tricks with yourself, and it would very like upset you."

"I'd do it if Jael had set her mind on it," said Andrew. "But you know why I'd as lief not go up there that day. I hear as *she'd* be there, from Hepreth: she's safe to come and see the last of the old gen'leman. And I don't feel as I could meet her, not like that, before folk."

"You're right," said Jonathan. "But I think all the same you ought to be schooling yourself to face it now. You'll need to meet 'Scilla some day, 'Drew, sooner or later. You ought to be a man, and make up your mind to it, now you've put the thoughts of her out of your mind, like. There's nothing for you to fear in meeting her. It's another that ought to fear."

Andrew was pulling a straw to pieces. He made no answer. He never could argue with Jonathan, least of all now.

"May-be she's been already," he said after awhile, when Jonathan's thoughts had travelled far away from 'Scilla. "I feel somehow as if she'd been about the place, though I never set eyes on her."

"She's there now," said Jonathan, "but she won't stay long, only to keep her mother company to-night."

"To-night? She'll be terribly afeard then. She couldn't never bear to see any one as was sick, let alone a corpse." He was beginning to look restless and troubled.

"She needn't to be afraid with her mother," said Jonathan, a little indignantly. He was thinking of another woman who Jael had told him had stayed with her through the night, and had slept like a child in the same room with the dead Josiah. And well she might. God and His angels would look after her.

A light shone far into the night from Daphne Lynn's window, but no one noticed it except Jonathan.

He thought she was sitting up to finish her wedding-dress, perhaps: to make the little preparations that he had heard his mother say every happy woman would take a pride in.

He opened the door at twelve o'clock, and saw the light still burning through the limes in the play-ground. She was *very* happy: time was flying quickly with her, sure enough.

How could he guess the real truth, or know what it was that kept Daphne Lynn with her head upon her mother's shoulder so far into the night?

Fool that he was, he said to himself, to watch that light, that meant darkness, if anything, for him.

Chapter LV.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Miss Lynn slept badly enough. Such sleep as she had was disturbed by miserable dreams, from which she awoke starting, to a reality no less miserable.

The knowledge that daylight will bring the possibility of something we dread is enough to make sound sleep impossible for most of us. At daybreak Daphne awoke, and could not rest again. She had not only the suffering of the day before to go through, after the short respite of unconsciousness; but she awoke to know that by this time Aaron Falk was as wretched as herself.

She had written to him the evening before, and in her walk she had left her letter at his house. She tried now to

remember the words she had used and could not; she only knew that a dread and horror of him had seized her, and that under that dread and horror she had written.

He would find the letter when he came home at night. Now the morning had come, and she might have to face him before an hour or two had passed. The meeting at any time would be a terrible one; unnerved as she was now by physical fatigue, and unstrung by all she had gone through during the last few days, the thought of it was intolerable. She could not comfort him; she could give him no hope; it would be for them both, misery heaped on misery.

There was one way out of it. She could leave the house and escape from him. She rose hastily, dressed herself, and by seven o'clock was downstairs. It was still hardly light. She looked to see that all the blinds were down, and that her mother was sleeping. Then she went noiselessly out of the door, closing it behind her. She looked back, and was satisfied to see that the house looked, and would look for two hours to come, as silent as sleep itself. No visitor could try to gain admittance there. And Mrs. Lynn, who always slept late, and was used to being left much alone, would not attempt to break the spell.

Miss Lynn paused at the gate. Where could she go? The morning air was pleasant to her; she could have gone into the fields or woods at any other time than this, as she had often done on bright happy summer mornings. But Aaron Falk knew she sometimes walked there, and she might meet him. She must go somewhere where she could be safe from him.

Yesterday she had felt that to return to the Thornes' cottage was impossible. There the blow had fallen upon her; there there could be no comfort, only in every look, on every face, a confirmation of her fears.

Jael would be alone no longer, she had argued to herself; there could be no reason for her to go.

Now, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she turned to the place from which she had fled. Driven between two fears, the fear of being compelled to meet Aaron Falk, and the pain of going again through the sufferings of yesterday, it seemed to her the last was the least evil of the two.

The terrible truth she had faced already; him she need not face.

Nay, now that she had accepted the truth in all its bitterness, she was conscious of a half-frenzied wish that it should be confirmed. The miserable alternations of her mind were unendurable. One moment she said to herself it *could* not be, she could not have been so deceived in him. The next moment, a rush of memories overwhelmed her, and she could as little doubt that it was all too true. One moment she asked herself if she had wronged him, if it was all a terrible dream? The next, she fled on faster towards Jael's home, all to escape from a terrible reality.

And Jael would need her now, she said to herself, trying to drown her own troubles in the thought of another's. She might be of some comfort, at that sad time when strange hands took away her dead out of her sight.

She walked slower and tried to calm herself. The half hour struck from the church clock as she put her finger on the latch of the poor door.

It opened. Perhaps Jael had gone out. She turned to the orchard, but there was no movement there. The house, too, was silent.

Jael must be sleeping, then, and Priscilla, and the child.

Daphne's first thought was to let her sleep on. She must be so tired after long nights of watching and grief.

The next was to remember that before long the old man must be laid in his coffin. It would be better for Jael to awake now, than to come to herself only to find her need to watch was over, and the time for the last look come.

"Jael!" said Daphne, softly, at the bottom of the ladder. Perhaps she need not face them all, after all; Jael was such a light sleeper, she would hear her call.

"Jael!" she said, the second time, less softly.

There was no sound, though she strained her ear to catch it. Not even a movement from Priscilla or the child.

If *they* were sleeping soundly, she could go up and wake Jael, without awaking them.

She began climbing the ladder care-

fully, groping her way for a safe footing on the dark landing.

"Jael!" she said again, in the doorway, pausing as she looked into the room.

Jael's bed was empty.

Daphne gave a deep sigh of relief, seeing it.

Then she felt a chill steal over her. For there lay Jael sleeping beside the dead man; all night she must have been alone with *that*.

There was something thrilling and awful in the silence in the little garret; in Jael's motionless child-like sleep beside the shrouded figure.

How brave she was, said Daphne, coming nearer to her; what a brave, true soul.

"Jael!" she said, the fourth time; and as she said it, and there came no answer, she stretched out her hand to touch the sleeper's shoulder.

One touch, and Daphne withdrew her hand, while the chill that had stolen over her by reason of the silence, seemed to spread over her whole frame, and freeze her blood.

This was not sleep: or if it be sleep, it is so different from that "taking of rest in sleep" that we know nightly, that we have called it by another name.

Jael Thorne was dead.

The short, turbulent day of life was over; and her rest had begun.

Her work, too, was over: she lived to keep the last watch beside him, dead, whom, living, she had so long watched over. Now strangers must take him, and what had she to do?

What but follow him, and follow closely.

He had entered the great door which opens so often to let men in, but never to send men out again.

There is one key to that door, and only one. God offered it to Jael Thorne, and she saw that the name of it was death.

And she stretched out her hand, and said "Amen, Lord!" And so the door opened.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE LANE THAT HAD A TURNING.

DAPHNE LYNN never knew how it was that she got out of the room, and down the ladder, without falling.

She had felt ill in the morning when she started. This last shock semed to rob her of all her remaining strength. She found herself, dizzy and faint, in the green lane, trying to make her way back to the village.

After a few steps, a blackness came over her sight. She tried to get to a gate near her; but the darkness thickened, and the gate vanished from her. She tried no longer to save herself, but fell heavily to the ground.

It is one of the many merciful provisions for our feeble human nature, that, when suffering, either of body or mind, reaches its highest point, then blessed unconsciousness overtakes us. There is a truce from pain, before we are called upon again to take up our burden. Pain's very intensity brings its own relief.

How long Miss Lynn might have lain there it is difficult to say, for it was a lonely place — the loneliest in Shelbourne.

But, this morning, the men who were carrying Josiah Thorne's coffin came up the lane, and with them came Jonathan. He was walking with them, for he had a way of making friends with men of all trades, and picking up what he could from them. Perhaps that was the secret of his being able to turn his hand to most things.

But the two men in front were the first to catch sight of a woman's figure stretched upon the ground.

"It must be Jael," said Jonathan, remembering her seizure the day of the school-feast in Mr. May's field.

He ran forward. The first glance showed him it was not Jael.

Daphne's straw hat had fallen from her head and lay beside her. She lay with her face beneath the hedge, where the moss sloped up to it. It was the most death-like face Jonathan had ever seen in a living being. Was she living? He could hardly think so—so deathly cold her hands were, and her lip so livid.

Jonathan's mother had given him a little brandy in a small medicine-bottle.

"Jael 'll want something, poor soul," she had said, as she slipped it into his pocket, "and she's not like to have nothin' by her; not so much as a dust o' tea."

He forced open the closed lips, and,

raising her head on his knee, he poured it down her throat.

"She's so deadly cold," he said to the men, who had laid down the coffin, and were standing staring, and doing nothing. "Take that on to the house, will you, and get a blanket or a shawl."

"Here's this," said one of the men, throwing something at Jonathan's feet, as he turned away.

It was the parish pall: a rusty, thin, black velvet pall, with a wide white border.

Jonathan put out his hand to take it.

"Not that, for the love of God," he said, under his breath; and he pushed it from him with his foot, while he took his own coat off, and wrapped it round her.

Still there was no movement in the head resting upon Jonathan's knee.

Perhaps she was really dead. It seemed so long since he had found her! and how long before he had found her might she not have been lying there?

Till now he had quite forgotten himself. In the wish to save a life he had almost forgotten whose life he wished to save.

Now that the thought came to him that the life was passed beyond his power to recall it, he knew it was Daphne Lynn that lay dead at his feet.

And the first feeling was one—not of sick despair, but—of a strange triumph. Living, she was dead to him; now, she was his for one short moment. Aaron Falk had not found her, and tried to save her. God had taken her from them both, but to him, Jonathan, it had been given to know it first, to hold her while her spirit passed away into God's presence.

He laid her down upon the grass again, his coat folded round her. And now he knelt beside her and said words to her that he had never said to Daphne living.

Every now and then he chafed her white hands as a last hope. But then he laid them down again reverently on her breast. She had never meant that hand to be his; it seemed to him a mean thing to take advantage of her now; only, he said, she could not hear him.

"You thought he loved you, and he must love you. God made you so that we must all love you. But his love was never like mine—he never could have made you as happy as I could. I'm poor and he's rich; I was below you, and he was above you; but I know you couldn't be happy with him, that's why God has taken you; I thought, somehow, it could never be—I thought it never could be right that the Almighty should let it be."

There was a slight movement, first in the hands, then the lips parted; at last, the eyes opened.

Jonathan had risen to his feet and was standing a little on one side. It would be a shock to her to come to herself and find him so close to her; his face would not be the face she would look for and hope to find.

Ah, yes! it was a shock, even now, and Daphne was straining her eyes to see him. Consciousness was only slowly coming to her. She had a perplexed wistful look on her face, she wanted to see clearly, and could not.

Catching sight at last of the outline of a man's figure, she gave a cry. It seemed to Jonathan to be a cry of terror.

It gave him a sharp pain at his heart. He knew that she would not care to see him; but he had not thought that the sight of him would have been terrible to her. What had he done to deserve this?

At any rate she was frightened, and he must try to soothe her.

"Don't be afraid," he said, coming forward, and looking into her still half-vacant eyes. "It's only Jonathan the blacksmith. I found you fainting, and I tried to bring you to."

The eyes were not vacant any longer; they were turned upon Jonathan. The knitted brows relaxed; even a smile came to Miss Lynn's lips.

"Oh!" she said, drawing a deep breath, "it's you; I didn't think of that; I thought—I was afraid—"

She stopped, and tried to raise herself.

"If you'd not mind taking my arm," said Jonathan, "I could help you to Jael's house. It's close by; I suppose you were going there?"

Miss Lynn was looking round, bewildered, as if the lane and hedges and the clear sky could help her to remember where she was, and what had happened.

At the mention of Jael's name she remembered everything.

"Not going," she said, "I was coming back. I went up to see her, and she was—oh, Jonathan, she was dead!"

She burst into a flood of tears; Jonathan's arm shook under her hand.

He had never heard his name from her lips before. Trouble had broken down the barrier between them.

They walked on in silence a little, towards the cottage. Then Miss Lynn said—

"You must wonder at me for being so weak as to cry like this. I wonder at myself, because I know we must all die; I do not think death is so very awful. But I was not well when I came out; I felt very ill and tired. I've had trouble of my own, and Jael's came at the same time as mine; and then, finding her dead—it seemed the last straw, and I couldn't bear it any longer."

Jonathan did not answer. He was wondering what her trouble could be. All the people thought she had no trouble, that all things prospered with her. He had thought so too.

"Our lots lie far apart," he said, after a while. "It isn't likely I can help you in anything; but if I can, you know you've only to ask me. After this next ten days, I don't say I can, because if you're above now, you'll be higher above me then, and what's more—"

"Don't speak of that!" she cried, stopping his words; "that is to never to be."

Jonathan was thunder-struck. Had Aaron Falk given her up? Was it possible?

There was such infinite distress in her eyes, that he asked, in spite of himself, and with a touch of satire he was hardly conscious of—

"Is that your trouble—that it's never to be?"

"It's trouble every way," she answered, "but that it should ever be, now, would be the worst trouble of all."

They had come to the door of the cottage. Miss Lynn shivered as she saw that they had done so.

"That house!" Jonathan heard her say to herself under her breath.

"Don't come in again," he said, "there's no call for you to come in." His voice was trembling. He pointed to a broken stump by the wall, where she could rest, and ran into the house to get away from his own tumultuous thoughts.

Had the sin found out Aaron Falk, after all? Was God going to do justly, by man's ideas of justice?

"We couldn't get no blanket," sai one of the men coming to meet hir "There's nothing in the house but th clothes they lies in. I suppose the wc man, she's asleep."

Jonathan went up to the garret. Pei haps Daphne had been mistaken.

But Daphne had been right.

Before another night another coffi came up the green lane; and one grav received Jael and Josiah.

Chapter LVII.

A CUP OF BITTERNESS.

Aaron Falk had come home ver late, after his long day of business.

It was eleven o'clock as he drov through the village past the school-hous gate. Too late to go and see Daphn that night; the only light that burnt wa from her bedroom window.

But he was in a happy state of min for all that; happiness was so near hi now, it colored his life already with it rosy glow.

Good wishes and congratulations ha met him on all sides during the da Many of his friends had heard of Mi Lynn, of her beautiful voice, when sh led the choir, of the change in She bourne since she had come there. The did not fail to tell him so, and hearing all made him proud as well as happ He loved Daphne so well that the opi ion of others would never have turne him from his choice; but that his choi should be approved, was very pleasant t him. He shrank from public censur and valued highly, if he did not cou public praise.

As he pulled off his great coat insic his own door, he felt in the pocket for little parcel he had brought with him.

The lights was burning in the dinin room, where Sarah had prepared his su per. She had lighted a fire because was a chilly evening, and the warmth ar brightness were in tune with his hap thoughts.

He went up to the table, undoing tl silver paper round his little parcel.

First, a something flat and small. H laid it down very carefully on the tabl then opened the paper and the contents. was a wedding ring, small and bright, th lay shining under the lamp-light.

He lifted up the little paper by tl

corners, as carefully as he had laid it down, and looked at it closely. A quiet smile came over his face. The pinched, calculating, hard look was gone; love and happiness had worked wonders there.

Then he laid the paper and the ring down again, and opened a tiny box. He took out of it a locket which he held up by the ring to the lamp-light. He was not used to handling such things, and he touched it gingerly, as if it would break. There was a lock of dark hair in the locket, when he opened it. He looked at the hair a moment, as if the thought that that should be in a locket that Daphne was to wear pleased him greatly.

When he heard Sarah's step, he closed it with a click, and took both ring and locket to the mantelpiece, where she could not see them. Two letters were lying on it; one was unstamped, and the writing was Daphne Lynn's.

Why did she write, when she could send for him? Why had he not stopped to see if she wanted anything, as he passed the gate? It was an unusual thing for her to write to him. Perhaps Mrs. Lynn was ill; perhaps—he fancied the writing was hardly so firm as usual—perhaps Daphne herself was ill.

He opened the envelope hastily.

Sarah had left the room, shutting the door behind her.

There was perfect stillness while he read. Only the newly-lit fire crackled cheerfully at his feet.

And he made no movement. He read to the end, folded the letter, put it back in the envelope, and laid it down before him.

But the thin face he raised to the ceiling was blanched to a strong whiteness. The fresh night-wind had sent him in with a ruddy color in his cheeks. Now the ghost of the man that had entered the room a few moments before stood in his place.

Sarah's step was at the doorway once more.

He turned away to the fire again, and took up the paper.

"You can go to bed," he said, "I want nothing more to-night."

He sat down, and began mechanically carving the cold mutton on the table.

But he stopped after the first slice had been cut, and laid down the knife and fork on either side.

He put his hand up over his eyes, leaning his elbow on the table.

So he remained, far on into the night—that night that seemed to be ruled over by the evil influence of some star that sat high in the windy September sky, and looked down on Shelbourne.

He had been stunned at first by the awful suddenness of the blow. Even thought was impossible.

Now, as he sat on, and the hours clanged out in the silence from the steeple, he came to himself; and asked himself what he should do?

Do: what was there to do? Doing was of as little avail as thinking. Once before, in a terrible trouble, he had roused himself to act, and he had acted.

But what had the act done for him? It had averted the blow that had fallen at last.

If it had taken place then, it would have been less hard a blow. Then he had never known or loved a Daphne. The respect of his neighbors had been hard to lose: what was it to lose this woman's love, after he had earned it—just as the cup of happiness was at his lips?

What could he do? With her nothing could be done: that was all over. Fear of him, suspicion of him, he might have overcome; but she had learnt a terrible truth: it was the strength of that, that stunned him. With her there could be no buying over—no deceiving. She was true, and he loved her—there could be no crooked dealings with her.

He did not wonder *how* the truth had come to her: how, after all, the sin had found him out. That it had come to her—that he had lost her, and through his own sin—that was the sting of his sorrow.

Through Jonathan, or through Jael, what did it matter, so long as he had lost her? How could it signify by whose hand he had fallen, so long as he *had* fallen in her sight? Now that she had passed away from him, and he knew that they were as irrevocably parted as if death divided them—nay, perhaps much more—the beauty and innocence of her character stood out more clearly before him. In proportion as he had fallen low before her, so she towered above him. They could have nothing in common. She could have no pity for him: repentance could be but an idle word in her

ears: for how could repentance undo the past, and make him the man she had believed in?

With her nothing could be done, and little said. His shame would have driven him away without seeing her, and so he could have spared her pain.

But his love for her, and the self-respect that still remained to him, told him he must see her once again.

To part with her with no parting was impossible. Her forgiveness he must gain, if he could: for he knew by the letter before him what she had suffered—what he had caused her to suffer.

He rose from his untasted supper, and took the little box in his hands. Then he pushed open the window, and walked down the green slope of his garden to the pond below.

There was a little plash, not enough to startle the swan asleep on the water, with his head under his wing. One or tw small circles, that the moon lighted up a a cloud passed by her.

Aaron Falk came back. The littl plain gold ring lay still upon the mantel piece in its silver-paper.

He had measured her finger for it It only went upon the tip of his own There was nothing that savored of hir in it, as there had been in the locke He could not throw it away yet. Tha might come, by-and-bye—but not yet.

He folded it up, took it upstairs wit him, and laid it in his desk.

The pale new moon looked down o Aaron Falk as he laid it by—his littl dream of love over.

And upon Jael Thorne, who had n other watcher, as she lay down that nigh for the last time in the garret, and sighe her soul away.

[To be continued.]

A NEGLECTED HUMORIST.

IT is strange that while other English humorists of the eighteenth century have received, and continue to receive, such ample appreciation, there should be one, and he one of the most famous of all in his day, left out in the cold, his works seldom or never read, and even his memory preserved only in the writings of his contemporaries and in the pages of the jest book. I refer to Samuel Foote, the once all-dreaded mimic; the wit whose society was eagerly sought after by the highest in the land; the conversationalist who divided the palm with Johnson and Garrick; and the playwright whose productions never failed to crowd the theatre, and fill his pockets with gold. It has been urged that his characters, being nearly all personal caricatures from life, no longer possess any vitality to interest the modern reader. Those, however, who believe that Foote's wit could not soar above the burlesquing of some physical deformity, or some eccentricity of manner, entertain a very false estimate of his powers; and although his plays are too frequently marked by such ephemeral characteristics, their humor is born of the absurdities common to all human nature, and his personages are all more or less typical of their age.

"Comedy," he writes in his 'Answer to Reverend Gentleman,' "I define to be an e act representation of the peculiar manners that people among whom it happens to b performed; a faithful imitation of singul absurdities, particular follies, which are ope ly produced, as criminals are publicly pu ished, for the correction of individuals, an as an example to the whole community."

And it is in accordance with this def nition that all his comedies are construc ed. To those who would form a perfe conception of the manners of a hundre years ago, his works are invaluable; the is not a folly, a vice, a sham of the tim which is not exposed in them; they a frequently coarse, but so was the age, an a true mirror must reflect what is presen ed to it. But their coarseness is pallia ed by real wit and well-written dialogue and if his characters display no ver profound knowledge of the mainsprings human nature, they are seldom unnatura and are almost uniformly drawn wit justness and vigor. A brief descriptic of the aim and object of each comed —or shall we say farce, if the read considers the first name too dignifie to be applied to such writings?—w be the best illustration of these asse tions.

First, however, for a brief sketch

his life, which I will commence in the orthodox fashion.

Samuel Foote was born at Truro in 1720; his father was a Cornish gentleman and an M.P.; his mother was the daughter of Sir Edmund Goodere, and claimed cousinship with the Rutland family. When quite a boy, his powers of mimicry were the delight of his parents' friends; while at school he equally delighted his schoolfellows by imitating the peculiarities of every visitor to his father's house. He received his education at the Worcester Grammar School, and thence removed to Worcester College, Oxford, which he left with no inconsiderable classical attainments. He afterwards entered the Temple as a student for the Bar, but loved better to frequent the coffee-houses and taverns of Fleet Street and the Strand than to pore over musty volumes. No young fellow spent his money more freely, nor beau dressed more elegantly than he. The Bedford Coffee-House, then the particular resort of the theatrical critics, was his favorite haunt. A contemporary thus sketches his first apearance there :—

"He came into the room dressed out in a frock-suit of green and silver lace, bag wig, sword, bouquet, and point ruffles, and immediately joined the critical circle at the upper end of the room. Nobody knew him. He, however, soon boldly entered into conversation, and by the brilliancy of his wit, the justness of his remarks, and the unembarrassed freedom of his manners, attracted the general notice. The buzz of the room went round, 'Who is he?' which nobody could answer, until, a handsome carriage stopping at the door to take him to the assembly of a lady of fashion, they learned from the servants that his name was Foote, that he was a young gentleman of family and fortune, and a student of the Inner Temple."

The fortune, however, was soon run through, and the young gentleman reduced to great straits. Making but little progress in his profession, he was under the necessity of trying other means of procuring money. His first effort was literary, and somewhat curious. His mother had two brothers, Sir John and Captain Goodere. The baronet had been strangled by the Captain on board his own ship, and the murderer had been since hanged in chains. It was a pamphlet, describing the particulars of the crime, the trial and execution, which was the first offspring of Foote's pen. His biographers have been at a loss to understand the meaning of this strange production, but to me there is something highly characteristic of the man's cynical nature in the choice of such a subject. There was a kind of ghastly humor in thus making the crime and disgrace of his family minister to his necessities. And very pressing were those necessities at the time; the once exquisite *petit-maître* was actually reduced to wear boots without stockings. One of the first investments he made out of the ten pounds paid him by the Old Bailey publisher for his effusion was in the purchase of two pairs of those necessary articles. While returning home, he fell in with two old college friends, with whom he dined at a Fleet Street tavern; as they were drinking their wine, one of them remarked the deficiency in his attire. "I never wear any at this time of year" (it was summer), replied Foote, perfectly unabashed, "until I dress for the evening; and you see," producing the two pairs he had bought, "I am well provided."

His next venture was in another profession.

The new and more natural mode of acting established by Garrick had been anticipated a little time previously by Macklin. The prevailing style of tragedy was a sing-song rise and fall of the voice, rather resembling recitative than speaking. During a period in which a quarrel with the managers of the theatres left him idle, Macklin formed a school for instruction in the histrionic art, in which he insisted on his pupils reciting their lines in a natural and unaffected tone. Having frequently met Foote at the Bedford, and perceiving him to be a young man of wit and education, he persuaded him to try his fortunes upon the stage. His *début* was made at the Haymarket Theatre, which was Macklin's training school; the part he selected was Othello, his tutor supporting him as Iago. It certainly must have been a ludicrous performance; Macklin informs us "the audience could scarce refrain from laughing, although he perfectly knew what the author meant." His next efforts, Lord Foppington, Cibber's great part, and Pierre in 'Venice Preserved,' was scarcely more fortunate. His appearance, alone, would have rendered him totally unsuitable for such parts; his stature was

short and inclined to stoutness; his face was round, full, and flat; his nose broad and coarse; these faults however were partly redeemed by a pleasant mouth, and sparkling eyes full of humor.

After these fruitless efforts, he turned his attention to a more suitable line of character, but he occasionally essayed genteel comedy and even tragedy; for as late as 1758 he appeared for his benefit, at Drury Lane, as Shylock, with Kitty Clive for Portia; and neither intended it for burlesque! But, with that strange desire to be something we are not, and anything rather than what we are, which is a prevailing vice of discontented humanity, nearly all our great comedians have begun as aspirants to tragic honors. It is said that Liston believed to his dying day that his true *forte* was tragedy.

Foote, however, must have possessed some merits, although Davies pronounces him to have been despicable in all parts save those of his own writing, as we find him engaged, the winter after his Haymarket *début*, at Drury Lane, and playing such parts as Sir Harry Wildair, in Farquhar's comedy—with Peg Woffington, *the* Sir Harry, in the piece—and Bayes, in "The Rehearsal," the play from which Sheridan took his 'Critic.' This last part was a famous one of Garrick's, and he had introduced into it imitations of the best known actors. Foote followed this innovation, but greatly extended its limit; for not only did he mimic the peculiarities of actors, but of statesmen, doctors, lawyers, or any persons whom the public would recognise or laugh at. It was the success of this part which induced him, in 1747, to open the Haymarket Theatre with a piece of his own writing, entitled 'The Diversions of the Morning.' The advertisement of the performance was as follows:—

"At the theatre in the Haymarket this day (April 22nd, 1747) will be performed a Concert of Music, with which will be given *gratis* a new entertainment, called 'The Diversions of the Morning,' to which will be added a farce taken from 'The Old Bachelor,' called 'The Credulous Husband.' Fondle Wife, Mr. Foote; with an Epilogue to be spoken by the B—d—d Coffee House. To begin at 7."

The house was crammed. The 'Diversions' consisted of the old imitations of Bayes, and some new ones. The Epilogue was a satirical mimicry of the frequenters of the Bedford. But the selection from 'The Old Bachelor' got him into hot water. The theatre was not licensed,* and the actors of the patent houses called upon the Westminster magistrates to interfere; so on the second night a posse of constables entered and dispersed the audience.

But Foote was not to be so easily put down: on the very next morning he issued another announcement in the *General Advertiser*:—

"On Saturday afternoon, exactly at 1 o'clock, at the new theatre in the Haymarket Mr. Foote begs the favor of his friends to come and drink a dish of chocolate with him and 'tis hoped there will be a great deal of comedy and some joyous spirits; he will endeavor to make the Morning as Diverting as possible. Tickets to be had for this entertainment at George's Coffee House, Temple Bar, without which no one will be admitted. N.B.—Sir Dilbury Diddle will be there, and Lady Betty Frisk has absolutely promised."

A densely-crowded house followed this advertisement; curiosity was on tiptoe to know what it meant. Foote came forward, and, bowing to the audience, informed them that "as he was training some young performers for the stage, he would, with their permission, whilst chocolate was getting ready, proceed with his instructions before them." Under pretence of teaching these pupils, he again introduced his imitations. The authorities made no further attempt to interfere with him; and in a few weeks he altered the time of his entertainment from morning to evening, and the title from 'Chocolate' to 'Tea.' To drink a dish of tea with Mr. Foote became the rage of the season. The actors exclaimed that his mimicry would ruin them. Upon which the wit replied that in that case it would be his duty to provide another situation for each lady and gentleman, who, instead of murdering blank verse, and assuming the characters of kings, queens lords, and ladies, for which their abilities were far from being suitable, should be placed where their talent and behaviour could with more propriety be employed

* The patent laws strictly limited the houses of theatrical entertainment to two Drury Lane and Covent Garden; and dramatic performances could be given elsewhere only by such evasions as announcing a concert to which the public was admitted by tickets and a play *gratis*. It was under such a device that Garrick made his first appearance in Goodman's Fields Theatre.

Quin he appointed, on account of his deep voice and ponderous manner, to be a watchman; another actor, who had but one eye, was to be a beggar; a third, who was noted for a shrill voice, an itinerant razor-grinder; Peg Woffington, an orange girl, &c. Finding that every move they made against him only ended in defeat and further ridicule, the actors at length, in sheer despair, let him take his course unmolested. The year afterwards he appeared in a similar entertainment, which he called 'An Auction of Pictures.' New characters were introduced—notably Sir Thomas de Veil, a Westminster justice; Mr. Cock, a celebrated auctioneer; and the notorious Orator Henley. This piece, as well as a later one entitled 'Taste,' was a satire upon one of the fashionable manias of the day—the rage for antique coins, antique sculptures, old masters, old china, &c.—which rendered the auction room a morning lounge *à la mode*. None of the three entertainments at present enumerated were published. 'The Knights,' which followed 'The Auction,' was the first piece printed. The two characters of Sir Penurious Trifle and Sir Gregory Gazette are drawn with rare humor: the one is a miser, with a love of telling stale and pointless stories; the other equally delights in news, without having the least comprehension of politics. These characters, Foote informs us, were drawn from life; an assertion which can scarcely be doubted, so admirably natural are the portraitures. To this comedy was added a 'Cat Concert,' as a burlesque upon the Italian opera; the principal performer was a man known as Cat Harris, from his exact imitation of that animal's voice.

Foote had already spent two fortunes, and a third was about this time left him by a relation of his mother's. He again set up a carriage; and to celebrate this third acquisition, emblazoned upon its panels the motto, "*Iterum, iterum iterumque.*" He now recommenced his old course of extravagance, and between 1749 and 1752 passed the greater portion of his time in Paris. In the latter year he presented Garrick with his comedy of 'Taste,' the profits of which were given to Worsdale, the poor painter. The satire of the comedy is very pungent. It turns upon the tricks and humbug of portrait painters and their sitters; upon a fashionable auctioneer, who employs a fellow he has found painting sign-boards to manufacture old masters. A "Susanna," not worth £20, becomes, by the addition of a little lumber-room dirt and the application of the spaltham pot, a Guido, worth £150.

By the close of 1753 Foote had squandered his third fortune, and made his reentrance upon the stage in the character of Buck in his own farce of 'The Englishman in Paris.' This was followed by 'The Englishman returned from Paris.' In these farces we have the original of the frog-eating, grimacing, dancing, irascible, ridiculous creature which, until within these twenty or thirty years, was the popular English idea of a Frenchman.

Foote's next venture for fame and money was less excusable. It was in this year (1753) that Macklin took his farewell of the stage, to return soon afterwards for nearly another half-century. He opened a tavern upon what is now the site of the Tavistock Hotel, in Covent Garden, where he set up an ordinary upon a new plan, and gave lectures in the evening upon oratory and other subjects. Foote, always on the alert for new topics for satire, used to regularly attend these lectures, and as questions were permitted from the audience, exercised his wit upon the lecturer, until he rendered himself the chief attraction of the place. During the summer season he gave burlesque lectures *à la* Macklin at the Haymarket. A description of one will give the reader an idea of all.

Macklin had in one of his discourses asserted that the Greek dramatic construction was perfectly applicable to the modern tragedy; an idea which Foote ridiculed in this manner. He supposes a drama in which all London is struck with terror at the sudden appearance of a superhuman-looking being, who is attended by a chorus of tinkers, tailors, blacksmiths, bakers, and other trades, and who holds forth interminably upon his omnipotence, threatens everybody and everything with fire and sword for no understandable reason, and announces his intention of destroying the Tower, reducing the City to slavery, and deposing the King; upon which the chorus of traders fall upon their knees, tear their hair, beat

their breasts, and entreat this terrible individual to forego his dreadful purpose. This would end the first act; the remaining four would be devoted to the struggle of his contending passions; in the end he would agree to their request, the curtain would fall to a hymn of thanksgiving, and to the cheers from pit and gallery, to testify British appreciation of an entertainment so admirably suited to their tastes. In five nights Foote made £500; in a little time afterwards Macklin was gazetted as bankrupt.

In February 1757, he produced his celebrated comedy of 'The Author.' The position of the literary man was then at its lowest, the days of patronage were gone, and the reading public was not yet born. The advent of the house of Hanover introduced an era of Bœotian ignorance, gorging, drunkenness, and universal sensuality which nearly accomplished the destruction of all taste in literature and art. What our worthy ancestors of that age were may be gathered from the old caricatures, in which the human form divine seems to have been clumsily assumed by hogs fattened for the Smithfield market, and no writer has better transmitted to us the characteristics of this race than he whose keen intelligence could grasp each passing vice and folly. The condition of authorship is excellently but not ill-naturedly satirised in the character of Vamp and his publisher Cape. But the most famous personage of the comedy was Mr. Cadwallader, played by Foote himself. His "make-up" was so wonderful, that on the first night the audience were doubtful of his identity. Enormously corpulent, a broad unmeaning stare upon his face, an awkward gait, a loud voice, an incoherent way of speaking—his head moving restlessly towards his left shoulder, his mouth gaping with unuttered things—and a trick of sucking his wrist. The original of this caricature, a Mr. Ap-Rice, a Welsh gentleman with whom the mimic was on intimate terms, was in the boxes, vastly enjoying the acting, without for a moment dreaming that the fun applied to himself. This unconsciousness, however, was of short duration; for from that time he could never enter a coffee-house, or be seen in any public place, without pointings and whisperings, and "There's Cadwallader!" or some one crying after him, "This is Becky, my dear Becky!" a phrase frequently repeated in the farce. At length, after it had had a long run to crowded houses, Mr. Ap-Rice solicited and obtained the protection of the Lord Chamberlain; and on the night of Foote's benefit, the same on which he and Kitty Clive appeared as Shylock and Portia, an order came down for its suppression.

In the meantime he continued to sustain various parts in the old comedies in addition to those written by himself, and was once advertised to play Polonius, but thought better of it before night came.

At the end of the season he went over to Ireland.

The following passage from a letter written from Dublin, and published in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1758, relates a curious anecdote, and shows Foote in a new character:—

"I suppose you have heard of the famous comedian, Mr. Foote. He is in this town at this time, and is a man of much humor. He took into his head to take a lodging in a remote part of the town in order to set up the lucrative business of fortune-telling. After he had got his room hung with black, and his dark lantern, together with such people about him as knew the people of fashion in this great city, he gave out handbills to let them know that there was a man to be met with at such a place who wrote down people's fortunes without asking them any questions. As his room was quite dark, the light from his lantern excepted, he was in less danger of being discovered, so that he carried on the deception with great success for many days; insomuch that he is said to have cleared £30 a day at 2*s*. 6*d*. a head."

From Dublin he migrated to Edinburgh, and thence back to the Irish capital, where he was received in the best society, even at the table of the Lord Lieutenant, and where he made a large sum of money. It was at this period he produced his first draft of 'The Minor,' the satire of which was directed against Whitfield and his followers. But whether it was that dissent had gained too strong a footing in Dublin, or that the audience failed to catch its wit, the piece was a failure.

"What of your comedy, Mr. Foote?" inquired a frequenter of the Bedford, upon his return to England. "We hear you found it dangerous to ridicule what is said in a church." "Why should I find it dangerous to ridicule what is said in a church," he replied, "if it deserves ridicule? Is not the crime greater if you pick a pocket at church; and is the additional reason why a man

should *not* have done it, to be the only argument why he should not be punished for doing it? You call profaneness an offence; you will not have ignorant men idly invoke the name or attributes of the Supreme; and may not I ridicule a fanatic whom I think mischievous because he is for ever polluting that name with blasphemous associations; mixing with the highest the meanest and most trivial things; degrading Providence to every low and vulgar occasion of life; crying out he is buffeted by Satan, if only bit by fleas, and when able to catch them, triumphing with texts of Scripture over the blessing specially vouchsafed?"*

'The Minor,' rewritten, was produced at Drury Lane with prodigious success, crowds besieging the doors nightly. Two new characters were added, and an Epilogue spoken by Doctor Squintem, in which every peculiarity of Whitfield's was reproduced to a T. This comedy is perhaps his best work. It brought forth an angry pamphlet from one of the preacher's friends, to which Foote wrote a reply, which may be classed among the cleverest emanations of his pen; it was at once scholarly, satirical, argumentative, and an admirable defence of his profession.

I have room for only one short extract, in which he admirably answers the Mawworms who would abolish public amusements:—

"What institution, human or divine, has not been perverted by bad men to bad purposes? *I wish we had not a notorious instance before us* [alluding to Whitfield and his followers]. Men have been drunk with wine; must then every vine be destroyed? Religion has been made a cloak for debauchery and fraud; must we then extirpate all religion? While there are such cities in the world as London, amusements must be found out, as occupation for the idle and relaxation for the active. All that sound policy can do is to take care that such only shall be established as are, if not useful in their tendency, at least harmless in their consequences."

The following summer, in conjuction with Murphy, he opened Drury Lane for a short season, the principal event of which was the production of 'The Liar;' the plot, taken from the Spanish, had already been used by Corneille in 'Le Menteur,' and by Steele in his 'Lying Lover.' This comedy has been recently rendered familiar to the public by Mr. Charles Mathews' performance of young Wilding, and a few years back formed the principal attraction at the Olympic for more than one hundred nights. It was followed by 'The Orators,' produced at the time that Sheridan was delivering his lectures upon oratory, in which the popular mania for public speaking and for debating societies, especially one called the 'Robin Hood,' was capitally satirized: again, and not for the last time, as we shall presently see, he introduced the griping publisher and ground-down literary hack; how little exaggerated these pictures are may be fully proved in the biographies of Johnson, Goldsmith, and many others; indeed, it has been suggested, and with much probability, that poor Nol himself sat for one of the portraits. But the sensation of the piece was the introduction of a noted printer, publisher, and alderman of Dublin, one-legged George Faulkner, whose physical misfortune, conceit, and eccentricities were caricatured under the name of Peter Paragraph. Lord Chesterfield maliciously counselled him to take law proceedings against his libeller, never thinking, however, that he would follow his counsel; in this he was mistaken, for Faulkner did commence an action. Two months afterwards, the incorrigible mimic introduced a new scene into the comedy, in which he caricatured counsel, judge, and jury, and all the proceedings of the trial, and performed it at the Haymarket.

In his next piece, 'The Mayor of Garratt,' he flew at higher game, and, as Matthew Mug, held up to public laughter the peculiarities of the Duke of Newcastle. It was of this nobleman he said that he always appeared as if he had lost

* The last paragraph contains no exaggeration. In Cooke's 'Life of Foote,' there is a genuine letter of Whitfield's, in which the Divine name is mixed up with indecencies in a manner positively blasphemous, and which the most daring satirist would not dare to have imitated. His exaltation of the most abandoned women and the vilest criminals who pretended they had found the saving grace is well known. Foote's ridicule of the noted preacher has been greatly censured. But it was not in human nature to silently endure the opprobrium and denunciations which he and his followers unceasingly cast upon all connected with the dramatic art. Abuse frequently proceeded to acts of violence; these fanatics would swoop down on country fairs, take forcible possession of the booths, and drive away the poor strollers; after a fiery sermon, in which all players and playhouses were condemned to eternal perdition, a band of zealots rushed forth and set fire to a new theatre just erected at Glasgow. Foote did not ridicule religion, but blasphemous fanaticism.

an hour in the morning and was looking for it all day. To keep this patrician company he pilloried a certain justice of the peace, fish-salesman, and ex-militia officer, as Major Sturgeon. The warlike ardor and absurd *contretemps* of civilian soldiers are excellently ridiculed in the Major's description of his manœuvres :—

"On we marched, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging ; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pigstye, that we might take the gallows in flank, and at all events secure a retreat, who should come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in front, the dogs barked in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop ; on they came thundering upon us, broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps into confusion."

The whole comedy is overflowing with wit and humor, and one of its characters, Jerry Sneak, has become the type of henpecked husbands. There is also Peter Primer, the pedantic country schoolmaster, who believes himself to be the wisest of pedagogues, another capital portrait.

After 'The Mayor of Garratt' came 'The Patron,' in which Lord Melcombe appeared under the name of Sir Thomas Lofty, a man who, utterly destitute of all capacity, yet sets himself up as a patron of literature, and by means of fulsome dedications is preyed upon by a band of ignorant scribblers. Once more we have the literary hack who furnishes paragraphs for *The Farthing Post*, at twelve pence a dozen, who, when he is in cash, feeds on boiled beef and carrots in the morning and cold pudding and porter at night. The quarrel between the poor wretch and his publisher, in which they recriminate upon one another, would be exquisitely humorous did it not call up sad thoughts of the utter degradation into which the profession of letters had then generally fallen.

At the opening of each season, for the summer performances at the Haymarket were now regularly established, he produced a new piece ; 1765 saw the production of 'The Commissary.' Commissaries and army contractors now came under the lash of his pen—men grown rich by the Seven Years' War, who had no claim to position or consideration beyond their riches, and who, while endeavoring to polish their manners by studying all kinds of accomplishments, are perpetually exclaiming, "What a difficult thing it is to become a gentleman !" Far less justifiable than this satire was his introduction of Dr. Arne, the composer, as Dr. Catgut.

The most splendid success attended all these works, and the monetary result was equally satisfactory ; no man gave better dinners, placed choicer wines upon his table, or drove finer horses ; no man was more courted or better received in the highest society. When the Duke of York returned from the Continent, a contemporary says, "he went first to his mother's, then to his Majesty's and directly from them to Mr. Foote's."

It was about this time that he met with the unfortunate accident which lost him a limb. While on a visit at Lord Mexborough's, vanity induced him to follow the hunt upon a blood horse ; scarcely had he started ere the animal threw him the fall fractured one of his legs in two places, necessitating amputation. Even while the operation was being performed the incorrigible wit made jests upon his loss. "I shall now be able to imitate George Faulkner to the life," he said But, however lightly he appeared to treat his misfortune, it cast a bitterness over the rest of his life. O'Keefe says it was pitiable to see him leaning against the wall of his stage dressing-room, while his servant dressed his cork leg to suit the character in which his master was to appear He looked sorrowful ; but instantly resuming his high comic humor and mirth he hobbled forward, entered the scene and gave the audience what they expected, their plenty of laughter and delight.

But after all, the accident was not an unalloyed evil, as in consideration of it the Duke of York obtained from the King a patent by which Foote was legally permitted to keep open the Haymarket Theatre between the 14th of May and the 14th of September. He thereupon rebuilt the house, gave it a handsome frontage, and commenced his season in May 1767, with a burlesque entitled 'The Tailors.' The MS. of this play had been sent anonymously to Dodsley's shop with an unsigned note offering the free use of it ; and, strange to say, although the piece obtained a great success, and kept the stage for half a century, the authorship was never avowed, and still remains a mystery.

With 'The Tailors' was produced his celebrated 'Devil on Two Sticks.' It was now the medical profession that was the object of his attack. As the president of a college of physicians, he brought the celebrated Sir William Browne upon the stage; the make-up was complete—wig, coat, eye-glass, gait, all but one especial feature—the doctor carried a muff, a circumstance which Foote seems to have forgotten. One night Sir William came to see his imitation, remarked the omission, sent him his own muff next morning with a polite letter, begging his acceptance of the same in order to render the figure complete. By this comedy he realised between three and four thousand pounds. At the end of the season he went over to Dublin. Staying at Bath on the road, he fell in with some card-sharpers, to whom he lost five hundred in ready money, together with twelve hundred he had deposited in the bank, and landed in Ireland almost penniless. But his usual good luck still stood by him. 'The Devil on Two Sticks' was almost as great a success in the Irish capital as it had been in the English.

His next season brought forth 'The Maid of Bath,' in which, perhaps out of revenge for the card-sharping, he severely satirised the follies and vices of Bath society; and under the name of Flint, held up to opprobrium Mr. Walter Long, who had behaved so badly to Miss Linley, afterwards Mrs. Brinsley Sheridan. In the 'Lame Lover' he did battle against the trickeries of the law, and in the title rôle raised a laugh at his own loss of limb. There is a capital remark in this comedy, which I cannot resist extracting: Mr. Sergeant Circuit's wife is asking for money, which she says she must have, as her honor is in pawn:—

"How a century will alter the meaning of words!" he exclaims. "Formerly chastity was the honor of women, and good faith and integrity the honor of men; but now a lady who ruins her family by punctually paying her losses at play, and a gentleman who kills his best friend in a ridiculous quarrel, are your only tip-top people of honor."

But a far better piece was 'The Nabob,' in which he made an onslaught on those Anglo East Indians, who at this period were making such enormous fortunes by such very doubtful means; on the corruption of elections, and on the Society of Antiquaries. The satire upon the rotten boroughs is particularly excellent.

Some members of the 'Christian Club' wait upon Sir Matthew Mite, the Nabob, to offer him the nomination of the two members for the borough. Sir Matthew remarks that the title of the club is a whimsical one, but doubtless they had their reasons for adopting it:

"The very best in the world, please your honor; from our strict union and brotherly kindness we hang together like the primitive Christians, we have all things in common. When the bargain is struck, and the deposit made as a proof that we love our neighbors as well as ourselves, we submit to an equal partition; no man has a larger share than another. All is unanimity in our borough now; formerly we had nothing but discontents and heartburnings amongst us, each man jealous and afraid that his neighbor would get more and do better than himself. And with reason sometimes. Why, I remember at the election some time ago when I took up my freedom, I could get but thirty guineas for a new pair of jack boots; whilst Tom Romskin over the way had a fifty-pound note for a pair of wash-leather breeches."

Sir Matthew asks their terms. "Why, we could not have afforded you one under three thousand at least; but as your honor has a mind to deal in the gross, we shall charge you but five for the both." As they are leaving the house, the speaker's eyes fall upon one of the black servants, whom he offers to make a member of the corporation of Bribe'em. "Why, you would not submit to accept of a negro?" cries the Nabob. "Our present members, for aught we know, may be of the same complexion, your honor," is the reply; "for we have never set eyes on them yet." "But you could not think of electing a black?" persists Mite. "That makes no difference to us: the Christian Club has ever been persuaded that a good candidate, like a good horse, can't be of a bad color." Again, these patriots declare that "the Christian Club may have some fears of the gallows, but they don't value damnation a farthing."

Sir Matthew is a collector of antiquities, and the third act is devoted to ridicule upon antiquarians. They have the toe of the slipper with which Cardinal Pandulph kicked King John when he gave him absolution and penance; a corkscrew presented by Sir John Falstaff to Harry the Fifth; an illegible MS. in Latin of the last book of Livy, and many other such

valuable curiosities. There is also a discussion upon Whittington and his cat, a burlesque upon one which had actually taken place in the society. Crowds flocked nightly to the Haymarket to roar at these clever satires.

A characteristic anecdote of Foote is told in connection with this piece. Two gentlemen recently returned from the East Indies, believing themselves pointed at in the character of Matthew Mite, bought two cudgels, and one night waited upon Foote at his lodgings in Suffolk Street, resolved to inflict condign punishment upon him there and then. He received them in his drawing-room with a politeness so marked that their hostile intentions melted into remonstrances, which he interrupted with a request that they would take coffee before they opened their business. This they refused; and represented the insults which persons of character and fortune had sustained from his licentious pen. Foote assured them, in the most solemn manner, that he had no particular person in view, and that he intended to satirise only the *unworthy* part of the nabob gentry. The end of the business was they remained chatting amicably until four in the morning, and dined there the same day. From that time forth none were louder in their praises of his wit, politeness, and hospitality; they attended the theatre every night during the run of the piece, and applauded it as heartily as any one there.

Sentimental comedy, and romances of the Pamela school, were burlesqued in 'Piety in Pattens, or the Handsome Housemaid,' played by puppets, because, he stated, with a cruel and most unjust cut at the actors of the period, the players were incapable. The satire was not a success, and created at one time something approaching to a riot. When asked by a lady if the puppets were to be as large as life, he replied, "Oh, dear no, madam, not much above the size of Garrick!"

1772, a year of great commercial failures, brought forth the 'Bankrupt.' The title explains the aim of the piece, which was directed against the rogueries of trade, and the deficiencies of the law for their punishment. In the same year he paid a farewell visit to Ireland.

Upon his return to London he produced 'The Cozeners.' Fashionable preachers, sinecures, and the sale of Government places here came under his lash. In Dr. Simony we have a portrait of the notorious Dr. Dodd; and in the character of Mrs. Fleece'em we have that of a Mrs. Rudd, a smuggler, thief, milliner, match-maker, and procuress, a notorious criminal of the day. Lord Chesterfield's letters are also admirably satirised in the person of "Toby."

Misfortunes, provoked by his unsparing pen, and which embittered and shortened his last days, were close upon him now. He had openly stated that in the character of Lady Kitty Crocodile, in his new comedy of 'A Trip to Calais,' he intended to hold up to public censure the notorious Duchess of Kingston. Upon this threat coming to the lady's ears, she used her influence with the Lord Chamberlain to prevent the piece being licensed, and employed one Jackson, a hedge parson, to libel him in newspapers and pamphlets. The attack was so severe, that he at length offered to suppress the obnoxious scenes of the comedy if the Duchess would put an end to the war. A contemptuous and abusive letter, in which she called him a buffoon, a merry-andrew, and a theatrical assassin, drew forth a reply from the comedian which may be placed among the most poignant and admirable productions of his wit. Here is an extract:—

"Why, madam, put on your coat of mail against me? I have no hostile intentions. Folly, not vice, is the game I pursue. In those scenes which you so unaccountably apply to yourself you must observe that there is not the slightest hint at the little incidents of your life which have excited the curiosity of the grand inquest for the county of Middlesex. I am happy, however, madam, to hear that your robe of innocence is in such perfect repair; I was afraid it might be a little the worse for wearing. May it hold out to keep your grace warm the next winter. The progenitors your grace has done me the honor to give me, are, I presume, merely metaphorical persons, and to be considered as the authors of my muse, and not of my manhood. A Merry Andrew and a prostitute are not bad poetical parents, especially for a writer of plays; the first to give the humor and mirth, the last to furnish the graces and powers of attraction. Prostitutes and players too must live by pleasing the public, not but your grace may have heard of ladies who by *private practice* have accumulated great fortunes. . . . . Pray, madam, is not Jackson the name of your female confidential secretary? And is she not generally clothed in black petticoats made out of your weeds?

'So mourn'd the dame of Ephesus her love.'

I fancy your grace took the hint when last you resided at Rome. You heard there of a certain Pope Joan who was once elected a Pope, and in humble imitation have converted a pious parson into a chambermaid. The scheme is new in this country, and has, doubtless, its particular pleasures. That you may never want the *Benefit of the Clergy*, in every emergence, is the sincere wish of your grace's most devoted, most obliged, humble servant —SAMUEL FOOTE."

The slanders still went on, and culminated in one too atrocious to be named. Unable to touch his arch enemy upon the stage, Foote resolved to scarify her tool; he remodelled 'The Trip to Calais' into 'The Capuchin,' and, as Dr. Viper, gibbeted him with all the malice he could command. The battle created an immense sensation at the time; and on the first night of the new comedy the theatre was packed with friends and enemies—the latter predominating, but not sufficiently to prevent its success—and it was acted throughout the season. Stung to fury by this terrible satire, Jackson carried on the fight with yet greater malignancy. A riot was attempted on the next opening night, but defeated by Foote's clever tact. As a last stake, Jackson bribed a discharged coachman of Foote's to bring a hideous charge against him. Numbers who had been tortured by his cruel wit became partisans of his detractor. But, on the other hand, he had many firm and powerful friends; his theatre was nightly filled with all that was noble in rank and intellect, and the King, to testify his sympathy, commanded a performance.

There was a trial; but the infamous charges completely broke down, and the jury, without a moment's hesitation, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." As soon as the acquittal was pronounced, Murphy rushed away to Suffolk Street with the glad tidings, and seeing Foote at the window, waved his hat in sign of victory. When he entered the room he found him stretched upon the floor in violent hysterics.

He never recovered the blow. He let the Haymarket to Colman for an annuity of sixteen hundred pounds and certain other considerations. He reappeared in the following May in 'The Devil on Two Sticks'; but how changed! His cheeks were lank and withered, his eyes had lost all their old intelligence, and his whole person appeared sunk and emaciated. A few hissed, but his friends and the impartial part of the audience cheered him with unbounded applause. He rallied a little in the course of the play; but the public accepted him rather for what he had been than what he was. He appeared in three or four other characters; but towards the end of the season, while performing in 'The Devil on Two Sticks,' he was seized with a paralytic stroke. A few weeks at Brighton slightly recovered him, and in the autumn his physicians ordered him to the south of France. But he never got further than Dover, where he died on the 21st of October, 1777.

He was buried in the cloisters of Westminster by torchlight, where he lies undistinguished by a memorial of any kind.

"Did you think he would be so soon gone?" writes Johnson to Mrs. Thrale. "'Life,' says Falstaff, 'is a shuttle.' He was a fine fellow in his way, and the world is really impoverished by his sinking glories. I would have his life written with diligence." Such a valediction from the lips of this great and good man is sufficient to prove that Foote was not altogether the irredeemable scoundrel that he is generally painted.

With all his faults he possessed much generosity of disposition. He was an excellent master to his servants, and would retain actors upon his establishment out of friendship long after they ceased to be useful to him. During one of his visits to Dublin he was taken so ill at rehearsal that he announced himself unable to play that night. "Ah! sir," said one of the actors, "if you do not play we shall have no Christmas dinner." "If my playing gives you a Christmas dinner, play I will." And, although very ill, he kept his word. It has been already recorded how he gave the profits of 'Taste' to the poor painter Worsdale, who had been badly treated by Sir Godfrey Kneller. He was always ready to honor talent in preference to rank. During the run of the 'Minor,' when seats could not be found for noblemen, he contrived to secure a box for Gray and Mason. Players and authors were always to be found at his table, and not even the comfort of royalty was preferred to theirs.

No man was ever more free from toadyism: rank was no shield against his wit, which would strike as hard at a duke as a menial. "Well, Foote, here I am,

ready as usual to swallow all your good things," said the Duke of Cumberland, one night, in the green-room of the Haymarket. "Really, your Royal Highness must have an excellent digestion," replied the wit, "for you never bring any up again." A Scotch peer, notoriously thrifty, served his wine in very small glasses, and descanted eloquently upon its age and excellence. "It is very *little* of its age," observed Foote. Sometimes this humor amounted to insolence; as, for instance, after dining at a nobleman's house, not to his satisfaction, and finding the servants ranged in the hall when he was departing, he inquired for the cook and butler, and upon their stepping forward, said to the first, "Here's half-a-crown for my eating;" and to the other, "here's five shillings for my wine; but, by ——, I never had so bad a dinner for the money in my life." Dining with Lord Townsend after a duel, he suggested that his lordship might have got rid of his antagonist in a more deadly way. "How?" inquired his host. "By inviting him to a dinner like this, and poisoning him," was the sharp reply. The Duke of Norfolk, who was rather too fond of the bottle, asked him in what new character he should go to a masquerade. "Go sober," answered Foote. Being taken into White's, one day, a nobleman remarked to him that his handkerchief was hanging out of his pocket. "Thank you, my lord," he replied, "thank you; you know the company better than I do." A rich contractor was holding forth upon the instability of the world. "Can you account for it, sir?" he asked, turning to Foote. "Well, not very clearly," he responded, "unless we suppose it was built by contract." "Why are you for ever humming that air?" he asked of a gentleman who had no idea of time. "Because it haunts me." "No wonder, for you are for ever murdering it."

Garrick, of whose great fame he was undoubtedly envious, was a constant butt for his sarcasms; and yet Garrick, whether from fear or friendship it would be difficult to determine, did him many kindnesses, was always ready to oblige him with money, and stood firmly by him throughout the Jackson prosecution; which last act of friendship touched Foote at last with gratitude, for in one of his letters, addressed to Garrick, he writes: "God for ever bless you! May nothing but halcyon days and nights crown the rest of your life, is the sincere prayer of Samuel Foote." Garrick's notorious meanness, however, furnished him with many a witticism. At one of Foote's dinner-parties an announcement was made of the arrival of Mr. Garrick's servants. "Oh, let them wait," he replied to his footman, "but be sure you lock up the pantry!" One day a gentleman, while conversing with Foote, was speaking of Garrick having reflected upon some person's parsimony, and ended by observing, "Why did he not take the beam out of his own eye before attacking the mote in other people's?" "Because," retorted Foote, "he is not sure of selling the timber." "Where on earth can it be gone?" said Foote, when Garrick dropped a guinea at the Bedford one night, and was searching for it in vain. "To the devil, I think," answered the actor, irritably. "Let you alone, David, for making a guinea go farther than any one else," was the reply. He could never forego his jest, however solemn the occasion. He had been to the funeral of Holland, the actor, whose father was a baker. "Poor fellow!" he said in the Bedford that evening, the tears scarcely dry upon his cheeks, "I have been to see him shoved into the family oven." He once said of an actress, who was remarkably awkward with her arms, that she kept the Graces at arms' length.

But Johnson considered that Foote surpassed every one he had ever heard in humorous narrative; and that although Garrick, the great conversationalist of the age, surpassed him in gaiety, delicacy, and elegance, Foote provoked much more laughter. A gentleman who had conceived a prejudice against him, related to Boswell his first meeting with him at a dinner. "Having no good opinion of the fellow," he said, "I was resolved not to be pleased. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and laugh it out. No, sir, he was irresistible."

This most unscrupulous of mimics and satirists was himself exceedingly thin-skinned. When at one time Woodward, and at another Wilkinson, threatened him with a retort in kind, he ran away to Gar-

rick and Rich, their managers, foaming with passion, and threatening the most violent retaliations. Boswell relates that, after hearing him at a dinner-table indulge in all kinds of coarse jocularity against Johnson, he observed that he had heard the great lexicographer say a very good thing of Mr. Foote himself. He (Boswell) had asked him one day if he did not think Foote an infidel. "I do not know, sir, that the fellow is an infidel," replied Johnson; "but if he be an infidel, he is an infidel as a dog is an infidel; that is to say, he has never thought upon the subject." Boswell adds that he never saw Foote look so disconcerted. "What, sir!" he exclaimed, indignantly, "to talk thus of a man of liberal education; a man who for years was at the University of Oxford; a man who has added sixteen new characters to the literature of his country!"—*Temple Bar.*

NOTES FROM THE CRIMEA.

To most Englishmen probably the name of the Crimea is suggestive only of a bleak and barren plateau, of cold and hunger, and all the horrors of a winter siege. Few even of the thousands who once visited it know of the enchanted Vale of Baidar, which lay not much beyond our furthest outposts in the fatal plain of Balaclava; whilst fewer still have passed through the Gate of Baidar, and looked down upon a coast which is scarcely surpassed by anything in Greece or Italy.

Yet, apart from its special interest to an Englishman, the Crimea contains much in itself to tempt every variety of traveller. The remains of the Greek colony of Chersonesus and the tumuli at Kertch will furnish employment to the archæologist; the vegetation of the south coast is almost tropical in its luxuriance; to the student of history the succession of races and the mixtures of religions, to the geologist the rocks of Balaclava and the crags of the Tchatchyr Dag, may well offer some inducement for a visit; whilst to the ordinary traveller seeking only a fresh interest and comparatively untrodden ground, the Crimea will afford both to an undeniable degree.

It was in this latter capacity that I steamed into the roadstead of Sevastopol early one lovely morning in the month of June last. We had started from Odessa the previous afternoon, and my first sight of land was when I came on deck in the harbor of Eupatoria. The only other Englishman on board happened to have been in command of a transport during the war, and he was coming back again after twenty years as an agent for Lloyd's. With his help I made out dimly through the morning mist the scene of the disembarkation of the Allies, and further on, the mouth of the Alma. A little farther and Sevastopol itself came in view, unmistakably Russian in its aspect. Odessa is a modern town of fine streets and large houses, such as you might find anywhere in Europe; it is not till you actually land that you realise from the look of the natives, and particularly the droshky-drivers, that you are in a Russian port. In Sevastopol, on the other hand, the most characteristic feature of the place which greets you from afar is a church of the typical Russian shape, with the green tapering dome suggestive of a gigantic fig with its stalk uppermost. The first sight of the town is striking; and as you round the great shoal which stretches out below the massive casemates of Fort Constantine, you scarcely realise that the glory of the place is departed. The forts on the north side still stand unconquered as they stood twenty years ago; there, too, are parked the seven English guns taken from the Turks at Balaclava; and there in the centre of the Russian cemetery stands the monument to Prince Gortschakoff, where he lies "amidst those defenders of their country who did not permit the enemy to enter their fatherland farther than the place where their graves now stand." But a little further thought, and you are conscious of the ruin that has fallen on the place. The great roadstead, stretching far away till it loses itself among the heights of Inkerman at its head, is silent and deserted. The great Novgorod, better known to Russians as the Popofka, the circular ship which its friends believe is to work a revolution in naval matters, was the sole successor and representative of the Black Sea Fleet, which lies buried under the waters. As you turn to the

right into the harbor strictly so called, instead of a crowd of merchant vessels lying at anchor, you see only two English steamers being repaired upon the slips. The landing-place itself seems to sum up the history of the town. A fine broad flight of steps leading down to the water's edge, surmounted by a Doric colonnade, with the date 1846, marks the era of hope and growth; whilst the pillars themselves, scarred here and there with shot, and contrasting strangely with the mean, ruinous buildings about them, mark the downfall of the hopes and the cessation of the growth. Sevastopol, indeed, is only just beginning to emerge from the despondency of the last twenty years. The docks are still a wilderness, overgrown with grass and weeds, with old guns and anchors embedded in the earth, showing that the work of destruction was well carried out by the Allies. Fresh docks and arsenals, meanwhile, have been erected at Kertch and Nikolaieff; and no attempt has until quite lately been made to develop the commercial resources of Sevastopol. In many places you may pass through streets silent and desolate as the streets of Pompeii; houses shattered partly by bombardment, partly by the destruction wrought by the Russians when abandoning the place, principally perhaps by the want of firewood felt by the Allies during the occupation of the winter 1855-56. Add to this that the sun beats down upon the arid rock with frightful force, that there are scarcely any trees to relieve the eye, and that the dust is at least ankle-deep in all the streets and squares; and it follows that Sevastopol is scarcely more desirable as a place of residence in the summer than in the winter. There are, however, not wanting signs of life and improvement. The old barracks at the head of the harbor, between that and the Dockyard Creek, still stand up against the sky-line a ghastly row of empty windows and roofless walls four stories high; but there are new barracks further north, between the old docks and the roadstead, where a large garrison is now accommodated. A railway station is now open at the head of the harbor, from which you can go direct in three days and two nights to Moscow. Fresh houses have been built during the last two years, and more are building. Churches are springing up again with all the glittering ornament that marks the Russian style of architecture. The high ridge in the centre of the town, from whence, according to Kinglake, the Russians first marked the English defiling across the heights of Mackenzie's Farm, is now laid out as a boulevard, with a *café* and club-room. On Sundays this club-room is devoted to dancing; and the sight of this boulevard, thronged with people, whilst the darkness conceals the ruins of the houses round about, makes you fancy that you are in the midst of a thriving and populous town. The most thickly inhabited part has indeed strayed down from the eastern to the western side of this ridge, away from the Man-of-War Harbor towards the creeks which Kinglake calls Artillery Bay and the Quarantine Harbor, so that a traveller on first landing is more perhaps struck by the appearance of desolation than is strictly fair. The great sea forts, however—Fort Nicholas, Fort Alexander, and the Quarantine Sea Fort—which guarded the entrance to the roadstead on this side, are an indistinguishable heap of ruins, and their site was marked only by some surveying post recently set up. The two chiefs hotels of the town are both near the landing-place, and though neither of them very sumptuous, will supply all that you can fairly ask.

The single word *Wetzel* will take you to the hotel most patronised by Englishmen, though you may have some difficulty in deciphering the name when you have got there. The German Jew who is proprietor can talk a little English, and other members of his family can talk French and German. The traveller who is master of the German tongue will perhaps find himself more comfortable at Kist's; but the landlady is the only person there who can help him out of a difficulty, and Russian *menus* are perplexing to English intellects.

Once established in Sevastopol, the only difficulty is the means of locomotion. The heat and the dust in the summer months make walking almost out of the question; horses are very difficult to find, and of inferior quality when found; while carriages, or, as the term there is, "equipages," deprive you of your freedom of action, and hand you over to a coachman anxious only to hurry you over the regular route as quickly as possible, and deaf to your remonstrances in an unknown

tongue. One merit, however, the carriages at Sevastopol must be allowed to have—they go anywhere, and over anything. The plateau of the Chersonese, and the ravines leading up to it, are crossed in most directions by roads more or less rough, relics many of them of the besieging armies. But where these do not exist, your droshky-driver is quite ready to face a hill or drive over a ditch in a manner worthy of horse-artillery at the autumn manœuvres.

Your bargain once settled with one of these, you may start along the high slope overhanging the harbor, descend into the ravine at its head, once known as the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and then, taking the road past the docks along the other side of the harbor, pass out by the route taken by General Soimonoff on the morning of Inkerman. Then, if you are fortunate enough to have the last volume of Kinglake with you, you may wander for hours amongst the spurs and hollows which run down from the heights to the roadstead, and the valley of the Tchernaya; and tales which at home perhaps seem long and tedious become instinct with fire and life when studied upon the spot. Or, stopping short of this, you may turn up the steep path which leads to the Malakoff, where the remains of the so-called Yellow Tower still form a prominent feature in the scene.

Here I was accosted by a cicerone, the only one I met with in Sevastopol, who offered to point me out an unexploded mine, and wished to sell me a rifle-bullet. I preferred to follow out my own reflections, and sat down without regarding him. Directly in front of you is the little green hill of the Mamelon, the last stage in the French advance before the decisive assault. To your right, on the further side of a ravine, lay the remains of the Redan, and in front of it, but at some distance, the siege-works of the English. All has been reduced to a shapeless mass of earth and weeds; but even to the uninitiated eye the general lines of the fortifications, as well as the trenches of the besiegers, are plainly to be discerned. Nothing has as yet been done towards restoring any of these works. As I have already remarked, there were at that time surveying posts on the sites formerly crowned by forts, but whether with reference to past history or to future schemes one could not tell. The fact of the great increase of range in modern artillery, and that Sevastopol even in old days was commanded by the plateau on which the Allies were encamped, would seem to suggest that no scheme of land-defence could be complete on the south side without embracing the crest of the Sapouné heights overlooking the plain of Balaclava.

But to an Englishman far from home, the graves of his countrymen in a foreign land will be almost more interesting than the ruined works for the possession of which they fought and fell. In seeing these, I had the great advantage of the companionship of an officer in the Royal Engineers specially employed at the time on their restoration; to his courtesy and kindness I owe many of my pleasantest recollections of the Crimea.

Stretching in a long irregular line across the plateau from the heights of Inkerman to the port of Balaclava, these little walled enclosures meet you at intervals, some with handsome tombstones and crosses and inscriptions, some discernible only by the little mounds and hillocks which mark the resting-place of unknown privates. The principal group may be considered as that on Cathcart's Hill, a point which may be easily reached either by the ravine between the Malakoff and the Redan, or by the Woronzoff road. This, which was about the centre of the English position, commands a view over the whole town and roadstead; so that, as Sir George Cathcart wrote to Lord Raglan soon after taking up his position, "we see the people walking about the streets in great consternation." The highest point here is crowned with a large cemetery, in the centre of which stands the monument, a cenotaph merely, to Sir George Cathcart himself. Round it are grouped the tombstones of officers with the same legend over and over again: "killed at Inkerman;" "killed in the trenches;" "died of wounds received in the assault of the Redan, June 18, 1855;" "killed in the final assault on the Redan, October, 1855."

Other tombstones again there are, raised to the non-commissioned officers and men of such and such a regiment by their surviving comrades, and other simple mounds with no memorial inscription. Yet, melancholy as are these records of actual death in battle, they were not so melan-

choly to my mind as the English cemetery at Scutari, with its tale of long-protracted disease and suffering. This, though the largest, is but one amongst a group of cemeteries, and there are altogether no less than ten groups. To give some idea of the chance way in which the dead were buried, and the way in which tombs are scattered over the country, and at the same time of the careful way in which the work of restoration is being carried out by the officer in charge, I may mention that one day we rode across to Balaclava to hunt for two outlying tombs which he had been vaguely informed were in existence. Like Cicero searching for the tomb of Archimedes, we scrambled about the steep cliffs beyond the Col di Balaclava, till we found among the brushwood the two tombs, one with inscription entirely effaced, the other scarcely legible. Time, the influence of great extremes in weather, and perhaps in some cases the wanton destruction of man, had brought many of these monuments almost to complete ruin. A judicious expenditure of money, a careful comparison of the reports and plans by Mr. Consul Eldridge in 1861 with the existing remains, including even the piecing together in some cases of scattered fragments, has now placed all the larger graveyards in a thoroughly satisfactory condition. Some of the smaller graveyards, where no special tombstones existed, have been thrown open again, to do away with the necessity of constantly keeping in repair a great number of apparently unoccupied enclosures. At the same time, it must always be regretted that on leaving the Crimea the English did not follow the example of the French, who collected all their dead together into one cemetery. This, with its clump of trees and house for the *custode*, forms one of the few pretty features on the barren plateau. It is to be hoped, at any rate, that the officer in charge has been allowed to carry out the object which at that time he had much at heart, of building a house for a permanent guardian of these national memorials. This he assured me he could easily do out of the funds already provided by Parliament for the general restoration of the cemeteries.

Sevastopol, of course, is the place which gives Englishmen their real interest in the Crimea; but there are other places no less worthy of a visit, and we must hurry on. We will therefore leave to the antiquarian the ruins of the Chersonesus in the north-west corner of the plateau, and the monastery of St. George in the face of the cliff near Balaclava, and will ask our readers to start with us upon the road for Yalta. We had made all our arrangements overnight for a sixty-mile drive; but Saturday morning was pay-day; and the task of paying Russian workmen for building again the tombs of English soldiers prevented our starting before one o'clock. I had been told that we were to travel post, but I was scarcely prepared for the conveyance which arrived. Something like a small timber-cart, with sloping sides, guiltless of any attempt at springs, with plaited cords across from side to side as the only seat, and the bottom filled up with hay, forms the orthodox Russian post-cart. My portmanteau helped us to a rather more solid seat; and then with a crack of the whip, and three horses abreast, we started off. After the first quarter of an hour, I fairly confess that I looked with dismay on the prospect of sixty miles, and thought that every bone in my body would be jolted to pieces; but you get used to everything, and so I got used to this. Still, for the next few days, I had great difficulty in turning my head; and felt what I should imagine would be the sensations of a man half hanged and then cut down, as if my spine had been driven up into the back of my head. The pace is not bad, about seven or eight miles an hour. You change both carriage and horses at each stage, and there are five stages between Sevastopol and Yalta. No *podorojna* or Government order is now required; and it is worth remarking, that coming from Odessa I was never once troubled by any passport formalities. In this respect the Crimea is an exception to the rest of Russia. The name of our vehicle, I was told, was "Periklodneia;" but I have seen pictures of very much the same sort of carriage called "Telegas."

Our route lay along the side of the ravine which runs down into the harbor, and which originally formed the division between the English and French siege corps. Then, striking across the plateau, we passed one or two smaller cemeteries, and the farmhouse or English headquarters where Lord Raglan died. Then we descended into the plain by the break in the cliffs called the Col di Balaclava, having

parallel to us traces of the railway made by the English to carry up stores from the harbor to the camp. As a general rule, the only relics of the siege now to be found upon the plateau are the remains of glass bottles, collected in some places in such quantities as to be a serious inconvenience to any one riding. There is much in the Crimea to remind you of the great Italian republic of Genoa, which, in the 13th and 14th centuries, had its head-quarters in the town of Kaffa, the modern Theodosia; and the Italian preposition in the Col di Balaclava is one amongst many relics. The landlord of the little inn, too, I recollect, a Greek by birth, preferred to talk Italian rather than Russian under shelter of the old Genoese fort at the entrance of the port of Balaclava. At the foot of the Col the road divides into two. That on the right goes down to the little town of Balaclava; that on the left joins the main Woronzoff road, and is carried across the plain on the Causeway Heights. As you drive along these heights you can still see the outline of the redoubts which were taken from the Turks; and still, after twenty years, your blood warms as you pass between the scene of the "Charge of the Light Brigade" on your left, and the no less glorious, and indeed more effective though less famous, exploits of Scarlett's dragoons upon your right. With the bridge over the Tchernaya, here shrunk to a very tiny stream, and the ascent of the heights of Kamara, the special historic interest of the Crimea to an Englishman comes to an end; but it is just here that the natural beauties of the scenery commence. You wind along the slopes of hills, amongst birch and fir, not unlike some parts of the Highlands, and then descend into the softer vegetation of the vale of Baidar. The beauty of this valley had been so much extolled to me beforehand, that I confess my expectations were somewhat disappointed; though, after the bleak, treeless country round Sevastopol, one's eye is gladdened by the sight of corn-fields, oaks, and walnut-trees, in all the luxuriance of early summer. The fact seems to be, that Russians have so few points of interest, and so little beauty of scenery throughout the length and breadth of their empire, that they talk of what they have with a truly patriotic exaggeration. Thus I have been told by Russians at different times that the Bay of Reval is equal to the Bay of Naples; that the dome of the Isaac Cathedral at St. Petersburg is larger than that of St. Peter's; that the fountains at Peterhof are finer than those of Versailles; and that the Falls of Immatra, in Finland, send down more water than the Falls of Niagara. These remarks, however, do not apply to the south coast of the Crimea, nor to the view which meets your eyes from the gate of Baidar. After a long ascent from the valley, a sharp turn in the road brings you to a massive granite gateway; and, passing through this, you find yourself looking down from the summit of tremendous cliffs upon the sea, laughing and dancing at your feet, more than 2000 feet below.

Around you everything is stern and wild—frowning precipices and rocks strewn in wild confusion; but the soft green line of waving foliage and luxuriant vegetation at their base, carries one back in imagination to the palm-trees of Bordighiera or San Remo—to the lemon-groves of Amalfi or the orange-trees of Sorrento.

It is indeed this union and contrast o the savage and the beautiful, coupled with a coast-line of singularly delicate curves, revealing themselves ever to the eastward, as point after point is passed, that gives to the south coast of the Crimea its claim to rank amongst the finest scenery of the kind in Europe. At times one element, at times the other, most impresses itself upon our senses; but we never quite forget that our feeling of complete enjoyment is owing to the happy union of the two.

From the gate of Baidar the road descends abruptly by a series of short and steep zigzags, till it reaches the level of an undercliff, something like that of the Isle of Wight on a grander scale. Along this the road is carried for a great distance, amidst huge rocks and boulders, torn up apparently by some convulsion of nature, and scattered in the way.

This part of the route is more like the high and rocky part of the Cornice between Nice and Mentone, where all signs of vegetation lie far below you. The element of savage grandeur is here predominant. It was getting dark as we approached our last stage near Alupka; but fortunately the moon, which was nearly full, stood us in good stead, and allowed us to enjoy to the utmost the softer beauties which were around us.

We had been gradually descending from our rocky ledge, and the last twelve miles from Alupka to Yalta is a series of the

most beautiful park scenery, with splendid trees, rich pastures, rare plants and flowers, gardens and vineyards, with the addition of grand mountains towering on your left hand, and the ever-varying sea upon your right. This is the favorite retreat of the Russian aristocracy, and their country-houses line the coast. At Alupka is the great semi-Gothic palace of Prince Woronzoff, built by an English architect, and looking like an English house. At Orianda is the large square house of the Grand Duke Constantine, with Greek porticos and frescoed court-yards, after the fashion of Pompeii. At Livadia is the little villa of the Empress herself, with its cluster of attendant houses.

We had to wait an hour for horses at our last stage, and the clock was striking twelve as we drove up to the Grand Hotel de Russie at Yalta, not sorry to come to the end of our eleven hours' jolting. The hotel itself is large, pretentious, and expensive; but those who do not like roughing it had better make Yalta their headquarters in the Crimea. In itself it is a beautiful place. The mountains here retire somewhat from the sea, and the bright little town lies basking in an amphitheatre of hills, where it would seem no wind could ever disturb the unruffled calm. The steamer touches here twice a week in each direction, to Sevastopol and Odessa, and to Theodosia and Kertch. The coast eastward as far as Alushta, where there is a new hotel, is of the same character as that between Alupka and Yalta. At Alushta itself are towers and walls dating from the time of Justinian, rising amidst the flat roofs of Tartar houses and the green balconies of Russian villas. Kertch and Theodosia are both colonies of Miletus. Kertch is the Panticapeum of Strabo, once the capital of Mithridates, and now one of the chief arsenals of Russia. Theodosia is the Kaffa of the middle ages, the centre of Genoese ascendancy. Many pretty excursions may be made in the immediate neighborhood of Yalta. You may follow up the course of the little river of the Uchan Su, through an ever-narrowing valley, till you find your path blocked by frowning precipices—

> "Where, like a downward smoke the slender stream,
> Along the cliff to fall, and pause, and fall, doth seem."

Or you may wander about amongst the Tartar villages behind the town, and study the quaint dresses and customs of the people. Several of the villas, too, are worth seeing; and should you be fortunate enough to fall in with Prince Troubetchkoy at Massandra, you will find that the mere fact of being an Englishman is a sufficient passport to a truly hospitable house. Prince Troubetchkoy, as brother-in-law of Prince Woronzoff, keeps the key of the cellars where the Crimean wine from the estates of Alupka and Margaratch is stored—and these alone are well worthy of a visit.

It was after some days at Yalta that I determined to cross the hills and visit the old Tartar capital of Baktchiserai. My only medium of communication was a Jew *commissionnaire*, who, as he told me, could speak every language except English, and generally acted as an interpreter for me in French. Him I charged to make all necessary arrangements for me in the way of horses and provisions, only taking care to name my own price. Accordingly next morning, having sent my heavy baggage back to Sevastopol, I started about five o'clock in company with a Tartar guide and two horses, one for him and one for me. My guide was a typical specimen of the Tartar inhabitants of the south coast, who have for the most part lost, by mixture with Western races, the high cheek-bones and flat noses which one generally connects with the Mongolian races. I have seen such faces in some of the villages; but for the most part the Tartars of the south coast are a fine, tall, intelligent-looking set of men. The long loose trousers which they wear, fastened high up round their waist with a sash of many folds, makes them perhaps look even taller than they really are. My companion in this case was courteous and agreeable; and although he could speak nothing but Russian or Tartar, we managed occasionally to exchange ideas. The ascent in the early morning through the wooded hills at the back of Yalta was delightful; and when one reached the summit, the view back upon the sheltered valley and the houses sparkling on the beach, was like saying farewell to the country of the lotus-eaters, and turning again to the realities of life. One step further, and we were over the crest. Yalta and its seduc-

tive beauties were lost to sight, and there before us lay a typical bird's-eye view of the Crimea—a bleak, reddish table-land, seamed and scored with deep valleys with precipitous cliffs. Only one mountain rose to any conspicuous height—the Tchatchyr Dag—upon our right. Vegetation was scanty, for the trees lie hidden in the valleys. The air, as it blew upon us from the northern steppes, seemed sharp and icy; but it soon got hot enough as we began to descend again into the long and dusty valley along which our route lay most of the day.

It was not till towards evening that we came in sight of the palace domes and minarets of Baktchiserai, lying in a hollow, with strange-shaped, fantastic rocks hanging over it. After some little difficulty I was put up at the house of a Mussulman, with beard and turban fit for the Prophet himself. I had expected to sleep at the old Tartar palace; but the commandant told me that this now required a special order from the Government, so I resigned myself to my turbaned friend, who from the first had seemed to regard me as his own. He showed me a tidy little room with a divan at one end, partitioned off from the balcony over the street, and approached only by a staircase on the outside. On the whole, I was less persecuted there at night than might have been expected; and my turbaned host and his Tartar boy, though utterly unable to speak a word of any language but Russian or Tartar, seemed at once to divine my wants and haste to supply them.

Baktchiserai is a purely oriental town, Tartar in race, in customs, and religion. The inhabitants have more of the genuine Nogai Tartar of the steppes in them than those of the coast, and are smaller and less prepossessing in appearance. The turban is at least as common there as at Constantinople. The women do not content themselves with the thin coquettish gauze which with the Turkish ladies forms an apology for a veil, but wrap themselves closely round with linen clothes, till nothing is visible but two specks of eyes. The houses are low, and all built of wood; the shops are open along their whole front to the street, and the owner sits smoking cross-legged on the counter.

There are dancing dervishes there, like those in Pera; and, before I went to sleep that night, I heard the voice of the muezzin from the minaret calling the faithful to prayer.

The next morning I decided to start for the old Jewish town of Tchufootkalè; and, after some bargaining with the natives, I set off alone on a sturdy little horse with a Tartar saddle. This consists merely of two peaks before and behind, between which you wedge yourself in, as best you can, letting your legs hang straight down on each side. However they are not nearly so uncomfortable as they look, and I should think it would be almost impossible to tumble out of them. Having learnt the general direction, I struck out my own way across country, which is not so easy as it sounds; for the plateau on which the deserted town stands is cut up by very deep and wide ravines, with, as a rule, perfectly precipitous sides. By a happy instinct, I managed to avoid all these except one, where, by dismounting, I was able to lead my horse down a break in the cliff, and in about an hour's time I reached the old town. It is a most curious place, once a fortress of great strength, enclosed on three sides by inaccessible ravines, and on the fourth by a double row of walls and towers, now deserted and silent as the grave. Grass grows in the ill-paved streets—the houses are for the most part unroofed—one or two animals straying disconsolately about the ruins were the only sign of life. It was formerly, even so lately as thirty years ago, inhabited by the sect of the Karaim Jews, and their synagogue is one of the few buildings still kept in repair. This sect—which claims for itself to date from the time of the Captivity, and professes to acknowledge only the literal text of Scripture without the addition of the Talmud—though scattered about in various parts of Poland and Russia, has its headquarters in the Crimea, and from time immemorial has held to the Rock of Tchufootkalè. Outside the walls is their burial-place, in the so-called valley of Jehoshaphat, a wilderness of tombstones shaded by fine trees—a quiet, beautiful spot, where the devout Karaites still love to be laid in peace beside their forefathers. I noticed several new tombstones in the valley; there was a man at work upon the boundary-wall, and the whole place was evidently cared for with affectionate solicitude. I spent some hours in wandering about the old town, and going

down steps which seemed to lead into deserted cellars. The rock on which the town stands, like other rocks in the Crimea, is hollowed out into dwelling-places, some of them of considerable size, with arrangements like stone divans running round them. They have windows cut in the precipitous face of the rock, and from these you could look down and see the long trains of Tartar carts slowly creaking along the road which winds round the base of the cliff. This was the main road by which the Russians kept up their communications with the interior during the Crimean war, when Baktchiserai was used as a hospital and depot. Tartar carts, it may be mentioned, are made entirely of wood; no iron is used in any part of the construction, and the wheels are always guiltless of grease. The creaking which naturally follows they are very proud of, having no wish, as they say, to steal upon people unawares, like a thief in the night. Such self-justification reminds one rather of the old proverb, "Qui s'excuse s'accuse." To return, however, to these caves: they are a very curious feature to be met with all over the Crimea; the heights of Inkerman—the true heights, that is, on the north of the Tchernaya river—and the rock-fortresses of Tchufootkalè and Mangoupkalè, being particularly full of them. As to the question of their origin, nothing certain is known, and it seems generally disposed of by assigning them to the semi-mythical troglodytes or the early Christians, who seem always held responsible for any rock-dwellings in whatever part of the world they may be found. In any case, they must have been the result of great time and labor and no little skill. I left the city by a postern-gate, descended a steep path cut in the rock, and then went down one of the valleys at the foot of the cliff. In this lies the Uspenskoi Monastir, or Monastery of the Assumption, where the monks have appropriated the old rock-dwellings, and converted them into cells and chapels. One of the monks showed me over the place. I made my luncheon in its shady garden, and then went on down the valley to Baktchiserai. The rest of the day was spent in seeing the palace, which has been restored since the war, and is now kept up in the style and condition in which it was fitted up by one of the last Khans of Crim Tartary for the reception of Catherine II. The courtyard has been turned into a public garden. On one side lies the suite of state apartments, on the other the mosque and graveyard of the old Tartar Khans. The buildings are low, quaint, and irregular in shape, fitted up in truly oriental style with rich divans, thick carpets, and brilliant coloring. In one court is the "Fountain of Tears," celebrated in verse by Pushkin, an imitation of which may be seen in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. In another the fountain of the ill-starred Maria Potoski, the Christian love of one of the Musulman Khans. There is the bed in which Catherine slept, and the marble basin in which she bathed. Beyond is the private garden of the harem, and in the centre a high pagoda-like tower, from the latticed windows of which the ladies of the establishment, unseen themselves, could see everything which went on in the main courtyard.

Altogether it is a most curious, fascinating place, almost unique in Europe as a specimen of a purely oriental palace; there is certainly nothing in the Seraglio at Constantinople at all to be compared to it. The other sights—the graveyard of the Khans, the mausoleum with the long coffins surmounted by the fez of the buried prince, the mosque with its two singularly beautiful minarets—have none of them any special interest, beyond the fact that they bring to one's mind a race and a power which is passing away from Europe, and that they remind one that even in Holy Russia herself it is still found necessary to tolerate other forms of religion than the orthodox faith. This it is which makes Baktchiserai so interesting at the present day. The horse-tail standards which flew in the van of every invasion from the banks of the Don to the streets of Moscow, and from Belgrade up to the walls of Vienna, have been tamed by the all-absorbing power of Russia; but the ghost of their former greatness still lingers about the scene of their departed glory within reach almost of those ruined arsenals that mark the last great effort of the same power against their fellow-soldiers of the Crescent.

There is a railway now from Baktchiserai to Sevastopol, and I took my place that night tired and sleepy, to wake up

and have a silent row by midnight down the whole length of the deserted harbor, and to muse over the fate which has made the country of the trustiest sons of Islam the base and centre of operations against the head of the Mohammedan religion.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL OF 1876.

BY FRANZ HUEFFER.

BAYREUTH does not count amongst the important cities of the Fatherland, or even of Bavaria, but it is not without attractions to the tourist who wishes to break his journey from the Rhine to Munich and Vienna, or to enjoy a day of contemplative repose in a small German country town. Situated on the bank of the river Main, which takes its rise not far off, and surrounded by lovely hills and silents forests, its scenery cannot but satisfy the most fastidious lover of nature. Neither are historical and literary reminiscences entirely absent. It was here that Frederica Wilhelmina, the favorite sister of Frederick the Great, and the fellow-sufferer of his youth, wrote her celebrated *Mémoires;* a simple 'Margravine de Baireuth,' although the daughter of a mighty king, and once all but the bride-elect of the heir to the British throne. A large theatre, at present strangely out of place in the little town, and several palaces and beautiful parks in the neighborhood of Bayreuth, speak of the splendor—now long departed—of a miniature German Court of the eighteenth century. One of these parks has been described in his fanciful manner by Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, and on its outskirts lies the Rollwenzel, a little inn where the poet used to rest from his walks, and in a room of which (still shown to the visitor) he composed several of his tales.

To these associations with literature Bayreuth will add a new and important one in August next year, when the long-expected performance of Wagner's musico-dramatic tetralogy, the *Ring of the Niblung*, will become a reality. Whatever the success of that gigantic enterprise may be, it may be predicted with oracular certainty that it will mark an epoch in the history of music, and that, in any case, a mighty structure will be destroyed on the occasion. Whether this structure be the rotten fabric of antiquated formalism or the airy castle of a wild belief in the 'future,' the event alone can show. Wagner's theories, no less than his creative faculty, will then be put to a decisive test, and his claims at least to a place in the foremost ranks of composers will, to a great extent, depend upon the result.

To convey some idea to the reader of Wagner's latest work, of its genesis, and of the circumstances preceding, and, after many delays, leading to, its imminent performance, is the aim of this article. But for this purpose we must not regard the tetralogy as a solitary effort; it is, in a manner, the consistent outgrowth and ultimate result of an artistic career, remarkable alike for its disappointments and triumphs, and perhaps unequalled in the indomitable energy which conquered success by disdaining to sue for it.

Wagner, it ought to be said first of all, is a man of action. He does not resemble so many artists and poets of Germany who pass their lives in the obscurity of small towns, and whose career may be summed up in one sentence, 'He was born, took a wife, and died.' Wagner, too, has passed periods of his life in almost absolute seclusion; but he soon sallied forth with the fruits of his solitary labor to hold them up to the applause or (it might be, and indeed has been) to the hisses of European capitals; and when the time has come for his life to be fully described, with its hopes and passions, its struggles and triumphs, it will read like a romance.

The keynote of his being has been indicated by Wagner himself. 'The *Norne* (the Pandora of Northern mythology),' he says, 'approached my cradle and laid on it the never-contented spirit which always seeks the new.' The consequences of this fatal gift soon began to appear. His plans from the very beginning show signs of a colossal energy. In 1824, at the age of eleven, the boy was sketching some enormous drama, a 'compound,' he says 'of *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. The design was grand in the extreme. Forty-two

people died in the course of the piece, and I was obliged to let most of them reappear as ghosts in the last acts for want of living characters.' The result, of course, was nonsense, but nonsense on a large scale, reminding one of the toys of a young Titan, somewhat difficult to handle for mortals of ordinary growth. The mode in which Wagner acquired the knowledge of his own art bears the same stamp of superabundant energy. By chance he witnessed a performance of Beethoven's music to Goethe's tragedy of *Egmont*, and at once his competitive zeal was roused. Without any theoretical knowledge he set to work at a musical accompaniment to his own tragedy. Failure was, under such circumstances, a matter of course; but failure, deserved or undeserved, has never deterred Wagner from renewed effort. In this case it served to bring home to him the old useful doctrine of *ars vera res severa*. For a little while he went on writing orchestral works on a gigantic scale, and full of unutterable aspiration, one of which, an overture, the climax of his eccentricities, as Wagner himself has called it, was performed at Leipsic, but received with mortifying, though deserved, ridicule by the audience. But the ingredient of common sense which is invariably mingled with true artistic gift soon taught the young enthusiast the futility of his untutored attempts. He took to studying seriously the theoretic foundation of his art; trying to make up by application for the time lost. It must, however, be confessed that even these earnest pursuits were somewhat impulsive, not to say spasmodic in character. His teachers, with the sole exception of the excellent Cantor Weinlig, found him idle or obstinate, a circumstance which it would be unjust to put down altogether to their pedantry or want of zeal. Wagner's nature is essentially autodidactic; he loved to find out by his own hard-gained experience what it would have been easier to accept on the authority of others. Only the works of the great dead he accepted as his guides. He studied Gluck and Mozart, Bach and Beethoven. His passionate admiration for the genius of the last-mentioned master is described by one of Wagner's early friends as 'a regular *furor Teutonicus*.' The writer says:

> I am doubtful whether there ever has been a young musician more familiar with the works of Beethoven than Wagner at eighteen. He possessed most of the master's overtures and large instrumental scores, in copies made with his own hand. He went to bed with the sonatas and rose with the quartets. He sang the songs and whistled the concerti, for with pianoforte-playing he could not get on very well.

Thus the young man's soul ripened for his future task. But in the meantime his worldly prospects were of anything but a brilliant kind. Being without means of subsistence, he had to accept the conductorship of a small opera in the North of Germany—a narrow sphere of action for one rife with hopes and projects of the widest scope. The years spent by Wagner in the manner alluded to were full of misery and disappointment. The first charm of the unconventional ease of theatrical life soon gave way to a feeling akin to despair at being compelled to associate with a class of persons void of artistic aspirations, and therefore utterly uncongenial to his own nature. His official duties were, moreover, of the most tedious kind. The German stage was at that time flooded with the shallowest productions of the French and Italian schools, and these Wagner had to rehearse over and over again with singers of the third or fourth order, whose incompetence was equalled only by their wilfulness and arrogance. Nevertheless, Wagner tried to do his duty. We have the testimony of one of his employers with regard to his unceasing efforts to work with the scanty materials at his disposal. Presence of mind as a conductor, and the skilful handling of theatric effects, which so favorably distinguishes him from most German dramatists, may be mentioned as the two beneficial results of this dreariest period of Wagner's career. An ill-advised marriage with an actress contracted about this time added to the difficulties of his situation. Wagner's tastes and habits were those of artistic refinement and luxury, and his small earnings were wholly insufficient to meet the demands of a mismanaged, extravagant household.

The situation at last became intolerable; an effort had to be made, and the manner in which it was made is again highly characteristic of Wagner's nature. The change of fortune was to be at once sudden and brilliant; a great work was to be created, and on its eventual performance at one of the great theatres of Eu-

rope the composer founded the boldest hopes. Paris, at that time the centre of the musical world, appeared to him the most desirable scene of his expected triumph, and he immediately applied for an appropriate dramatic poem to Scribe, the *librettiste* of Meyerbeer and Halévi, then in the zenith of his reputation. This demand from a stranger was treated by the celebrated dramatist with a disregard not wholly unaccountable under the circumstances. But Wagner's energy was not to be daunted by this failure. In default of Scribe, he determined to write his own book, and immediately began a dramatic version of Bulwer's *Rienzi*, a subject eminently adapted for operatic purposes. With the poem and two acts of the music of his *Rienzi* finished, Wagner embarked at Riga, where he had been conducting the opera for some time, for London on his way to Paris, the El Dorado of his high-strung fancy. His hope of immediate success was, however, to be utterly disappointed. A young foreigner, without social or journalistic connections, was not a person likely to be patronised by theatrical managers. Wagner's many attempts at having his *Rienzi* represented at a French theatre were fruitless; his position again became embarrassed in the highest degree, and to escape actual starvation he had to undertake the humblest tasks of musical slavery, such as arranging popular airs for various instruments.

In this crisis, it was the love of his art which saved him from despair. He himself has told us how utterance of his grief became an irresistible desire, and how in the popular type of the *Flying Dutchman*, the weary wanderer of the main, he found an adequate symbolisation of his own loneliness and misery. It was in this manner, that is, by the demand of his own nature, that Wagner was led from the historical principle adhered to in *Rienzi* to the mythical subject-matter which has been the basis of all his subsequent music-dramas. The merits or demerits of this innovation I must not discuss on the present occasion; but Wagner's strongest adversaries will admit that he has succeeded in inspiring these mythical creations with the breath of individual passion. This transition from the historical to the mythical drama Wagner declares to have been the cause of a commensurate change in his musical style; and the reciprocal relations of music and poetry thus insisted upon by him may be best explained in his own words:

> The plastic unity and simplicity of the mythical conceptions allowed of the concentration of the action on certain important and decisive points of its development. . . . The nature of the subject could therefore not induce me, in sketching my scenes, to consider in advance their adaptability to any particular musical form, the nature of the musical treatment being necessitated by these scenes themselves. It could not enter my mind to engraft on this *my* musical form, growing as it did out of the nature of the scenes, the traditional forms of operatic music, which would only have marred its organic growth. I therefore never thought of contemplating, on principle and as a deliberate reformer, the destruction of the aria, the duet, and other operatic forms; but the abandoning of these forms followed consistently from the nature of my subject.

When these lines were penned the world had had an opportunity of judging of the principles contained in them by three of Wagner's most popular works—*The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*. For with him, as with all creative natures, the impulse of artistic action preceded the calm of theoretic speculation. At the same time this spontaneous reconstruction of the musical form carried out by Wagner with ever-increasing consciousness in his successive works, implies one of the most radical changes witnessed in the history of art. The apparatus of the *opera seria*, with its vocal display and its coarse scenic effects, has been entirely abolished, and replaced by a new mode of utterance evolved from the necessities of the dramatic action, and regardless of the forms of absolute music. The singer who had ruled the lyric scene with absolute sway now became the mouthpiece of poetic inspiration, the economy of the drama being the supreme consideration to which the arts of music and poetry, of scenery and mimetic action were made subservient.

In art, as in life, principles must be judged by the results of their embodiment in facts. Let the reader who has witnessed a performance of *Lohengrin* at Drury Lane last season (the *ensemble* at Covent Garden was detestable) compare the impression derived therefrom with that left on his mind by one of the ordinary operas by Donizetti, Bellini, or even Meyerbeer. Let him consider without

prejudice on which side were boldness of dramatic design, melodious expressiveness, and unity of conception, on which side coarse effects, shallow display of scenery, and visible contention between musical and poetical purposes. On such considerations his judgment of the Music of the Future must depend. To determine the final position of Wagner in the history of his art would be altogether premature at the present time. But without rashness or undue partiality, he may be called a man with a great purpose, 'a swallower of formulas,' to speak with Carlyle; a reformer, who, like the Hindoo man-god Ram-Dass, cited by the same great writer, 'has fire enough in his belly to burn up all the sins in the (operatic) world.'

Returning now to Wagner's career, we find that a favorable change has taken place in his circumstances. Shortly after the completion of the *Flying Dutchman*, he heard that his *Rienzi*, also finished in Paris, had been accepted for performance at the Court Theatre in Dresden, one of the first theatrical institutions of Germany. Together with this welcome news he received a flattering invitation to conduct his work personally, following which he left Paris in 1842. The brilliant success of the work led to Wagner's permanent engagement as conductor of the Dresden Opera, and for the first time in his life he saw himself settled in a comfortable position, free from care, and with excellent artistic means at his disposal. The change must have been all but overpowering; but, far from giving himself up to rest, Wagner at once began a new work, the opera *Tannhäuser*, the plan of which he had conceived in Paris. It was finished before 1845, the poem being in this, as in all other works of Wagner, written by the composer himself. Neither *Tannhäuser* nor the *Flying Dutchman* met, at their first appearance, with a success equal to that of *Rienzi*. Wagner had to own to himself that the new style adopted by him in the two later works was as yet far from being appreciated or even comprehended by the public. Again he felt the want of responsive sympathy; again his hope and courage began to give place to a feeling of morbid despondency, in which change at any price seemed a relief. In this mood, and more from a general sense of antagonism to things existing than from any distinct political persuasion, Wagner took an active part in the revolutionary risings of 1848 and 1849. But even in the excitement of political agitation he never lost sight of his artistic mission, and the results of his revolutionary aspirations were summed up in a pamphlet containing a scheme for the regeneration of the Saxon stage on the basis of truly national and artistic principles.

It is well known how the dream of liberty in Saxony was roughly interrupted by Prussian bayonets. Wagner personally had to pay dearly for his short illusions. He, of course, lost his official position, and was moreover compelled to fly from his country and friends, once more a houseless wanderer on the earth. But before following him into exile I must mention a work finished immediately before the outbreak of the revolution. Considering the events coinciding with the composition of *Lohengrin*, and the passionate interest which its author took in these events, one cannot but be struck with the power of artistic absorption which enabled Wagner to raise himself from the turmoil of his surroundings to a sphere of intensely mediæval feeling, and of mystic devotion, such as is rarely attained even in that most transcendental of arts—music. Lohengrin, the Knight of the Swan, surrounded by the supernal splendor of the Holy Grail, yet filled with human passion for Elsa, the beautiful maiden he is sent to rescue, must be called one of Wagner's finest creations, on which his European fame is chiefly founded.

On his flight from Dresden, Wagner tarried a few days at Weimar, and there witnessed a performance of his *Tannhäuser*, conducted by Liszt in a manner so perfectly in accordance with his own intentions that 'with astonishment he recognised his second self.' A friendship thus sprung up between these two eminent musicians, never disturbed by rivalry or misunderstanding; and it was to a great extent owing to Liszt's unceasing efforts that Wagner's operas found appropriate interpretation, and eventually favorable acceptance in Germany. Wagner himself was, for nearly ten years, precluded from taking an active part in the performance of his works. He settled in Switzerland, which he left only on occasional visits to London (in 1855, where he conducted the concerts of the Philharmonic Society for one season), Italy, and Paris.

But these years of involuntary retirement were not passed in despondent idleness. The conductor's staff being wrenched from his hand, Wagner took up the pen of the critic, and began a literary campaign with more than ordinary vigor. Two important works, *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft* and *Oper und Drama*, not to mention numerous pamphlets and occasional publications, owe their origin to the first years of his exile. There is a strong combative element in Wagner's nature, in accordance with which his attacks on existing evils frequently take the form of more or less bitter invective. But this destructive tendency does not prevail to an exclusive degree, and if Wagner thinks it necessary to destroy radically what to him appears to be the rotten fabric of the traditional opera, he is at the same time intent on laying the basis of a new structure founded on a purer and intenser mode of musical utterance. The *pro's* and *con.'s* of the doctrines expounded in the above-named theoretical works the reader must determine for himself, either by studying the books, or, better still, by seeing the dramatic productions illustrative of the principles contained therein. With regard to the music-dramas, however, it ought to be borne in mind that they do not stand to Wagner's speculative achievements in the relation of effect and cause. The converse rather is the truth, the composer's theories being derived from the analysis of his own works no less than of those of other masters.

The interruption of Wagner's productive career by his critical labors was not of long duration. As early as 1853 he finished and sent to his friends the poem of *The Ring of the Niblung*, a grand music-drama, or rather a series of four dramas, a tetralogy of perhaps unequalled dimensions since the times of Æschylus and Sophocles. Immediately afterwards, he began the musical composition, and finished the setting of the two first dramas and of considerable part of the third in a little more than three years. The work was carried on without the encouraging sympathy of surrounding friends, and with little hope of ever seeing it realised on the stage. From his admirers in his own country the composer was separated; but even in case he had been able to make full use of his personal and artistic influence, there would have been little chance of finding acceptance for a work which — not to speak of the startling novelty of its musical and poetical diction—seemed apt to baffle by its very size the resources of managers and the patience of audiences. The energy with which Wagner carried out his plan, and the firm belief in his own genius thus evinced, exhibit again in its strongest light that feature in his character which, according to differences of standpoint, may be looked upon as presumption or heroism, but which, at any rate, must command some admiration were it only for the success ultimately reserved for it. For in spite of the inauspicious circumstances accompanying its commencement, in spite, too, of the derisive shouts with which a hostile press hailed its appearance, the tetralogy of the *Ring of the Niblung* is to be produced next year, exactly in the manner originally intended for it by the composer. To this work and to the manner of its production we now must turn our attention for a little while.

The *Ring of the Niblung* consists of three dramas, called *The Valkyrie*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung* (Dusk of the Gods) respectively, and an introductory piece, *The Rhinegold*. Each of these pieces will occupy a separate evening, and is equal in size to an ordinary opera. The drama is founded on the oldest monument of Teutonic lore, the Eddic poems and the Volsunga Saga, which Wagner has justly preferred to the mediæval version of the same stories generally called the *Nibelungenlied*. In the latter the original types appear in strange disguise, and their attributes and relations are obscured by the arbitrary additions of successive poets. The locality of the story, however, Wagner has adopted from the mediæval source, and he has also changed the Icelandic names for their German equivalents.

The leading idea (for to the tracing of this I must here limit myself) of the work is indicated by its title. The gold, or, which is the same in a moral sense, the thirst for gold, is the fatal element in the tragedy. At first it lies hidden in the depth of the Rhine, but, stolen thence and fashioned into a magic ring, it works its baneful way amongst gods and men. Watan becomes subject to its curse through having once coveted it. When afterwards he desires to wrench the fatal

gold from the powers of darkness, he finds himself debarred from personal action by his word unwillingly pledged. To avert his final doom he resolves to create a god-inspired hero, who, regardless of laws human or divine, shall by his own free impulse restore the treasure to the Rhine. Siegmund and Sieglind, Siegfried and Brynhild successively become representative of that fire of human aspiration which cannot be quenched by misfortune. They are crushed by a blind fate, but the essence of their being remains untouched; they die, but they conquer. The doom of the gods is inavertable, but the powers of darkness also are baffled, and from the ruins of Walhall a new world may arise no more allured by the gleam of the gold or shackled by arbitrary laws of conventionality. The idea, then, of the world-redeeming power of free impulse is the background on which the events of the tetralogy are relieved. To give ever so slight a sketch of these events themselves would by far exceed the space allotted to me. Suffice it to say that the main incidents of Wagner's poem (including the idea of a 'Dusk of the Gods,' a destruction of the world brought about by the moral guilt of the ruling beings) occur in the mythological sources alluded to. It has been the modern poet's task, and not an easy task, to disentangle the skein of the old traditions, and to replace and partly remould the single features with a view to dramatic unity and ideal significance.

The musical treatment is, in accordance with the nature of the subject, bold and grand in the extreme. It may, indeed, be asserted that Wagner here speaks a new language entirely different from the ordinary style of the opera. The beauty and artistic vitality of this new language I refrain from discussing here; neither would it be possible to give a final decision on the point before the whole work has been tested by an actual embodiment on the stage for which it is so eminently fitted.

A drama so full of strange and new situations as the *Ring of the Niblung* requires for its adequate performance a more than usual amount of taste and mechanical resource. Wagner has theoretically and practically advocated the legitimacy of scenic effects as long as they are organically connected with the action of the drama. It is indeed difficult to perceive on what grounds purists object to a group of human figures, or a beautiful landscap being made use of to create that perfec illusion of which the realistic spirit o modern art stands in need. Only wher these accidentals are treated as the mai object they become detrimental to th economy of the drama; a perversion o æsthetical principles of which the contem porary stage offers but too many instances In his present work Wagner has taxed th resources of the modern stage to the ut most. Scenes like the 'Ride of the Val kyries,' 'Siegfried's Fight with the Dra gon,' and the 'Destruction by Fire of Wal hall and its Divine Inmates,' require fo their satisfactory rendering (and withou this the border-line between the sublim and ridiculous would be passed immediate ly) a perfection of scenic appliances wholl unattainable at an ordinary theatre with out the interruption for months of all othe performances. It was by such considera tions that Wagner was led to the bol plan of building a new theatre suited fo his purpose. Another consideration of psychological kind confirmed him in thi resolution. It was of importance to hin to remove both actors and audience a much as possible from the atmosphere c ordinary theatrical shows. Hence th character of a national festival which h claims for the production of his work, an hence also, to a great extent, the choice o a small town like Bayreuth, where no pe manent theatre threatens to interfere wit the freshness of impression required for work of such exceptional scope.

When Wagner, about twelve years ago opened this scheme to the public it wa treated by the press very much like th emanation of a disordered brain. Ye such has been the increase of the com poser's popularity that when, about fou years ago, an appeal was made to his ad mirers to raise the considerable sum neces sary for the realisation of Wagner's inten tions, this appeal was responded to wit surprising alacrity. Societies for the pu pose were founded not only in most o the important towns of Germany, but als in foreign cities such as Milan, London New-York, etc. The expenses of th whole enterprise are roughly calculated a 45,000*l.*, an enormous figure for a parsi monious country like Germany. Thi sum is to be raised in 1,000 shares of 45*l* each of which entitles the holder to ticket for the whole three series of pe

formances to be given on four evenings of three consecutive weeks in August 1876. If preferred, this share can be divided amongst three persons, who in that case may attend one series of four performances. The price of admission to one of the pieces is therefore a little less than 4*l.*, an amount somewhat startling even to the *habitué* of the Italian opera in London. Nevertheless, the vast majority of these shares has already been disposed of. The building and a considerable part of the fittings have been completed, singers and instrumentalists are engaged, and the preparatory rehearsals that have been going forward during the summer months of the present year (1875) justify the most sanguine expectations of an efficient rendering.

The theatre is constructed of wood, in accordance with its provisional character, and the outside of the building is devoid of striking architectural features. But the inside shows the noble simplicity of the Greek theatre. Side-boxes have been entirely dispensed with, and the auditorium, with its ascending rows of seats, exactly resembles the antique *Koilon*. A most important feature is the invisibility of the orchestra, adopted by Wagner for both acoustic and æsthetical reasons. A more ungainly sight than the violent motions of the fiddlers, or the blown-out cheeks of the flutists and trumpeters, not to speak of the gyrations of the conductor's staff, can hardly be imagined, and in hiding all this from the audience Wagner undoubtedly deserves the thanks of all artistically minded persons, whatever their musical sympathies or antipathies may be.

Such is the house that the composer has prepared for the latest and boldest creation of his muse. Like the structure itself, the event which is to take place in it appears at first sight of a transitory nature. But from it Wagner's admirers are inclined to expect a revival of national art in Germany, and in a wider sense of the musical drama in general; with how much reason or unreason remains to be seen.

A few words must suffice to sum up the remaining events of Wagner's biography. For more than twenty years he has been occupied with the completion of his tetralogy, the composition of the *Rhinegold* being, as stated before, begun in 1853, and that of the *Götterdämmerung* finished a little more than a twelvemonth back. Frequently, however, this work has been interrupted by other artistic plans of considerable importance. From 1856 to 1859 he was chiefly engaged in the composition of a great music-drama, *Tristan and Iseult*, a dramatic version of the old Celtic Mabinogi, frequently treated by the mediæval singers of France and Germany. This work is regarded by Wagner's friends as the highest effort of his genius (barring, of course, the tetralogy), but it has not yet attained popularity amongst the general public.

Another work, *The Master Singers of Nürnberg*, has, on the other hand, kept its place in the *répertoires* of most of the German theatres, being second in public favor only to *Lohengrin*. It may best be described as a comic opera, and renders the poetic doings of the worthy burghers of Nürnberg of the sixteenth century; Hans Sachs, 'the poet and shoemaker,' being the central figure of the piece. He is conceived as the type of the rising citizen of the reformation period, in his strength and justified pride of work. A romantic love-story is interwoven with the scenes of homely citizen-life.

In 1861 Wagner went to Paris to superintend the production of his *Tannhäuser*, which resulted in the celebrated *fiasco* of that opera. This popular verdict was, however, by no means unanimous, and many prominent men of letters, Gautier, Champfleury, and Charles Baudelaire amongst the number, expressed their enthusiastic admiration of the new phase in art. Since the gates of his own country have been opened again to Wagner, he has repeatedly appeared in public in German cities, conducting his own works with great success. In 1864 the art-loving young King of Bavaria called him to Munich to assist in the reorganisation of the musical and theatrical institutions of that city. Three years ago he settled at Bayreuth, where he has been living since, occupied chiefly with the preparations for the performance of the *Ring of the Niblung*.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

HER DEAREST FOE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

IT would not be easy to disentangle and define the mixed feelings which brought the bright color to Kate Travers's cheek, and made her heart beat indignantly as she perused the foregoing effusion. She scarcely herself knew why Mr. Ford's pretensions were so peculiarly offensive, nor did she take the trouble of inquiring, but had that devoted friend been within reach he would have received a crushing rejoinder. The passage about Sir Hugh Galbraith annoyed and yet amused her. She had now grown tolerably familiar with his modes of thought and expression, and she could well picture the quiet profound scorn with which he had spoken of herself "and the good-looking young vagabond connected with the press."

If there was one point upon which Kate Travers was more specially sensitive than another it was on the respect she thought she deserved. Naturally of a sunny disposition and easy temper, loving pleasure, and luxury, and beauty with a certain amount of graceful indolence, which in prosperous times entirely masked the strong will and untiring energy stored up against the day of need, she never dreamed any one would suspect her of the fleshly weaknesses to which others were liable; she knew the childlike purity of her own life, and suspected that the long winter of such chilling circumstances as hers had been, might have had a hardening influence on her nature; but she shrank from a disrespectful word as from a blow, and had her knowledge of men been equal to her knowledge of books, she would no doubt have resisted the temptation to play with the grave surprised admiration evinced by Galbraith lest it might lead to unpleasant results.

Now she could not draw back without a display of stiffness and a change of tone which might lead to awkward explanations, and as her enemy progressed towards complete recovery, she told herself that it did not matter, he would soon be gone, and not remember much about the adventure until she re-opened the will-case and defeated him. Then, indeed, their present acquaintance might lead to his accepting some portion of the property he had so long considered his inheritance, for after the friendly intercourse they had held, she never could contemplate robbing him of everything.

These thoughts flitted through her brain in and out of her daily routine of answering inquiries and matching colors, finding patterns and making out bills. It had been a busy and a profitable day, but although the lengthening evenings tempted many to keep their shops open later, the shutters of the Berlin Bazaar were always up at seven. The sweet repose of the after-hours was too precious to be curtailed even for the chance of a trifle more profit. On this particular evening—the one following her first perusal of Ford's letter—Mrs. Temple was considerably bored by a summons from Dr. Slade to speak to him in the best sitting-room, as tea was being laid in the shop parlor.

"Well, Mrs. Temple, I suspect you will soon lose your tenant, and I dare say you will not regret him," cried the Doctor, who looked rather displeased as he stood by the window in the waning light, his head erect, his very shirt frill bristling with indignation. "A more quietly insolent person I have never met. He has just told me I was a gossip!—me!—merely because I made a harmless jest. He is evidently an ill-tempered, crotchety fellow, and must be a great nuisance to his sisters—the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt and Lady Lorrimer—to whom I have written on his behalf. Nothing can be more charming than the letters I have from them, fully recognising my care and attention, especially Mrs. Harcourt, who wanted to come and nurse him, only he forbade it in terms I should be sorry she heard. I have given him a great deal of time over and above professional attendance, and written, as I said, to his sisters and a cousin of his for him, and now he repays my well-meant attempts to amuse him by telling me I am a gossip!"

"Very rude, indeed, Doctor," said Mrs. Temple, sympathisingly.

"However," he resumed, "I only want-

ed to tell you that he has been asking me when he will be fit to go to London, and I really cannot advise his leaving for another week. He has still symptoms about the head which indicate that he requires perfect rest—freedom from excitement—and London would just be the worst place for him. No medical man likes to see a case he has treated successfully going out of his hands, but I suspect if he chooses to go, nothing will stop him."

"I suppose not," said Mrs. Temple.

"I thought it right to warn you, as you might like to make some other arrangement, and I hope the letting of your rooms has been a help, a——"

"A decided help, and I am very much obliged to you," returned Mrs. Temple, pleasantly.

"That's all right. Now you must not keep me talking here when I have twenty places to go to. Do you know I met that young schemer Bryant walking with one of Miss Monitor's girls three miles off, on the Barmouth Road, near Jones's, the curate of Drystones. You know Jones? Well, near his house. I believe Jones's wife is Bryant's sister. It did not look well at all. I wouldn't trust Bryant farther than I could throw him. Good evening, Mrs. Temple; good evening."

Kate politely attended him to the door, and as she turned to join Fanny, was seized upon by Mrs. Mills, who carried her into the kitchen to speak to Sarah's mother. She was in great tribulation, being afflicted with a wild son, who turned up every now and then to work mischief. On the present occasion he had got hold of the poor woman's little hoard, had absconded, and left her penniless just as the week's rent was due. She had, therefore, made so bold as to come and ask if Mrs. Temple would be so kind as to advance a little of Sarah's money. This, in the mouth of Sarah's mother, was a very long tale. But Kate listened with the gentlest untiring sympathy, for hers was a very tender heart, and a full half-hour and more was occupied in giving help and comfort.

When at last she returned to the parlor she was not surprised to find the lamp lighted and Fanny seated behind the "cosy"-covered teapot; but she was surprised to find Sir Hugh Galbraith seated opposite to her, apparently quite at home, leaning easily across the table as he talked pleasantly with the pretty tea-maker. Kate could not help being struck by the altered expression of his face since she had first beheld it.

It was softer, brighter, younger-looking, but while she paused, still holding the handle of the door, Sir Hugh rose quickly and came a step towards her. "I have ventured to ask admittance, although I have no letters to write, or rather to have written for me, and Miss Lee, as commanding in your absence, has graciously assented," he said.

"Pray sit down," replied Mrs. Temple, moving to the place Fanny vacated for her. She was startled and disturbed at finding him there: but he was going away next week; it was really of no moment, this unexpected visit. Still Ford's letter and her own previous reflections ruffled her composure. She colored and grew pale, and felt Galbraith's eyes fixed upon her, though she did not look up to see them.

"You are not well, or something," he exclaimed. "I had better go away."

"No, Sir Hugh. I am happy to see you," a little stiffly. "But the light affects me after the dusky kitchen, where I have been listening to a tale of woe. Fanny dear, will you bring the shade?" Thus, effectually sheltered from observation, Kate quickly recovered herself and dispensed the tea, stretching out a hand white and delicate enough for a lady of high degree, as Galbraith observed, when she offered him a cup, which Fanny followed with a delightful slice of brown bread and butter.

"A tale of woe!" exclaimed that young lady; "and in the kitchen? What took Dr. Slade there?"

Mrs. Temple briefly explained.

"I could not think what kept you, and Sir Hugh said he was sure the Doctor was gone."

"Old humbug," observed Galbraith. "I thought he would never go. I had to tell him some unpleasant truths before he would stir."

"Did you?" asked Fanny, who, in consequence of Tom's note, was in towering spirits. "What did he say?"

"I know," said Mrs. Temple, slyly. "He was making his complaint."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Galbraith, looking under the shade to get a glimpse of her smile. "What did he say?"

"That you are an ungrateful man; that he has devoted himself to your service, and that your return is to tell him he is a gossip."

Galbraith smiled rather grimly. "Did he tell you what led up to it?" he asked.

"No; he did not give the context."

"He is not a bad sort of fellow," resumed Sir Hugh, "only spoiled by a country-town life and associating with women —I mean old women."

"And pray why should women, young or old, spoil him?" cried Fanny, aggressively. "I am sure we are much better than men in many ways."

"I think you are," returned Galbraith, gravely; "still I don't think men or women the better for associating exclusively with each other. Military women, for instance, are not pleasant. Have you ever met any?" addressing Mrs. Temple.

"No," said she, answering the real drift of the question; "I have never, of course, been in that sort of society, and have never reckoned any military ladies among my customers."

Galbraith was silent until Mrs. Temple asked him if he would have any more tea. "If you please. I assure you no old woman likes tea better than I do. I have always found it the best drink when hard worked in India," he returned, with a smile. "Some fellows have a great craving for beer, and I confess it is very tempting in a warm climate."

"And are you strong enough to resist temptation?" asked Kate, carelessly, as she again held out her fair hand with his cup in her long taper fingers.

"As far as eating and drinking go, yes; but I suppose all men have their assailable point."

"Pray, what is yours?" asked Fanny, who, in her present state of spirits, was irrepressible.

"I really cannot tell."

"And I am sure, if you could, you are not bound to answer a decidedly impertinent question," said Mrs. Temple. "Fanny, you are rather too audacious."

"I knew you would scold me!" exclaimed Fanny; "but I could not help it."

Galbraith laughed. "Suppose you set me the example of confession, Miss Lee. What is your weak point?"

"I could not possibly tell, like you; but for a different reason: all my points are weak; the puzzle is which is the weakest."

"Then I suspect your friend has enough to do to keep you in order; irregular troops are generally mutinous."

"I am the meekest creature in creation," cried Fanny. "The moment K—— Mrs. Temple, I mean, even looks as if she was going to find fault with me I am ready to confess my sins and go down."

"Only to rise up again the next instant not one bit the better for your penitence,' said Mrs. Temple, walking over to the bell to ring for Mills.

"That is exactly like irregular cavalry They disperse the moment you charge them, and immediately gather on your flanks and harass your march," remarked Galbraith.

"I cannot say Fanny has harassed my march," replied Mrs. Temple, smiling kindly at that delinquent as she placed the cups and saucers and plates neatly on the tray to save Mills trouble. "But I suppose it would be easier to keep a regiment of superior men—I mean educated men—in order, than the waifs and strays you pick up."

"I assure you soldiers are not on the whole bad fellows; but as to educated men, I can't say I should like to command a regiment of straw-splitting, psalm-singing troopers who would probably dispute every order they didn't fancy."

"But you, you are an educated gentleman, and don't you think," rejoined Mrs Temple, "that if you had undertaken certain work and certain service you would be more obedient, more dutifully subordinate, than a poor, ignorant, half-blind creature who cannot see an inch beyond the narrow bounds of his own personal wants and pleasures, while *you* could grasp some idea of the general good?"

"There is, of course, some truth in your view," said Galbraith, somewhat surprised; "but a regiment of gentlemen, in the first place, is out of the question There have been, I grant, body-guards of kings who were all gentlemen, but from what we know of them they were not exactly models of sound discipline or serious behavior."

And in the heat of argument Sir Hugh rose, drew his chair near his antagonist and clear of the obstacle presented to his vision by the lamp-shade.

"There is your work," interrupted

Fanny; "you know you promised that should be ready to-morrow:" "*that*" was a banner-screen of beads and silk, and each section of the pattern was to be begun, in order to save the fair purchaser from too severe exercise of brain.

"Thank you, Fan," and Mrs. Temple proceeded quickly and diligently to thread needles and sew on beads, glancing up every now and then with eyes that sparkled and deepened, and laughed and grew dim with a slight suffusion if she was very earnest. Fanny placed a large work-basket before her as she took her seat opposite their guest, who felt wonderfully interested and at home.

"Oh! the people you mean would not be called gentlemen now; they were only polished barbarians, incapable of self-control; any tolerably educated shopboy would conduct himself better than the 'de's' and 'vons' of those days," said Kate.

"By Jove! men were better bred, more high bred, then. I never heard that doubted before," cried Galbraith.

"High bred! that is, they took off their hats and bowed more gracefully, and treated their inferiors with insolence none the less brutal, because it had a certain steely glitter, and were more ferocious about their honor; but they were mere dangerous, mischievous, unmanageable children compared to what men *ought* to be."

"You are a formidable opponent, Mrs. Temple. Still I will not renounce my ancestors; they were gallant fellows, if they had a dash of brutality here and there. And you will grant that without a regard for honor they would have been still more brutal."

"I do. Nor do I by any means undervalue the good that was in them, only it seems so stupid either to want to go back to them, or to stand still."

"And what good does progress do? It only makes the lower classes dissatisfied and restless, and wanting to be as well off as their betters. There is nothing they don't aim at."

"Oh, Sir Hugh Galbraith! you have concentrated the whole essence of liberalism in those words. That is exactly what progress does; it makes people strive to be better. I have no doubt the first of our British ancestors (if they were our ancestors) who suggested making garments instead of dyeing the human skin was looked upon by the orthodox Druids as a dangerous innovator."

"That has been said too often to be worthy of such an original thinker as you are," returned Galbraith, leaning forward and taking up some of the bright-colored silks which lay between them.

"It cannot be said too often," observed Mrs. Temple stoutly, "for it contains the whole gist of the matter. I will trouble you for that skein of blue silk. Thank you." Their hands touched for a moment, and Galbraith felt an unreasonable, but decided, inclination to hold hers just to keep her eyes and attention from being too much taken up with that confounded stitchery.

"But," he resumed, "you cannot suppose men born to a certain position like to feel those of a lower sphere intruding upon them, and treading on their heels?"

"Step out then! Put a pace between you and them, and keep the wonderful start ahead that circumstance has given you," she returned with great animation.

"You are too ferocious a democrat," said Galbraith, laughing; "and to look at you, who could believe you had ever been, even for a day, behind a counter? There!" he exclaimed, "I am the clumsiest fellow alive. I have made a horribly rude speech."

"I quite absolve you," said Mrs. Temple frankly, and looking at him with a sweet half smile. "A counter has not hitherto been the best training school to form a gentlewoman; but the days are rapidly passing when women could afford to be merely graceful ornaments. We must in the future take our share of the burden and heat of the day. God grant us still something of charm and grace! It would be hard lines for us both if *you* could not love us."

"Not love you," repeated Galbraith almost unconsciously; he had hitherto been thinking the young widow rather too strong-minded—a description of character he utterly abhorred. "I imagine your ideal woman will seldom be realised, unless, indeed, in yourself."

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Fanny, "I have run the needle into my finger, and it is so painful."

Due commiseration being expressed, Fanny said she must put it in warm water, and darted away.

"Do not imagine I am such a narrow idiot," said Galbraith, drawing his chair a trifle closer, "as not to respect a man who fights his way up to fortune from a humble origin, but then he ought always to remember the origin."

"Yes; you of the 'upper ten,'" said Mrs. Temple, smiling, while she hunted with her needle an erratic white bead round an inverted box cover, "are decently inclined to recognise the merits of such a man *when* he has achieved success in the end, but you do your best to knock him on the head at the beginning."

"How do you mean?"

"By creating difficulties of all sorts. Mountains of barriers for him to climb over: barriers of ignorance—it is unwise to educate the masses; barriers of caste—none but gentlemen must officer army or navy; barriers of opinion; social barriers—Oh, I talk too much! and I am sure so do you. Dr. Slade told me just now you were to be kept as quiet as possible and undisturbed; and here am I contradicting you most virulently. Do go away and read a sermon or something, or you will never be able to go to London next week."

"Next week! Does that confounded old humbug say I am to go away next week? I intend nothing of the kind."

"He said you wished to leave for town; so I warn you to give me due and proper notice, or I shall charge accordingly."

Mrs. Temple glanced up as she spoke to see the effect of her words; but no answering smile was on his lip. He looked grave and stern, and was pulling his moustaches as if in deep thought. There was a moment's silence, and then Galbraith exclaimed, in his harshest tones, with an injured accent, "You never let one forget the shop."

"It was the lodgings this time," said Mrs. Temple demurely. "I did not suppose you would mind."

"Do you want me to go away?" asked Sir Hugh. "I can go to-morrow if you do."

"I am very glad you feel so much better. Pray suit yourself. I could not be in a hurry to part with so good a tenant."

Galbraith muttered something indistinct and deep. There was a few moments' silence, and then Sir Hugh said gravely, "I am quite aware what a nuisance an invalid inmate must be; and I hope you believe I am grateful for all the care you have bestowed upon me."

"Indeed, I do not. I have not bestowed any care upon you; Mills has, a little, and your servant a good deal."

"The fact is," returned Galbraith, with a tinge of bitterness, "I have never had much care in my life, and I am, therefore, especially grateful when I find any, or fancy I have any."

"Grateful people deserve to be cared for," said Kate, laying her pattern on the table and gravely regarding it.

"And you have been very good to write my letters," continued Galbraith. "I never knew the luxury of a private secretary before, and as I believe 'the appetite grows with what it feeds upon,' I shall miss your assistance greatly. I never found my correspondence so easy as since you were good enough to write for me."

"A private secretary would not be a serious addition to your suite," returned Mrs. Temple without looking up. "There are many intelligent, well-educated young men would be glad of such an appointment."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Galbraith. "I never thought of a man secretary."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Temple.

"No; men are so unsympathetic and slow to comprehend."

"I always thought so," replied Mrs. Temple frankly; "but I didn't think a man would."

Sir Hugh's face cleared up as he looked at her, and laughed. "We are agreed then," he said; "and I don't think you put a much higher value on Slade than I do."

"I do not know what your value is; I like him, because he has always been a friend to me from the first."

"And that is how long?" asked Galbraith shrewdly.

"Oh! if you want gossip you must apply to himself."

"I shall never put a question to him, you may be sure," said Galbraith gravely. "But I confess I should like to know how it happens that you are keeping a shop here? Nothing will ever persuade me that you are 'to the manner born.'"

"You are mistaken, Sir Hugh Galbraith"—he always fancied there was an echo of defiance in the way she pronounced his name—"my grandfather and

great-grandfather, nay, so far as I know, all my ancestors—if such a phrase may be permitted—were knights of the counter. The best I can hope" (with a smile indescribably sweet and arch) "is that they never gave short measure."

"It's incredible!" said Galbraith solemnly.

"Nevertheless true," she continued. "Don't allow your imagination to create a romance for my pretty partner and myself, though we are weird women, and keep a Berlin bazaar."

As she spoke Fanny entered. "It is all right now," she said. "Sir Hugh, if you ever run a needle into your finger, plunge it into hot water immediately, and you will find instantaneous relief."

"I shall make a note of it," replied Galbraith; "and in the meantime must say good-night."

"How fortunate you are," cried Fanny. "You are going to London next week and will go to the theatre, I suppose?"

"I scarcely go to the theatre," said Galbraith, "but I imagine most young ladies like it."

"I would give a great deal to see 'Reckoning with the Hostess,'" cried Fanny, unable to restrain herself.

"Suppose we all meet at Charing Cross, and go together," exclaimed Galbraith, who felt convalescent and lively.

"It would be perfectly delightful," said the volatile Fanny, while Kate, who felt keenly the absurdity of the proposition, hid her face in her hands while she laughed heartily.

"I must say good-night," repeated Sir Hugh, bowing formally.

"I trust you will not be the worse for our argument," said Mrs. Temple, rising courteously.

"I am not sure," he replied. "I shall tell you to-morrow."

"Well, Kate," cried Fanny when he was gone, "has he proposed? I really thought he was on the verge of it when I ran the needle in my finger. It would be such fun."

"Fanny, you are absolutely maddening! What can put such nonsense into your head? To tell you the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I have permitted Sir Hugh Galbraith the honor of our acquaintance, simply because I wish him to feel, however appearances may be against me, that his cousin married a gentlewoman; for he will yet know who I am."

"That sounds very grand and mysterious, Kate. I wish you could contrive to make him give you a proper allowance out of the estate— Well, there; I did not mean to make you look like a Sibyl and a fury all in one!"

"I am both indignant and disgusted, Fanny, because there is so much levity and vulgarity in what you say," cried Mrs. Temple warmly. "But we have something else to think of; read this"—and she drew forth Ford's letter, doubling it down at the passage adverting to herself, as having for sole confidant "a good-looking young vagabond, connected with the press."

"I suppose," cried Fanny, "that stupid conceited old duffer means Tom."

"I suppose so; but pray remember it is Hugh Galbraith who is represented as speaking. Now you say Tom is coming down on Saturday; it is most important he should not meet our tenant. I imagine Sir Hugh knows his name."

"Oh yes, very likely; but Sir Hugh has never intruded on us on a Saturday, and we must try to keep them apart. How delightful it will be to see Tom—and this is Thursday!"

"Yes; I shall be very glad to have a talk with him. Have you written to him?"

"To be sure I have."

No more was said; and Mrs. Temple pondered long and deeply before she was successful in composing herself to sleep. What was she doing? was she acting fairly and honestly? was she quite safe in trusting to the spirit, half-defiant, half-mischievous, which seemed to have taken possession of her? Well, at any rate, it could do no harm. In a few days Hugh Galbraith would be removed out of the sphere of her influence, and nothing would remain of their transient acquaintance save the lesson she was so ambitious of teaching him, viz., that whatever her circumstances were, she was a gentlewoman, and that some excuse existed for Mr. Travers's weakness in making her his wife.

CHAPTER XXI.

HUGH GALBRAITH was a very English Englishman. In opinion, as in battle, he was inclined, even when beaten by all the

rules of combat, to resist to death. His prejudices would have been rigid to absurdity but for a thin, nevertheless distinct, vein of common sense which streaked the trap rock of his nature; while here and there, carefully hidden, as he thought, from all observers, and scarcely acknowledged to himself, were sundry softer places —"faults," as with unconscious technicality he would have termed them— which sometimes troubled him with doubts and hesitations a consistently hard man would never have known. A vague, instinctive sense of justice — another national characteristic—saved him from being a very selfish man, but did not hinder him from an eager seeking of his own ends, so long as they did not visibly trench on the rights of others; and at times, if the upper and harder stratum of his character was, by some morally artesian process, pierced through, capable of giving out more of sympathy than his kinsfolk and acquaintance in general would believe. But he possessed very little of the adaptability, the quickness of feeling and perception, which gives the power of putting oneself in another's place; and, therefore, possessing no gauge by which to measure the force of other men's temptations, he had, by a process of unreasoning mental action, accumulated a rather contemptuous estimate of the world in general. Men were generally weak and untrue—not false, habit and opinion prevented that—and women he scarcely considered at all; the few specimens he had known intimately were not calculated to impress him favorably. His sisters, accustomed to the amenities of foreign life, never disguised their opinion that he was a hopeless barbarian, until, indeed, their last few interviews, when they showed a disposition to treat his *brusquerie* as the eccentricity of a noble sincerity. The younger sister, who had always clung to him, and whom he had loved with all the strength of his slow-developing boyish heart, had chilled him with an unspeakable disgust by bestowing herself on an artist, a creature considered by Galbraith in those days, and, with some slight modification, still considered, as a sort of menial—as belonging to a class of upper servants who fiddled and painted and danced and sang for the amusement of an idle aristocracy. He would have been more inclined to associate with the village blacksmith, who, at any rate, did real man's work when he forged horseshoes and ploughshares by the strength of his right arm. In short, he was a mediæval man, rather out of place in the nineteenth century.

In politics a Tory, yet not an ignoble one. He would have severely punished the oppressor of the poor. Indeed, he thought it the sacred duty of lords to protect their vassals, even from themselves; but it must be altogether a paternal proceeding, given free gratis out of the plenitude of his nobility. Of the grander generosity to our poorer brethren that says, "Take your share of God's world, it is yours; we owe each other nothing, save mutual help and love," he knew nothing; he had never learned even the alphabet of true liberality; and his was a slow though strong intellect, very slow to assimilate a new idea, and by no means ready to range those he already possessed in the battle array of argument.

Nevertheless, he was very little moved by his charming landlady's opinions; they were a pretty woman's vagaries prettily expressed; still, as he thought over every word and look of hers that night while smoking the pipe of peace and meditation before he went to rest, he felt more and more desirous of solving the mystery of her surroundings. That she and her friend were gentlewomen he never for a moment doubted, driven by poverty to keep a shop, though it was an unusual resource for decayed gentility. For poor gentry Galbraith had special sympathy, and had a dim idea that it would be well to tax successful money-grubbers who would persist in lowering the tone of society in general and regiments in particular by thrusting themselves and their luxurious snobbish sons into those sacred ranks—he had, we say, a dim idea that such members of the community ought to be taxed in order to support the helpless descendants of those who had not the ability to keep their estates together. Still, how any woman with the instinct of a gentlewoman could bring herself to keep a shop, to measure out things to insolent customers, perhaps to old marketwomen, and stretch out that soft white hand to take their greasy pence, he could not conceive. She ought to have adopted some other line of work; yet if she had he would not have known her; and

though he put aside the idea, he felt that he would rather have missed far more important things. She was different from all other women he had ever known; the quiet simplicity of her manners was so restful; the controlled animation that would sparkle up to the surface frequently, and gave so much beauty to her mobile face—her smile, sometimes arch, often scornful, occasionally tender; the proud turn of her snowy throat; the outlines of her rounded, pliant figure; the great, earnest, liquid eyes uplifted so frankly and calmly to meet his own—Galbraith summoned each and every charm of face and form and bearing that had so roused his wonder and admiration to pass in review order before his mind's eye, and "behold, they were very good." It was the recollection of their first interview, however, more than a month back, that puzzled him most. "She must have fancied she knew something of me,"—he thought, as he slowly paced his sitting-room, restless with the strange new interest and fresh vivid life that stirred his blood, and in some mysterious way, of which he was but half conscious, deepened and brightened the coloring of every object, until Fanny declared, as she bid Kate good-night, that "Sir Hugh must have a bad conscience to keep tramping up and down like that"—"and something to my discredit," he mused. "I shall not soon forget the first look I had from those eyes of hers! It was equivalent to the 'Draw and defend yourself, villain!' of old novels. How could I have offended her, or any one belonging to her? I'll ask her some day—some day! By Jove, I can't stay here much longer! Yet why should I not? I have nothing to take me anywhere. This accident has knocked my visit to Allerton on the head. The Countess and Lady Elizabeth will be in town by the time I am fit to go anywhere. That pretty little girl, Miss Lee, is not unlike Lady Elizabeth, only she has more 'go' in her—but Mrs. Temple!" even in thought Galbraith had no words to express the measureless distance between his landlady and the Countess of G——'s graceful, well-trained daughter. The truth is, Galbraith had, after his accession of fortune, seriously contemplated matrimony. He had no idea of being succeeded by a nephew of a different name, or a cousin whom he disliked. Moreover, it behoved him to found the family anew—to impose a fresh entail—especially if he could buy back some of the old estates; and Payne had written to him that it was probable a slice of the Kirby Grange estates might before long be in the market. If he married he would go in for family; he did not care so much for rank. Accident had sent him down to dinner at his sister's house with Lady Elizabeth, who seemed a pretty, inoffensive, well-bred girl; and he even began, by deliberate trying, to take some interest in her, after meeting at several parties by day and by night, where he had, rather to Lady Lorrimer's surprise, consented to appear. Lady Elizabeth, although her father was not a wealthy peer, had a few thousands, which would not be unacceptable; and, though Galbraith had bid her good-bye in Germany, where they had again encountered, with his ordinary cool, undemonstrative manner, he had made up his mind to accept the invitation then given him, if duly repeated, to go to Allerton, the family seat, for the close of the hunting season; and should Lady Elizabeth stand the test of ten days or a fortnight in the same house, he would try his luck. A wish to enjoy his friend Upton's society to the last of his stay, induced Galbraith to postpone his visit for a week; and then he met with the accident which made him Mrs. Temple's inmate; and, lo! all things had become new. Whatever his lot might be, it was impossible he could marry a pretty doll like Lady Elizabeth—a nice creature, without one idea different from every other girl, without a word of conversation beyond an echo of what was said to her. No; he wanted something more companionable than that; something soft and varied enough to draw what tenderess was in him; something brave, and frank, and thoughtful; to be a pleasant comrade in the dull places of life. At this point in his reflections, Galbraith pulled himself up, with a sneer at the idea of his dreaming dreams, waking dreams, at that time of his life. "I'll just stay a week longer," he thought, "I really am not quite strong yet, and then I will go to town; by that time I shall manage to penetrate that puzzling woman's mystery, or I shall give it up. I shall have Upton or Gertrude coming down here to see what

keeps me in such quarters, and, by Jove! I would rather neither of them did. *She* would make mischief with or without grounds." So saying, almost aloud, Galbraith lit his candle, and turned down the lamp.

On Saturday morning, after due consultation with Fanny, Mrs. Temple wrote a little note to Sir Hugh, presenting her compliments, and begging to say they expected their agent from London that evening, and would be engaged on business, but if Sir Hugh Galbraith wished any letters written, Mrs. Temple or Miss Lee would be happy to do so between two and five.

"There," said Mrs. Temple, as she wrote these lines rapidly in pencil, "that ought to keep him out of the way."

"Yes, it ought and will. Poor fellow! how moped he must be all Sunday, and, indeed, every day, by himself."

"Well, he need not stay if he does not like. I am sure he is quite strong enough to travel. He was out driving for three hours yesterday."

"Oh, it is the quiet Dr. Slade recommends. Oh, Kate! how I wish he would lend us his dog-cart to take a drive with Tom to-morrow! I am sure he would if I asked him—may I?—it really ought to be yours, you know."

"Oh, Fanny! you do not know what you are talking about, you are so delighted at the idea of Tom being here this evening."

"Of course I shall be glad to see him, but if you think I am out of my mind with joy you are quite mistaken. I feel as calm and collected as possible."

Which calmness was manifested by the most erratic conduct throughout the day—total forgetfulness on various matters, and frequent rushings to and fro between the shop and the kitchen, just to see that Mills did not forget this or that ingredient in her preparation of one or two niceties devised by Fanny herself, who had a delicate taste for the finer branches of cooking.

Saturday being market day, the morning was always a busy time at the Berlin Bazaar; but the rush of customers was generally over about three, as most of the Saturday visitors had a long way to go home; and, on Fanny's return from one of her excursions, she found only two old ladies of the better class of farmers, one requiring a pair of gloves for her daughter, the other some worsted yarn, wherewith to knit her husband's stockings—simple needs, which yet took an unconscionable time to satisfy.

At last they were gone. "I feel quite tired," said Mrs. Temple, sitting down. "I wish, Fanny, *you* would go up and write for Sir Hugh Galbraith. He sent word that he was sorry to trouble me, but if I could write a few lines for him before five o'clock he would be greatly obliged; you had better go, dear, for you are no particular use here."

"And I am sure I should make a fearful confusion of Sir Hugh's letter! Indeed I cannot go, Kate! I feel quite dazed to-day."

"Oh, I thought you were peculiarly cool and collected! No matter! mistakes in Sir Hugh's letters are not so fatal as mistakes in our business. If you will not go he must do without a secretary."

"Well," cried Fanny, with sudden resolution. "I will write for him this once. Do you know I am half sorry to be obliged to hate Sir Hugh Galbraith; but don't be afraid! I never allow myself to think well of him for a moment! I have not a doubt he is a deep designing villain, but he doesn't look like it; though there is something intolerably haughty in the sort of 'snuff the moon' air with which he looks over one's ead."

"Don't talk such nonsense, Fanny, dear! I wish Sir Hugh would go; he is growing troublesome."

"Not to me," returned Fanny, gravely shaking her head; "he takes no more notice of me than if I was a kitten when *you* are by. I will see how we get on without you to-day."

"Pray be prudent and steady," cried Kate, laughing, "though I am sure Sir Hugh is a pattern of propriety."

Fanny ran away upstairs, dashed hastily into her own room, pinned a blue bow on the side of the pale brown plaits into which her hair was braided, re-arranged her collar, and put on a fresh pair of snowy cuffs; then with a pleasant approving nod to her own image in the glass, walked away softly and tapped at the drawing-room.

"Come in," said Galbraith; and Fanny entered in some nervous dread, but nevertheless with a firm determination to tease

and annoy the enemy so far as in her lay. He was standing near the window and looking towards the door with an eager, kindled look in his eyes, which altered visibly and unflatteringly.

"Mrs. Temple desired me to say," began Fanny, advancing with evident timidity, "she is sorry not to be able to come as she is very busy, and would you mind having me?"

A smile—a rather kindly smile—brightened Galbraith's face again. "You are very good to come," he said, "I ought to consider myself fortunate in having so charming a little secretary; but I must say your cousin is the better amanuensis of the two."

"He is very impertinent," thought Fanny; "he never would venture to talk like that to Kate. He wants to find out all about her! he shan't!—So I told Mrs. Temple," she said aloud, "and that I was more stupid than usual; but she said it was better to make mistakes in your letters than in her business," concluded Fanny, looking up in his face with an innocent smile.

"The deuce she did!" exclaimed Galbraith, looking grim for a moment, and then laughing, "I am much obliged to her; possibly she is right! Did she tell you to say this?"

"Oh, no! and pray, Sir Hugh, don't tell."

"I never was a tell-tale. Come, I will not keep you long." And he placed a chair for her at the table, where he had already laid the writing materials in readiness. He was indeed bitterly annoyed and disappointed. When Mrs. Temple's note had reached him that morning he determined not to let all Saturday and Sunday, and probably Monday, pass without having a letter written by his interesting landlady—and not a word with her either! No, it was the only shadow of amusement or occupation he had, and he was not going to resign it. Of course if he hadn't been unhinged by that confounded accident he never would have been driven so hard for one or the other, but it is wonderful how soon a fellow gets used to things, and then there was the oddity and curiosity. So he framed his verbal reply, as he thought very cunningly, to secure one interview before five o'clock, and now that provoking widow had sent her silly, insignificant little assistant in her place, and cheated him after all. Still he must not confess that he could do without a letter being written very well, and when Fanny was seated, he began rather rapidly. Standing opposite to the little half-frightened, wholly daring scribe, and grasping the back of a chair with his bony, sinewy hand—"My dear Upton,—Thanks for yours of the 30th. I am nearly all right, only not quite able to manage my own correspondence, as you see."

"Stop, stop, stop!" cried Fanny; "who in the world could keep up with you? I am sure you do not run on like that when Mrs. Temple writes for you. I have only got to 'all right,' now; do forgive me, and go on again."

"I beg your pardon," returned Galbraith, smiling, and re-commenced.

"Are there two r's in correspondence?" was Fanny's next query.

"It's not the least matter," he replied. "He will know what you mean."

"What *I* mean," repeated Fanny, still writing. "What *you* mean rather; but it would be better this Mr. Upton thought you were with properly educated people than real shopkeepers."

Galbraith made a mental note of the expression, and grew less anxious to dismiss his secretary.

"Upton must be delighted to have nice legible letters, I imagine—'s double e,'" spelt Fanny, "I have done that."

"I am much obliged for your offer of a visit, but I hope to leave this in a few days; it is a dull hole, with nothing in the shape of sport or occupation, and not a soul to speak to but a gossiping old doctor; I would rather meet you in town. —At any rate it would be an infernal bore to have him here!"

Galbraith had dictated the first of the sentences slowly, and then unconsciously spoke out his reflection. "Have you that down?" he asked, after a pause.

"Just finished," said Fanny, with an air of great diligence, and spelling as she wrote "b o r e."

"Why, you haven't written *that?*"

"Yes, of course I have! I thought it was a little uncivil. Oh, dear! I am so sorry! I knew I should be stupid! Pray don't be angry. I will make a nice clean copy if you will tell me the rest."

"Angry! what business have I to be angry? I am under great obligations to

ınd Mrs. Temple; besides, it was my fault. Just add, if you please, that ɔe to be able to write in a few days lf at greater length, and that will do." nny wrote diligently for a few min- and then with an air of profound tion read over the letter, crossing ere and there. "I really feel quite ned of myself," she said, taking a sheet of paper. "But Mrs. Temple ' send me."

› this Galbraith made no immediate —he even moved away to the win- not to draw his secretary's attention her task—but as soon as it was ac- ılished, he said as he glanced over esult, "Then it bores Mrs. Temple ite for me?"

Vo, no!" returned Fanny in a tone lpably polite denial. "She is always obliging; but to-day she was busy, ınxious to get everything out of the before our London agent comes— oming is always an event, you know." ndeed," said Galbraith, availing him- ıf her disposition to talk. "Perhaps a friend as well as an agent."

)h, yes," replied Fanny, dotting the ' and crossing the "t's" of the letter ɛturned to her to be folded and ad- ed, and just glancing up at intervals ɛ the effect of her words, "he is a old friend of Mrs. Temple's. She ' him before she was married, and he kind."

ndeed," said Sir Hugh, pulling out ıoustache and staring away into va- y, "indeed! I suppose he is an old rienced man of business?"

)h, very experienced! But as to age ll, he is older than I am."

)lder than you are!" echoed Gal- h. "Why, you are younger than sister, or cousin, whichever it is!"

Tou mean Mrs. Temple," said Fanny, ling a direct reply as to the relation-

"Yes, she is older than I am; but ınow the great firms don't like elderly llers."

Ie is a traveller, then?"

nny nodded.

lbraith hesitated: he felt it would ɔe honorable to cross-examine this good-humored chatterbox; still he ɛd to have some more talk upon the ɛsting topic of the "London agent," e felt strangely savage at the idea of ınfounded commercial traveller—a fellow redolent of bad cigars, audacious with the effrontery acquired by bar and billiard-rooms, vulgarly fine, and hideously ill-dressed, coming into close contact with his queenly landlady—indeed, the notion of any man, high or low, coming into that quiet, simple Eden where he had hitherto been the Adam, was infinitely disgusting and vexatious. Meantime, Miss Fanny watched with supreme satisfaction the dropping of his brows and general clouding over of his countenance; silence had lasted long enough she thought, so she said softly, "You will not mention what I repeated just now? I mean, what Mrs. Temple said."

"You may trust me. Would the consequences be dreadful? Would she give you a wigging?"

"No; but it would vex her, and she has had enough to vex her."

"I feared so. Reverses, and that sort of thing?"

"Yes; oh, she has been robbed and plundered in the most shameful manner, and basely treated altogether."

"Did you know the late Temple?"

"No; but I have seen him."

"Well," said Galbraith, gallantly resisting his inclination to get the whole truth from Fanny, "I shall have a melancholy evening all alone here. You have been very good to let me come and have a talk with you sometimes; I imagine you have done more for me than old Slade. However, I must make up my mind to solitude for to-night."

"And to-morrow night," said Fanny, pressing the top of her pen against her lips, as she looked up mischievously.

"You need not warn me off the premises," said Galbraith, with a smile. "I did not intend to intrude to-morrow evening, nor until I am asked."

"Now, there! I never can do or say anything right!" cried Fanny in pretty despair. "I only meant to say, that although to-morrow will be Sunday, we must talk of business, because he comes so seldom, and then you might not like Tom, and Tom might not like you!"

"'Tom' might not like me, eh? So you call your agent Tom."

"You would not have me call him Mr. — Jones," cried Fanny, picking herself up just in time; and then reflecting, with horror, "That is a shocking story, I wish I hadn't said it."

"Tom Jones," repeated Sir Hugh, laughing, "a dangerous sort of name. No, you are quite right to prefer Tom to Mr. Jones."

"I must go away," exclaimed Fanny. "I have quite finished the letter. Oh! I forgot—Dr. Slade left word that he could not call this evening, because Lady Styles has returned, and he is going to dine with her."

"Lady Styles!" repeated Galbraith. "Does she not live at a place called Weston? I believe she is an aunt, or cousin, or grandmother of Upton's."

"Of this gentleman's," said Fanny, holding up the letter. "Then I am sure you will not be at a loss for society any longer: she will come and see you every day and tell you everything, and make *you* tell everything. She is fond of K—— Mrs. Temple," remembering the strict injunctions she had received not to breathe the name of Kate; "but she nearly drives her mad with questions."

"But what would induce her to trouble herself about me?"

"She was here the evening you were brought in like a dead creature—what a fright we had!—and you may be sure she has written to this Mr. Upton to know all about you."

"This will be a visitation! I am glad you have given me a hint," returned Gal braith. "And you must go? you couldn't leave Mrs. Temple and her agent to talk business, and make my tea?"

"Indeed I could not," said Fanny indignantly.

"Well, good morning, Miss Lee," rejoined Galbraith, laughing; "remember, I will not venture downstairs again unless I am asked."

"And then Mrs. Temple will know I have been committing some stupidity," cried Fanny, forgetting her dignity. "Do come down to tea on Monday, Sir Hugh!"

"What! even if 'Tom' is there?"

"Ah! there is no chance of that," said Fanny, shaking her head.

"If I have any letters to answer I will venture down, then, to ask for assistance," replied Galbraith, smiling, and opening the door for her to pass out. As he did so the sound of a man's voice and some slight commotion rose up from below; while Fanny started, blushed, and brightened all over, like some rippling stream when the sun suddenly shines out from behind a cloud; and, with a hasty "good morning," went quickly away.

"I suspect 'Tom' is in clover when he comes down here," thought Galbraith, closing the door and resuming his arm-chair and a tough article in the 'Quarterly.' He can't make love to both of them, and that nice little thing takes no common interest in his coming. Who the deuce can he be? What can they all be! They are more than tradespeople. I wish I could get at their history. Miss Fanny let out they were not real shopkeepers. Pooh! what is it to me? I have no business to pry into Mrs. Temple's affairs; she would pull me up very short if I tried. I will go away next week if I feel strong. The Doctor says I must take care of my head, and I shall never be so quiet anywhere as here. I wish that old woman may break her leg, or her neck, or anything to prevent her coming here to destroy one's comfort," for Galbraith felt it would never do to have his fair landlady's letter-writing and general intercourse with a man of his position known: over and over again he revolved the subject in his mind. The 'Quarterly' was thrown to the other end of the room. He could not bear the idea of leaving; and yet go he ought, he must. At last he started up, put on his hat, and walked away to the stables he had taken, to have a chat about the "bonnie beasts" with his servant, a Yorkshireman, and get rid of himself. He had not yet given up his invalid habits of early dinner and a "something" mild and strengthening before he went to bed. Both in going out and returning he heard the sound of merry voices and laughter, pleasant, refined laughter, as he passed the door of the best sitting-room; evidently "Tom" was an acquisition; it was no wonder they did not want him, Hugh Galbraith!

His servant noticed that he was more than usually silent, and very severe about some trifling neglect in the stable.

Even Mills did not get a civil look when she brought him some admirable scolloped oysters; but at last the uncomfortable evening was over, Galbraith's last waking thought being interrogative, "Who the deuce is Tom?"

[To be continued.]

THE PLEASURE OF WEALTH.

How much money would one like to have? This is a question which has rather a speculative than a practical interest for most of us; and we are generally inclined to make the simple reply, "As much as we can get;" to which may or may not be added the qualification, "without stealing." We may leave it to moralists to point out the folly of over-anxiety for money, or to prove that all wealth is but a burden for the nobler spirit. We will be content to admit that, as a matter of fact, most people would rather have a guinea than a pound, and that, as far as their immediate personal comfort is concerned, they are generally right. Few people have practically to consider what is the superior limit to the desirableness of money; and yet, if a wise man were invited to fix his income with a simple view to his own personal comfort, he would probably be content with a place rather below the highest degree of the scale. Let us consider where he ought to draw the line. It is plain, in the first place, that he would place himself above the point of actual suffering. The greatest break in the social scale is that at which a man ceases to feel any appreciable anxiety as to his personal independence. When the danger of actual starvation, or of being only saved from starvation by the workhouse, ceases to be appreciable, a man has received the greatest benefit that wealth can give him. Johnson once observed, after looking at the house of some very rich man, that all this wealth excluded only one evil—poverty. The remark may not be logically accurate, but it points to a substantial truth. Downright want of food or clothes, actual physical suffering caused by poverty, is an evil so great that no other service which can be rendered by wealth is equal to that of removing it. If a man has sufficient means to secure the full development of his mental and bodily faculties, and to enjoy their exercise without anxiety as to the future, he has, we may say, reached dry land, and it is comparatively a matter of little importance how far he may afterwards climb above the level of the floods. Indeed this is to estimate his requirements too highly. A complete development would seem to imply that a man should be able to receive the most thorough education obtainable at the period. The worst evil of poverty disappears when a man has gained a firm footing on some step of the social ladder at which physical privations are not felt as a present or probable evil. The owner, for example, of a few acres, as he is described by the admirers of small landed estates, may be as free as a millionnaire from any doubts as to a sufficiency of food and clothing. He cannot have any intellectual faculties which he may possess developed to the highest conceivable pitch, but he has full play for his faculties in their actual stage of development. A skilled artisan, a comfortable farmer, or even an ordinary laborer in a region where there is a steady demand for his services, may have all his requirements sufficiently satisfied, and be in no fear that he will ever be unable to satisfy them. In some distant millennium every member of the community may be capable of the highest intellectual and æsthetic enjoyments. In any period to which we can look forward, it would be amply sufficient if the lower classes were rich enough to be out of all danger of physical deterioration, and civilized enough to prefer rational to brutalizing enjoyments. The most positive evils of poverty would then have disappeared.

From this point of relative comfort there is a continuous gradation up to the other point at which wealth becomes a burden. The difficulty is to fix this latter point. Evidently it must come somewhere. Every pound added to one's income must give, *ceteris paribus*, less pleasure than the preceding pound; and for the simple reason that we naturally spend our income on satisfying our most pressing wants. As one by one we have stopped up every avenue through which discomfort approaches, we have to tax our ingenuity to discover new modes of positive gratification. As the human faculties are limited, this becomes difficult or even impossible, except at the price of making ourselves slaves to our wealth. Of course, if a man chooses to muddle away his fortune in almsgiving or gambling, there is no income of which he may not easily disburden himself. We are simply in-

quiring how much he can judiciously spend upon his own comfort. The list of physical pleasures is very soon exhausted. A man has but one palate and one pair of hands. Even if he wore a new coat every day, he would soon find that an old coat is far more comfortable; and the most skillful cooks will admit that dishes only become very expensive by being out of season or by useless extravagance. A house of moderate size is as comfortable as a palace; and a few hundreds a year will provide the best of dwellings in the best of situations. Building, indeed, is a temptation, because architects have an almost unrivalled skill in getting rid of money; but building houses for oneself very soon becomes building prisons. There are disadvantages even in a single country house for a man living in town. It forces him to spend part of his summers in a particular place, when he might prefer travelling; it obliges him to entertain friends of whom a large percentage are certain to be bores; and it subjects him, unless he is a very strong-minded person indeed, to the necessity of taking a part in various troublesome local duties. Admitting, however, that a couple of establishments give more pleasure than trouble, we have still not passed the bounds of a reasonable income. The next question is, how much a man can spend upon his pleasures, and here there is of course a wide field for expenditure. Assuming, however, that a wise man would wish to be respectable, and that he has certain intellectual tastes, his tether is not a very long one. A man of literary or artistic culture may wish to form a library or a picture-gallery. But even here, so far as books are intended for reading and pictures for being looked at, the powers of money are moderate. A library of a few thousand volumes will provide the greatest of literary gluttons with all the books from which he really derives enjoyment; and so large a proportion of the best pictures are in public galleries that a comparatively moderate collection will serve all purposes of private possession. Of course, by becoming a hunter of rarities, a great deal of money may be spent, but that is a pursuit which, however respectable, is generally most enjoyable when the means are limited. When Charles Lamb screwed up his courage to give a few shillings for an old dramatist, he got more pleasure out of his bargain than the rich man who would give as many hundreds. As some people have found rat-killing as amusing as tiger-shooting, so the poor collector gets as much fun out of his pursuits as his rival with a bottomless purse. A really good whist-player holds that very high stakes destroy the true interest of the game; and the various forms of curiosity-hunting, whether the objects be the old masters or rare books or china or autographs or pigeons, are about equally interesting. The more intellectual a man's tastes, the more he really cares for art or study, the less he will be interested, speaking generally, in these subsidiary amusements. Shakespeare can be studied just as well in the facsimile of the first folio as in the original; and all that the rich man gains in this sense is that he has not to make so many visits to the British Museum. When a man has as good a house as he cares to inhabit, as good wines and meats and cigars as he cares to consume, as many books as he can read and as many pictures as he can enjoy, as much hunting or fishing or travelling as he can find time for, and can see his friends as often and in as much comfort as he chooses, he will begin to find it rather troublesome to invent new gratifications. We assume that such a man is able to provide sufficiently for his family. Most people are philosophical in regard to their children, and can see very distinctly that it is a doubtful advantage to a young man to be born without the need of exerting himself. After all that can be said, it is plain when we are talking of our neighbors that the greatest of all securities for happiness, after the possession of a good constitution, is to have an absorbing pursuit. Any profession which rewards a man for exerting his faculties to the utmost is in the long run a source of the greatest pleasure in life. Whether a man is the best jockey, or the best lawyer, or the greatest writer in England, he has for the time an inestimable security against the possibility of being bored. Though we should all like to grow rich, few people would maintain that a man born to a fortune is on the average happier than a man who has a fortune to make, and is capable of making it. The fact is clear enough to make any reasonable man contented

who can start his children with a sufficient provision against poverty, though he may not be able to leave them large fortunes.

The question then is, for how much money these advantages may be obtained. The answer of course varies, and probably the figure suggested would become a little higher every year. One suggestion has been made, that the happiest of all conditions is to have ten thousand a year and to be supposed to have five. We fully agree that it is possible to be happy upon ten thousand a year; and indeed we are inclined to hope that many people get all the essentials of life upon less. It is a plausible doctrine, too, that it is desirable that your income should be underestimated. It is of course pleasant to get credit for liberality when you do not deserve it, and to feel that you are escaping demands which would be made if the truth were known. The general desire of human beings to be regarded as richer than they are seems to prove, however, that most people dread the shame of poverty more than the accusation of meanness. If we ask what people actually desire, we must assume that one of the main pleasures of life is that of making a display of wealth. If we ask what they ought to desire as rational beings, we must say that a man should wish to be known for what he is. In fact, the pleasantest society is often to be found in small circles, where concealment is practically impossible, and where people have therefore tacitly agreed to a scale of expenditure in proportion to their means. The true answer to the question would therefore be found by inquiring what is the average income by which a man can command without trouble that social position for which he is best qualified by his tastes. If he has about twice that amount, and uses it to gratify any special tastes, instead of seeking for admission to a different sphere, he will probably be about as comfortable as money can make him.—*Saturday Review.*

HYMNUS RESPONSORIUS.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

I.

"Scis te lassum? scis languentem?
Luctu contristaris?
Audin' 'Veni, veniensque
Pace perfruaris.'"

II.

Notas habet, quas agnôrim
Istum consectatus?
℟. "Manus, Plantæ, cruentatæ,
Cruentatum Latus."

III.

Ecquid portat, pro coronâ
Quæ Monarchas ornat?
℟. "Diadema, sed spinarum,
Frontem Hanc adornat."

IV.

Sin obnitar, sin attingam,
Quî remunerabit?
℟. "Luctûs fletûs, ac laborum
Largitatem dabit."

I.

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest!"

II.

Hath He marks to lead me to Him
If He be my guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are wound-prints,
And His Side."

III.

Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

IV.

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

V.

Sin obstrictus adhærebo,
Quis in fine status?
R. "Viæ meta, luctûs fuga,
Labor exantlatus."

VI.

Si receptum supplicâssim,
Votum exaudiret?
R. "Quanquam Terra, quanquam Cœlum
In ruinam iret."

VII.

Persistentem, perluctantem
Certus est beare?
R. "Vates quisque, Martyr, Virgo,
Angelus, testare!"

V.

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

VI.

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till Earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away."

VII.

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins
Answer, Yes!"

[By Dr. JOHN MASON NEALE (No. 254, Hymns Ancient and Modern, Revised and Enlarged); taken from the Greek of St. Stephen the Sabaite.

Contemporary Review.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

OUR readers will doubtless be glad to possess the admirable portrait of Mr. William M. Evarts which embellishes this number. There are very few living Americans in whose fame his countrymen of all parties and sections take so much pride—a fame founded as much upon the nobleness of his character as upon his intellectual achievements.

WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS was born in Boston, Mass., on the 6th of February, 1818. His father, Jeremiah Evarts, was for many years secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a graduate of Yale College, a lawyer by profession, and a man of considerable literary attainments. He himself is also a graduate of Yale, of the class of 1837, though he subsequently pursued his studies in the Harvard Law School. In 1841 he was admitted to the bar of New-York City, where he speedily won a prominent position, and of which he has been for many years one of the most brilliant luminaries. Perhaps the most conspicuous case in which he was ever engaged was the impeachment trial of President Johnson, in the spring of 1868. In this he acted as principal counsel for the defendant, and shortly after the close of the trial was appointed attorney-general of the United States, holding the position until the close of President Johnson's administration. In 1872 he was one of the counsel for the United States before the Tribunal of Arbitration on the Alabama claims at Geneva; and more lately (in 1875) he was long and conspicuously before the public as leading counsel for Mr. Beecher in the famous Tilton-Beecher case. It is understood that Mr. Evarts has accepted an invitation extended by the Centennial Commissioners to deliver the oration at the opening of the International Exhibition at Philadelphia during the current year—a guarantee that at least one feature of the memorial exercises will be worthy of the occasion.

Mr. Evarts has delivered numerous public addresses, of which there have been published the "Centennial Oration before the Linonian Society of Yale College" (New-Haven, 1853) and an "Address before the New-England Society" (New-York, 1854). He received the degree of LL.D. from Union College in 1857, from Yale in 1865, and from Harvard in 1870.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CURRENCY AND BANKING. By Bonamy Price. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

We commend this little book to all who are interested in the currency question, and especially to those who have read Prof. Jevons's "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange" (reviewed in last month's ECLECTIC) and thus mastered the grammar of the subject. Prof. Price takes up the subject where Prof. Jevons leaves off, dealing with the logic of the facts as well as with the facts themselves; and we can hardly imagine that any one who has read Prof. Jevons's book and Prof. Price's two first chapters with the attention they deserve can ever be led astray as to what does and does not constitute money, or as to the function which it performs in the economy of society.

The object of Prof. Price's treatise is to investigate the *principles* of currency—"the motive, the action, and the laws of currency"—rather than to narrate its history; yet he studiously avoids all abstract theories, and confines himself, according to the true scientific method, to an analysis of facts. Beginning with the simplest commercial transactions, he points out the necessary conditions of exchange and the needs out of which arose the adoption of some one commodity to serve as money, or a common measure of value. And at the very start, of course, he is confronted with the hoary delusion as to the relation between money and value, which he disposes of as follows:

"It is very important to bear in mind that money does not determine value; money only expresses it. Value is determined by each man's personal feeling. The maker or owner, on the one side—and the motives which act on his feeling may be most numerous and varied—decides how much he must receive in exchange before he consents to part with his property. When he proceeds to sell, he meets a counter-feeling, a counter-estimation of the values of the property and the money, in the buyer. The resultant between these two forces is the market value of the commodity at the time. In the exchange, the gold and the commodity are valued on identically the same conditions; the money is as much bought as the coat which it purchases."

Further along, in the chapter on paper currency, he reaches the question, What constitutes money? and his answer to it is the most lucid, complete, and conclusive that we have seen. We can only quote enough to indicate its drift:

"Coin, metallic coin, alone is true money, and nothing else is, unless it be a commodity, as an ox, or a cow, or a piece of salt. There is a very decisive reason for this assertion. Every kind of paper styled money carries o its face an order or promise to pay money and without that order or promise it would l a worthless piece of paper and nothing mor An order or promise to give a thing is not th thing itself; the thing is absent. This settl the matter absolutely; paper is not mone It is idle to reply that the distinction is unir portant—that the bank-note does the sam work as money, and that practically there no harm in calling it money. I answer th the harm is immense for the understanding currency. The vital fact is obscured that th man who takes a gold coin for his goods r ceives an actual piece of property, a metal, valuable as the thing he sells. He acquir not a particle of substance with a check bank-note. If the check is dishonored or th bank breaks, he finds nothing in his han against the wealth that he gave away. . . Coin pays, no form of paper does till what written upon it is fulfilled."

No previous writer has exposed more forc bly "the radical and incurable badness" of a inconvertible currency; and as this portio of his book is written with special referen to existing circumstances in the Unite States, its value is thereby greatly enhance Prof. Price thinks that in resumption lies th only permanent relief for our monetary dif culties. As to the special method of resum ing, that is of minor importance though wi legislation would do much to mitigate th necessary evils of the process.

"The important point is to establish a th rough conviction that the return to spec payments is irrevocably decreed. When th feeling has penetrated the entire nation, th eyes of all will be turned to the fact that in brief space of time the paper dollar will po sess absolutely equal value with the metall dollar, and the consequence of this will be steadily advancing habit of calculating a debts likely to be of long standing, and mal ing all pecuniary arrangements, on the bas of the metallic dollar. Trade with foreig countries will march on the same line, in porters will reckon with ever-increasing co fidence on a currency as good as metalli The premium on gold will gradually diminis and there is reason to believe that the perio of resumption will be anticipated as it was England; and just as the Bank of Englan found no difficulty, as a matter of fact, in ob taining a sufficient quantity of gold to fa any demand for gold on the presentation bank-notes, so, I believe, will it be in Amer ca. But there must be no enlargement of th circulation—not by a fraction—in the mea while, for the keystone of the whole buildin is that the death of the inconvertible paper decreed past all hope of change."

The long chapter on "What is a Bank" deals with a more abstruse branch of the cu

rency question; but even here Prof. Price's clearness of thought and lucidity of exposition render it a pleasure to follow his analysis.

FLORIDA: ITS SCENERY, CLIMATE, AND HISTORY. A complete Handbook and Guide. By Sidney Lanier. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

It is not encouraging to open "a complete handbook and guide," and encounter at the first glance a sentence like the following: "It is seven o'clock of an April morning, such as does not come anywhere in the world except at St. Augustine or on the Gulf Coast of Florida—a morning woven out of some miraculous tissue, which shows two shimmering aspects, the one stillness, the other glory—a morning which mingles infinite repose with infinite glittering, as if God should smile in his sleep." If Mr. Wegg should read this, he would doubtless accuse the author of having "dropped into poetry"; but then Mr. Lanier confesses at the start that he has endeavored to combine "the poetical or descriptive and the practical or guide-book methods," and in spite of its superabundant literary affectations his book contains enough information of a practical character to make it the best guide to Florida that has yet been written. In summarizing the contents of the book we can not do better than follow Mr. Lanier's own resumé. The first eleven chapters "contain some account of the Ocklawaha River in May, St. Augustine in April, Jacksonville in January, the Gulf Coast, the Tallahassee country or Piedmont Florida, the St. Johns and Indian Rivers, the Gainesville country, West Florida, Lake Okeechobee and the Everglades, and the Key West country. Chapter twelve discusses those physical conditions existing in the nature and environment of Florida which go to make up its very remarkable climate, and presents tables of temperatures, frosts, winds, cloudy days, and the like, for various portions of the State. Chapter thirteen is devoted to an historical sketch. Chapter fourteen concerns itself particularly with invalids, and chapter fifteen with the other winter resorts which lie on the route—Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, and Aiken. To these is added an appendix which contains papers from various authoritative hands on the culture of Florida tobacco, oranges, figs, bananas, and sugar-cane; such portions of the last report of the Commissioner of Lands and Immigration as are of interest to intending purchasers or settlers; an Itinerary showing the routes to and in Florida; and an alphabetically arranged Gazetteer which embodies various items of information as to the towns, rivers, and counties of the State, together with references to the chapters generally describing the regions in which they are located."

For the rest, the book is copiously and handsomely illustrated, and better printed than is usually the case with guide-books.

BIBLE LANDS: THEIR MODERN CUSTOMS AND MANNERS ILLUSTRATIVE OF SCRIPTURE. By the Rev. Henry J. Van-Lennep, D.D. New-York: *Harper & Bros.*

In this large and smptuouus volume, Dr. Van-Lennep has summarized the results not only of his own long residence and extensive travels in the East, but also of all other travellers and writers whose works have thrown any light upon the manners, customs, habits, traditions, religion, and modes of thought of the present inhabitants of those lands mentioned in the Bible. It has often been remarked that in no other portion of the globe have these traditions, customs, and manners been preserved with greater fidelity and tenacity; and consequently a study of the modern inhabitants of Bible lands must afford us great assistance in understanding the social, religious, and political life of Bible times. "We believe the customs of the modern East," says Dr. Van-Lennep, "to be the only key that can unlock the sense of many a valuable text of Scripture and bring it to view. This has repeatedly been proved by experience, and a more thorough acquaintance will doubtless multiply these valuable interpretations. We may, perhaps, not inaptly compare the Scriptures to a manuscript somewhat torn and defaced by the tooth of time; a well-preserved copy of a portion has come to hand, and may certainly be used in restoring the original. The Biblical style is often rendered obscure to us occidentals by the omission of details quite needless to the oriental mind; and we may surely supply this omission from the living picture of Eastern manners which a kind Providence has placed before us."

Such is the plan of the work; and too high praise can hardly be bestowed on the fidelity, accuracy, painstaking care, and laborious industry with which it has been executed. The physical geography, ethnology, and natural history of the Bible lands is treated of as well as their history, and the language, customs, social life, domestic arts, religion, government, and industries of the people. Two colored maps and a multitude of apt and beautiful pictures embellish and illustrate the text; two excellent indexes make the riches easily available; and the book altogether is one of the most interesting and valuable contributions lately made to Biblical exegesis and ancient history.

LETTERS AND SOCIAL AIMS. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

There are eleven essays in this volume, the titles of which are: "Poetry and Imagination," "Social Aims," "Eloquence," "Resources," "The Comic," "Quotation and Originality," "Progress of Culture," "Persian Poetry," "Inspiration," "Greatness," and "Immortality." The two first named are the most elaborate, and perhaps we should say the best, since a dozen pages of Emerson are almost necessarily just twice as good as six pages; but we imagine most readers will find themselves turning oftenest to "Greatness," and especially to "Immortality," when they take up the volume. The latter is a noble statement of the basis of man's faith in the hereafter, and is written in a strain more elevated than even Emerson usually attains. All the papers, however, are characterized by the serene wisdom of the Concord sage, and by that mellow maturity of thought and graciousness of speech that have given an added charm to his later productions.

SONGS OF THREE CENTURIES. Edited by John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

Whittier divides his three centuries into three periods, namely, "From Shakespeare to Milton," "From Dryden to Burns," and "From Wordsworth to Longfellow." To the latter is assigned nearly as much space as to the other two combined; and, indeed, the distinguishing feature of the collection is the exceptional fulness of its selections from recent and contemporary verse. American poets receive especially liberal treatment, and there is scarcely one, even among our minor singers, who is unrepresented—except the one whom some profess to regard as the greatest of all, Walt Whitman. Another special feature of the collection is the number of hymns and devotional pieces which it contains.

The "Songs" are of a highly miscellaneous character, the didactic, moral, and contemplative predominating, as might have been expected; but the book, as the compiler takes the pains to state, is designed for popular reading rather than for the "scholarly few," and the constituency thus indicated will be certain to be pleased with it.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY OF ENGLISH SONG. Selected and arranged with Notes by Francis Turner Palgrave. New-York: *Macmillan & Co.*

This may be pronounced without qualification the best collection of poetry for children—meaning by children, not infants, but boys and girls between nine or ten and fifteen or sixteen years of age—that has yet been made In it for the first time have been applied those standards of merit and adaptability without which no such anthology can be really and wholly good; and the result is a volume in which there is no single piece which does not possess merit as poetry besides complying with the crucial test of suitability to childhood. As Mr. Palgrave observes, the rule of choice have given the collection, as compared with many of its predecessors, an unfamiliar air; but few of the customary pieces are omitted which could not well be spared or whose absence is not abundantly compensated by the new pieces which take their place. And, what is of chief importance the child who has become familiar with the contents of the "Treasury" will not only have formed a friendship with some of the choicest minor poems in English literature, but will also very probably have acquired an appetite for more along with a taste for what is good.

The only cause for fault-finding in the book is the absence of a table of contents which is hardly compensated by the "index of first lines."

THE LIFE OF REV. JOEL HAWES, D.D., Tenth Pastor of the First Church, Hartford, Ct. By Edward A. Laurence, D.D. With an Introduction by Theodore D. Woolsey, D.D. LL.D. Hartford: *Hammersly & Co.*

This memoir of an able minister and successful pastor is a book of rare interest and value to ministers and theological students as well as others. It abounds in practical wisdom. Dr. Hawes was pastor almost half a century. He was a burning and a shining light among New-England churches; was blessed with ten revivals of religion, and the addition of 1682 hopeful conversions to his church. His ministrations, his public lectures to young men and other published works were held in high repute. His influence extended far and wide, and his labors were sought after in many pulpits. The book is worthy of a place in the family library. The record of the parents and their six children all departed, seems to be that of a whole family in heaven.—W. H. B.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

IT is said that M. Thiers's "Memoirs," on which he is now engaged, will fill sixteen volumes.

THE *Æneid* has recently found another translator in the person of M. Gustave de Wailly, whose rendering into French verse of the first four books has just gained one of the prizes awarded by the French Academy.

A SECOND edition of "Sappho," a dramatic poem by an American authoress (of Baltimore), writing under the name of "Stella," is about to be put to press in London; an Italian translation being at the same time undertaken by Signor Tondini.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have a new book by Mr. Gladstone in the press. It will be entitled "The Time and Place of Homer in History." The readers of "Juventus Mundi" will be prepared for a vigorous defence of the historical character of the Homeric poems against the attacks of modern criticisms.

MESSRS. LE MONNIER are about to publish in three volumes the despatches sent from Rome to the Republic by the Venetian ambassador, Antonio Giustinian, in the time of Alexander VI. and Julius II. They will form three volumes, and are edited by Prof. Pasquale Villari.

IN examining the papers of the late George Grote, his widow has discovered a remarkable essay, exhibiting the historian's opinions of Aristotle as a moral teacher. This precious paper, so interesting to the philosophical world, is printed among a group of posthumous papers, which will be published in a few days.

Mr. WHITAKER, whose *Almanack* is so widely known, is about to publish in London a weekly penny journal for popular reading. By providing a really interesting magazine, in which high-class fiction will form a considerable portion, and by making the work thoroughly attractive, he hopes in some measure to counteract the influence now unhappily exercised by criminal and unwholesome literature, especially upon young readers.

THE German papers state that on the recurrence of the centenary of Goethe, the administration of the theatre at Weimar propose giving a series of representations of the principal dramatic works of the great poet. The first piece represented will be *Erwin and Claviso*, to be followed by *Iphigenia*, *Torquato Tasso*, *Stella*, and *Egmont*, terminating on March 22d, 1876, the anniversary of the death of Goethe, when will be performed *Faust* newly arranged for the stage.

THE Germans seem never to get tired of anything relating in any imaginable way to Goethe or Schiller. The Cologne *Gazette* announces, with great delight, an "Anziehenden Fund," a fragment of a diary (?) of Rheinhold Lenz, written for Goethe in 1775, and which had got among Schiller's papers, Goethe having sent it to Schiller in 1797. A number of letters addressed by Goethe to Cotta have been discovered at Stuttgart.

IT will be remembered that Jules Janin bequeathed his valuable library, consisting of 600,000 volumes, to the Institute, with the proviso that it should be kept unseparated, in an apartment specially appropriated to it. The bequest was accepted, but it is now likely to become the object of legal contest, since the authorities of the Institute propose, in defiance of Janin's stipulations, to incorporate his books with their other collections, and Mme. Janin has announced that if this intention is persevered in, she will appeal to the law to enforce compliance with her husband's wishes.

AMONG French publishers' announcements, we notice *La Vie au Temps des Cours d'Amour*, a work on the beliefs and domestic manners and customs of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, based on the *Romans de gestes*, etc., by Antony Méray (A. Claudin); *La Fin du Protestantisme et l'Allemagne* (Le Barbier), said to be from the pen of one of the highest Catholic authorities; and *Paris à travers les Ages*, containing a series of the principal views of Paris from the thirteenth century to the present time, faithfully restored from the most authentic documents by F. Hoffbauer, with descriptive text by MM. E. Fournier, Lacroix, de Montaiglon, Bonnardot, and others.

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE CAUSE OF THE AURORA.—In 1872 Herr Groneman, of Gröningen (Holland), propounded a new theory of the origin of the aurora, which he afterwards developed at great length in the *Astronomische Nachrichten* for October, 1874; and he has now, in the same journal, extended it so as to account for the geographical distribution of the aurora. According to this hypothesis, there are streams of minute iron particles circulating round the sun, like the well-known meteor streams, and these, when they come near the earth, are attracted by its poles, and form filaments stretching out into space, in the same way as iron filings sprinkled on paper arrange themselves in lines under the influence of a magnet underneath, each particle attracting the next by virtue of its induced magnetism. Herr Groneman, then, would refer the phenomenon of the aurora to the ignition of this cosmical iron dust in its passage through the air, the distinction between this and an ordinary meteor shower being that, on account of the filamentous arrangement of the particles in the direction of the dipping needle, streamers are formed which by an effect of perspective appear to radiate from a point in that direction, and therefore nearly overhead. It is necessary to suppose that this meteor-stream is travelling

nearly in the same direction as the earth, and Herr Groneman enters into elaborate calculations to show that the velocity of the particles would not be too great to permit the magnetic attraction to form filaments of 200 metres in length.

In his last paper, the author of this theory has attempted to explain the geographical distribution of the aurora, and especially the facts that it is less frequent within the Arctic circle than just outside it, and that it is exceedingly rare in low latitudes. According to Herr Groneman, the direction in which the meteor-stream strikes the earth will explain the first fact, as during the greater part of her course the earth, when she has her pole turned in the direction in which the shower comes, will also have it turned to the sun, so that the aurora would be invisible in the daylight, though its presence ought to be shown by magnetic disturbances. Similar considerations are applied to prove that, at a latitude of 75°, the maximum of frequency will occur at the end of January, observation for one year in Nova Zembla having shown that most of the displays of aurora occur in December, January, and February; but these may have been affected by bad weather in November, whilst in October and March daylight and twilight would interfere to a certain extent.

To account for the rarity of the aurora in low latitudes, the author supposes that the earth makes, as it were, a hole in the meteor-stream (assumed to be an elliptical ring) at each passage through it; and that thus, in course of ages, the parts near the ecliptic will be exhausted of their particles, while those further north or south will only have a small portion removed by the successive circular holes drilled through in the plane of the ecliptic. Herr Groneman does not enter on the question of how far these holes might be filled up under the influence of the mutual perturbations of the particles.

Effect of Rain on Sea-Waves.—It is a common saying among sailors that heavy rain falling on the sea stills the motion of the waves—or, as they phrase it, the 'rain soon knocks down the sea.' Professor Osborne Reynolds, of Owens College, Manchester, has made experiments which demonstrate that the saying is founded on fact; for when drops of water fall on the surface of water, they not only produce the usual rings, but they drive some of the surface-water downwards in series of rings which increase in size. To replace the water carried down, some of the under water would have to rise to the surface. "When," says the Professor, "the surface is disturbed by waves, besides the vertical motion, the particles move backwards and fo wards in a horizontal direction, and this m tion diminishes as we proceed downward from the surface. Therefore, in this case th effect of rain-drops will be to convey th motion which belongs to the water at the su face down into the lower water, where it h no effect so far as the waves are concerne and hence the rain would diminish the motic at the surface, which is essential to the co tinuance of the waves, and thus destroy th waves."

New Method of Hardening Sandstone.—In Saxony, a method of hardening sandstor has been tried with success. The stone soaked in a solution of alkaline silicates an of alumina, which penetrate some inches, an impart so great a degree of hardness to th surface, that it will bear polishing, and h the look of marble. If exposed to great hea the surface vitrifies, and may be colored a pleasure.

Mercury as a Motive Power.—Mercur in a watch-glass with a small quantity of ver dilute sulphuric acid and bichromate of pota sium, will, when touched with a needle, alte nately dilate and contract. The explanation i that a process of oxidation and deoxidatio takes place. The same phenomenon may be pr duced by an electric current. This movemer of the mercury has been taken advantage of as motive power in the working of a small m chine. By the sinking and swelling of mer cury in two cups placed in a trough of acidu lated water, an up-and-down motion is orig nated, which can at pleasure be converted int a rotary motion. So feeble a current suffice to keep this machine going, that the sugges tion has been made that it (the machine) ma be employed as a very sensitive electrometer and probably, though only a curiosity at pre sent, it may be found available for other pu poses.

Action of Frost on Full-grown Trees—It has been noticed that trees raise them selves, and seem to grow taller, when, in fac they have done growing. The thickening o the roots was supposed to be the cause; bu Dr. Lapham, botanist and State geologist o Wisconsin, has investigated the subject, an finds that frost exerts a lifting power on ful grown trees; and his conclusions have bee confirmed by observations made near Philade phia. The way in which it shows itself is thu explained in a communication to the Academ of Natural Sciences in that city. What w know of the action of frost on growing plant says the writer, is that, as farmers say, it "draw out." "When the land freezes, expansio ensues, drawing the clover up with it, leavin

of course, a cavity from whence the root was drawn. When the first thaw comes, the liquid, carrying earthy matter, enters the cavity, and thus the clover root is prevented from descending to its original position. The same process takes place with trees. The roots, when once elevated, can not descend to their original position." These particulars have led to the suggestion, that "one of the chief offices of the tap-roots may be to guard the tree as much as possible from this frost-lifting." Some members of the Academy are investigating the question, Whence do leaves get their coloring matter in autumn? The English oak, if planted in America, never assumes the gorgeous tints of American trees; and American trees, if planted in Europe, go on producing the rich colors just as when they were at home. The observers, at the present stage of the inquiry, are of opinion that the color is produced by "vital action of some sort," and that it is not due merely to sunshine, air, or decay.

Influence of Feeding over Development of Body.—In the course of his address to the British Association on Anthropology, Dr. Rollestone, F.R.S., made some interesting observations on this subject. Putting aside speculation, he said we placed our feet on firm ground when we say that in all savage communities the chiefs have a larger share of food and other comforts, such as there are in savage life, and have consequently better and larger frames—or, as the Rev. S. Whitmee puts it, when observing on the fact as noticed by him in Polynesia, a more "portly bearing." This (which, as the size of the brain increases within certain proportions with the increase of the size of the body, is a material fact in every sense) has been testified to by a multitude of other observers, and is, to my mind, one of the most distinctive marks of savagery as opposed to civilisation. It is only in times of civilisation that men of the puny stature of Ulysses or Agesilaus are allowed their proper place in the management of affairs. And men of such physical size, coupled with such mental calibre, may take comfort, if they need it, from the purely quantitative consideration, that large as are the individual skulls from prehistoric graves, and high, too, as is the average obtained from a number of them, it has nevertheless not been shown that the largest individual skulls of those days were larger than, or, indeed, as large as the best skulls of our own days; whilst the high average capacity which the former series shows is readily explicable by the very obvious consideration that the poorer specimens of humanity, if allowed to live at all in those days, were, at any rate, when dead not allowed sepulture in the "tombs of the kings," from which nearly exclusively we obtain our prehistoric crania. M. Broca has given us yet further ground for retaining our self-complacency by showing, from his extensive series of measurements of the crania from successive epochs in Parisian burial-places, that the average capacity has gone on steadily increasing.

The House-Fly.—The familiar house-fly (*Musca domestica*) is apt to be considered an unmitigated pest. It is therefore time to call attention to some recent investigations of a chemist, which go to bear out the pious axiom that everything has its use. This observer, noticing the movements of flies after alighting, rubbing their hind-feet together, their hind-feet and wings, and their fore-feet, was led to explore into the cause; and he found that the fly's wings and legs, during his gyrations in the air, become coated with extremely minute animalcula, which he subsequently devours. These microscopic creatures are poisonous, and abound in impure air, so that flies perform a useful work in removing the seeds of disease. Leanness in a fly is *prima facie* evidence of pure air in the house, while corpulency indicates foulness and bad ventilation. If these observations are well founded, the housekeeper, instead of killing off the flies with poisonous preparations, should make her premises as sweet and clean as possible, and then, having protected food with wire or other covers, leave the busy flies to act as airy scavengers.—*Hardwicke's Science Gossip.*

Geological Formation of the Amazon Valley.—Few localities would seem at first sight to offer less geological attraction than the Valley of the Amazons, a vast valley which is probably more uniform in character than any other equally large area, and which consists of an immense sheet of clays, sands, and sandstones, commonly described as unfossiliferous. Professor James Orton has, however, communicated to the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History* a valuable paper "On the Geological Structure of the Amazons Valley." Until the author's explorations had revealed the existence of organic remains, this great Amazonian formation—which represents the sediment of a vast lake occupying the basin formed by the rise of the Andes on the West, and by the metamorphic regions on the North and South—had not yielded a single fossil, and Professor Agassiz had suggested that the whole valley was covered with drift. Professor Orton's researches now show that the deposits are in several localities highly fossiliferous. Thirty species of Mollusca have been determined by Professor Hyatt; all the species, and twelve of the genera, being extinct. On this evidence the Amazonian formation has been referred to

the Eocene period. The Andes could not have received their present elevation until after the deposition of this thick sheet of sediment; and it was, indeed, by the continued rise of this chain that the great equatorial lake was finally drained.

VARIETIES.

BUDDHISM IN CHINA.—The religion of Buddha, which originated in India about B.C. 1100, was introduced into China some sixty or seventy years after the commencement of the Christian era, and exists there in the same shape as it does in Thibet, Birma, the Indo-Chinese peninsula, &c. Though most educated Chinamen laugh at it, and the Government does not look upon it very favorably, Buddhism has obtained a great hold upon the empire, and is far more popular in most parts than Taoism. The five great precepts of the sect, which, however, apply to the priests only, are directed against killing living creatures, stealing, marrying, speaking falsely, and drinking wine. These priests live in what may be termed monasteries, which are supported partly by the rents of land and other property attached to them, but to a great extent by begging, and by the voluntary subscriptions of the various classes of worshippers. The dress of the priests differs considerably in color and style from that of the common people; their coat is a long flowing robe, much resembling a loose dressing-gown, and open at the throat, with a broad collar to it. When they are officiating in the temples, this coat is yellow, and on other occasions usually ash-colour. They shave all the hair off their heads, and are generally very dirty-looking both in their dress and persons. They abjure all family ties, devoting themselves to a contemplative state of existence, and are eminently unsocial in all their habits and ways. They spend their time chiefly in chanting the Buddhist sacred books, in which are represented in Chinese characters the sounds in the original Sanskrit works brought over from India, and in ticking off on a string of beads the number of times they repeat their senseless orisons. The religious services which these worthies celebrate are not of an edifying nature, and it is difficult to understand how they have contrived to retain their hold on the popular mind for so many centuries. The services in the monasteries last about an hour, and take place in the early morning, and again about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. They are held in a large room, containing images of Buddha and a tawdrily furnished altar, and consist mainly in reciting in a low monotonous sort of chant portions of the sacred books, the chief accompaniment being the beating of bells with wooden sticks. These priests of Buddha, and all employed about their monasteries, profess to eat nothing but vegetables, and in theory they refuse to touch meat, or even fish; but it is popularly believed that they are not so particular in their actual practice, if they are unobserved. The ranks of the priesthood are, for the most part, recruited from men who had been purchased in their childhood and trained in the temples for their melancholy career. Occasionally persons who for various reasons have become disgusted with the world join some monastery or temple, and are very soon converted into priests—the principal operation necessary being the shaving of the whole head. After his death a priest's body is burned, and the ashes are collected in a vase, which is deposited in a building specially set apart for that purpose.—*Sunday Magazine.*

THEODORE HOOK'S PUNS.—Theodore Hook was delighting a few friends one summer's evening at Fulham by an extempore comic song, when, in the middle of it, the servant entered with "Please, sir, here's Mr. Winter, the tax-gatherer; he says he has called for taxes." Hook would not be interrupted, but went on at the pianoforte as if nothing had happened, with the following stanza:

"Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes,
I'd advise you to pay him whatever he axes;
Excuses won't do, he stands no sort of flummery,
Though Winter his name is, his process is summery."

Two silly brothers, twins, were very much about town in Hook's time, and they took every pains by dressing alike to deceive their friends as to their identity. A companion was expatiating upon these modern Dromios, at which Hook grew impatient. "Well," said his friend, "you will admit that they resemble each other wonderfully; they are as alike as two peas." "They are," retorted Hook, "and quite as green." Sometimes, Theodore Hook was strangely puzzled by hard names in his improvisations, as in the case of a Mr. Rosenagen, a young Dane; but he mastered the difficulty as follows:

"Yet more of my Muse is required,
Alas! I fear she is done;
But no, like a fiddler that's tired,
I'll Rosen agen and go on."

When Theodore Hook was on his way home from the Mauritius, to be tried for his treasury irregularities, the ship stopped a day or two at St. Helena, where he encountered Lord Charles Somerset on his way to assume the governorship of the Cape. Lord Charles, who had met him in London occasionally, and knew nothing of his arrest, said, "I hope you are not going home for your health, Mr.

Hook." "Why," said Theodore, "I am sorry to say they think there's something wrong in the chest." In Theodore Hook's garden, a friend, viewing Putney Bridges, observed that he had been informed that it was a very good investment; and, turning to his host, inquired if such was the case, and if the bridge really answered. "I don't know," said Hook; "but you have only to cross it, and you are sure to be 'tolled.'" The Rev. Mr. Barham, of the "Ingoldsby Legends," an attached friend of Theodore Hook, called upon him one day in Cleveland-row. Haynes Bayley was there at lunch. Hook introduced him: "Barham—Mr. Bayley; there are several of the name; this is not Old Bailey, with whom you may one day become intimate, but the gentleman whom we call Butterfly Bayley" (in allusion to his song, "I'd be a butterfly," then in the height of its popularity). "A misnomer, Hook," replied Barham, "Mr. Bayley is not yet 'out' of the 'grub'!"—*Leisure Hour.*

About Great Players and their Art.—If when painters died their paintings perished with them, leaving no more record or trace of work achieved than does the acting of an actor, then he who had seen the actual pictures of Michael Angelo, of Velasquez, of Titian, of Raphael, would have a great advantage over those later born who could only judge of masterpieces by descriptions of them. Acting, which consists in living poetry through human life, must perish with the actor; and of players and their styles the records and descriptions remain necessarily fragmentary and imperfect; but in spite of all drawbacks, the critic can, as I maintain, form to himself a just conception of the style and of the very essence of the art of the great players who have lived since the days of written record and criticism, say from the time of Garrick. Painting preserves the form, the face, the eye, and word-painting does the rest. In my opinion, sufficient proof exists to warrant us in believing that the greatest dramatic artist of any age or country which comes within the scope of accurate record is Mrs. Siddons. From out the mass of evidence, let us select that of an actor and of a critic—Macready and Hazlitt. Hazlitt's dramatic essays abound in eulogistic reference to the great actress, but I will content myself with the following passage: "The homage she has received is greater than that which is paid to queens. The enthusiasm she excited had something idolatrous about it; she was regarded less with admiration than with wonder, as if a being of a superior order had dropped from another sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her presence. She raised tragedy to the skies, or brought it down from thence. It was something above nature. We can conceive of nothing grander. She embodied to our imagination the fables of mythology, of the heroic and deified mortals of olden time. She was not less than a goddess, or than a prophetess inspired by the gods. Power was seated on her brow, passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine. She was tragedy personified. She was the stateliest ornament of the public mind. She was not only the idol of the people, she not only hushed the tumultuous shouts of the pit in breathless expectation and quenched the blaze of surrounding beauty in silent tears, but to the retired and lonely student, through long years of solitude, her face has shone as if an eye had appeared from heaven; her name has been as if a voice had opened the chambers of the human heart, or as if a trumpet had awakened the sleeping and the dead. To have seen Mrs. Siddons was an event in every one's life." Thus the literary critic. Next comes the player, and it is observable that Macready, with a master's knowledge of the art by means of which such results were attained, combines a nicer criticism with an enthusiasm which is not less than that of Hazlitt. Macready speaks of the name of Siddons as "a name that even now excites in me something of a reverential feeling." He says: "What eulogy can do justice to her personations? How little can any force of description imprint in the imagination the sudden but thrilling effects of tone or look, of port or gesture, or even of the silence so often significant in the development of human passion! One great excellence that distinguished all her personations was the unity of design, the just relations of all parts to the whole, that made us forget the actress in the character she assumed."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

"MY LADY SINGS."

All through the day, O happy thrush!
I hear thy music's torrent-gush;
Then comes the blackbird's mellower lute,
And merrily when both are mute
The robin sings:
But when the blue turns golden-pale,
Hist! there's a strange impassioned tale
Told by the Daulian nightingale
With dusky wings.

O magic music, linger still!
Echo from the furze-clad hill
Tosses back with semblance fine
The dreamy ecstasy divine,
And ether rings:
But lo, through windows open wide
To catch the breath of eventide,
Comes lovelier sound than aught beside—
My lady sings.

Mortimer Collins.

they were not as this unbishoplike Montenegrin. They would not go marauding even against a Russian; it was enough to stay at home, and preach and pray against him with the full cursing power of an Irish saint. The picture of the marauding Bishop, the one ally of Russia, was indeed a climax of art in its own way. The only thing to be said against it was that it was all art, and answered to nothing to be found in nature. When the Russian war broke out, Montenegro was no longer governed by a Bishop. It might have been questioned whether the marauding part of the picture could be justified at all; it was quite certain that the picture of the "marauding Bishop" was purely imaginary. But to patriotic Englishmen of that day such a trifling inaccuracy did not matter. We should have thought it strange if a Russian paper had spoken of England as governed by a Protector, or even by a King, marauding or otherwise. But about Montenegro or any other part of Eastern Christendom, it was safe for any man to say anything that he chose, provided only it took the form of abuse. We should have thought it an insult to ourselves and our illustrious confederates, if any one had said that England and France had no allies except the "marauding Mufti at Constantinople." In one sense the epithet would have been less applicable. No one can charge the Sultans of the present day with marauding, or doing anything else, in their own persons. But surely, at least when we are not at war with Russia, the efforts of the Turk to subdue an independent Christian state might be thought to come nearer to marauding than the efforts of the Christian state to maintain its freedom. But, as the Grand Turk is in some sort a sacred person, not a mere Sultan or Padishah, but the Caliph of the Prophet on earth, it would surely have been less inaccurate to give him a religious description of some kind than it was to bestow the title of Bishop on a potentate so purely secular as the Prince of Montenegro was in 1854.

I am tempted to ask whether most of us really know much more about these matters now. I have myself been asked, since the present war began, whether the Prince of Montenegro was a Christian, and whether the Montenegrins were on the side of the Turks or on that of the patriots. Certainly no great increase of knowledge or right feeling on such ters can come from the last book that part of the world which chanc thrown in my way. This calls "Over the Borders of Christendon Eslamiah," by James Creagh. Th ter describes himself as "author Scamper to Sebastopol and Jerusale 1867;" and he professes to have be Montenegro in the summer of 1875. know pretty well what to look for people who write "Scampers" to Se pol or any other place. If they are ply flippant, ignorant, and conceited, is no special ground for complaint; simply do after their kind. But the sent Scamperer is something more; coarse, vulgar, and libellous. He fesses to have been in Montenegro all that he can do is to give hard r to everything that he saw there. ' rauding Bishop" would be a very flower of speech in his vocabulary. thinks it clever to call the whole peo Montenegro "peasants," as if "pea were a name of reproach. We h "an old peasant dignified with the of Archbishop;" we are told that armed peasant who, in his natural might be considered a very respe person, is made extremely ridic when called the Minister of Wa cretary of State for Foreign Affairs,' &c. These armed peasants happ be cultivated gentlemen, speaking of the languages of Europe in a wa might shame most of their English vi One of them, it seems, at least a Mo grin gentleman of some kind, pai Scamperer a visit which he allow have been "friendly." This friend perhaps a little surprised a man wh so ignorant of the customs of hosp Montenegro that, when he saw a coming, he behaved in a way wh best told in his own words:—

"Thinking suddenly of stories which heard about the daring and ferocity of lawless Highlanders, I quietly, and w removing it from my pocket, cocked n tol, and aiming at my visitor as well as I prepared to shoot him through the lin my coat-tail in the event of his giving a dence of hostility."

After this, it is perhaps not very derful that the Scamperer found out though no evidence of hostility shown, yet the Montenegrin gentl

not like him." It is perhaps on the
d of this very natural dislike that the
)erer goes on to sneer at the Mon-
in officers for having, like their
:, the good sense to keep to the
al dress; and perhaps the feeling of
; misjudged and slandered a race
ave led Mr. James Creagh to write
tence of such atrocious libel as
-

cept in the richness of their costumes
ieir arms, a stranger discovers no differ-
n the appearance of separate classes.
rmer and the latter are equally coarse;
gnified and proper deportment so often
among people not altogether civilized is
seen in Montenegro; and their evil
nances, or low and cunning aspects,
ne little anxious for their society."

o the "former" and the "latter" may
Scamperer does not explain; so I
t feel clear whether those inhabitants
)ntenegro whom I and my compan-
ame across came under the head of
er" or "latter." It is merely a
that the Prince and his chief officers
ome under the head of "former."
/hether former or latter, the whole
e is a base slander. Yet it is per-
nothing more than the ingrained
)f a man who, while he cannot help
and recording the efforts which the
t Prince is making for the improve-
)f his country, while he really has
g to say of him except what is to
nor, still thinks it decent to speak of
hrough page after page as "His
ty."

enough of such trash as this. It is
ossible that the libellous vulgarity of
ok may pass for "liveliness" in quar-
here perhaps Lady Strangford, cer-
Sir Gardner Wilkinson, would be
"dry." Still the general feeling of
: Englishmen is disgusted by mere
coarseness. Those who can be set
t Montenegro and its Prince by such
: as "Over the Borders of Christen-
nd Eslamiah," must be already so
ie in the way of bad taste and bad
: that it can hardly be worth while to
many words upon them. For others,
re simply led away by the cry of the
nt, the present may not be a bad
)r calling attention to one of the
nteresting corners of the earth. Since
irk so happily left off paying his
that strange love of Turks which was
in full force twenty years ago seems to have somewhat abated. It may therefore not be so offensive now as it was then to dwell on the fact that, in one mountainous corner, among surrounding lands which have been brought under the yoke of the Infidel, one small people have, through long ages of battle, at once stuck to their faith and kept their freedom with their own swords. Did we hear or read of such a people in any other age, or in any other part of the world, their name would have passed into a proverb. We do not give the name of marauders to the men who fought at Marathon, or to the men who fought at Morgarten. But the whole life of the people of Montenegro was, for long years and centuries, simply one prolonged fight of Marathon or of Morgarten. It was one long unbroken struggle against the assaults of the most cruel and faithless of enemies, against the common foe of the religion and civilization of Europe. But simply because the strife which they waged was waged in the noblest of all causes, while the names of men who have done the like in other lands have passed into household words, the men who have kept on the strife for faith and freedom on the heights of Cernagora have been doomed, half to obscurity and half to slander. They are rebels; they are marauders; they cut off the heads of their enemies; and, blacker crime than all, they are pensioners of Russia. The word "rebel" is a convenient one. It is easily applied by an invader who is also a conqueror to those who withstand his invasion; in this case it is somewhat more daringly applied to those who have withstood an invader who has not proved to be a conqueror. The Montenegrins have been marauders, if that is the right name for men who, while their own land is unceasingly attacked by a barbarian enemy, have sometimes made reprisals upon the land of the barbarian. Nor is it very wonderful or very blameworthy, if warfare between Montenegrins and Turks has not always been carried on with the same delicacy and courtesy which may be observed by the commanders of Western armies. It is one thing when men fighting for their hearths and altars and all that man holds most dear carry on an endless warfare with a foe who never knew what faith or mercy meant. It is another thing when paid and professional soldiers, who have no personal quarrel, who have

hardly any national quarrel, against those with whom they are set to fight, march forth to settle some paltry point of honor, or to decide some intricate question of genealogy. It is true that, five-and-twenty years back, the heads of foreign enemies were set up on the tower of Cettinje. It may be as well to remember that, not much more than a hundred years back, the heads of domestic rebels were set up on Temple-Bar. It is hard to touch pitch, and not to be defiled; men who through so many generations have had to deal with the Turk may be pardoned if, in some of their doings, they have become a little Turkish themselves. And as for being the pensioners of Russia, where is the crime? One-and-twenty years ago we chose to make an enemy of a people who had done us no wrong. Ever since that time it has been thought a point of patriotism to see some frightful danger to the human race in every act of that people and of all other people who can be suspected of any friendly dealings with them. The Russain bugbear is one purely of our own setting up. But, since it has been set up, to call any man or any nation a friend of Russia has been much the same as giving a dog a bad name and hanging him. I heartily wish that the Montenegrins were not pensioners of Russia. That is, I wish that they were strong enough to dispense with the help of Russia, or of any other power. But, standing as they have so long done, a handful of men defending their freedom against a vast empire, forsaken and despised by every other power, it is not likely that they should cast back the sympathy, or even the money, of the one great power, a power of their own race and creed, which has looked on them with an eye of friendship. We too have had our ancient ally; we have more than once thought it our duty, and made it our business, to support Portugal against Spain and against France. The relation between Portugal and England most likely seemed then in the eyes of Frenchmen and Spaniards as wicked a thing as the relations between Russia and Montenegro seem in the eyes of Turks and of Turk-loving Englishmen. It is only in human nature, and it is not a bad part of human nature, that people who are left to themselves to wage the most deadly of struggles should feel some attachment to the only friends whom they can find. If we had made ourselves the friends, and not the enemies, of the Christian nations of South-Eastern Europe, they might now look to England instead of to Russia. As it is, as we have chosen to throw in our lot with their oppressors, it is not wonderful if they look instead to the one power which professes to be their friend.

Granting then that Montenegro has a feeling towards Russia which is very different from ours, the fact is not wonderful, neither is it blameworthy. But it is the existence of Montenegro which, above all things, gives the best hope that something better may be in store for the subject nations of South-Eastern Europe than simply to be transferred from one despotism to another. Doubtless there is a difference between a despotism which at least does justice between man and man and a despotism whose rule is one of pure brigandage. Doubtless there is a difference, in the eyes of those nations if not in ours, between a despot alien in blood and faith and a despot who would be hailed by all as a brother in the faith, by most as a brother in blood and speech. But the existence of Montenegro may perhaps show us a more excellent way than either. In the little state on the Black Mountain we see what the Eastern Christian can do. We see that he is able to defend its freedom for ages by his own right hand; and we see that, under rulers of his own blood, he is capable of making advances in civilization and good order with a speed and thoroughness which strike the beholder with wonder. If we read of Montenegro, as described by Sir Gardner Wilkinson twenty-seven years ago, and then go and look at Montenegro now, we shall at once see that there is no part of the world in which improvement of every kind has gone on with swifter steps than in this exposed out-post of Christendom. At the time of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's visit, the word "marauders" might perhaps not have been wholly out of place. No reasonable person would blame them for marauding back again, when their whole national life was resistance to a marauding expedition which had gone on ever since the Turk found his way into the Slavonic lands. But the fact of the marauding cannot be denied, any more than it can be denied that in Sir Gardner Wilkinson's time the tower of Cettinje was entwined with a garland of Turkish skulls. Few things are more interesting,

few more creditable in different degrees to all concerned, than the attempt of Sir Gardner Wilkinson to put a stop to this practice, and his correspondence on the subject with the reigning Vladika and with the neighboring Turkish governor. It shows, just like the history of Kallikratidas enlarged on by Mr. Grote, how hard a thing it is, when two people have long been engaged in internecine warfare, and in the savage habits which such warfare engenders, for either side to take the first step in the direction of more humane practices. At any rate the practice is stopped now. There are no longer any heads on the half-ruined tower. The practice of exposing the heads came to an end under the late Prince, and in truth, since Montenegro has held a more assured position, since her freedom was secured at Grahovo in 1858, there has been little or no room for the petty border warfare by which the heads were once supplied. But in Sir Gardner Wilkinson's day there was a far worse charge brought against the Montenegrins than anything they could possibly do to their Turkish enemies. They were then charged with playing the marauder on the other side, with coming down to commit various kinds of robberies in the neighboring town of Cattaro within the friendly territory of Austria. Such a thing is now unheard of. Robbery of every kind is utterly come to an end; there is no part of the world where property is safer, or where the traveller may go with less risk of danger, than within the bounds of Montenegro. Here then is a simple fact in the teeth of the gainsayer. Here is a portion of Eastern Christendom, a Slavonic and Orthodox state, which has made advances which thirty years ago would have seemed hopeless. No doubt Montenegro has stood in a special position and has enjoyed special advantages. But surely, when one branch of a race, when one community professing a creed, has done for itself what Montenegro has done, we cannot surely wholly despair of their brethren of the same race and creed who are as yet less fortunate.

There surely can hardly be, in any quarter of the world, a land of higher interest than this small spot of earth which has so long maintained its faith and freedom against the most fearful odds—this home of a handful of men who have for ages withstood all the assaults of a mighty empire, and who have shown that, under wise training, they are no less ready to make advances in the arts of peace than to wield their weapons in the holiest and most righteous of causes. We hear much from various parts of the world about universal education, about universal military service. Montenegro is the paradise of both doctrines. There were times when it was doubted whether a man who could both fight and read was most properly called "miles litteratus" or "clericus militaris." In Montenegro every man is, or soon will be, at once clerk and soldier. That every man in Montenegro can fight their enemies have learned in countless battles; and, as the older generation dies out and the new generation comes up, every man and woman in Montenegro will be also able to read and write. In many eyes it must be an ideal land where military service is absolutely universal, where primary education is also absolutely universal—I may add where the ownership of land is universal also. In Montenegro, as in præ-historic Greece, every man goes armed; every man, dressed in the picturesque costume of his tribe, carries his pistol and yataghan in his girdle. But if he can wield pistol and yataghan, he can also turn either to his spade or to his pen. Here, and perhaps here only, in the modern world, we can see the very model of a warrior tribe, a nation of a quarter of a million, who have known how to maintain their independence with their own right hands, and who at the same time are making rapid strides to a higher place among civilized nations than some of the great powers of the world. They have of course been enabled to do what they have done by the nature of their country. It is because Montenegro is Montenegro that Montenegro has remained free. Their mountains have been to them what other mountains have been to Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, what dykes and sluices have been to the no less stout-hearted men of Holland and Zealand. The men doubtless could have done but little without the land, but the land could have done still less without the men. Away from their mountain fortress, the handful of men who have preserved the freedom of Montenegro must have sunk into the common mass of Turkish subjects. But without these men of stout heart and strong arm who so long have guarded it, the heights which

watch round Cettinje might have fenced in nothing better than the prison-house or the hunting ground of a barbarian conqueror.

Among all the many moments of a Dalmatian coasting voyage which at once kindle the fancy and elevate the heart, there is hardly any which comes home to us with a more living power than when we first come in sight of the mountain rampart of the unconquered land. We enter the Gulf of Cattaro, the lovely *Bocche*, with their smooth waters, with their fertile shores fringing the bases of the bleak mountains which rise above them. It is hard to believe that we are on the waters of the Hadriatic; we seem rather to be sailing on some Swiss lake, where every landing-place awakes some memory of the old days when freedom had yet to be striven for. And around these shores too still dwell the memories of ancient commonwealths; but they are commonwealths which suggest only the darker side of the history of the Alpine Confederation. The winged lion marks the rule of a Serene Republic; but it is a Republic whose rule was that of oligarchy within her own lagunes, and of despotism among the shores and islands of Dalmatia. Even Ragusa, deeply as we honor her long defence of her independence, deeply as we feel for her overthrow at the base caprice of an upstart tyrant, was still, after all, a commonwealth of the few and not of the many. And one result of the long rivalry between the two maritime oligarchies still casts a dark shade over one corner of that loveliest of inland seas. The jealousy of Venice and Ragusa could not endure that the land of one commonwealth should march upon the land of the other. And so, to keep the dominions of two Christian cities away from each other, at two points on the Dalmatian shore, the common enemy of Christendom was allowed to extend his wasting occupation down to the water's edge. The commonwealths are gone; but, even on the shores of the *Bocche*, a small strip of Turkish territory is still allowed to interrupt the continuity of Christian rule along the shores of the Dalmatian kingdom. Here at Sutorina, as at the other end of the old Ragusan lands at Klek, the Apostolic King still endures to have one part of his dominions cut off from another by the intrusion of a strip of land which is still, in name at least, under the yoke of the Turk. Yet, as I write, the men who are waging the strife for right against their tyrants may, by some gallant deed done in a holy cause, have made that dark corner of the lovely shore as glorious in future ages as Marathon or Morgarten. We pass on along the windings of the gulf, and at last, almost in its inmost recess, we come to the little city whose name it bears. Cattaro nestles on its narrow ledge of inhabitable land between the smooth sea and the rugged mountains. The peaks soar above us; the walls of the city seem to climb up their steep sides, till they reach the castle of Cattaro, perched like an eagle's nest, among the rocks. Higher still we see the zig-zag road, the ladder of Cattaro, rising on and on, step by step, till it seems to lose itself in the tops of the rocks and the clefts of the ragged rocks. That is the road to the land which nature and man have combined to keep as a holy ground, the abiding fortress of right against wrong, of freedom against bondage, of Europe against Asia, of Christendom against Islam. It leads to the home of men whose history has been one long struggle against the eternal enemy, whose whole life has been one continued fight of Thermopylæ or of Sempach, waged, not for hours or days, but for generations and for centuries. That steep and winding path is as yet the one way which leads from the haven of Cattaro to Montenegro, the smallest of European principalities, and to Cettinje, the smallest of European capitals. There, as we look up at the mountain rampart of that unconquered race, we learn, if anywhere, to cast away that shallow philosophy which measures objects, not by their moral greatness but by their physical bigness, the philosophy which keeps on its parrot-like sneer at petty states, though it sometimes finds that the moral strength of a petty state can outweigh the brute force of tyrannies of a hundred times its physical size. There, among those rocks, are a few square miles on the map, a few thousand souls in the census-book, who count alongside of kingdoms and empires as one of the elements in European politics. At the present hour, when right and wrong so nearly balance one another in the scales, we ask what course will be taken by those who sway the destinies of the vast lands, the endless

millions, of the Russian and Austrian monarchies. But we ask, too, as a question of hardly less importance, what course will be taken by the chief of a state whose whole population would be outnumbered by any one of half-a-dozen cities and boroughs in Great Britain. It may be that, even amid the scientific perfection of modern warfare, men have not been so wholly turned into machines, but that twenty thousand born warriors, every man trained, not only to wield his weapon, but to know why he wields it—every man of whom goes forth with a heart like that of Godfrey's Crusaders or of Cromwell's Ironsides—may even now count for more in the day of battle than many times their number, dragged to the field, fighting they know not wherefore, in obedience to no higher call than that of professional routine or so-called professional honor. . .

But I must not be so far led away by the thoughts which rise at the mere mention—how much more than at the actual sight?—of this little land of heroes as to forget to give some short sketch of the land itself and its people, and of the circumstances, past and present, which have given the land and its people a place, and so important and distinctive a place, among the existing states of Europe.

The land which its own people called Cernagora, but which is better known by the Venetian translation of its name,* was an outlying fragment of the great Servian kingdom, ruled by a prince who seems to have been the man of the Servian king. The history of Servia, till its revival in the nineteenth century, may be said to begin and end in the fourteenth. For a moment, under Stephen Dushan, who, not unreasonably, took the Imperial title, the greater part of what is now European Turkey formed part of the Servian dominions. It might not be too much to say that, at this moment, the strength and fame and greatness of the New Rome proved her own destruction and the destruction of Eastern Christendom. As it was with the Russian in the ninth century, as it was with the Bulgarian at the end of the tenth, so it was with the Servian in the middle of the fourteenth. At each of those times, things looked as if a Slavonic power—for the Bulgarians may practically count as a Slavonic power—was about to be enthroned in the seat of the Eastern Cæsars, to play, after so many ages, nearly the same part which the Frank had played in the elder Rome. Servia was a nation without a capital; the Byzantine Empire had become a capital without a nation. Had the two been joined together, had a Servian dynasty taken the place of the Palaiologoi, Eastern Christendom might, at the moment when the Turk first threatened Europe, have presented such a front to him as might have checked his further progress for ever. Mahomet the Conqueror himself could hardly have overthrown a power which united the national strength of Servia and the traditional majesty of Constantinople. But that traditional majesty could not so far stoop as to let the New Rome become Servian. As then Constantinople could not become Servian, as Servia could not become Byzantine, Servia and Constantinople had both to become Turkish. The nation and the city together might have withstood the invader. Neither the nation without the city, nor the city without the nation, could withstand him. Both were swallowed up, and the nation was swallowed up before the city. Before the end of the century which had beheld the momentary greatness of Servia, the Turk held Servia as part of his own dominion, and hemmed in Constantinople, as the Servian had done only a few years before. But, while kingdom and empire fell, the little vassal state among the mountains still held out. The barbarian ruled alike at Belgrade and at Constantinople; but Cernagora, under a dynasty which represented the Servian kings by the spindle-side, maintained its own independence against all attacks, and sent forth warriors to fight side by side with Skanderbeg. From that day to this the mountain land has been ceaselessly attacked. Its frontiers have sometimes been cut short; its capital has shifted its place; the Turks have affected to deem the land conquered, to include it within the bounds of a Turkish province, and to speak of its defenders as rebels. The Turks have more than once made their way to Cettinje and laid the capital of the little state in ruins. Once, early in the last century, the reigning Vladika had to flee to Cattaro, while

* I noticed that in Dalmatia the name was more commonly sounded after the manner of book Italian, *Montenero*. In the Slavonic name the *c* should have the sound of *ts*.

the country was for a moment occupied by the invaders. But such occupations have always been only momentary. After every reverse the national spirit has risen again, and the Montenegrin, sometimes single-handed, sometimes the ally of Venice or Russia, has been able to hold his own and to show himself a dangerous enemy to the invaders whom his whole life has been spent in withstanding. Montenegro, in short, while its name was hardly known in Western Europe, while its territory was left unmarked in many Western maps, was still keeping on the old warfare of Constantine and Huniades. And, while Greece and Bulgaria and Servia and Bosnia had fallen under the yoke, Cernagora still maintained her independence against the attacks of every invader from Bajazet the Thunderbolt to Abd-ul-aziz. Such is, in short, the external history of Montenegro. In its internal history the strangest fact is that a warlike tribe, which had to fight almost daily for its national existence, should have chosen a form of government in which the chief power, civil and military, was placed in the hands of a priest. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the then Prince George withdrew to Venice, having, with the consent of his subjects, transferred the supreme power to the Bishop and his successors. Hence came the line of Vladikas of Montenegro; hence the reality of a fighting Bishop; hence too the confused tradition of a marauding Bishop, which outlived the day when Montenegro again passed under the rule of a lay prince.

Of the details of this long warfare, many examples will be found in the work of Sir Gardner Wilkinson. His readers have every opportunity of learning the ceaseless and stubborn nature of the struggle and the character of the enemy with whom Montenegro had to deal, the incurable cruelty and treachery which have been in every age the characteristics of the Ottoman. The Turk proposes conditions of peace; he seizes the commissioners who are sent to arrange terms; he then enters and lays waste the land of those whose suspicions he has thus lulled to sleep, and pursues and murders women and children even on neutral ground. The Christian, on the other hand, carries off his hundred and fifty-seven prisoners, whose hardest ate is that, by a grim pleasantry worthy of Willlam the Great, they are presently exchanged for an equal number of pigs. The whole story is one long record of victories won at the most frightful odds, of battles in which the episcopal princes seem ever to have been foremost. Such in the great fight of 1791, when the Vladika Peter, without Venetian or Russian help, overthrew the invaders in a battle of three days and three nights, and bore off the head of the Pasha of Albania to adorn the tower of Cettinje. This valiant Bishop is now a canonized saint; and, as Saint Carlo Borromeo may still be seen—though lifeless, yet in the flesh—beneath the altar at Milan, so Saint Peter Petrovich may still be seen in the like case in the humbler monastery church of Cettinje. These warlike prelates, who knew equally well how to wield the musket and the pastoral staff, formed a strange kind of pontifical dynasty. For some generations, the bishopric, and therewith the civil and military command, became as nearly hereditary as an Orthodox bishopric can be. That is to say, on a vacancy in the see—the use of ecclesiastical words seems almost grotesque in such a case—the next of the Petrovich family who was canonically eligible was chosen and consecrated Bishop, and, as such, assumed the command of the armies of Montenegro. A prince-bishop in Montenegro had somewhat different duties from his brethren either at Mainz or at Durham. The last of this singular episcopal succession, the Vladika Peter the Second, nephew and successor of the canonized conqueror of the Pasha, stands out in his description and his portrait in the pages of Sir Gardner Wilkinson. Since his death, the temporal and spiritual powers have been separated, and Montenegro has been ruled by two lay Princes of the old episcopal family. As the last Vladika figures in the work of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, his two lay successors will be met face to face by the readers of Mr. J. M. Neale and of Lady Strangford. And I myself, who have never found my way to the court of any other sovereign, set it down as not the smallest privilege of a journey to the land of Spalato and Ragusa, to have seen and spoken with the present vigorous ruler of this little nation of heroes, in his own home at Cettinje.

A question naturally arises out of the history of this small state, namely, what is

to be its position, whenever the day comes of which we trust that this year has shown us the dawning, the day when the brutal rule of the Turk will cease for ever in all Slavonic and in all Christian lands? In mapping out afresh the provinces which form the present seat of war, there is at least one comfort, that any change must be for the better. Make those lands Austrian, Servian, or Montenegrin, in any case they will be better off than if they remained Turkish. In any readjustment of this kind, the enlargement of the Montenegrin principality naturally presents itself as one obvious means of providing for their future. The people of Herzegovina and the people of Montenegro are absolutely the same people. There is no difference between them, except that the accidents of their history have given freedom to one branch of the nation and denied it to another. Between the free and the enslaved parts of the nation there still are the very closest ties. Montenegrins and Herzegovinese have fought side by side in every struggle. At this moment, as Montenegro is the natural shelter of the homeless refugee, so the people of the enslaved districts still look to the Montenegrins as their natural brethren and to the Prince of Montenegro as their natural chief. Montenegro is, both in its past history and in its present bearing, a truer representative of the old days of Slavonic independence than the larger principality of Servia. Again, when a Montenegrin looks down from his hills upon the *Bocche* beneath them, it must be very like a feeling of imprisonment when he thinks that not an inch of his own land reaches down to the edge of those waters. He must feel cut off from his natural communication with the rest of the world; he must feel debarred from a means of improvement and enrichment which nature seems to have placed actually in his grasp. There was a short time when Montenegro had a sea-board. Towards the end of the great war, when we did not disdain either Russians or Montenegrins as allies against the common enemy, Cattaro was actually for a little while a Montenegrin possession, and the Vladika ruled on the coast as well as on the mountains. Cattaro is the least Italian, the most Slavonic, of the cities of the Dalmatian coast. It is the natural haven of the little principality above it. There is said to be at this moment a movement for the annexation of Bosnia to Austria. Bosnia, with its large Mahometan minority, would probably fare better as a member of the great cosmopolitan monarchy than if it were joined to either of the Orthodox principalities. In such a case, while Herzegovina would welcome annexation to Montenegro as the crown of its hopes, Austria might surely give up Cattaro to be the Trieste or Fiume of the enlarged state. On the other hand, a serious question presents itself whether an enlarged Montenegro would remain Montenegro, whether the problem of civilizing a small independent tribe without destroying its distinctive character could be so successfully carried on with a territory so greatly enlarged, above all, if it possessed a maritime city, however small. A prince who possessed Cattaro would hardly go on reigning at Cettinje; a prince who possessed all Herzegovina might rule as well and justly as a prince of Montenegro only; but he could hardly continue to be the same personal shepherd of his people which he can be in his present narrower range. Here is a hard question, one where there certainly are weighty arguments on both sides. I do not take upon myself to decide between them.

But, leaving the question what Montenegro may become, let us see what the land has been, and what it is. The progress which Montenegro has made since the visit of Sir Gardner Wilkinson is wonderful. That the Montenegrins, in their long struggle with a barbarous enemy, should have themselves picked up some of the habits of barbarians, is doubtless abstractedly blameworthy, but it is certainly not wonderful. The Vladika Peter had already done much to civilize his people; his lay successor Daniel and the present Prince Nicolas have done yet more. The government of the principality is now what may be called a popular autocracy. The will of the Prince has the force of law, but then the will of the Prince is also the will of the people. I confess that I was somewhat disappointed in finding that there was nothing in Montenegro answering to the old Teutonic assemblies of the whole people which still survive in the old democratic cantons of Switzerland. I had pictured to myself the possibility of seeing in Montenegro such gatherings as Tacitus described of old, such as I have myself seen in Uri and in Appenzell. In Montenegro in-

deed our thoughts might wander back to lands of yet earlier fame. We have drawn near enough to the old Macedonian land to think of those armed assemblies of the Macedonian people before whom Alexander appeared as an accuser, and did not always carry the verdict of the assembly with him. In Montenegro there is certainly less than one would have looked for of the outward forms of popular freedom. The Prince has his senate; but it is a senate of officials of his own choosing. He consults representatives of each district of his principality; but they too are representatives of his own summoning. The sound of all this is, I freely confess, disappointing. Still, in a land of such small extent, where the ruler knows, and is known by, all his people, where every man is at once a soldier and a landowner, full practical freedom may very well go on with forms which would come near to tyranny in a larger kingdom, where the king is necessarily out of sight of the mass of his subjects, and above all, where he has a special military class at his command. Sismondi remarks with great wisdom that, when every count and baron acted as an independent prince, and claimed the right of private war, among the endless evils of such a state of things, there was one countervailing good. The lord could not venture greatly to oppress the men whom he expected to follow him to battle. When days of greater peace and order came, the hand of the lord who was no longer a captain came down far more heavily on subjects who were no longer his soldiers. The Prince of Montenegro is the chief of an armed nation; and, among an armed nation, the Prince may, without damage to real freedom, wield an amount of formal power which among an unarmed people would be simple tyranny. A wise and popular Prince, though he himself chooses his own advisers, may choose men who are as truly representatives of the nation as if they had been chosen by ballot and universal suffrage. The representative of each district is not delegated by the district, but summoned by the Prince; but, if it appears that a representative has lost the confidence of his district, the Prince presently supplies his place by another. Such a kind of government as this can indeed only work well under a wise and popular Prince, and among a people at once small and armed. Given these conditions, it certainly seems to answer. It has been a matter of complaint by the idolators of Turkish oppression that Montenegrin volunteers have joined the ranks of the insurgents in Herzegovina. Small blame indeed to them who have ever kept their freedom for going to help men of their own blood and speech and faith who are striving to be as they are. Small blame to them for thus requiting the help which volunteers from Herzegovina gave to Montenegro when her sons gave the barbarian his last lesson at Grahovo. Small blame to them, if the letter of treaties and the conveniences of diplomacy seem to them as dust in the balance beside the biddings of eternal right. But it marks the power which the Prince has over his people that he can keep a single man with his weapons idle at such a moment. The wonder is, not that some Montenegrin volunteers have joined the insurgent ranks, but rather that a single man in Montenegro can keep himself an inactive spectator of what we may hope is the beginning of the last act of the long defensive crusade of five hundred years.

Of this land, so deeply interesting, alike from its past, its present, and its future, I have myself seen only a small part. A mountain district is always large in proportion to its population; small as Cernagora looks on the map, it takes several days to cross it in the only fashion in which it is as yet to be crossed. I have only made the journey from Cattaro to Cettinje, and Cettinje is almost in a corner of the land of which it is the capital. Among the other improvements which are going on, a carriage road is making from Cattaro to Cettinje. When that road is made, I hope to see Cettinje again. As it is, the journey is a little frightful to those who are not members of the Alpine Club. The zig-zag road out of Cattaro gradually changes into a rough mountain-path, which however the hardy horses of the country go up and down, seemingly without any special effort or fatigue. The no less hardy men seem to take the six hours' scramble as an easy morning's walk. The rugged up and down path is however relieved here and there by more level oases and even by pieces of the unfinished carriage road. One question is sure to present itself to the traveller. How does a land of limestone

rocks, which therefore has an appearance of whiteness rather than blackness, come by the name of the Black Mountain? The name has been given to the land from the part of it which lies beyond Cettinje, the part which I did not see, but which I am told is largely covered with deep forests. The name thus answers to that of Black Korkyra or Curzoa, the isle which stands out in such a marked way, with its thick covering of wood, among the usually bleak and bare hills of the Dalmatian coasts and islands. The road leads through more than one large basin among the rocks, in one of which, a mountain plain fenced in by a rampart of hills, stands Cettinje itself. But before we reach the capital, we have opportunities of seeing something, if only in a passing glimpse, of the life of Montenegro. Among those mountains nature has been chary of fertile spots, but such as there are have been clearly made the most of. We pass by the large village of Nilgush, by a few scattered houses, by an occasional simple church, not, as in the neighboring land, with the minarets of mosques overtopping it. We feel the contrast between the land which has preserved its faith by its sword, and the land where the church stands only by payment of tribute to an infidel conqueror. Here and there we meet men in the picturesque costume of the land, men among the best formed and most vigorous of mankind. Each man has his weapons in his girdle, but they are weapons which none but the barbarian enemy has any need to dread. At different points of the journey, splendid views open in various directions. At one point we may look back on the *Bocche*, on the slip of land which parts them from the main sea, on the Hadriatic itself, carrying our thoughts on to the opposite Italian shore. At another point, as we look forwards, the Albanian land bursts on our sight; the lake of Skodra lies beneath us, fenced in on its further side by loftier and wilder peaks than are to be seen in the range which fences in the Dalmatian shore. The eye of thought passes on beyond them to the land of Pyrrhos and of Skanderbeg, to Souli and her heroes, to the further lake where the name of Hellas was first heard among the sacred oaks of Zeus. The last descent, the most rugged of all, brings us into the road which leads straight to the village capital. The libellous jester whom I spoke of at the beginning of this article tells us that he burst out laughing at the humble look of Cettinje. To a vulgar mind it may perhaps be matter for mockery that so small a collection of houses should form the capital of an independent state. Others may perhaps rather look with admiration on the people which has done so great things with such small means, and on the Prince who, familiar with the cultivation of Western Europe, looks with an honest pride on his own simple people and his own lowly capital.

It must certainly be allowed that the capital of Montenegro has no claim to rank among the great cities of the earth. Its general look, consisting mainly, as it does, of one wide street, rather reminded me of some of those small towns or large villages which lie on the old road from Oxford to London. Not expecting to find a new Babylon or Palmyra in one of the oases of the Black Mountain, I saw nothing that looked specially mean or squalid or tumble-down. I certainly know of municipal and parliamentary boroughs in more parts than one of the British Islands, which certainly would have to hold down their heads in a comparison with the Montenegrin capital. I was struck with the good sense of the Prince who, reigning over a simple people of his own blood, is satisfied with a palace which does not even pretend to the privacy of a squire's mansion, but simply stands as the great house of an open village. This is the new palace; the old palace, in which strangers are lodged, the work of the last Vladika, is a different building. The Vladika, at once bishop and general, built a house which would serve better either for a monastery or for a barrack than for anything which, in the West, would be understood by a palace, or even a private house. But there is nothing to be said against the quarters in it. Cettinje supplies everything but the tub, and a wise traveller carries that with him. Not far from the old palace, on the slope of a high peaked hill, stands the monastery, with its small church, containing the body of the sainted Peter. The arrangements of the monastery are puzzling to one familiar only with the monasteries of the West; but two ranges of arches, one over the other, stand out conspicuously. It might be dangerous to guess at their date; to judge from a new church on the

other side of the town, architectural style would seem to have hardly changed in these parts for seven or eight hundred years. Above the monastery stands the tower where Turks' heads are no longer to be seen. But the signs of the growing civilization of Montenegro are chiefly gathered in another part of the town, at the end of the one main street. There is the future hotel; there is the post-office—Montenegro was a member of the Postal Union some months before France—and there is one institution to which the Prince sends his visitors with a special pride. This is the model girls' school, where those who are curious in "time-tables," and take a mysterious pleasure in drawing them up, may have the privilege of studying them in the Slavonic tongue.

Those who may still fancy that the Prince of Montenegro is a marauding Bishop, or a marauding anything, those who think it funny to call him "His Ferocity," may be surprised to hear that the thing in his dominions to which he calls the special attention of strangers should be nothing either ecclesiastical or military, but a school according to the most advanced pattern. But this is only in character with all that is going on in Montenegro. The land stands ready for war; but the main difference between the Montenegro of to-day and the Montenegro of past times is the steady advance in peaceful civilization. In this particular department of female education, Cettinje is a missionary centre. Girls come up from the shores of the *Bocche* for the better instruction which is to be had on the Black Mountain. But at this moment Montenegro stands forth in a nobler character than all. It is the land where the homeless fugitive from the seat of war finds shelter and welcome, shelter and welcome the cost of which is taxing the people of the hospitable little state to a degree which their scanty means can hardly bear. And, as theirs is a hospitality which is given without stint, so it is a hospitality which is given without distinction of race or creed. While the barbarous Turk drives the women and children of Christian villages before him with fire and sword, the women and children of his own race, when the hour of retaliation comes on their homes, find shelter and help in the Christian land. On those mountains all are alike welcome, both the Christian flying from the sword of oppression, and the Turk flying from the sword of vengeance. I have before me the official statement that, in October last, twenty thousand Christian fugitives were sheltered in Montenegro, quartered in the houses of the inhabitants, and receiving help both public and private. But the same statement adds the fact that, at the same moment, three Turks of distinction appeared before the Prince of Montenegro to return thanks for the shelter that had been given to their families also. Fifty-two Turkish women and children were then refugees on Montenegrin ground, and it was unanimously agreed that exactly the same help should be given to them that was given to Christians in the like case.

Thus have the men of the Black Mountain done of their poverty, and to all Europe and to all Christendom the voice may go forth to go and do likewise. I can let no opportunity pass of setting forth to all who have hearts to feel the claims of the helpless fugitives who, in numbers which are reckoned by many thousands, have sought shelter within the Austrian and Montenegrin borders from the horrors of a desolating war. To many I hope it will be an additional claim on behalf of the homeless women and children who have fled from Herzegovina, that their husbands and fathers and brothers are pouring out their blood in the highest and holiest of causes, the cause of right, the cause of freedom, the cause of Christendom. But even with those whose minds are so strangely blinded as to take the side of the oppressor, surely these victims cannot plead in vain. The integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire is hardly threatened by giving food and shelter to the homeless and starving multitudes who are pressing over every point of the friendly frontier. To the men of Montenegro their neighbors, their brethren, are nearer, and naturally dearer, than they can be to us. But, on the other hand, they have to give of their poverty, while we can give of our abundance. The claims on English bounty at home and abroad are indeed many; but surely there is none that ought to speak more strongly to our hearts than this. During the great war between Germany and France, English bounty did much for the sufferers of both nations. But the present war, infinitely smaller as is its scale with regard to

the numbers actually engaged, is a war which carries with it infinitely more of suffering within its range. The one was a war between two civilized nations, carried on under the restraint of those rules which humanity imposes on the armies of civilized nations. It was a war waged for a great and righteous object; but it was not a war of life and death on either side, except to the actual combatants. But this is a war of life and death for all, a war between barbarians and men whom the yoke of the barbarian has done something to crush down to his own level. Help was then asked for the sick and wounded soldier, for the farmer who had lost the hope of his next crop, here and there for men whose homes had been destroyed by some exceptional operation of war. But here the exception is the rule; the sick or wounded soldier is doubtless to be found also; but he is hardly to be seen amid the thousands of helpless sufferers who have fled from the edge of the sword, but who have never drawn it themselves. We read in our own ancient chronicles of the harrying of Northumberland, and how men bowed themselves for need in the evil day. Men then sold themselves into bondage for a morsel of bread; now those who have fled from the house of bondage crave for a morsel of bread to keep them alive in their cities of refuge. While we read the tale of their misery, we read, at the same moment, of the vast sums which are lavished, year by year and day by day, on the follies and vices of the despot from whose yoke they are flying. The contrast between the barbarous luxury of the Sultan and the sufferings of his victims who are perishing of cold and hunger must strike every one who sees the two pictures side by side. To the despot himself such a contrast would be meaningless; to us it should not be so. The cry of the refugees is one which ought to go to the hearts of all Christendom and of all the world. But it ought specially to go to the hearts of those who have helped to prop up the fabric of wrong of which these helpless sufferers are the guiltless victims, and who may now see before their eyes the true nature of the yoke which they have helped to press upon the necks of unwilling nations.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

IN MY STUDY CHAIR.

NO. II.

IN the cursory survey of my study shelves in which the reader was good enough to accompany me some four months ago,* I was led, as I always am too easily, into somewhat vague reminiscences of public school life, suggested by the familiar aspect of certain old Greek and Latin volumes. They have seen hard service, and some ill-usage; and though their wounds have been dressed and bound up since with some care and tenderness, they still make up but a scarred and crippled battalion of pensioners. But in their very close neighborhood—so close as to form an almost painful contrast—stands the small *corps d'élite* of what I may call show soldiers, which I passed over—let the reader hope, out of modesty. For they are school prizes—rewards of merit. As poor Hood says,—

"Merit *had* prizes then."

And is to have again, we are told, in all our cases, old and young, by grace of competitive examination. Meanwhile most of us who have left school have been living, like myself, without prizes, the merit being undiscovered or, very possibly, undiscoverable. But in my school-days, whether there was merit or not, at least there were prizes—for there they stand. It is curious, when I try to remember the pleasure and self-gratulation with which I received them, how little interest they have for me now—far less than some of those old worn volumes which we looked at before. These still look gay and smart enough—horribly smart, some of them, clad in light pink and blue, with broad gold bands, an atrocious style of binding peculiar to the prizes of that particular school at one particular date—but they look as if they were never meant to be read, which is fatal to any book's real attractions. Their contents, too, in most cases, are extremely forbidding, alike to boys or men. They were chosen for us by the masters of the several forms: and we boys had an impression (which in certain cases was probably correct) that when

* See our number for December last.

they consisted of publications of the day, they came from the pen of some private friend; and when they were "standard works," they had been obtained at a reduction to relieve the bookseller's shelves. Fraser Tytler's 'Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern,' in two volumes octavo, stares me in the face in its pink and gold: all history packed into that! If anything was especially calculated to lead a boy *not* to read history, it would be the notion, which the excellent professor must have desired to inculcate, that you had the essence of all history *there*. No one thinks much now, I suppose, of Goldsmith's compendiums: there are two of them, shabby and dogs-eared, in that far corner—Greece and Rome; but their very condition proves at least that they were eminently readable, just as the spruce and untarnished condition of the 'Elements' proves them to be eminently otherwise. I dare not put them in the hands of either of my own boys now, who would come down upon me with the modern theories of Curtius and Mommsen and Ihne, and assure me that there were no such persons as Romulus and Remus—that the she-wolf of Rome, like Shakespeare's "she-wolf of France," is merely a strong figure of speech for a lady who was not so angelic as she might have been—that Ulysses probably means the sun, and Penelope the twilight, and so forth. It may be so: but these modern philosophical historians seem much more clever at destructive theories than in giving us anything satisfactory instead: and we probably got quite as good an idea of what the old Romans and Greeks really were from the myths and anecdotes which have at any rate survived from a very high antiquity, as from the guesses of modern critics. And these old stories have been so worked into all later literature, in the way of allusion and illustration, that a familiar knowledge of them must always form part of a liberal education.

But the feeling of indifference with which these prize volumes now inspire me has nothing to do with their literary demerits. It is something more than indifference—it is a mixture of regret and contempt: regret for the interest that is lost; contempt for over-estimate of such petty distinctions. It is so, I suppose, with all the prizes of life: the objects we take such pains to gain, with which we thought we should be so satisfied and delighted if we could win them. Suppose them won: and, after the first joy of possession, how many of us will honestly say we are much happier than before for their attainment? Before even the gilding of them is tarnished, our own satisfaction in them has faded. I doubt much whether great success adds to a man's personal happiness in anything like the degree we are so apt to imagine. It comes generally step by step; and the step beyond, which has not yet been gained, is still the Naboth's vineyard of our covetousness,—the "little corner," which Horace says makes the great man's domain seem still all incomplete in his eyes. The bishop is not much happier, if he will confess, than when he was a country curate with all his hopes before him: his is no bed of roses, heaven knows, with impracticable young parsons and aggrieved parishioners calling upon him for judgments which it would have distracted Solomon to give wisely; and he would probably have liked to have had the very bishopric which fell vacant just after his own appointment. The judge, most likely, misses the pleasant excitement of the days when he was a rising barrister. The cabinet minister finds out with what infinitesimally little wisdom a nation is governed, after all, and is under a daily apprehension that *his* prize may be taken away from him in spite of himself, as the penalty of other people's blunders. Let it be a comfort to us the large majority of unsuccessful men. The prizes of life are good things, and have their use, as our school prizes had in their day. But if we could be placed for a moment on a higher sphere, as we stand now in looking back on the days of our boyhood,—if we could but be given the που στω from whence we could look down dispassionately on the great race of life, and the results to the competitors,—the prizes we have gained or not gained would seem to us infinitely little. Their real worth lay in the struggle which they encouraged—in that they spurred us to do our best. And so many of us as have done or are doing that are doing more than winning prizes.

So let those few gilded volumes stand, staring mementoes of the vanity of human wishes. Their humbler companions, who occupy the shelves above and below, raise in my mind no such ungrateful recollections. They are the working-tools of my

studious days, such as they were, at Oxford. It were better to say studious nights; for the pleasant daylight there was more often spent in other society, not so instructive, yet perhaps not altogether without its share in one's education. The ancients were right when they spoke of "burning the midnight oil." They, too, surely rejoiced in the glorious outdoor life of Attica and Italy. There was not much good work done, I take it, in the fresh mornings or the hot noontide. The old philosophers and their pupils strolled about, we know, during these morning hours in the "porch" and in the "garden:" but this was but philosophy in sport; keen intellectual sword-play, or pleasant literary gossip, the coining small pieces for common use out of the gold won from its mine by severer labor. We, too, attended our "lectures" in the morning, when a prolonged breakfast-party did not interfere, and we had our peripatetic talks about the Ethics and Rhetoric, as we lounged in Merton Groves, or walked up Headington Hill; but most of the best work was done when gates were closed—"after Tom." And so it surely was with the students at Athens. It must have been in the quiet night, when that busy and brilliant life was still, when all but the very latest supper-parties were over—for even young Rome and Athens, in their most rapid phase, kept comparatively early hours—that the philosopher and the poet wooed their respective Muses in earnest. If to make the night one's working day seem to be a transgression against the laws of nature, it is pleasant at least to think that one sins in good company. "Early to bed and early to rise" is possibly the way to be healthy, and even wealthy; but I demur to the third assertion in the proverb. One of the best and most active men it was ever my good fortune to know or hear of —whose vigorous intellect had surely all the freshness of the morning, and whose vocation as the master of a great school necessarily demanded early rising as a habit—confessed that he never did any literary work so well or so satisfactorily as at night. The physiologists tell us, indeed, that the brain is then preternaturally active, and that to encourage it to work is like forcing a plant into bloom and fruit by artificial heat: but it is very doubtful whether practical experience would in most cases bear out this theory. Two of the saddest and best-known examples of an overworked brain—Scott and Southey —did most of their work in the morning. One grand condition of efficient work is to be able to work without distraction; and there are few of us so favorably circumstanced as to be able to command perfect insulation during the hours when everything is in full life and action round us. Many of us must have been driven, like Evelyn, to "redeem our losses" by borrowing a few hours from the night; so many are what he calls "the impertinences of life," which still we cannot put away from us without fairly incurring—as the honest lover of books ought never to incur—the charge of churlishness and selfishness. It is when all has been made fast for the night, when the study door can be shut upon the outer world, and there lie before us some three or four hours growing more and more secure from interruption,—it is then that we can throw ourselves heart and soul into the book which requires careful reading, or that we can make thought and pen work flowingly together if, out of our fulness or our emptiness, we are impelled to write.

"The wee short hour ayont the twal"

is good for other companionship than Burns's jovial gathering. It was in those hours in the long winter nights of Attica, that Aulus Gellius, as he tells us, shut himself up in his study in his country seat, ransacked his books, and compiled what he called his 'Attic Nights,' those very early curiosities of literature; a curious farrago of extracts (frequently from lost works) and original notes of a desultory but copious reader, often quoted and little known.

But I must go back to those old college friends of mine, who stand silently on their shelves, reminding me of a past which I cannot consent, let utilitarians say what they will, to think altogether unprofitable. I do not venture to take upon me, in these desultory pages, a defence of classical studies. We are "the heirs of all the ages," no doubt; but I think, all the more for that very reason, we ought not to forget those forefathers in the spirit who gathered and left us the best of our literary inheritance. My sole regret, as to the time spent with those great minds of Greece and Rome, is that it was done in such half-hearted fashion—and, perhaps,

that too much was taken up with the technicalities of metres and accents. But surely a man need no more regret that he was led to study for himself the sources of poetry, of history, of moral philosophy, than that he has patiently investigated, in the lecture-room or in the stone-quarry, the rudimentary forms of animal life. The records of a physical and material past are surely not more interesting to a rational inquirer than the records of an intellectual past: the operations of what we call nature are surely not more worthy of investigation than the operations of mind. You can read the ancient writers, people say, in translations; you have all that is valuable there. Yes; you can drink a bottle of champagne the day after it has been decanted, if you like; you have precisely the same quantity of wine, and much less trouble in opening it. It is not quite the same thing, though, you think? there is something wanting—a spirit and a raciness which you miss in the second-hand draught? Will there not be a loss of the same kind in the masterpieces of literature? Translate a song of Beranger or an essay of Montaigne into English; read a French version of Shakespeare or of Jeremy Taylor; let such versions be done with (what is the rarest of all qualifications in a translator) a full appreciation of the genius of both languages; yet will any Frenchman or Englishman venture to assert that the version gives him the spirit of the original? At its best, it can only bear the same relation that the print does to the painting, or the painter's most successful rendering to the natural landscape itself.

Let no one therefore, who understands the true meaning of a "liberal" education, regret the time he has spent upon the Greek and Roman classics. What I do somewhat regret is that in Oxford we were not much encouraged to any wide or general acquaintance with those authors, but confined rather to a few books, of which a critical knowledge was expected. I do not deny the value of such a mental training in many ways: it supplied to us, no doubt, in some sort the general lack of mathematics for which Oxford at that time was too notorious. And if we had all been in training for professors and tutors, this special knowledge of a few books—or rather portions of books—would have been very necessary and very useful. But any comprehensive acquaintance with that magnificent literature was very rare indeed, even in the case of first-class men. There is reason to fear that the modern university regulations have a tendency to make it rarer still. There is passing away from us a generation of scholars, bred when honors were fewer at Oxford, when the classics were read more for their own sake and less for the sake of what they might fetch in the market, whose studies seem to have had a far wider range. They were perhaps not so well trained in close philological criticism; but their large acquaintance with the best classical writers supplied in a great measure the want of this technical condition. We must remember that all philology is merely the result of large observation of particulars: and he who knows any author almost by heart (as some of these earlier scholars did), and has thus thoroughly mastered his style, compares intuitively in his mind passage with passage, until he has evolved, sufficiently for his own practical use, those general laws which the philologer has only reached by the same process. M. Jourdain had talked a great deal of prose without being aware of it; and the reader to whom every page in the Bible, or every scene in Shakespeare, is familiar, becomes a very efficient commentator upon either. There were days at Oxford—at least so says university tradition—when aspirants for the highest honors in the classical schools were allowed to give in to the examiners of the day what was called a "blank list;" that is, instead of naming the few particular books which they professed to have prepared for examination, they submitted themselves to be tested in the works of any Greek or Latin author of the Augustan age commonly read in the schools. Such a negative list savored a little of presumption: and one can easily understand that it would not be encouraged by most examiners; but the fact—or even the tradition—of its ever having been adopted, points to a time when the range of classical reading, at least among the few, must have been much wider than now. Possibly, at a still earlier date in academic annals, when the lecturer used to "read" an author with his pupils—himself translating for them, as a rule, and commenting on the text as he went on—a larger amount of ground was covered,

though with less accuracy than now. What too many of us feel is, that our knowledge of this ancient literature, considering the many years spent upon it, is insufficient in its area, and that very much of it, after all, is known to us only by name.

It was not entirely a jest, perhaps, which assured the young candidate that it was worth all the trouble of having learnt Spanish, to be able to read 'Don Quixote' in the original. Certainly he loses something in literature who has never made acquaintance with Aristophanes in the Greek. He can read some few of his comedies in Walsh's very clever though very loose translation (why did it stop at the first volume?) or in Mitchell's scholar-like selections; or, best of all, as to spirit and general readableness, the student who is innocent of Greek may turn to John Hookham Frere's "Knights," "Acharnians," "Frogs," and "Birds"—versions which were long so scarce, having been privately printed, as to be almost unknown to the general public, but now happily made accessible. But in all these clever paraphrases, or in any possible English dress, the subtle Athenian wit more or less evaporates. He, Aristophanes, will remain always untranslatable. He was a delight to me at Oxford; he is a delight to me now. I have just put Bothe's edition of him into a new dress, which the abominable German paper very ill deserves; but there is no more satisfactory edition to be had: for, in spite of all Dr. Dibdin's commendation, no one can read him in any comfort in Kuster's folios, "magnificent" as they undoubtedly are. A pretty handy edition, with or without notes, would do credit to the Clarendon Press. His comedies are the only things that make Athenian politics and Athenian life intelligible to me. He sets us down at once into the middle of it all, and you begin to comprehend the nature of the great "Demus"—the Athenian "people" —whom he so daringly personates as a good-natured, sensual, selfish, gullible creature, open to all tricks of the tongue, and appeals to his good and evil passions, that can be brought to bear upon him by the cunning demagogues of the hour. The most amusing point in it all is to think that this very Athenian people bore all this from their favorite dramatist, and applauded it: acknowledged, we must conclude, at once the justice of the picture and the cleverness with which it was drawn; screamed for the author, as our audiences do now, and crowned him triumphant over all his rivals. The only kind of parallel to it would be the members of the Gladstone-Lowe-Ayrton administration going to see the performance of "Happy Land," and conferring a baronetcy or a bishopric on the writer. If an English Aristophanes were to arise, and so caricature the masses, who we are told are to be our masters—the British "Demus" of the future—one wonders how far the perceptions of the audience would be keen enough to take in the joke, and how far the proverbial good nature of an English mob would endure it. When our masses have been educated up to the mark, there may possibly rise an Aristophanes to temper their despotism.

Aristophanes brings to my mind a little volume whose proper *habitat* is in quite another division of my book-shelves, but which has both a biographical and a bibliographical connection with it. In the days when I first made acquaintance with the prince of burlesque writers, it was my whim also to collect the humorous or satiric *jeux d'esprit* which from time to time were launched into print by the young wits of the university—or were occasionally attributed by rumor to pens which were ordinarily supposed to be more gravely occupied. The collection has received some additions from time to time, and if it were more complete, might form a rather curious volume. Amongst its contents are several poems by "Eminent Hands," as the old booksellers used to phrase it: and some which will perhaps never be found acknowledged in any future collection of their works. Mr. Robert Lowe has probably all but forgotten the Wars of the Union, which he once celebrated in macaronic verse; and more than one future dignitary of the Church—unless Oxford gossip gave them credit for having more fun in them than they really had—made his first essay in print in very different shape from a sermon. Perhaps the very best among them all is the admirable imitation of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, by the late lamented Dean Mansel. Of course it was published anonymously, though he was then only Prælector of Logic; but the authorship was always well known, and it has now

been included amongst his acknowledged works. "I knew him, Horatio—a fellow of infinite jest, and most excellent fancy"—and none the less a brilliant scholar and a sound divine.

The "Phrontisterian" (The Thinking-Shop) is a sharp satire on the educational reforms contemplated by the University Commission of 1850. The humor appealed to a somewhat limited audience, because it assumed a familiarity with Aristophanes's comedy, in which he broadly ridiculed the sophists of his own day, as the Oxford satirist does the German professors whom the Commission proposes to introduce in place of the orthodox college tutors. Some of the fun has lost its raciness with the lapse of years, as must be the case with all political satire; but the lines in which the "Model Manchester man," Cottonarchicalicocraticus, laments the result of his ill-assorted marriage with his aristocratic wife, the issue of which has been "little Johnny," retain much of their point to this day. It is a close parody on the opening scene of the "Clouds."

"Plague take the matchmaker who brought together
The fine Whig lady, Aristocracy,
And honest Homespun from the cotton mill,—
A well-assorted couple! Madam, full
Of old historic memories, and prating
Of Sidney, Russell, William the Deliverer,
And Brunswick line, and Protestant succession;
And plain rough Hubby, thinking monarchy
A rather costly article, and spouting
Of Household Suffrage, Ballot, and Retrenchment.
The fine old English gentleman cut down
To a plain travelling gent, and martial scarlet
Doffed for the drab and broad-brim. Well—we married;
In time our John was born. Mamma's relations
Petted and coaxed him. 'Some day we shall see
Our darling Johnny drive his coachy-poachy
With four blood *Greys* in front.' Says I, 'My lad,
I'd rather see you riding Dick, our *Cob*,
Or arm-in-arm with worthy Quaker Broadbrim
And Joey Skinflint.' Not a whit would he
The Great Whig Families (ay, that's the doctrine,
He sucked it with his mother's milk, and bit it
Letter by letter in his gingerbread)
Are heaven-sent ministers to rule the country."

The "Hymn to the Infinite," again, sung by the "Full Chorus of Professors," is an equally good imitation of the Song of the Clouds in the Greek comedy.

"The voice of yore
Which the breezes bore
Wailing aloud from Paxo's shore
Is changed to a gladder and livelier strain,
For great god Pan is alive again,
He lives and he reigns once more.
With deep intuition and mystic rite
We worship the Absolute-Infinite,
The Universe-Ego, the Plenary-Void,
The Subject-Object identified,
The Great Nothing-Something, the Being-Thought,
That mouldeth the mass of Chaotic-Nought,
Whose beginning unended and end unbegun,
Is the One that is All and the All that is One."

That University Commission was productive (like the Puritan "Root and Branch" Commission in 1648) of a good many satirical *brochures*, more or less amusing. There is one other, I see, bound up in the little volume before us—reputed to be from the pen of an Oxford tutor of great but unsuccessful ability. It is "Lord John Russell's Post-bag"—an imaginary bundle of intercepted correspondence between the Commissioners of 1850 and their friends and supporters within the university. The best paper in it, perhaps, is a translation supposed to be made by a college undergraduate from a lost book of Herodotus. It contains an account of the Bosporii and their wars with their enemies, led on by "Bedfordidion"—John the son of Bedford. The imitation of the old historian's style is quite admirable in its way. These Bosporii, we are told, were a tribe of the Britanni, long governed by a tyrant called "Ebdomadalis" (the old Hebdomadal Board, consisting of the heads of houses). "Whether indeed now he was one man or many, I here not say clearly"—says the author. There was a league made to expel them from their seat by a number of hostile tribes—"the Ouseleians, sometimes called Methodistæ," "the Autonomi or Independents," "the Tremontes or Quakers," and others,—who "did not hold the same sacred things as" the Magi, the great sacred nation to which the Bosporii belonged. They succeeded in their campaign through the selfish policy of Ebdomadalis and the powerful aid of Bedfordidion, whom they promised to make their king if they succeeded. Some of the peculiar habits of the Bosporii are humorously touched upon, in Herodotean phraseology.

"Now the Bosporii have established many customs the opposite compared with those of other men. For other Britannics have put round caps upon their heads, but the Bosporii bear square caps. And the other Britannics are clad in short coats, but the Bosporii love to cover themselves with long cloaks woven in a barbarian fashion not easy to be described. And other Britannics eat in private or with their families, but these use Syssities, just as the Laudæmonians. And to others it is allowed to marry wives. But the Bosporii are not allowed to marry wives. And other men, when they make laws, first take counsel, and then they make the laws; but the Bosporii first make laws, and afterwards, if any dreadful thing has happened, then they take counsel."

This is by no means an unfair hit at the process of Oxford legislation in the days of the Hebdomadal Board, and is not wholly inapplicable even to the reformed administration. Then some of the habits and customs of the young men among these Bosporii are also touched in the true Herodotean vein; as, for instance, that many, they say, "spend their time in summer lying in flat-bottomed boats by the side of the river, drinking wine made of barley, and sending out of their mouths smoke—to me indeed saying things incredible. But I," continues the old historian, "having seen the customs of many nations, know that the younger men are often foolish, and their breasts senseless." If some one who has the time to spare, and a taste for that kind of rummaging, would collect and annotate these fugitive pamphlets, to which every great crisis in the fortunes of Oxford gave birth, he would make at least a very amusing history of the University.

One Greek volume there is among my old college working companions, upon which, as is plain from the crowded manuscript notes and illustrations (of indeterminate value), I spent a good deal of time which I cannot help feeling was wasted. It is the Rhetoric of Aristotle. Why, oh why, grave and reverend seniors who had the charge of my academical education, did you insist upon that special treatise of the Greek philosopher? "The faculty of understanding the means of persuasion on any subject," he calls it. Very ingenious, no doubt; but so artificial as scarcely to commend itself to any but an Athenian taste. The Oxford authorities have grown wiser now, and the Rhetoric is superseded. Not but there are some wonderfully good things in it; for example, those chapters in the second book on the characteristics of young men and old. "Aristotle," as Fielding says in 'Amelia,' "was by no means so great a fool as many people think who never read him." But these are by the way, and have more to do with the study of human character, in which the Stagyrite was such a consummate master, than with the art of the rhetorician.

But the whole arrangement of what might be called the moral philosophy school of our day at Oxford seemed framed upon a perverse idea. We had to read the works of the pupil, without any definite acquaintance with the works of the master being required from us. We worked hard at Aristotle—Ethics, Rhetoric, and it might be Poetics; but it was quite a chance whether any of us had read more than two or three dialogues of Plato. Certain tenets of his, and some special passages in his works, which Aristotle distinctly referred to or contradicted, we had to make acquaintance with: but the 'Republic' was never used as a regular text-book, and men left Oxford who had been awarded its highest honors without knowing anything, except from scattered passages and at second-hand, of one of the greatest works of one of the greatest minds of antiquity. For such it is, with all its defects: the Utopia of all Utopias, the most impracticable that even a philosopher ever conceived, but full of immortal truths and thought of the deepest significance.

I do not believe that any one who has a competent knowledge of Greek—and there is no reason to be ashamed of an occasional reference to a lexicon—would regret a few evenings spent in his study chair with Plato's Republic, Aristophanes's Comedies, and the Dialogues of Lucian. Speaking as one who made acquaintance with the first and last long after what may be called one's natural Greek-and-Latin days were over, I venture to think that the speculations of the first would be found as interesting, and the humor of the two last as amusing, as very much which passes for orignal thought and original humor at the present day. The very difficulties of language, which most of us whose scholarship is somewhat rusty would find here and there to overcome, ought rather to give a zest to the work in

the estimation of those whose national boast—or rather unboastful characteristic—it is to do many things merely because they are difficult. There ought to be something of the same feeling in mastering a few pages of Plato, as compared with running over three volumes of a novel, as there is in a hard climb over a mountain pass, instead of strolling for a whole afternoon on the esplanade at Brighton. Men of mature age will take a pleasure in working out difficult mathematical and mechanical problems; and there is no special or sufficient reason why similar interest should not be more often felt in unlocking for ourselves some of the literary treasures of antiquity.

Something too much, my patient or impatient reader thinks, of the classics? Let us put Plato back upon his shelf, and have done with him. I have no turn for our English philosophers: they are more puzzling to me, and not nearly so amusing. It is respectable to have them amongst one's books, of course; it gives a learned air to one's surroundings, far more than the Greek and Latin volumes, which a good many visitors glance at with a good-humored half-contempt, as for the things of their childhood—which they used to know all about, of course, long ago, but have forgotten—like tops, and hoops, and marbles. But a goodly row which bears the names of Hamilton, and Mill, and Buckle (he has no business in such company, but let me say specially Buckle, for effect) will stamp you at once as a person of considerable brains—a man who "reads a good deal." So there stand my credentials in that way; in very neat order too, you observe—not a volume out of place, nor a leaf out of shape. "*Mihi et amicis*"—wrote some benevolent man over his library—"Mine and my friends':" and he probably had to replace a good many volumes from time to time by reason of his friends interpreting too literally. Well,—these authors are there for my friends—whenever they like to read them. I do not mean to disparage their tastes in any way. On this point the lover of literature contrasts favorably, for the most part, with the man of science; he is not so wedded to his own peculiar "ology," and has more sympathy with varieties of study. I will not quarrel with their profounder studies, if they will bear with my preference of the more useless walks of literature, the books which, as a mathematician would say, "prove nothing."

The poetical creed of my youth was something like what Byron lays down:—

> "Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;
> Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey."

(Poor Byron was considered very profane for the wording of it: the parody is not to be defended, albeit the jest shows like innocence itself by the side of our cool modern scepticism.) I have seen no sufficient reason to change this creed to any great extent, and the taste of the present generation seems reverting very much to the old standards. It may be said that not very many people now read Dryden or Pope: but surely fewer still read Wordsworth, Coleridge, or Southey. The last, after a brief and forced popularity, is now as little remembered as Young, and less than Cowper. Of Coleridge—unquestionably a poet—who knows much except the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," and the ballad of "Genevieve"? As to Wordsworth, opinions always were and always will be divided. It used to be considered (in the days of which I am speaking) rather the proper thing to admire him. It was supposed to indicate that one had finer perceptions of the beautiful than one's neighbors; that one could appreciate subtle excellences to which ruder tastes were insensible. The young men, however, who liked his poetry, were not reckoned by us heathens and unbelievers as quite so good at a speech in Thucydides or a tough bit in the Ethics. We of the school of Pope derided them, vehemently and unfairly. Wordsworth's style, in his ballads especially, lends itself only too easily to parody: and we were never tired of reciting in their ears the immortal ballad in the 'Rejected Addresses'—

> "My brother Jack was nine in May,
> And I am eight on New-Year's Day;"

supported occasionally by original attempts of our own, in the same very tempting line. Such poems as "Peter Bell" were also found to be admirably adapted for reading aloud—in a style which their author never contemplated; while the sonorous lines of Pope were not so easily handled by our adversaries in the way of retaliation. But what makes it most of

all doubtful whether the admiration of Wordsworth as a poet is real and abiding or whether it is not rather (like some other professions of faith) maintained because it sounds respectable, is this: that his worshippers are always calling upon us to remember what an amiable man he was, and what a sincere Christian. No doubt he was; and if he had been a candidate for a bishopric, such testimonials would be very much to the purpose; but the one thing required from a poet is poetry, and no amount of amiability or devotion will produce that, if the special faculty be wanting. Is Wordsworth remembered as well as read? Do his verses hang on the ear and haunt the memory as Pope's and Byron's did in their own day, and do still? If not, in spite of all the appreciative criticism of a few—even though we must grant their judgment to have weight—he is no national poet. "Fit audience though few" is what the poet, of all men, cannot be content with. Great authorities have said, not without truth, that Lucretius is grander than Virgil, and that Lucan's poem is almost as fine. But it is of no use. Virgil was, and is, and will be the favorite poet, and no criticism will ever depose him from his rank. There are not wanting signs that the tide of public taste is slowly ebbing back towards its favorites of fifty years ago; if we live long enough we may find ourselves in the fashion yet, as our daughters are in the costume of their grandmothers.

We are in the habit now of laughing a good deal at university prize poems,—a "very stupid habit," as no less an authority than Christopher North has remarked. Their public recitation has of late been chiefly remarkable as an opportunity for a running commentary of undergraduate chaff, to the delight of those fast young ladies who come up as "lionesses" to Commemoration, and think that all human life, including the public recognition of honors by the noblest university in the world, is nothing if not amusing. It may be safely confessed that a good many of these modern prize poems are but poor stuff—we cannot expect to grow a young poet every year in Oxford. But will any of my cynical friends do me the favor of looking over with me, for a few minutes, this little volume of the earlier 'Oxford Prize Poems'? The undergraduates and their fair friends of those days were not ashamed to applaud them even rapturously, so that the "Newdigate" became an object of perhaps even disproportionate ambition to the susceptible student, who saw more than fame in the upturned faces and too flattering admiration of that brilliant audience. I pass over Reginald Heber's "Palestine," when the whole Sheldonian theatre, we are told, rang with plaudits from old and young, and even the more eloquent tribute of silent tears was in not a few cases given to the young reciter, due possibly, in some degree, to that charm of manner and intonation which was so remarkable in the bishop's afterlife. Such a recitation would probably be now received with a running fire of facetious commentary—especially in the pathetic passages—young Oxford's new mode of displaying its sympathy with rising genius. "Singular result of a liberal education, sir"—was the remark actually made by an Oxford hairdresser to one of the University authorities, upon whom he was exercising his craft on the morning after a noisy Commemoration—a cynical criticism above the usual mark of barbers, and to which the worthy dignitary declared he found it very difficult to reply. Let "Palestine" stand aside, not only because Heber is admitted to have been a poet, but because his poem is, in my opinion, somewhat overrated, and by no means the best. But take "The Belvidere Apollo," by Henry Milman, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's; or "The Temple of Vesta at Tivoli," by Richard Sewell of Magdalen. Compare them with some of their recent successors—it will be unfair to the writers to individualise them—whose taste has been formed in a different school, and say honestly whether the influence of Pope and Dryden did not call forth at least as much poetic fire, and produce a far higher style of academic exercise—to say the least of it—than we find in these later productions. These fugitive pieces, which had such a triumph in their day, are now so little known that it may be worth while to give a specimen of what some prize poems were. Milman's may of course be found amongst his works; but who turns for poetry to a volume of prize poems, whose very name bespeaks a forced and ephemeral production? The Pharaohs of modern literature know not these Josephs. Few passages in English descriptive poetry are

finer than the lines in which Milman describes that marvellous work of the Ephesian sculptor, the Apollo of the Belvidere gallery, and the pathetic story recorded by Dr. Pinel of the poor French girl who reversed the story of Pygmalion, and died of a hopeless passion for the beautiful Archer-god*—

"For mild he seemed, as in Elysium bowers
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours:
Haughty as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of Day:
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove—
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.
Yet on that form, in wild delirious trance,
With more than reverence gazed the maid of France:
Day after day, the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought of solitude:
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled,
Blushing she stood, and thought the marble smiled;
Oft, breathless listening, heard or seemed to hear
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she waned, and cold and senseless grown,
Closed her dim eyes, herself benumbed to stone."

More beautiful still is Sewell's "Temple of Vesta." The impression which it made on the Oxford of his day was something which would now probably be quite unintelligible. One of the most intellectual of our late bishops—a man of keen judgment and wide acquaintance with English literature—was so charmed with it that he could repeat it from beginning to end.

"The dark pine waves o'er Tiber's classic steep,
From rock to rock the headlong waters leap,
Tossing their foam on high, till leaf and flower
Glitter like emeralds in the sparkling shower:
Lovely—but lovelier from the charms that glow
Where Latium spreads her purple vales below:
The olive smiling on the sunny hill,
The golden orchard, and the ductile rill;*
And, far as eye can strain, yon shadowy dome,
The glory of the earth—Eternal Rome.
. . . . . .
And lo! where still ten circling columns rise
High o'er the arching spray's prismatic dyes,
Touched but not marred,—as time had paused to spare
The wreaths that bloom in lingering beauty there:
E'en where each prostrate wreck might seem to mourn
Her rifted shaft, her loved acanthus torn,
Nature's wild flowers in silent sorrow wave
Their votive sweets o'er Art's neglected grave.
. . . . . .
But ye, who sleep the calm and dreamless sleep
Where joy forgets to smile and woe to weep,—
For you, fair Maids, a long and last repose
Has stilled each pulse that throbs, each vein that glows; •
For oft, too oft, the white and spotless vest
Concealed a bleeding heart, an aching breast;
Hope, that with cold Despair held feeble strife,
And Love that parted but with parting life;
Still would the cheek with human passion burn,
Still would the heart to fond remembrance turn,
Vow all itself to heaven, yet vow in vain,
Sigh for its thoughts, yet sigh to think again."

There is a melancholy pleasure in thus disinterring this perhaps solitary relic of a lost genius. It is sad to think that clouds so soon obscured the early promise of one who could write like this; for we have here, if not the certain indications of a future poet, at least all the graceful diction and cultured taste which bespeak no ordinary mind.

"His saltem accumulem donis."

Both Milman's and Sewell's poems were written, it must be remembered, under the uncomfortable limitation to fifty lines, which was then one of the conditions of Sir Roger Newdigate's prize.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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* "A dream of love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision."
Childe Harold.
Did Byron know the story?

* "Uda mobilibus pomaria rivis."—Hor.

RICHELIEU.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MIRABEAU,' ETC.

THE death of the great Henry once more plunged unhappy France from the very pinnacle of prosperity to the lowest depths of turbulence and misery. Left to the guardianship of an infant king and an ambitious, weak, unworthy woman, what fate was in store for her?

While in the streets and the dwellings of the citizens all was woe and mourning, while the public apartments of the palace presented one sombre aspect of unrelieved black, and faithful servants and honest men wandered through them in ghostly silence, with tearful faces and saddened hearts, Marie de Médicis and her Italian minions held secret conclave amongst gold, purple, and embroidery; from behind their closed doors came sounds of laughter and songs of gladness; every semblance of even outward decency was cast aside; it was the exultation of a band of freebooters, who saw before them a wealthy country, in which law was dead, laid open to pillage. Honest Sully was no companion for those vampires, and, with a heart bowed down with grief for the loss of his noble master, and even yet more so for the sorrow of seeing the labors of his life about to be destroyed, retired to his estate, and left them to wreak the ruin he was powerless to avert. The chief favorite of the Queen Regent was a Florentine, named Concino Conchini, better known by his French title of Maréchal d'Ancre, an unscrupulous adventurer, whom she loaded with riches and dignities;* he, his wife, the Pope's Nuncio, the Spanish ambassador, D'Epernon, and a few others, formed this privy council, of which the object was the total overthrow of that policy under which France had grown great and prosperous, the reopening of religious persecution, and the appropriation of the treasures amassed by the dead King for the execution of his great design.

The effects of this combination were soon fatally apparent. The genius and firm hand of the great Henry repressed the power of the nobles and kept it within the boundaries of the law, but under the feeble rule of a weak woman it again agitated the State with factions and conspiracies. Bribes and largesses to the amount of forty million livres were scattered among the malcontents for the purpose of conciliating them. But, while they shamelessly accepted the money, their turbulence continued to increase; many withdrew to their domains, assembled their men-at-arms, and prepared for civil war. The more honest, desirous to reform the abuses of the State, demanded the convocation of the States-General,* and the Government, powerless for all save evil, after a few futile preparations for an armed resistance and many more bribes, was compelled to submit. But little or nothing could be achieved by an assembly the interests of the different parts of which were so utterly opposing. And so after much talk, complaining, and disputing, it was dissolved, not to meet again for one hundred and seventy years. And then how different the result!

And yet this gathering of vapid, purposeless talkers, that passed away and seemed to leave behind it no more trace of its existence than does a fleeting cloud upon the face of heaven, was pregnant with great results, since it brought into the light a man destined to remodel the political

* Conchini and Leonora Galigaï, afterwards his wife, had come to France in the train of Marie de Médicis; from the first they were the Queen's most evil councillors, filling her ears with scandals and her heart with bitterness against her husband. *If* the assassination of the King was the result of a plot, and not simply of individual fanaticism, there are reasons to suspect that these Italians, as well as the Duc d'Epernon, were concerned in it; indeed, were it possible to prove the existence of such a conspiracy, it might be difficult to exonerate the Queen herself from participation. Her behavior after the tragic event sufficiently warrants the assertion that Henry's death, far from being a source of grief, was regarded by her as a relief.

* The States-General, as it is known to every reader of French history, was an assemblage convoked by the King in any great crisis, and especially when the royal power was unequal to cope with the difficulties of the time. It was composed of the three orders, the nobles, the clergy, and the *tiers-état*.

world of France. That man was Armand du Plessis, afterwards Cardinal Duc de Richelieu.

Armand Jean du Plessis was born in the Château de Richelieu, in Touraine, on the 5th of September, 1585. His father was the Seigneur de Richelieu, and captain in Henry the Fourth's guards. There were three sons: the eldest, according to the custom of noble houses, followed the career of arms; the second entered the church; the third, Armand, created Marquis de Chillon, was likewise educated for the military profession, which he followed until his brother, who had been appointed to the bishopric of Luçon, turned ascetic and entered a Carthusian monastery. The bishopric having been for many years in the Richelieu family, so valuable an appanage could not be permitted to pass into the hands of a stranger, and the young Marquis, then only eighteen, was called upon to take his brother's place. He does not appear to have offered any opposition to this sudden change of career. Eight hours a day for four years he is said to have devoted to the study of theology, and thereby to have permanently injured a constitution always frail and delicate. Not having attained the age prescribed for the episcopacy, he took a journey to Rome to solicit his institution. The Abbé Siri tells an anecdote of this time which foreshadows the future cardinal. He deceived the Pope in his age, and after he had received consecration begged absolution for the deceit. "This young bishop," said the Pontiff, "is gifted with a rare genius, but he is subtle and crafty."

Seven years passed away, and never was prelate more pious, more unassuming; theological studies and the conversion of heretics formed the sole objects of his life; but he had also gained a great reputation as a preacher. Probably, his ambition at this time—for there never could have been a time when Armand Richelieu was not ambitious—was confined within the pale of the Church. But the convocation of the States-General summoned him from his retirement. The clergy chose him as one of their representatives, and, on account of his before-mentioned priestly eloquence, selected him for their orator. No fierce denouncer, however, of corrupt power was the Bishop of Luçon; on the contrary, he introduced into his speech such adroit flatteries to the Queen Mother that, having already insinuated himself into the favor of the favorite, Leonora Galigaï, she appointed him to be her chaplain. So well did his fortunes progress that within two years we find him, thanks to Maréchal d'Ancre, Secretary of State for War and Foreign Affairs. A not very noble figure does the future great Cardinal cut at this period as the toady of the Queen Mother and her minion.

But the days of the latter were numbered. The boy-king was carefully secluded by the ambitious Marie from all state affairs, and passed his time in hunting and puerile amusements. Among his attendants was a gentleman named Albert de Luynes, whose ambition meditated no less a design than to destroy Conchini, subvert the power of the Queen Mother, and rule in their place. To accomplish this, he irritated the pride of the young Louis to such an extent, by representing the condition of tutelage and almost imprisonment in which he was kept, a condition, he averred, that would continue as long as the Maréchal lived, that he prevailed upon the boy to enter into a plot for his assassination. And on the 24th of April, 1617, Conchini was murdered in the broad daylight in the court of the Louvre, not by common hirelings, but by barons, officers, and "men of honor." After the murder followed a yet more revolting scene: each murderer, anxious to prove his share in the deed, fell upon the dead man and stripped him of his accoutrements and property; one seized upon his sword, another upon his ring, a third upon his scarf, a fourth upon his cloak, and rushed away eager and breathless, to lay these spoils at the feet of the King. Jean Baptiste d'Ornano, a Corsican colonel, had the *honor* to reach the royal presence first. Upon learning the success of the plot, Louis showed himself at the window of the grand salon, and to the shout of "Vive le roi!" which rose from the court below, responded, "Many thanks to you, my worthy friends; now I am king indeed!"

Wolves devour wolves. The downfall of the favorite was the signal for the destruction of all his belongings; and those who had cringed lowest to him in his days of power were now the most inveterate against all who claimed kin with him. His wife was the first victim. She was

immediately arrested, and brought before the Parlement, upon accusations of sacrilege, witchcraft, and political crimes. Being weak in health, and finding no relief from ordinary physicians, she had engaged the services of a charlatan, who pretended to the knowledge and exercise of the occult sciences. Her credulity afforded an excellent means for her destruction. She was accused of performing pagan sacrifices and of communing with the powers of darkness. She was asked by what kind of sorcery she had dominated the Queen Mother? "By no other than the power by which strong souls govern the weak," was the answer.* Her innocence of the greater part of the charges brought against her was so palpable that several of the judges, knowing her death to be a foregone conclusion, retired from the deliberations. The sentence declared Conchini and his widow guilty of *lèse-majesté* divine and human, condemned the memory of the husband to perpetual infamy, and the wife to be beheaded, and her body burned.

It was for this treacherous assassination and false *procès* that Louis obtained the agnomen of "the Just"!

Marie de Médicis was, it need scarcely be said, included in the ruin of her party, and was kept close prisoner to her own apartments, until she obtained permission to retire to her estate at Blois.

The Bishop of Luçon, who had ever been one of the most assiduous flatterers of the unfortunate Conchini, was one of the first to felicitate the King upon having "done justice." Nevertheless he had to follow the Queen Mother into her exile. But soon afterwards, De Luynes, probably considering him too clever a servant to be safe, ordered him to seek some other abode. He retired into a priory in Poitou, "being desirous," he said, "of devoting himself entirely to the combating of heresy." Here he also composed and published controversial and devotional works, and played the hypocrite *à merveilles!*

Marie de Médicis was no better off at Blois than she had been in the Louvre; De Luynes surrounded her and her adherents with spies, two of her friends were broken upon the wheel for holding secret correspondence with her, others were sent into perpetual banishment. But after a time the nobles grew impatient of the yoke of the new favorite, who was quite as rapacious and tyrannous as the old; to break it, it was necessary to reinstate the Queen, and the Duc d'Epernon headed an enterprise which effected her escape. The court was in great alarm; but, too weak to crush the rebels, was compelled to negotiate with them. The man chosen to conduct these negotiations was the Bishop of Luçon. The friend who procured him this mission and consequent recall to court was Père Joseph. This man had some time previously attracted Richelieu's attention; the subtle attraction of kindred minds had drawn them towards each other and brought about a close attachment, which was dissolved only by death. Joseph had been a soldier before he turned Capuchin, had been a great traveller, and was possessed of a subtle, powerful genius, and a resolution so indomitable and tenacious that at times it was capable of supporting even that of the Cardinal. Could all the secret springs of that age be laid bare before us, we might perhaps see his *Eminence grise* frequently playing the part of wirepuller, his *Éminence rouge** that of puppet.

Père Joseph had, thanks to his patron, obtained so good a footing at court, having been employed upon more than one important affair to foreign courts, that he was enabled to insinuate that patron's return. And with such skill and prudence did the Bishop conduct his delicate mission that he succeeded in bringing about a temporary reconciliation between Marie de Médicis and her son. But it was of short duration. De Luynes, still all powerful, soon recommenced the persecution of her friends; the great nobles, more disaffected than ever, retired to their estates and took up arms; the Huguenots, fearing repressive measures, followed their example; D'Epernon, allying himself with their chiefs, De Rohan and La Trémouille, broke into open revolt. The King marched against them in person; there was an engagement, in which the rebels had the worst of it. A second reconcilia-

* The atrocity and the degraded superstition displayed in this *procès* were far exceeded in that which was instituted some years later against the unfortunate priest Urbain Grandier.

* Two nicknames by which the Cardinal and his confessor were known.

tion was patched up, and Louis published a declaration to the effect, that all which had been done by his mother and those allied with her had no end but the good of the State.

During this time the Bishop of Luçon, while still retaining the mother's confidence, contrived to preserve the favor of De Luynes, and even, through one of his nieces, to ally himself by marriage with him. But the genius of the subtle churchman had already begun to excite apprehensions in the favorite's mind, and he cared not to let him become too powerful. The Bishop desired to be a cardinal, but the King, under the inspiration of his minister, while openly supporting his claim, sent secret instructions to the Pope to refuse him the hat—a proceeding highly characteristic of this weak and treacherous monarch.

The death of De Luynes, who expired of a fever while engaged in military operations against the Protestants of the south, left the helm of the State free to the first hand daring and powerful enough to seize upon it. The next year Richelieu obtained the coveted hat. In 1624 he again became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but only after much coquetting and dissimulation. His health rendered the country air necessary to him; his tastes were not for mundane affairs, but for study and seclusion; these and other like excuses rendered his acceptance of the post an apparent sacrifice. But from that time his rise was swift and sure. Day by day his powerful mind and striking genius made themselves more and more felt in the national councils, and his giant intellect, mastering the puny dwarfs by whom he was surrounded, quickly grasped the supreme power.

Austria, which was master of both ends of Italy—Naples and Milan—desired a route which should unite the empire with Spain and the German with the Italian possessions, so that it could, when necessary, march an army from one side of the Alps to the other without opposition. The Valtelline Valley, situated between Tyrol, Venetia, Milan, and the Grisons, to which it belonged, fulfilled these requirements; and taking advantage of the religious feuds which were then raging in that district, the Empire would have annexed it but for the decisive action of Richelieu. Taking up the policy of the great Henry, he resolved by every means to weaken the power of the Colossus. His reply to the ambassador, who sent him a long despatch setting forth the difficulties of interfering in this affair, and especially urging the ambiguous conduct of the Pope, is highly characteristic of the man. "The King has changed his council and the ministry its policy. We shall send an army into the Valtelline, which will render the Pope less uncertain, and the Spaniards more tractable."

It was not foreign affairs alone, however, that engaged his attention. The whole land was in a state of ferment that threatened universal anarchy. The Huguenots were in a chronic state of revolt, and the great nobles combining in incessant conspiracies. Most dangerous of the conspirators was the King's brother, Gaston Duc d'Orléans. History cannot furnish, even out of the family of which he was the founder, a character more revolting and contemptible than that of this prince. The first to initiate a plot, the first to fly upon discovery; arousing discontent in every heart, and ready to betray and sacrifice every man who listened to his councils; there was no villainy, no treachery too black for his approval; there was no meanness, no degradation to which he was not ready to submit to save himself from the consequences. Seven years had elapsed since Louis's marriage with Anne of Austria, and still there was no heir to the crown; the King's health was delicate, and the chances were thus greatly in favor of Gaston's succession. This gave him an influence among the *noblesse* even greater than his position warranted. It was but in the ordinary course of things that Orléans and his faction should be the bitter opponents of Richelieu; to them were joined in the league of hate the Queen and her friends, the Duchesse de Chevreuse—the remarried widow of De Luynes—and the Princesse de Condé. From the first there had been feud between the Queen and the Cardinal. It has been said that he made dishonorable addresses to her, and that the rejection of his advances was the cause of that enmity with which he ever afterwards pursued her. There is nothing improbable in the charge, for his gallantries were notorious, as Marion de l'Orme could have testified; but her dislike, probably, arose at first from the fact of his being a

e of Marie de Médicis, between her
hom there had ever been implacable
:y.

of these complications was hatched
piracy which aimed, not only at the
:tion of the Minister, but the de-
ment of the King, his divorce from
ıeen and her marriage with Gaston.
with the arch-traitor in this design
e Duc de Vendôme and his brother,
tural sons of Henry IV., the Comte
issons, the Duc de Montmorency,
›mte Chalais, and D'Ornano, one of
sassins of Conchini. Informed of
›t, Richelieu struck the first blow by
ng the latter. A few days afterwards
ı was upon his knees before the
er in abject submission, swearing
he Gospel to love those who loved
ing and the Queen Mother, and to
his Majesty of the least word he
uttered against him or his council-
‹pressing at the same time his ap-
of the arrest of D'Ornano, who had
:o been his most faithful servant.
more the Cardinal played the part
humble, studious priest, for the re-
s animosity of his enemies intimi-
him. Once more he pleaded his
to retire from mundane affairs—he
/eary of pomps and vanities; the
vacillating king, alarmed at the
ıt of being left to govern alone,
not hear of his retirement, and even
with his own hand the most lavish
ses to defend him against all ene-
whoever they might be: "Assure
lf that I will never change," ran the
ıent, "and whoever attacks you, you
ıave me for your second." But his
btained him a far more substantial
tion than this royal bond in the
of permission to raise a company of
:eteers to serve him for a body-

Armed and omnipotent, he
d the arrest of the Duc de Ven-
the Grand Prior, and several per-
:s of the highest consequence,
; whom was the King's favorite, the
: de Chalais. Upon being arrested,
fortunate young man, hoping there-
save his life, made certain revelations
implicated the Queen in the plot;
ı the scaffold he recalled the accusa-
nd firmly protested her innocence.
however, goes for nothing: he
have been a poor creature who
not have done as much under simi-
lar circumstances. There was a private judgment held upon the unhappy Anne in the King's chamber, in the presence of Marie de Médicis and the Cardinal; Louis accused her of desiring his death in order that she might espouse Orléans. "What! from Louis to Gaston; there would be too little to gain by such a change!" was her disdainful retort.

The death of Henry IV. had once more loosed the persecution of a fanatical populace upon the Protestants, who were compelled to arm in self-defence. In the south and west they were under the leadership of such powerful names as Soubise, Trémouille, and Rohan, and formed a League, whose organization, army, and treasury were perfectly distinct from those of the State, thus forming a government within a government. So dangerous a combination, which threatened to permanently divide the kingdom, could not be permitted by so sagacious and powerful a statesman as Richelieu. As early as the period of the Valtelline expedition the royal fleet had gained an advantage over the League in the waters of La Rochelle, which important naval and military town had always been the head-quarters of the Hugenots, and captured the Isle of Ré; but France did not possess at the time sufficient ships to blockade the port, and so the advantage was lost.* In 1627, however, the attitude of England compelled him to again turn his attention in that direction. Buckingham, to avenge himself upon Louis and Richelieu, had long since resolved upon war with France.† To

* Richelieu may be justly considered to have been the creator of the French navy. When he entered upon power, the nation did not possess a single vessel of war fit for service. This branch of the national defences was in a state of deplorable incompetency, as was every person connected with it; the admirals were nobles who knew no more of the sea than do our own Lords of the Admiralty. He abolished the office of Grand Admiral, and instituted in its place a superintendent of navigation; established schools of pilotage and of marine artillery, and published a complete maritime code. In a few years he had created a fleet capable of coping with those of Spain and England.

† "When the Duke was making preparations for a new embassy to Paris, a message was sent him from Lewis that he must not think of such a journey. In a romantic passion he swore 'That he would see the Queen in spite of all the power of France,' and from that mo-

provoke this, he had encouraged English privateers to seize upon French ships, which were confiscated as prizes. An application for assistance from Soubise, one of the great Huguenot leaders, gave him the opportunity he desired, and at his solicitation Charles fitted out a fleet of one hundred vessels, and an army of seven thousand men, for the invasion of France, of which the Duke himself, who was neither soldier nor sailor, was entrusted with the command. Nevertheless, he succeeded in effecting a landing upon the Isle of Ré.

With all the energy the situation required, Richelieu set to work to repel the invader. Concealing the crisis from the King, who was sick at the time, he took the whole responsibility upon himself. He made every provision, spent his own money, engaged his credit, collected all the munitions of war, covered the menaced coast with troops, and, doffing his cardinal's gown and hat for breastplate and helmet, commanded the expedition in person. Buckingham was completely routed, and two-thirds of his army destroyed. The Royalists now laid siege to Rochelle. By the orders of the Minister, a mole 4700 feet in length was thrown across the harbor, thus isolating the town from the sea, and rendering further assistance from England impossible. Twice was the gigantic work thrown down by the waves, but the inflexible Cardinal began afresh each time, and the third succeeded. After a most heroic resistance, during which, it is said, 25,000 people, out of a population of 30,000, died by famine or the sword, the town was obliged to capitulate. The Cardinal, issuing from the trenches, where he had performed the part of captain and engineer, doffed his armor, and donning his gown celebrated a thanksgiving mass in the Church of Sainte-Marguerite.

But his enemies were like the fabled hydra: he had no sooner destroyed one batch than others sprang up in their places. His grand and comprehensive policy had long since soared above the weak intelligence of the Queen Mother. Jealous of the absolute power he wielded over the State, and, above all, jealous of the influence he had won over her son's mind, sue now manifested towards him only bitterness and hostility. He no longer bowed before the storm, as in the old days, but faced it with haughty reproaches. "Considerations of State frequently oblige us to rise above the passions of princes," he said, and peremptorily demanded permission to retire from the ministry. Louis dared not accept his resignation, and was fain to humble himself to his all-powerful servant.

More absolute than ever, he turns his attention to the re-establishment of French influence in Italy, assembles a large body of troops, superintends their discipline, draws out a plan of campaign, and, carrying the King with him, is soon at the foot of the Alps. A complete victory over the Duke of Savoy and the Spanish army terminates the campaign. With his soldiers flushed with success, he again turns his arms against the Huguenots; Privas, Alais, Nîmes, their last strongholds, fall before him; De Rohan makes submission, and on the 28th of June, 1629, the last flames of the civil war are extinguished. At Privas, while he was sick, there had been a cruel massacre; but at Montauban he received the Huguenot ministers with much graciousness, telling them that the King looked upon them as his subjects, and in that quality made no distinction between them and the Catholics. He used his victory with the most generous moderation, and obtained an ordinance from the King which left the conquered the free exercise of their religion. Richelieu's was too large a mind to be a persecutor of opinion.

Another campaign against Savoy quickly followed this success. With armor on back, and sword at his side, he led the troops in person, endured all the dangers and fatigues of a common soldier, carried Pignerol and Chambéry, and, with the assistance of a brilliant victory gained by the Maréchal de Montmorency at Vegliana, brought the war to a close. But while the nation was growing greater and more powerful day by day, while the acclamations of the people followed his steps wherever he moved, the envy and hatred of little minds were endeavoring to rob him of the fruits of his labors. The two Queens, putting aside for a time their mutual antipathies, made common cause against him; the mother, whose sympathies were with Savoy, her son-in-law, im-

ment he determined to engage England in a war with that kingdom."—HUME.

ed Louis night and day to dismiss his
er. But once more these enmities
ıded to his honor, and letters
conferring upon him the title of
cipal Minister of State" raised him
ill greater height of power.
vards the end of the Italian cam-
however, Louis was seized with a
ıt Lyons, and his life was despaired
ven around the sick man's bed the
ers held council how the obnoxious
ıal should be disposed of after the
; death. De Guise was for exile,
npierre for perpetual imprisonment,
Iaréchal de Marillac, the Mother's
:e, counselled death. An unseen
r, Richelieu overheard all, and mark-
h speaker for the doom he had pro-
. But the crisis passed, and the King
The affectionate solicitude shown by
ueen during his danger softened his
towards her, and inclined him to
ıis ear to her accusations against the
nal, and to the prayers of the Mother
s dismissal. In vain did Richelieu,
: most humble advances, endeavor
ɔnciliate her; implacable in her
l, she only redoubled her importuni-

: result of these intrigues will be best
yed to the reader in the following
ic scene, bequeathed us by the Abbé
/hich was acted in the Luxembourg,
de Médicis' palace.

; she was in the midst of her discourse,
as earnestly pressing her son to accord
ıat she desired, the Cardinal suddenly
d the chamber; he had in truth found
ɔr closed and express injunctions given
usher to admit no person, and, above
m, if he presented himself; but as he
all the ways of the palace, he went to
ardrobe of that princess, and through
entered the chamber, having gained for
nd one of her women named Zuccole,
being in her mistress's confidence, was
ɔle guard of that entrance. The unex-
l arrival of the Cardinal quite confound-
Queen Mother. Very soon, however, she
ered from her surprise, and the presence
Cardinal served only to redouble her
as much by the remembrance it renewed
:he offences he had committed as because
w herself interrupted in the accomplish-
of her designs, so that, full of fury and
:ment, transported with anger, she called
in the presence of her son, a double-
insolent, audacious traitor, and bestowed
him many other injurious epithets. She
tulated to the King in his presence all
he had already said to him upon the sub-
efore he arrived, omitting nothing that
was calculated to still further blacken him in his mind. The Cardinal, astounded and confused at the extreme fury of this princess, replied not a single word to all the abuse she heaped upon him; he endeavored only to soften the bitterness of her mind, and to moderate her anger. That is why, with a respectful countenance and in the most humble and submissive terms he could find, accompanied even with tears, which he always had at his command, he addressed her in the most feeling manner in the world and the most proper, to soften her. But her hatred and anger against him had risen to such a height that neither his submission, his prayers, nor his tears were able to move her; on the contrary, she cried with a loud voice, that he was a crafty knave, who well knew how to play his part, and that all he was doing was mere mummery, and a mere trick to deceive her once more. The Cardinal, seeing this, turned to the King and entreated him to permit his retiring and passing the remainder of his days in repose, it not being right that his Majesty should retain him in his service and continue him in the ministry against the wish of the Queen. At these words, the Monarch, testifying a desire to defer to the wishes of his mother, accorded him his request, and desired him to leave the presence."

Without losing a moment's time, the Mother appoints two of her favorites—the brothers De Marillac—to the premiership and the command of the army, throws open her *salons* to the crowd of fawning sycophants, and gives way to the exultation of victory. But her confidence is premature; Richelieu is not yet defeated. Upon quitting the Luxembourg, Louis repairs to his hunting-lodge at Versailles; thither the Cardinal follows him, and obtains admission to his cabinet. What passed at that interview history has not recorded; but at the moment De Marillac, the premier, arrived to be formally installed in his new dignity, the King was taking leave of Richelieu, and commanding him to retain his office and serve him well in it. The would-be minister was arrested upon the spot, and his brother the same night at a supper he had given to celebrate his new fortune. French wit has recorded these events in history under the heading of "the Day of Dupes."

The Maréchal de Marillac, under the pretence of exactions and peculations carried on during his government in Champagne, was brought to the scaffold after a two years' *procès*.* His brother died in

* The condemnation of this man, a soldier who had served in the army forty years, was

prison. All the creatures of the Queen Mother, down to the meanest, were cast into the Bastille, and she herself exiled from France never to return to it. She ended her days miserably in a foreign land, and well deserved her fate. The cowardly Gaston, who had shown a clean pair of heels at the bursting up of the plot, immediately sought about for other dupes with whom to concoct conspiracy. This time he found a noble one in the Maréchal de Montmorency, who placed himself at the head of a body of malcontents vowed to the destruction of the Cardinal. They were defeated in an engagement near Castelnaudry, and the Maréchal and the Duke fell into the hands of the Minister. Orléans licked the dust, betrayed his victims as usual, and signed a treaty in which he vowed to evermore love all the King's ministers, and Richelieu especially. Being the King's brother, he escaped unscathed, and was permitted to join his worthy mother in Brussels. But the brave Montmorency was condemned to the block, spite of the prayers of the people and an almost universal intercession.

While suppressing the power of the Protestants at home, the Cardinal's inimical policy towards the House of Austria engaged him to assist them abroad; thus we find him taking part with the revolting Netherlands, and allying himself during the Thirty Years' War with the great Protestant champion, Gustavus Adolphus. The revolution which wrested Portugal from Spain also greatly owed its success to his countenance and succor. Varying fortunes attended the arms of France during the period of this the most awful of all the wars of creeds. In 1635 the Imperialists and Spaniards crossed the frontiers at different points, and the latter advanced within thirty-five leagues of Paris. A universal cry, *à la mode française*, when rulers or generals are unsuccessful, rose from every order of the State. Believing the storm to be overwhelming, Richelieu would have retreated before it, but for the encouragement and counsels of Père Joseph. He held his ground, and conquered. The invaders were beaten back, and everywhere defeated. Not in vain had he taken up the mantle of the great Henry; the decline of the House of Austria and the ruin of the Spanish monarchy date from this period, as well as the permanent preponderance of France in he affairs of Europe.

Not all the terrible examples which the inexorable Cardinal had already held up to his enemies could repress the hydra from sending forth new heads. The Queen continued to carry on a correspondence with the exiled foes of the Minister, especially with the Duchesse de Chevreuse, and even to hold treasonous communication with those foreign powers most hostile to France. Such despatches, more than once intercepted by her ever-watchful enemy, brought upon her fresh and ever-increasing humiliation. But in 1638, in the twenty-second year of her unhappy married life, a Dauphin was born; an event which brought forth many scandalous effusions from the ribald pamphleteers of the time, and did little to soften the King's habitual coldness towards her.

Orléans was as indefatigable as ever in plotting, and continued to bring better heads than his own to the block. De Soisson's conspiracy, however, which broke out in 1641, and which was supported by the Duc de Bouillon, Spain, and Austria, might have brought about a revolution had not the leader been killed in the first engagement. Scarcely was this rebellion dissolved before the hydra sent forth another head. To distract the King's maundering affections from Mademoiselle de Hauteville*—for he could not endure that Louis should have any favorite, male or female, unless of his choosing—Richelieu had placed about his person, in the capacity of spy, a young gentleman named Cinq-Mars. This youth, who was very handsome and engaging in manners, quickly became supreme favorite, and his

an act of lawless tyranny; the Parlement of Paris twice declared the commission appointed to try him to be illegal, and was twice compelled to rescind its decree. Once resolved upon a course of action Richelieu was prepared to trample upon every law and every institution. He constituted himself the sole judge of the right and the wrong, and his WILL was the only fixed law of the nation.

* Louis XIII.'s amours were few and, it is believed, platonic; yet woe to her upon whom he cast an eye of liking, for from that hour the Minister resolved upon her destruction. He banished Mademoiselle de Hauteville from the court, and consigned the beautiful and amiable Mademoiselle de la Fayette to a cloister.

master's bosom confidant. Louis, weak, fretful way, would constantly lain to him of the Cardinal's tyranny of his weariness beneath the yoke; which this shallow-sighted courtier ived the assurance that, safe in the protection, he might attempt the uction of the obnoxious Minister and into his place.

ıe outcome of such ideas was a con- cy, which embraced De Bouillon, ıns, and all the other haters of the great

While this was concocting a severe s kept Richelieu away from the court. uspected, however, that mischief was ing, but could obtain no proofs. One he received anonymously a sealed et, which contained a copy of the pirators' treaty with Spain. With the g of a tiger he was upon them: Cinq- ; was arrested, and Orléans, so swift been his movement, unable to fly, him the most humble excuses, the cowardly supplications. The condi- he imposed upon this double traitor that he should give up the names of is accomplices; a condition which he ɔulously and with all alacrity per- ed. Cinq-Mars boldly asserted that King knew of his projects, and had liscouraged them. Louis was com- d to admit that a proposition for the linal's destruction had been made to but protested that he had repelled it horror; and so he gave up his rite to the tiger's fangs with the most tless indifference.

n the morning of the execution he was ing with some gentlemen in the nds of Saint-Germain. Taking out vatch, and seeing that it was the hour l for the fatal event, he said, with the ɔst *sang-froid*, "I should like to see ıgly grimace that *cher ami** is making now."

lore than ever did he now fall beneath domination of his minister, and never that minister been so triumphant and ble. His progress from Lyons, where execution had taken place, to Paris that of a Cæsar. Being in ill health, vas carried by his guards in a gorgeous r, which accommodated, besides his seats for two other persons; it was so e that in places walls had to be taken down and gates widened to admit its passage. But the Nemesis of blood was upon the conqueror in the midst of his victory. Sick in body, sick in mind; the hydra sending forth heads faster than ever; the heavy burden of taxation created by the ceaseless wars maddening the lower classes to riot; every hand armed with a dagger against his life; every person that approached the throne threatening that which was dearer to him than life—his power. He dared not stir abroad, even to the King's ante-chamber, unless surrounded by guards; fear and hatred were the only sentiments he inspired. At last came the end, when the iron will could no longer sustain the frail body, and worn out by labor and anxiety, the great Minister lay upon his bed of death. "Sire," he said to the King, who came to visit him, "in taking leave of your Majesty, I have the consolation of leaving your kingdom more powerful than it ever was before, and your enemies abased." Henri Martin, in his "History of France," gives this fine picture of the closing scene:—

"On the 3rd of December, in the afternoon, the King came to see the Cardinal for the last time. The doctors, having given up all hope, had abandoned the sick man to some empirics who procured him a little relief, but his weakness increased: on the morning of the fourth, perceiving the approach of death, he desired his niece, the Duchess d'Aguillon, to retire, 'the person,' according to his own words, 'whom he had most loved;' it was the only moment, not of weakness, but of tenderness, that he had had; his immovable firmness was not belied during all his long sufferings. All the assistants, ministers, generals, relations, and domestics, were bathed in tears; for this terrible man was, by the confession of contemporaries the least favorable to him, 'the best master, relation, and friend that ever existed.' Towards noon he heaved a deep sigh, then a feebler one, then his body sank down and remained immovable—his great soul had departed."

Five months afterwards, on the 14th of May, 1643, Louis followed him into the tomb, thus dying ere he could realise the irreparable loss he had sustained.

With the administration of Richelieu ended that intermediate epoch which began with Francis I., and which is known, in the history of art, as the Renaissance. It was he who swept away the last outward forms of the feudal system; its spirit lingered in remote provinces until the great Revolution, but as an institution it died with its

Cher ami was the name he had given the rtunate Cinq-Mars in the days of his favor.

ancient titles and privileges. In 1626 he had sent forth a mandate for the destruction of the fortifications of all towns and *chateaux* not necessary to the defence of the country, thereby rendering the nobles powerless to resist authority. The counts and dukes who had ruled over the provinces and towns of the kingdom during the middle ages, and who, except when the sceptre was grasped by a strong hand, set the central power at defiance, had been superseded by governors appointed by the King; but these dignities, vested in the great families, had gradually become hereditary, and were wielded with a haughtiness and contempt for the royal will scarcely inferior to the ancient suzerains. Richelieu transferred these governorships to inferior personages who could be displaced at pleasure, and whose obedience could thus be more safely relied upon. Until the power of the nobles was crushed, peace and law could never be established, since their pride, their feuds and ambition kept the nation in a constant ferment. It was the substitution of one tyrant for many —an exchange which was favorable to the country for a time, until it developed into that absolute centralisation which drained the very life-blood of France during the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. and the whole of that of his successor. Richelieu sowed the first seed of the Revolution.

Reference has already been made to the reforms he effected in the naval administration; scarcely less sweeping were those he brought about in the military department. Special taxes were set aside for the maintenance of the army, the pay and condition of which had been hitherto dependent upon the general state of the finances. The soldiery were forbidden to pillage the inhabitants of the country during war, or to oppress them with cruel exactions, and full justice was done to all who had suffered from such causes. But a yet more radical change from the old to the new style of warfare was effected by the alteration in military costume. The old ponderous panoply of steel was almost entirely cast aside; in the Musqueteer Guards even the helmet was superseded by a broad-brimmed hat of felt.

No inward reforms, deeply affecting the happiness and well-being of the nation, could have so effectually marked the transition from the ancient to the modern as the abolition of these old titles, old customs and old costumes, for these are the symbols which individualise ages and nations. It is these outward husks, and not the entities they shroud, which separate us from Rome and mediævalism. Could some magician bring back the men of past ages we should be astonished to find how little human nature changes, how little better or worse it really is than it was two thousand or five hundred years ago. *Now* the tiger's claws are sheathed and gloved, in the old times they were more usually worn bare; but they still exist, sharp and cruel as ever, when the pressure comes to draw them forth.

It could be scarcely imagined that amidst such perils and mighty cares a statesman would find time to compose tragedies and busy himself with the pursuits of literature. Nevertheless, our Cardinal did find time to keep five poets, among whom was Pierre Corneille, writing plays upon plots he had himself invented; he also wrote a tragi-comedy called *Mirame*, upon the production of which he expended two hundred thousand crowns. Herein lay the weakness of this iron soul: to praise his play was the surest road to his favor; one writer received six hundred livres for six verses of eulogy, and pensions were liberally scattered upon his flatterers. But beyond such personal vanity, unlike his royal master, who disliked both letters and people of letters, Richelieu took a great interest in literature and its professors; a little society which met occasionally to discuss literary subjects, suggested to him the foundation of a body which should decide all questions of taste, criticism, and language; hence the Académie Française, of which he was the founder and protector.

By no means a gay court, although a sensual and licentious one, was that of Louis XIII. Sombre and melancholy, oppressed by a superstitious gloom, which he dignified by the name of religion,* caring little for any diversion save that of hunting, such was the central figure.

"He saw himself reduced to the most melancholy and miserable life in the world, without suite, without court, without power, and, consequently, without pleasure and without honor. Thus were passed some years of his life

* "*Il n'aimoit point Dieu, mais il avoit grand peur de l'enfer,*" said a Frenchman epigrammatically.

at-Germains, where he lived like a private man; and while his armies were taking and winning battles, he amused himwith catching birds. . . . But the did not occupy him so much but that ew weary at times. Sometimes he would ld of a person and say, 'Let us stand at indow until we tire ourselves,' and then ould fall into a reverie. One could ly enumerate all the fine handicrafts he earned beyond those which concerned ase; for he would make leather cannons, , nets, arquebusses, money. He was a confectioner, a good gardener, he raised peas, and sent them to be sold in the t. . . .

" Il eut cent vertus de valet
Et pas une vertu de maître."*

e surroundings of this melancholy e were even darker. The Queen y sequestered from all pleasure by the sy of her husband, the whole atmosheavy with *espionage*, conspiracy leath, and the grim shadow of the tioner hovering over all. And as h the sword and the axe could not st enough, duels to the death were t in every street and every public upon the most frivolous pretences.† s an age of transition which extended yond this reign, until the end of the le time and the administration of rt; it was the fight of nature against avagery against civilisation. Have ined as much as we imagine by the nge? It is a question well worth ring over.

e monarch was but a puppet in the of his mighty minister, and would have shaken off the oath if he had He had never liked the Cardinal, rom the time he first came to court obsequious and humble friend of ueen Mother. "I know that man than you do, Madame," he said to ie day; "he has a measureless ambi-

Fear and incapacity for state were the bonds which bound the to the servant. And Richelieu very art to magnify the difficulties ecraft in his master's eyes. Withis pilot Louis was like a rudderless rifting before a gale amidst shoals and quicksands. To a temperament so timid, weak, and vacillating the iron will of such a man was necessary for support.*

A figure at once elegant and imposing, a majestic bearing, features delicate, yet stern, and the eye of an eagle, such is the portrait of the great Cardinal, which has been handed down to posterity. In society the terrible and relentless statesman was gay and *spirituel;* his conversation, from the extent of his knowledge and the depth of his mind, delightful, and at the same time diversified by *bon mots*, and the gossip of the time. In the society of ladies he was the most polished of gallants; he was a constant frequenter at the Hôtel Rambouillet; assisted at the *thèses d'amour* of the Précieuses, and even spoke the jargon of the romances of the period. His ordinary life was one of unceasing labor. He usually retired to rest at eleven o'clock, but slept only three or four hours. His first sleep passed, he had his portfolio brought to him in bed, and either wrote himself or dictated to a secretary. At six o'clock he went asleep again, but rose between seven and eight. Having performed his devotions, he set his secretaries to copy the despatches of which he had made minutes during the night. After this he dressed, and received his ministers, with whom he shut himself up until ten or eleven. Then he heard mass, and took a walk round the garden, where he gave audience to the numerous inferior persons who sought him. After dinner he conversed for several hours with his guests. The rest of the day was employed in State affairs, in receiving ambassadors and other functionaries. In the evening he took another walk for recreation, and to give audience to those who could not obtain it in the morning.

Judged by the petty canons of a superficial age, of which the littleness of soul is surpassed only by its inflated vanity, the grand, antique figure of this mighty statesman is that of a tyrant and wholesale murderer. But it is by the canons of his own time, and by the broad principles taught by universal history, not by those of milksop humanitarians, that Armand Richelieu and his deeds must be judged.

llement de Reaux—'Histoirette de Treize.'

twenty years it was calculated that vere killed in these encounters. In d kings issue edicts pronouncing them able with death; they were never enuntil Richelieu executed two gentler fighting in the Place Royale.

* For the finest portrait ever drawn of this king the reader is referred to Victor Hugo's splendid play of "Marion de L'Orme."

It was a vast task he imposed upon himself —out of the anarchy into which his age had fallen to create order. His order, truly, was absolutism, but, nevertheless, it was the first link in the chain which led to liberty. Spite of our nineteenth-century ideas, social and political advancement cannot be accomplished by leaps; it is the slowest and most tedious of all progress, and its motto should be, *Festina lente*. Feudalism, although admirably adapted for the Middle Ages, would have kept nations in eternal bondage; until that inelastic yoke was removed, the people could never expand. Both in France and England the rise of the middle class dates from the establishment of absolute monarchy, as the rise of the great body of the people dates from the French Revolution. To assert that Richelieu's policy aimed at ultimate freedom would be to assert a fallacy; nevertheless, it did much to bring it about. De Retz has said that "his care for the State did not extend beyond his own life," but that manual of statecraft, the 'Testament Politique,' which he left behind, would seem to refute that theory. The work he did for France was a grand legacy to posterity; he put a termination to the terrible religious wars which had desolated the country during more than a century, and while granting free toleration to its worship, he for ever destroyed Protestantism as a political power; he annexed Lorraine and the greater part of Alsace, and conquered the enemies of France, whether English, Spaniards, or Austrians; he reformed both army and navy, and swept away numberless ancient corruptions and abuses. The days for social advancement, for the rise and encouragement of trade and manufactures had not yet come; that was a work reserved for a future minister, a great man, but a much smaller than he. It had not come because the middle class had not risen to sufficient consideration in the State, but Richelieu cut down the barriers which barred their progress; he was Colbert's pioneer. He reformed with axe and sword. The forest must be cleared, the wild beasts slaughtered, before the settler can build his hut, and sow his corn, and live in peace. He was a tyrant only to the great, his vengeance seldom descended on less than a noble. He would have all equal before the king, all equally amenable to the law; in that he was the first abolitionist of privilege; he was the first great liberator of his nation. He was merciless, since the men he resolved to crush could be intimidated only by measures of the extremest rigor. But in war his clemency was far in advance of his age; and his victories were never stained by massacre or cruelty. Of the sacredness of individual life he had no feeling. "I never undertake anything," he said, "without thorough consideration. But, when once my resolution is taken, I go straight to my object, I overthrow all, I mow down all, I cover all with my red cassock." And the terrible purpose once resolved upon no prayer could pierce him, no considerations of gratitude or humanity soften. Once, when in great danger from his enemies, Montmorency offered to shelter and protect him; such generosity should never have been forgotten. But, when the brave Maréchal lay under sentence of death, he was reminded of the incident, but without effect. He was as much the fox as the lion; the dwarf as the giant; he could even cringe and play the sycophant unto abasement. He was as vindictive as he was ungrateful, and never forgave either slight or injury. His vanity descended to the absurd and undignified. Fontenelle tells us that at the representation of his tragedy, *Mirame*,

> "I have heard say that the applause which was given to the play, or rather to him who was known to be so interested in it, transported the Cardinal so beyond himself that sometimes he rose and leaned half out of his box to show himself to the assembly; at other times he imposed silence in order that passages yet finer might be well heard."

He before whose frown the haughtiest nobles, and even the royalty of France trembled, he who held at his will the lives of millions, was transported with delight by the hand-clapping of a few toadies and groundlings!

How greedy he was of all fame is testified in the following passage from one of Mazarin's despatches:—

> "In all things he desires that the decision, whatever it may be, shall appear to depend upon him, and upon him alone; he allows no person to share in his glory. If he entrusts a difficult affair to any one, as soon as he sees it in a good way, he finds means of taking it out of the hands of him to whom he has con

t, and drawing it to himself, so that in the
e may have all the honor."

:h was Armand Richelieu, statesman,
hman, soldier, *littérateur*, and *pré-*
; he was endowed with many of the meanest and worst qualities of humanity; but he was possessed of a genius for governing men which appears only once in many generations.—*Temple Bar.*

SCIENCE AND ART; UTILITY AND BEAUTY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

E address which I delivered at Green-
on the 11th of November, has,
the interest attaching to its subject,
occasion to much remark in news-
's and periodicals. It has really
d the useful unambitious purpose
e grindstone, which, incapable itself
utting, makes iron fit to cut.* I
:e myself with pleasure to the duty of
ing some of these remarks. So far as
supply matter of controversy, it is a
oversy without gall.

e are here upon a ground that con-
alike our wealth and our culture.
:e any two things are more complete-
stinguished in idea, or more widely
able in practice. Wealth is often-
; amassed, not only not to the dimi-
n, but to the positive increase of that
ined and hardened vulgarity, which
en aggravated by the sort of shine it
sionally wears upon its surface. When
d riches habitually took the form of
d and beautiful domains, or even of
ded gems and gold and fair embroid-
that was some excuse for the
r: his eye at least gloated on the
tiful. But now the same amiable
acter exists in black leather pocket-
s, stuffed with well-fingered bills,
hests packed with parchments and
ficates, or, at the highest, in lands,
h he estimates only by the return on
apital, and by the deference and won-
ient which redundant flunkeyism ever
rds to the known possessor of so many
sands a year. All this crude wealth
ts to be humanized, and the most
:ful way of accomplishing this very
:ult task is to improve the culture of
larger and far more docile classes,
se seething mass enfolds the progres-
elements of the future, and whose
ibers sometimes lose more than they gain of what is best for man in rising to the possession of opulence.

The position of men whose name is familiar to the public is a peculiar and, in some respects, if their minds be rightly constituted, a painful one. They are incessantly solicited to address assemblies of men, directly and indirectly the entire nation, upon many subjects which they very imperfectly understand. And an amount of attention is given to their utterances out of proportion to their intrinsic worth. It is in the possession of this power to attract attention that their responsibility lies. The willingness of the hearer to be taught does not depend wholly, nor perhaps mainly, on the competency of the teacher. It depends largely on the collateral adjuncts, distinct from the subject matter, with which the teacher appears before them. It may be said that these public characters ought not to touch subjects of which they have not obtained the mastery. But, in the first place, solicitation in this age and country has reached a pitch and elaboration of development at which it not unfrequently amounts to moral compulsion; and, in the second place, I cannot deny that the command over attention, the possession of the public ear, does or may, to a certain limited extent, entail the obligation to speak, and up to this point the easier faculty of access to the general mind must be allowed to stand instead of excellence of treatment. I am the first to admit myself to be chargeable with the incompetency I have deplored; for, though I have thought on these subjects long, and with cordial interest, I have not been able to pursue them with continuous or comprehensive study.

Thirty-four years ago I was officially connected at the Board of Trade with the School of Design, then under my eminent and lamented friend Mr. Dyce, which

* Horace, Ep. ad Pio., v. 305.

was then in embryo, and which has since budded and blossomed into the vast establishments aided or governed by the Science and Art Department. Outside the realm of Fine Art—in which I wish I could believe that we had lately been making real progress—and with one or two exceptions only in the wide and varied range of industrial productions, that epoch was, for the lovers of Beauty in things visible, truly a "glacial period." In tissues, in objects of metal, in fictile wares and glass, in wood and stone-work, we were encircled by an uniformity of darkness and desolation. Considering how many and how beautiful things were produced among us in the last century, it was a marvel how we had sunk so low. I have long been inclined to believe that we owe that singular depression to the wars of the French Revolution: partly from the strain of their absorbing interest, partly from the isolation and severance from the sources, or (so to speak) the industrial excommunication, under which we labored, while they lasted, for so many years.

With no disposition to under-estimate the evil, I never could look upon it as a hopeless case: and about that period I expressed my views upon the occasion of a distribution of prizes at Crosby Hall. My argument may have been good or bad, but it was this.

I found that within the region of pure mind, hardly any people had surpassed the natives of this country in the cultivation and production of Beauty.

Passing to the other extremity of the scale, it was equally undeniable that, in the vast domain of useful productions, they had nothing to fear from the industrial rivalry of other nations. I was persuaded that a people which had occupied in such force the two great wings of the position could not labor under any natural disability for planting itself effectually on the intermediate ground in its many sectional areas; somewhere the element of utility is so refined and etherealised that it walks humbly as a captive in the train of Beauty; others where the development of Beauty is so rudimentary and slight that the common observer looks for and finds in the object produced a commodity and nothing more. Sadly as we were in the rear at the date of which I speak, yet there was the cheering recollection that we had a few names in the fine and the useful arts to which the world itself could not but do homage. We had had a few great painters, and one great sculptor if not more. If I take architecture as the special branch of fine art which exhibits Beauty and Utility in the most remarkable closeness, together with equality of relation, who could despair of the country that had produced Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren? Or if I were to look to those portable objects which enter into commercial exchanges, I turned to the fictile art, and found the annals of the land adorned by the name of Wedgwood; a name which I for one am inclined to consider as the very greatest known to me in the whole history of commercial and industrial art.

The Englishman (whom I take as the most typical of the several sets of nations in the Three Kingdoms) had in him, according to my past (and my present) conviction, the "promise and potency" of every kind of excellence that the human faculties can reach.

But I did not go to Greenwich to speak smooth things, nor am I now to write them. And if I express myself strongly on the great capacity of the Englishman, I desire to state, if possible yet more strongly, my sense of the woful gap between his powers and his performances.

I may be wrong in the opinion I have formed upon this very important subject. But it is (like the former one) of old date, and it has not been formed without opportunities of knowledge and observation. I may glance at some of them. My early life, up to manhood, was passed in a kind of outside contact with the world of commerce. Especially since the year 1841, Parliamentary and official duties have placed me in successive, close, and often-repeated communication, too often for the moment conflict, with nearly every important trade in the country on the subject of meditated changes in the law. I have been familiar with the accounts given by nearly all our traders of their respective businesses, with their estimates of their respective positions and their capacity to meet the rivalry of the world; with the "ruin" which has been inflicted on these "harassed interests" by the courage of the Legislature; with the real pressure they have been called upon to meet by having their crutches knocked away and being required to walk upon their feet;

vith the vast extension and largely
ented profits which in nearly though
uite all instances have been the re-
In the midst of this kind and range
)erience has grown up the opinion,
. has hardened in my mind from year
ır till it has become inveterate and
ıble, that the great, and perhaps un-
:d, powers of production which
ınd possesses, as they have only been
)ped, so probably they can only be
)ped for a length of time to come,
pressure, under smart, searching, and
ıuous pressure.
: weakness of the Englishman lies in
ınt or scanty action within him of
)ve of excellence for its own sake.
. this love is absent or feeble, men will
ndergo the strain of aiming ever at
ghest. Consciously or unconscious-
ery man has for himself a standard
rk. In the energy with which he
up to that standard, the Englishman
ıaps unmatched; but the standard
s too low. It is not the standard of
:cellent, of the ideal, of the very best
nind can conceive in each kind
orm: it is what the customer will
it is the standard of the market.
ıay perhaps do something to eluci-
ny meaning, if I proceed to say, that
s one department of human exertion,
erhaps one only, in which the Eng-
ın works well and manfully up to
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:ment of gymnastics and bodily ex-
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st. Opinion exacts it of him from
ildhood upwards. If he did not, he
be despised. When he rides, when
ps, when he wrestles, when he runs,
he shoots, when he rows, when he
cricket or football, he invariably
not at avoiding the bad, not at
ng a lazy and sleepy mediocrity, but
: BEST. And in this region, at any
)erhaps it is not too much to say
aking him all round, he beats the
Could I but see him carry into,
arry through, the business of pro-
n, whether effected by the hand or
: brain, or by the union of the two,
ıtever proportion, the same method,
ıme energy as he applies in this
lary but favored region, my censure
be pointless, and my most daring
; more than fulfilled.
who is the Englishman of whom I speak? And is the demand I make upon him reasonable? I take the latter question first.

And I think that the illustration I have already cited, of his intense and truly national earnestness, his true loftiness of purpose in his bodily exercises, adequately—aye, emphatically answers Yes! If I am told that these are his pleasures, and that his pleasures cannot supply a measure for his duties, this very reply corroborates my case. For if it be right for him in his recreations, which are altogether relative and subordinate to the grand purposes of life, to strain continually for the best, not less, but much more, should he, I do not say violently (for we are not in the domain of violence), but steadily and collectedly work upwards in those things on which mental habits ultimately depend, and in which consists the character and essence of the man.

When Dr. Johnson was asked what was the secret of his extraordinary excellence of conversation, he replied, I think, that he was aware of no other than the simple fact that he had habitually made it his aim to say whatever he had to say in the very best manner that he could.

"Ah, my God!
What might I not have made of thy fair world,
Had I but loved Thy *highest* creature here!"

says Mr. Tennyson, in Guinevere; himself an illustrious example not of genius alone, but of life-long labor in his noble Art, for that "highest" which he recommends, and of the fruit which such labor can produce. This is in truth no fancy, but a moral law and ground-idea of our nature, which, though bounded, has a movable and elastic boundary, ever capable of being planted outwards into the illimitable, and which, when it stagnates, dies. The most sober-minded of all our poets, Wordsworth, has taught us that we are to advance

"Along the line of limitless desires."

Though a moral law, it is not a moral law only. It is an intellectual law; and it is an Art-law too. Here lay the secret of the paramount excellence of the Greek—that his Art was ever aiming at the ideal and the infinite. And the true cause of this remarkable direction of the artist's purpose was and is to be found, unless I am much mistaken, in the specific character of his religion. Humanising the god, he was constrained to divinise the man;

to invest his form, the central type and norm of Beauty, with the strength, the majesty, the beauty, and the grace of the superhuman. The effect was that he was always seeking something more than he had reached: like in this to the miser, and to the saint, in both of whom the appetite grows with what it feeds on. And the mention of the saint brings me to close this part of my observations with the quaint, striking words of George Herbert—

"He, that aims the moon,
Shoots higher much, than he that means a tree."

And now, secondly, who is the Englishman of whom I have made bold thus to speak? Is he the nation, or is he a class, or is he a person? Is he the best, or the worst? Is he the employer or the laborer, or the workman?

He is none of these. But he is more the nation than a person or a class. He is more the employer than the laborer. He is not the best, nor the worst. He is the average Englishman. It is this average Englishman of whom I make bold to say that his capacities, if brought into action, are so great; but that it is so difficult to bring them into action effectively, and that as a rule this can only be done under a kind of compulsion. This proposition cannot be overthrown by showing that there are many capitalists and employers, and a yet much larger number of workmen, who strive to do everything in the best manner, because it is the best; for my contention is, that these are the exceptions—I hope and believe the copious exceptions—but not the rule. Neither is it to be set aside by showing, as perhaps it may be shown, that I myself never do anything in the best manner, and am judged accordingly out of my own mouth. My answer is, that in the position I have held as a public man I have had no choice as between quantity and quality, for work forced itself upon me in such quantity that it was scarcely ever possible to give to quality more than a thought, and a regret. For me, then, the choice between good and bad has been a narrow one, and my offences, if many, are yet not wilful. I possess the MS. of one of Mr. Canning's speeches, corrected, with labor almost incredible, by himself. By no possibility, except by breach of public duty, could I, even if I had had the same materials, have bestowed on them the like labor.

I return then to my point, and I say, that our producers generally, our employers and our laborers, our authors, our artists, our artisans, are too apt to be contented with the minimum of excellence absolutely requisite for the compensation or other immediate end in view, and too often either think to be waste, or act as if they thought so, whatever of excellence or Beauty lies beyond the four corners of the bond. If it were put offensively, this would be to say, they do things not as well as they can, but as ill as they dare. Few are those, if any, who will smart under words of mine. But should there be even one, let him remember that if my estimate be harsh, it risks a small evil for the sake of co-operating towards a great good, towards unfolding, for our own benefit and for the benefit of others, what I believe to be a vast latent treasure of mental, manual, and æsthetic power, available for the attainment of excellence, by which I mean Utility vested in Beauty; and capable of being transmitted, with constant improvement, from generation to generation, until it shall have become, so to speak, an inseparable adjunct of the race.

Employers and capitalists are, as a body, in my opinion, open to these remarks somewhat more than laborers. Laborers have these advantages: that they lead a less artificial life; that with the subtler temptations, more formidable on the whole than the coarser, they have in comparison little to do; that they are less in contact, and especially less in individual contact, with the market. It is delightful to see not only in Workmen's exhibitions, but here and there over the country, the individual cases, which constantly come up in the hard-working and wage-receiving classes, of a pure native love of Beauty, and a disinterested single-minded pursuit of excellence for its own sake. I am quite prepared to accept the statement cited in one of the papers I have ventured to commend, that the English workman is remarkable among workmen for his "energy, deftness, and conscientiousness" in labor. His main enemy, I fear, is to be found among those of his own social kindred. I see much to honor and to praise in the Trade Unions, of which the Comte de Paris, in his well-known work, gave so discerning and so dispassionate a picture. I cordially respect what I understand to be their fundamental principle and main

object. But I lament and deprecate the tendency of some of their regulations, as I understand them, to bring the best workmen down to the standard of the average. For this I have never heard any but the poor thin excuse, that every workman ought to be good. This is practically the spirit of Pessimism, exhibiting as much of its ugly features as the sense of the community in a free land will bear. I do not regard these regulations as a special offence against employers or against property; but I hold them to be an aggravated offence against labor. All trades are well or ill regulated in proportion as their rules tend to bring out the capable workman above the average, or to grind him down to that dead level. And probably these vicious rules are a main cause of the overhaste and undiscriminating eagerness which, as I think, we sometimes find, to escape from labor, instead of exalting it.

And now, in concluding, I will offer a few remarks in relation to observations which have been made, in correspondence or otherwise, on parts of the Address.

I have received several touching and striking statements, remonstrating against my criticism on the desire of working men to rise, or to raise their children, out of their class.

It cannot, I hope, be supposed that I desired to reprove or to damp this desire in general. The whole object of my Address is to induce producers of all kinds and classes to do higher work; and the consequence to the doers of doing higher work not only may, but must be, that they rise. Strange, indeed, it would be, if, rebuking the forced averaging of workmen in each trade, I sought covertly to do the same thing in a more general way, by erecting a wall of brass around the handicrafts of the country. But it is not so. The same animadversion which I have offered on the disposition of some workingmen to escape from their function, I have also applied to the class of merchants and manufacturers, and their families.

My argument in this matter, so far as it affects handicraftsmen, has two converging branches, which I may call the utilitarian and the ideal.

With respect to the ideal branch, I would point to the fact, which I believe to be undoubted, that for many of the more refined branches of hand-industry among us (I would quote as a notable instance the Refinery of the precious metals near the Mint), and of those which approximate to Fine Art (such as highly decorative ceilings), foreign workmen are sometimes exclusively, sometimes very largely employed. Now the question raised by me is not as to rising generally, but as to the particular path by which to rise. It seems to me—but I speak with the deference of one but partially informed—that many, who honorably entertain the general idea for themselves or for their children, too hastily assume that the only or best way of giving it effect, is by escape from handicraft; whereas either better and more accurate and refined execution of the same work, or handicraft of a higher class, would oftentimes offer a higher and nobler quest, far more intimacy both with Beauty and with Contrivance, far more food for the mind, than is to be found by entering upon the inferior stratum of what is called head-work, but what often partakes largely of the character of mechanical routine.

Why should not the English plasterer try to do the work of his Italian rival? Why should not the printer try to labor in the spirit of his oldest ancestry? Why should not the beautiful function of the bookbinder be oftener carried up towards the province of a fine art? Why should not the carpenter become a carver, or emulate the cabinet-work of other days and lands? Why should not the stonemason, if he can learn drawing, find his way into the studio of the sculptor?

And here I fall upon the lines of the utilitarian portion of the argument. I have stated, and I adhere to the statement, that while the last thirty years have witnessed a very large and nearly universal augmentation in the weekly wages or other pay of hand-labor, there has been no similar addition to the remuneration of head-labor.

This is an assertion belonging to the domain of political economy, and descriptive of economic results which characterise a particular time. There is not perhaps a single assertion of the same class, in the entire range of that most useful science, which can be made with universal truth. Political economy tells us, for instance, that the same article cannot be sold at two prices in the same market. Most true as a general, yet palpably false as an universal proposition. The meaning is that, in the bulk of cases, the same

article is sold at the same price in the same market, and that, when this equilibrium is disturbed, there is a silent tendency to re-establish it. So it is with my statement. The remuneration of favorite authors has certainly grown beyond all former precedent, but only in cases which are superlative. My experience in administering public funds leads me to believe that authors in general are where they were: and, to take instances at once independent and conspicuous, I have never heard that the editors of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews* find it necessary to pay their contributors more highly than they did half a century ago. In great and wealthy establishments something may have been done, as much I apprehend for the dignity of the firms as from the pressure of the times; but I know nothing to show that ordinary clerical work, with a medium of intelligence, is sensibly dearer than it was. I hold therefore to my belief. Where the young have talent, energy, and character, no doubt the opportunities of effective advancement are greatly beyond those of former times. But where the idea of the parent, that they should be raised above his condition, is the sole moving power, he runs a considerable risk of sending them out of an understocked market into one which is overstocked: and, with the wide diffusion of general education, it seems likely that this abnormal relation may yet for some time undergo enhancement rather than alleviation.

The acknowledgment, which I have made, of the high position of France in commerce has drawn forth the remark that the French taste is not a pure taste. This proposition I am not concerned to deny; a comparison of the species or varieties of tastes in the different countries of Europe is a task beyond my powers. A model always before our eyes, a model which presses on us in daily competition, may be worth our consideration, in some points of view, though it be not the highest of all possible models. There are many circumstances in the condition of France adverse to the pursuit of the ideal: and from some among these disadvantages we are free. Nevertheless they pursue it more, and more successfully than we do. I am told that the number of working people in Paris is very large, who make it their habitual study, not merely to fulfil their contract, but to impart to their work the highest degree of excellence they can reach, without reference to the immediate reward. This I hold to be a good principle, and good policy. When we reach this point we shall have done much. Beginnings we have made, and in many branches. For example, as has been well observed by H.R.H. Prince Leopold, we have come to be exporters as well as importers of designs in some branches of textile manufactures. I have the pleasure to know a gentleman, Mr. Warwick Brooks, of Manchester, who has spent his life contentedly as an inventor of these designs, but who is, as I can state on authority much better than my own, an artist of a high order, and who has received in that capacity the gracious notice of Her Majesty.

In this direction we shall, I hope, travel far, but we cannot expect to travel fast. The mental habit of a people cannot be altered in a day even for evil, and much less for good. The habitual and traditional idea of the value of education for the purposes of life is an idea, which it took Scotland many generations to acquire. Upon that road we in England have now made a little progress; and we are moving onwards. A like process is what we may hope to see in the matter of industrial production.

I own my regret that so much has to be done by the Government of the country rather than by agency less centralised, and more favorable to free individual development. The only hope of an effort of this kind, powerful enough to be felt throughout the country, seems to lie in the London Companies. These great institutions, for in one sense at least great they are, remain without a parallel in the world. It is commonly observed, sometimes complained of by the timid, that in this country we have few fortifications. At any rate, we have one fortification that stands clearly and far away without a rival.

Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum:*

and that is the City of London. I know not whether the time will ever come when the foundations of that great deep will be broken up. That it will long continue the illustrious centre and mainspring of the commerce of the world I confidently believe, as well as hope: that all the leading adjuncts of that high function will be ad-

* Horace, Od. I. xii. 18.

justed in conformity with it, I hope with cordiality, and I believe, but with fear and trembling.

After my Address had been delivered, two gentlemen were so kind as to make known to me in some detail the honorable and energetic steps taken by the Turners' Company and the Company of Plasterers to promote technical education, and to do honor to the useful arts. It is with the utmost pleasure that I acknowledge these efforts: and I sincerely hope that my appeal, made in terms necessarily concise and general, was not understood to mean either that there were not already examples of Companies alive to their high vocation, or that even the more lethargic, some might say comatose, had done nothing. I observe in the last report of the Oxford Delegacy for Students unattached, the judicious application by more than one Company of a portion of their funds to the assistance of young men in their studies at the University.

But the vocation to which I have referred is, I admit, a very high and very arduous vocation. It will require immense courage, patriotism, and judgment on the part of the best-minded among their members, to arouse and apply these organs to their work, after it has been so long in at least partial abeyance. Nothing would tend more to their ruin than that the doctrine of some of their so-called friends as to their autocratic rights and powers should come to be really known to the nation. Nothing would more tend to their eventual health than their publishing, by common consent, a succinct, clear, and popular account of their objects, their property, their income, and the mode in which they spend it. W. E. G.

December 21, 1875.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT GREENWICH, NOVEMBER 11, 1875.

My Lord, Ladies, and Gentlemen—I have undertaken to distribute to-night the prizes which are given under arrangements of a recent date, framed by a Department of the Government having among its duties the regulation of these matters. These arrangements contemplate the promotion of science and art, but of science and art not so much in the abstract as in one particular view, upon which it will be my endeavor and my duty to dwell. I assure you, that I feel the subject to be one of great importance. It is so important, that if I had been completely master of my own time, I should have wished to place upon paper that which I had to say, in order that I might take the best security in my power against submitting to you anything which was crude and ill-considered, or against presenting to you ideas which, although, perhaps, true and sound in themselves, might, nevertheless, not be exhibited in their due measure and proportion one to another, and therefore might produce the same effect as if they were untrue. The pressure of a great number and variety of engagements must be my excuse for not so presenting my ideas. You will, perhaps, wonder that one who has been released from the toils of office, and who likewise occupies a private station—so far as the position of a member of Parliament, honored with the confidence of such a constituency as this, can be a private station—should be driven to urge such a plea. But I assure you that the man who escapes from the public responsibility of political office, does not thereby escape from all the consequences of a public career. Every post, as it arrives, brings me ample memorials of the responsible position in which it has been my duty to act. Perhaps, as one small piece of statistical evidence, I may be permitted to mention, that last Saturday morning I was tempted to count the number of letters and packets brought to me by the post, and that number reached the moderate amount of 42. You will judge, perhaps, under these circumstances, that I am not altogether an unoccupied man, and you will receive with indulgence what I have really wished to present to you in a form more confidently to be recommended for your acceptance. In the objects of your local committees, and in the purpose also of this meeting, there is a combination of two things which are in themselves quite distinct—namely, of Science and of Art.

If we look at Science separately, it is only another word for knowledge—for that which we know. If, on the other hand, we look at Art separately, it is that which aims at representing things in forms of beauty; the first having regard to the composition or matter of the things them-

selves, the second having regard to the mode and figure in which they are represented. Both branches are combined by the Department of the Government under whose auspices you may be said to meet, and they are combined in a particular view. We have not to deal to-night with science or art in the abstract. They are science and art in combination, brought to converge upon a particular point, but one of vast range and vast importance—namely, the conduct and knowledge of industrial pursuits. This, as I understand it, is the meeting-point of science and art with reference to the business of to-night. The object of the instruction which is now tendered to you, and which the people of this country show not only a willingness but a great desire to obtain, is to render effective assistance to industrial processes. The object is that the industrial processes of this country, upon which, unquestionably, more than upon anything else, its material greatness rests, may be conducted, one and all of them, in the manner which is the most economical, the most effective, likewise—though this is an element often left out of view,—the most beautiful, so that Beauty may attach to all the productions and commodities which are with us the result of human industry. It is therefore a sort of union, or marriage, of Beauty and Utility which is contemplated in the work of the Science and Art Department.

Let me say here that Beauty and Utility, in what I may call the lowest or most practical view, are not things opposed to each other in the manner in which many think they are opposed. It is quite possible, and unhappily too common, to treat them apart, and to set them in conflict: but this is not the ordinance of nature. On the contrary, it is literally true that beauty is a great element of utility. I do not mean that this is so according to the laws of any particular philosophy or to abstract theory alone: I mean it according to that law which is perhaps, of all others, the most generally understood—the law, as it is sometimes called, of £ s. d. In that sense beauty is a great and an essential element of utility. One great country in particular—the second country in the world as far as foreign commerce is concerned—I mean our neighbor France, is a country of which I will venture to say that in a great degree, perhaps in the main, its trade is founded upon the beauty of that which it produces. The French are a most ingenious, a most clever, as well as a most thrifty people. They understand, and understand better than Englishmen do, the economical application of means to ends. Still, upon the whole, I venture to give a confident opinion that the high position which France holds in the markets of the world, is a position mainly and essentially due to the fact that from long culture, and traditional application of the national mind, they very largely combine beauty with utility in the production of such objects as result from the industry of man, and reap from this combination an immense pecuniary reward.

Forgive me if I insert a few parenthetical words in this place. I am going to speak of these subjects in terms so strong as, if accompanied by no qualification, might give rise to the remark that I was recommending to my hearers what would in point of fact be a worship of worldly and visible objects in derogation or in neglect of the higher duties and purposes of man. Now in the days in which we live, when the mind of the community is much excited and disturbed upon these higher matters, I wish to enter a respectful protest for myself on this point. Whatever I may think of the pursuits of industry and science, and of the triumphs and glories of art, I do not mention any one of these things as the great specific for alleviating the sorrows of human life, and encountering the evils which deface the world. I believe firmly in science and art for their own purposes. I believe in their reality, their efficiency, and their value: but I believe they are efficacious and valuable for the purposes to which they were ordained, and not for other purposes to which they were not ordained. If I am asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart—what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life, as the power that is to sustain him under trials and enable him manfully to confront his affliction—I must point to something very different; to something which in a well-known hymn is called "the old, old story." It is this "old, old story," told of in an old, old Book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind, a gift carrying with it, and imposing upon all alike, the most

solemn trust and responsibility, arousing at once the fondest recollections of the past and the brightest hopes of the future. If we were here to-night to consider the main purpose for which we live, that is the topic on which we should have to dilate.

But I am free to own that even those who have been most zealous for religion, and perhaps in consequence of their zeal for religion have sometimes pushed that zeal to such a point that they have lapsed into not only the unnecessary, but I think the disturbing and injurious view of human nature, in the dispensation under which we live—that, provided men are well instructed in the principles of the holy faith they profess, nothing else is worth attention on this side the grave. I believe that is not perhaps a fatal but certainly a serious and a truly dangerous error. It dissociates religion from the general course of thought and of life, from the necessities of man's condition, and from the noble and varied opportunities offered to him by the faculties he possesses for self-improvement and development. The human nature in which we are cast was not endowed and equipped with all its marvellous faculties for nothing. The glory of the Creator in the external and inanimate world is not to be seen in some one object only here and there, but in every object; and the glory of the Creator in man, who is the crown of His creation, although it may be more clearly shown in certain faculties and capabilities of his nature than in others, yet is to be seen in them all; and it is the due, equable, proportionate, and effective development of that nature in all its capabilities which constitutes the true and full idea of the duty of man in the world which he is appointed to inhabit. I ventured upon offering the reservation, which I lately made on my own behalf, simply lest, in dwelling on the immense value which is to be attached to the subjects with which we are dealing to-night, it should be supposed I was setting them up as having some exclusive right to allegiance upon your minds and hearts, or, at any rate, a right paramount to every other.

Speaking roughly, then, and without pretending to philosophical exactness, we may consider that the Classes which are concerned with Science contemplate the useful side of industrial production, while the application of Art to industry contemplates the beautiful side of that production. Now, it is interesting to see how these respective subjects present themselves to the mind of the community; and, looking into documents with which I have been furnished, I find some information as to the number of people who receive instruction in the different descriptions of schools under the Department of the Privy Council. If I read these documents aright, we have in the Schools of Science some 48,000 pupils, and in the Schools of Art, aided by the Privy Council, 24,000 pupils. There is also a system of instruction in what are termed night classes, in which 8,000 persons are taught drawing, so that the total number of Art pupils is brought up to 32,000. It would seem, therefore, that, as is perfectly natural, the usefulness of scientific attainments strikes the general mind more immediately and more forcibly than the cultivation of the sense of Beauty, and there is a larger number of pupils in the scientific classes than in those more immediately connected with the beautiful side of industrial production. I do not say that this is, all circumstances taken into view, an unsatisfactory result. On the contrary, it is satisfactory to find so large a number of persons already attending the classes in connection with the Schools of Art; because we must remember that these things are very novel. They belong, for practical purposes, only to the experience of the younger generation among us, who, I am glad to see, form a large proportion of my audience. There is a good deal to be said, and a good deal has to be brought home to the popular understanding and consciousness in this country, respecting the subject of Beauty. Everybody understands that in every product the question of utility arises, and every one would at once admit that a product made for a useful end should be so constructed as to be well adapted to that end. But it has been too much our habit in this country to regard beauty of production as something in its nature quite apart from usefulness of production —as something not indeed to be despised, but yet not to be overmuch estimated; something about which it would be a mistake to take as serious trouble; as a luxury reserved for the rich alone, or even or

those who have, together with property, the leisure which frequently belongs to property.

Now, I have already spoken of the commercial value of Beauty; and if our only object were to make out a case of commercial value, a sufficient foundation might soon be supplied for such a case. I want, however, to look at this subject to-night as a part of the great business of human education. For pray recollect that in this world we are all at school. Those of us who are wrinkled and grey are at school just as much as those who are in the freshness and the bloom of youth. I desire, then, to express the hope that the day will come when it will be more fully understood than it has hitherto been that the attempt to intertwine and unite beauty with utility in all the products of human industry shall be with us regarded as simply the fulfilment of an established and undisputed general law.

Numbers of examples show that this is no visionary idea. The works of Creation are everywhere overspread with beauty, and charged with it throughout their largest ranges and down to their minutest forms. Take the human face. It would be a bold thing perhaps to say that all human countenances were beautiful. Of course, I speak only of the countenances of men. (Laughter.) But when you speak of artists and portrait painters, who, from their experience, must be considered the most competent judges in this matter—and the more eminent the artist, the more my assertion will apply—you will find that in almost every human face, where a common eye does not discern Beauty, the eye of the artist discerns a good deal. It is a special faculty of the artist to search our Beauty. Searching for it, he finds it. Its images multiply upon him, even as, if at night you gaze upon the stars, you will find that their numbers seem to grow upon the eye. The artist looks into the human face, not in order to make critical or ill-natured remarks, as some of us do, but to see what he can find that is worth admiration; and though there may seem to be in certain sets of features little attraction for ordinary observers, an artist will find scope for his genius in transferring those features to the canvas or the marble, and in portraying the indications of power, thought, sensibility, love, and other emotions, with which the human countenance abounds.

Let me remind you that there have been nations in the world who have made artistic and beautiful forms part of their everyday thought and life. The ancient Greeks offer a grand example of culture and of skill to us, as they have offered to every nation for the last thousand years and more. Only yesterday, I was talking at the British Museum with one of the most accomplished of its officers about a noble relic of Greek art which came to England from Armenia. "How did it get to Armenia?" I asked. "Because," was the reply, "there was a king of Armenia, who, when the chances of war enabled him to ravage any country, made it his study to carry off the finest works of art." What ever was most beautiful and most elevated in its conception all over the world came from that most remarkable people. Nor was it their opinion that one individual object was to be beautiful and another not. The degree might vary, but beauty was to be everywhere. That was Nature's law, and that was theirs. No matter what it is, you find nothing of Greek production which is not beautiful. It is not merely the alto relievos or the basso relievos, but common things, many of which must have been produced, not by artists, but by common workmen; and upon every one of these, though with great difference of degree, there is a seal and stamp of beauty, showing that the Greeks endeavored to work all things into beautiful forms, so that artistic skill and love of the beautiful became to them a public inheritance, formed part of their nature, accompanied their daily life, and entered, as matter of course, into everything they wrought. The ideal of Beauty has never been so completely realised in more modern days; but the Italian republics undoubtedly effected the nearest approximation to it which has since been known.

When I refer to these examples, remarkable and rare as they are in the history of the human race, I expect to be met with the objection that we must not aspire to follow such elevated precedents. On the contrary, I believe the simple truth to be, that we must be always aspiring to the highest and the best. If you do so, you may not be able to attain the summit, but you will get nearer to it than if,

in the first instance, with clipped wings, you are content to contract the circle of your aims. I do not wish to use the language of exaggeration, and, on the other hand, I do not desire to fall into the vulgar error of depreciating the times in which we live. I do not think a more interesting time than the present has been given to mankind for many generations. Still it is best to be truthful with ourselves, and if we err, to err on the side of depreciation rather than of inflated conceit and panegyric. Now, I may be wrong, but I fear that, owing to whatever cause, there has been a great decline among us in the genuine sense and appreciation of Beauty. Those who study the ancient work of Englishmen in various branches of industry will find that a more deep and real and lively conception of form, a finer feeling of beauty, and a more ardent and disinterested pursuit of it, as well as of knowledge, characterised the men upon whom we sometimes look back with unwarrantable contempt, than we can flatter ourselves belongs to us. I hold in my hand a print which few of you can see well, but it represents a work in wood some 25 feet or 30 feet in breadth, and is full of beautiful details, which seem in their delicacy almost to rival the hand and performance of the jeweller. What is this work? It is a screen in a Church. Not in a metropolitan cathedral; not in a towering edifice, upon the erection of which has been lavished the wealth of kings, of nobles, or of the great prelates of the Middle Ages. It is a screen in a church called Llangwm; an obscure church in an obscure parish in Monmouthshire, on the way between Usk and Chepstow. I never heard of the Church, until I heard of it in connection with this work, nor, I dare say, did any of you. But my point is that this work, in this obscure church, beautiful in its details, its execution, its conception, must in all likelihood have been the work of some village artist at a period when there were no appliances, no Government schools; when there was no notoriety, no paragraphs in newspapers, no testimonials and subscriptions for a man who accomplished anything. There was nothing but a love of Beauty in the minds and hearts of our countrymen to lead them to execute such work. I admit it as a possibility that this extraordinary performance may have been executed by the workmen of some itinerating guild. Nor does this diminish the true ground for wonder that such persons should have had such gifts, and that in a place so humble and so secluded there should have been such a desire and inclination to draw them forth

Whether it be true or not true that the feeling of Beauty does not stand high among us at this moment, of course the main question to consider is how it can be improved. I freely and gladly admit that there are various descriptions of our industrial productions which appear to show a considerable revival of artistic feeling though I feel that the modern commercial spirit, making haste to be rich, is sometimes not favorable to it, and needs to be powerfully modified in this country by other influences. In America, where the industrial spirit is, perhaps, more actively developed than in any other country, I fear we should also find a still greater want of the sense of Beauty.* In truth, we may assume that this is a time when all who feel concerned in the welfare of the country feel it to be desirable that efforts should be made by the most appropriate agencies to give instruction in Science, so as to improve the knowledge of the British artisan and workman, and enable him to hold his position in the markets of the world. No should we regard as less urgent the quickening of love for the beautiful, whether in a like utilitarian view, or as a part of the proper food and exercise of the human soul.

I beg those who hear me to beware of imagining for a moment that this result can be attained through any other agency in the main, than that of the individual mind and will. All that others can do is to offer assistance; and now let us ask who should offer that assistance? I do not know what you will think of what I am about to say. It may be a foolish fancy of mine, and often those fancies which one thinks one's best are foolish. I confess, however, that I should like to see a great deal of this work done by the London Companies. I hope that opinion does not shock any one

* I am happy to say that Mr. Thomas, an architect of Chicago, challenges (see the *Architect* for Christmas, 1875) the justice of this opinion, so far as it concerns architecture in the United States. Most happy shall I be to see it entirely confuted. I spoke in a great degree from my recollection of the American contributions to one or both of our International Exhibitions.

I have not been consulted by the London Companies; but if I had been, I would have besought and entreated them to consider whether it was not in their power to make themselves that which certainly they are not now—illustrious in the country, famous for the present time and for futurity, by endeavoring resolutely and boldly to fulfil the purpose for which, as I believe, they were founded. What was the object for which those Companies were founded? Do you suppose they were founded for the purpose of sitting down to sumptuous dinners once a year, once a quarter, or once a month? Do you suppose they were founded for the purpose of doling out little sums of money with vast apparatus and establishments, and then having it recorded of them how much good they had done? Nothing of the kind. Eleemosynary works are noble works—among the noblest, indeed, which it is given to men to perform. But to be an eleemosynary work, it must be the work of an individual, and not of a Company. Why were they established? I can only give you the best opinion I have been able with imperfect means to form. These Companies were founded for the purpose of developing the several crafts, trades, or "mysteries," as they were called. They were founded for the purpose of doing in the main the very thing which the Government of the country, out of the taxes of the country, is now called upon to do—namely, applying their energies and intelligence to secure the great object which I described at the outset to be the application of human labor to all the purposes of industry, in the most economical, the most effective, and the most beautiful manner. And at this time, if it were possible to inspire these bodies with missionary and propagandist enthusiasm, of which, I must admit, no small stock would be requisite, it would in their power to perform the most noble work, and to become the most formidable and most successful competitors with the Government in that which it is now, perhaps somewhat clumsily, but as well as it can, endeavoring to perform. Take the case of the Society of Arts: the Society of Arts is a body without a shilling of public money, or, as far as I know, of endowment, with little authority and without the advantage of ancient traditions; yet it has done much to promote Beauty and economy in the production of works of industry. The two Universities are also laboring hard and effectively to extend beyond the former limits the sphere of their educational agency. I do not belong to the University of Cambridge, but I rejoice to bear record on its behalf that it has gone ahead, by one step, of the University of Oxford, by instituting certain lectures in different parts of the country, which are available to the middle and the working classes; and I think the highest honor is due to that University for that most beneficent, wise, and judicious effort. That, in my opinion, is the true way to root the ancient institutions of this country deeply in the hearts of the people.

I hope and believe that the great object of the Government in all matters connected with Science and Art, is as far as possible, in the first place, to evoke the energy and power that lie, not in them, but in local communities, rather than to displace local communities from their natural sphere of agency, and dominate over the general and the individual mind. It will be a great misfortune indeed when the Central State Agency becomes the originating and governing force in matters of this sort. It ought to be, as I believe, essentially an auxiliary agency. I believe that is the conception the Department has of its own functions, and I trust and hope that conception may be entertained with great utility to the country.

I believe every one will agree with me when I say that it is really in the individual that the secret of the whole matter lies.

It is not as one body that you now fill the benches of this room; you are here as individuals. Every one of us as a single human being possesses a portion of the means by which the great object we have in view may be attained. It is your own thoughts and convictions, your own resolute and honest efforts to improve your own minds, and wisely and energetically to direct your labors to the attainment of a certain end, that constitute the real and main fund of resource to which we have to look. No auxiliaries, however imposing, however ostentatious, can supplant that principle of individual energy, and, in so far as they attempt to supplant it, they are not doing good, but they are perpetrating positive mischief.

I have already noticed that every man who betakes himself to an industrial

pursuit of any kind undoubtedly has a notion of doing it in the way which is most useful, and has a sense of the difference between more useful and less useful; but is it generally admitted that in a civilised community every man ought also to have a sense of the difference between the more beautiful and the less beautiful? Rather, as I am afraid when I look at a great deal that meets the eye, I ought to say, of the difference between the beautiful and the ugly. I am sorry to say that in many cases it is not by any means a question of the difference between the more or less beautiful, but it is one of the differences between the beautiful and the absolute in ugliness—hopeless, irretrievable, irredeemable. Yet the proposition I wish to submit to your consideration is this, that the sense of beauty is not, under natural and equal circumstances, the favored inheritance of a few, but is meant to be, should be, and may be the universal inheritance of civilised mankind. That is a very important proposition; is it true, or is it not true? I will endeavor to illustrate it by reference to a matter which I think is relevant, and which is within my own recollection—that is, the state of feeling and practice in England with regard to music in my own early days. You know very well that when we look at the popular instruction of the country, the public mind is becoming more and more habituated to the universal teaching of music, and of course the universal teaching of music implies the universal sense and practice of it in one shape or another. No doubt it is infinitely various in degree; and no doubt there are certain unfortunate individuals here and there who have no sense of it at all, who have no perception of melody or of harmony, whose ears tell them nothing of concords or discords, and who are alike shut out from the pleasures of music and from the pains that discord will inflict on the cultivated ear. We are now coming, we have almost come, to the belief that music is a general inheritance, that the faculty of music is a common faculty of the people forming an intelligent community. Was that so fifty years ago? I remember the time when you were laughed at in the refined circles of our great metropolis if you contended, as I used stoutly to contend, that the human being as such was musical; you were considered a fool, a dreamer, an enthusiast. People used to say in answer, "I can't tell one note from another; I don't care a bit about music;" and my wont was to reply upon them by saying, "If the nurse who carried you when you were three or six months old, had continued to carry you until you were forty years old, you would not be able to walk." I believe, that making all due allowances, and not attempting to urge the application of the illustration too far, it is sound to the extent that a faculty uncultivated dies away.

The human mind in ordinary cases is not like that description of rich and exuberant soil that casts off the finest fruits and flowers of itself without care or culture; but yet it has within itself capabilities wisely adapted to call for the application of labor in the development of faculties; and if the labor is applied, the faculties will as a rule be developed to a reasonable, nay, often to a surprising extent. If there be those who have absolutely no sense of music they are analogous to those who are born deaf or blind, and consequently they are entitled to sympathy as being excluded from one of the most charming enjoyments that Providence has ordained for human nature I believe it is exactly the same with respect to the sense of Beauty. Some persons are born with a powerful sense of visible beauty, so powerful that it will make its own way in spite of all obstructions impediments, and disadvantages; but those are the few among mankind, the favored few, the children of genius in their own particular line; and we must not consider that the general level of the community can be brought up so as to bear comparison with them. Again, there are considerable advantages, in this matter, of class over class. I have often and often been struck with the immense advantage that is possessed in regard to matters of Art and taste, and the perception of Beauty in the forms of Art, particularly by the higher classes, among whom these qualities are to a great extent hereditary. The original capacity lies in the nature that capacity is modified from generation to generation, and the cultivation of it in certain generations affects the capabilities with which the children of such persons are born into the world. Those whose parents have been conversant for a long period of time with objects of Beauty and the exercise of the faculty of taste, have

great advantage, a considerable start in the race. In the experience of life, for example, I am constantly struck with the remarkable abundance of the faculty, within certain moderate limits, of painting and drawing in the higher classes of English society. There is a lady, very high in station and universally beloved, whose name I do not feel at liberty to mention, and of whom one of the first of our living painters said to me advisedly: "If that lady had had the proper amount of technical instruction, she would unquestionably be the first painter in this country." I have mentioned the advantages possessed by the children of genius; and now I have also mentioned the considerable advantage, the start in the race, enjoyed by others, in virtue of their belonging to certain classes in which certain pursuits have been hereditary for many generations; but do not let us be discouraged because we have not any of these advantages. Depend upon it, it is in the masses of the people that the deepest fountains of true life reside; of that I have not the smallest doubt. The people are the trunk of the tree, and the classes are the branches of the tree. As I have said, you will find among the higher classes a much more easy and rapid appreciation of works of Art without effort; but the great artists have not come from the higher classes. If you were to survey their history in all times it would be difficult to establish any extended connection between them, and the original possession of high station or of other great worldly advantages. In every one of us, there is enough to work upon. It is upon the manliness and fidelity of the effort made to improve that which we possess, that the ultimate result will depend.

We have now gone over a good deal of ground, and I draw near the close. I now wish to turn for the moment the course of my remarks towards those in this room who are nearest in condition to the most numerous class of society, and to those also who, outside this room, through the agency of the indefatigable gentlemen of the Press whom I see before me, if they think well, may give a little attention to the subject. We have arrived at a time when, I am thankful to say, elementary education is being very widely diffused, and when we may hope that, before many years have passed over us, it will be universal. When we consider of what elementary education consists, in its first three branches—namely, of reading, writing, and arithmetic—it will readily occur to the mind as probable, and we find it to exist in fact, that one of the early effects of this kind of national effort for elementary education will be to produce a desire, either on the part of young persons themselves or on the part of their parents and friends, to escape from the necessities of manual labor and to pass into the region of that which is called not hand work but head work. Here we have before us a most important subject. In my belief—I speak it frankly—there is far too much eagerness on the part of many members of the working class—I do not say commonly for themselves, but at any rate for their children—to make their way out of the working class into another which is not the working class. I have at this point of my statement some advice I would presume to give, and I would ask for it a dispassionate consideration. My advice is: Be not, as matter of course, be not, in the first place, eager to raise your children out of the working class, but be desirous that, if possible, they shall remain rather in that class and elevate the work of it.

Not long ago, in a town near which I live, it was my duty to say something upon this subject, to make a rough division between head work and hand work; and I made this division probably in a manner not sufficiently accurate and careful. Two or three days after I received a letter from a working man, who thought I had treated society as if it were a pyramid which you might cut horizontally at a particular point, and say:—"Above that line, all is head work; underneath all is hand work. Where there is head work there is no hand work, where there is hand work there is no head work." That was the language he understood me to hold, and he writes to me in words which are original and worth reading. He describes himself as a young carpenter who works ten hours a day, and he says:—"If a carpenter is a thoroughly skilful workman, a selection of the best work is given him, and I assert with the most complete truth, that during the progress of his work a constant communication must be kept up between his brain and hands, not merely passive in character, but active, concen-

trated and unintermittent. It is necessary for him to consider economy of time and labor, and I might add material; ready methods of mechanical resource must suggest themselves to his mind, his eye is being educated with new forms of design and finish; and in proportion as machinery supplants in heavy work the manual labor of the artisan, are fresh demands made upon the intellectual resources of the craftsman." This is an excellent passage; it shows you better than any words of mine can do how the operations of the mind enter into the labor of the hands. As to that distinction between the working class and the non-working class of society, it must be recollected that a variety of persons who move in the highest circles belong to the working class under any definition you can give.

The painter and the sculptor labor in the production of visible objects; their labor is of the hand; it is, as I of course admit, also the labor of the mind; and that which is true of them is true of this joiner and of tens of thousands more, not, perhaps, in the same degree, but in a thousand varying degrees, according to the varying exigencies and capabilities of production; and I cannot but think that to ennoble labor by bringing labor into the best forms is the special and proper vocation of the workman. When a man has made his fortune in commerce, I say it is a vulgar thing that all the children of that man should endeavor to get out of commerce and disown their connection with it. So likewise if a man is a carpenter or a stone-mason, it is a poor and vulgar thing if his only, perhaps, even if his first object is to get his children out of that vocation. The first thing is to elevate the vocation, and to see that better products come from the labor: this is the walk which is opened to him by Providence by his calling in life; this is the special work to which he ought to address his energies, and for it there is unbounded scope. Look at this picture,* this performance of the village carpenter in Monmouthshire four or five hundred years ago. Compare it with what a corresponding carpenter would do in the corresponding or any like place now—then see what room and scope for improvement there is to be found among us. I am not going to say that from time to time we may not find the sense of beauty developed in artisans and laborers individually even of the humblest means and opportunities; but that confirms my case, which is that it ought to be the special duty of the workman to raise the character of the work which he performs, and in doing that he is probably, as a rule, doing infinitely more to raise himself, his family and his class than he can possibly do by a desperate or precipitate effort to get out of it, either for himself or even for his children.

There is also a strong commercial reason for it, and it was with that reason I was dealing when I read the letter of MR. FRANCIS MOORE, whose name deserves to be known. The commercial reason is that the value of manual labor is almost universally rising, and that of head labor falling. If you ask the poor author how he gets on in the present day, and whether his wage is increasing in proportion to that of the blacksmith, you will find that the difficulties of the poor authors are, perhaps, more pressing than ever they were, because his returns are not greater, while the social calls upon him—I say nothing of the price of commodities, which raises a disputed question—are undoubtedly enhanced. It is a broad and unquestionable fact that the price of nearly all descriptions of labor is rising considerably, and that, in London, the number of unemployed clerks presents an astonishing contrast to the number of unemployed builders and carpenters. Of that which is called head labor, there is more in the market than is wanted; of that which is called hand labor, the supply is limited, and the price in some cases rapidly and, on the whole, progressively rising. That is the mercantile view of the case.

The other view, which rests upon the solid foundation of the needs and capacities of human nature—considered as a thing of permanent existence, considered as the nature of a being born for eternity and not with reference merely to his daily wants, is that which I would humbly presume to commend to your deep attention and careful reflection. It is time now that I should pass to the discharge of the pri-

* Canon Miller, Vicar of Greenwich, kindly took charge of the print, and engaged to show it to such as might desire to see it. Since that time, I have with much pleasure forwarded a copy of it to the Editor of the *Architect*.—W. E. G.

mary duty for which I have come among you. Be assured that the words I have spoken, I have spoken in all sincerity and earnestness of purpose. The subject is one which I am perfectly certain deserves your care and attention to the uttermost, and if it has failed to impress you, if it has not laid hold upon your hearts and minds, it has been his fault to whom, for the moment, the treatment of it has been committed.—*Evening Hours.*

SONGS OF THE WINTER DAYS

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

I.

THE earth is black and cold and hard;
Thin films of dry white ice,
Across the rugged wheel-tracks barred,
The children's feet entice.

Dark flows the stream, as if it mourned
The winter in the land;
By frosty idleness adorned
That mill-wheel soon will stand.

The blue sky turned its heart away,
The earth its sorrow found;
The daisies turned from childhood's play,
And crept into the ground.

Draw closer, friends; we will not part;
That would let in the cold;
We'll make a summer of the heart,
And lau gh at winter old.

II.

With clear dead gleam the morning white
Comes through the window-panes;
The clouds have fallen all the night,
Without the noise of rains.

Like a departing, unseen ghost,
Footprints go from the door;
The man must long ere now be lost
Who left those footprints hoar.

Yet follow thou. Tread down the snow.
Leave all the road behind.
Heed not the steely winds that blow,
Heed not the sky unkind.

And when the glittering air grows dark,
The snow will shine like morn;
Till from thy cot one radiant spark
Shall laugh the night to scorn.

III.

Oh, wildly wild the winter-blast
Is whirling round the snow!
The wintry storms are up at last,
And care not how they go.

In wreaths and mists the frozen white
Is torn into the air;
It pictures, in the dreary light,
An ocean in despair.

Come, darkness! rouse the fancy more—
Awake the silent sea;
Till, roaring in the tempest-roar,
It rave to ecstasy;

And sheeted figures, long and white,
Sweep through the driving spray,
Fading into the ghastly night,
With death-cries far away.

IV.

A morning clear, with frosty light
From sunbeams late and low;
They shine upon the snow so white,
And shine back from the snow.

Down icy spears one drop will go—
Nor fall. It shines at noon
A diamond in the sun, to grow
An opal in the moon.

And when the bright sad sun is low
Behind the mountain-dome,
A twilight wind will come and blow
All round the children's home;

And puff and waft the powdery snow,
As night's dim footsteps pass.
But waiting in its grave below
Green lies the summer grass.

Evening Hours.

HER DEAREST FOE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T."

CHAPTER XXII

THE three friends, oblivious of the moody, bored baronet upstairs, talked far into the night. Tom Reed had to give an accurate and detailed account of his play, or rather after-piece;—they had just begun to be called "curtain lifters" by people who had been to French theatres, iand custom was veering round to the habt of having, by some Hibernian process, the after-piece first.

Both Mrs. Temple and Fanny were burning to see the production of Tom's pen; they had, of course, greedily read all the notices and criticisms which had come in their way, still that was but judging at second-hand, and to see it was the grand desideratum.

"We could in any case only go to town by detachments," said Mrs. Temple; "we could not both be away together, and though I could go up alone very well, it would hardly do for Fanny, unless you have some friend who would take her in, Tom."

"We must manage it somehow!" cried Tom. "It will run a tolerably long time, at any rate, and I will settle some plan. Of course," turning to Kate, "you will have to come up soon to lay in your spring goods—isn't that the term?—and then you can easily pay the 'Lesbian' a visit. I really should like to know your opinion; you are a tolerable critic."

"There!" exclaimed Fanny, with affected indignation; "you don't care a straw what I think! But I can assure you my judgment would be much more original, because I don't stuff my head with other people's notions out of books, like Kate."

"Bravo!" said Tom; "your own opinion pure and simple. To tell you the truth, my darling, I am half afraid of those keen little eyes of yours: they spy out one's failings so unrelentingly!"

"Little eyes, indeed! Mr. Joseph Turner thinks them big enough."

"No doubt he does," said Mrs. Temple, laughing. "But I imagine Fanny has choked him off, for we have seen little or nothing of him for some time; not since Fan supped at the paternal residence."

"I am surprised to hear it," returned Tom gravely. "She is such an arrant flirt that, in the absence of higher game, she would not mind keeping her hand or eyes in by practising on the nearest haberdasher."

"Another word of that description," exclaimed Fanny, "and I will try my hand, as you say, on Sir Hugh Galbraith! He is sulking upstairs, poor fellow, all alone! and wanted me to stay and make his tea for him. It's not too late to give him his supper."

"You know," said Tom Reed, with a slight change of tone, "I warned you to steer clear of Galbraith when I was down here last. He only knows you as the assistant in a shop, and he will very likely presume upon your supposed inferiority of position. If he had met you at—say at Mrs. Travers's table formerly, would he have ventured to ask you to make his tea? Confound his impudence!"

Fanny clapped her hands with delight at this ebullition, and laughed aloud.

"Do not be ridiculous, dear Tom," cried Mrs. Temple; "do you think either Fanny or I would go near Sir Hugh if he was inclined to give himself such airs? I assure you no one could behave in a more unobtrusive, unobjectionable manner than he does. The only trouble he gives is caused by his perpetual desire to write abrupt, and it seems to me objectless letters—he certainly has not a talent for composition—and his scarcely concealed curiosity to know who we really are. He openly professes his disbelief in our seeming; but I hope and think he will go away next week. There is really nothing to keep him."

"And still he stays! That is odd," remarked Tom, looking at his mischievous *fiancée*.

"It is not me!" cried Fanny, too earnest to be correct; "so don't think it."

"Do you know it is getting very late?" said the fair hostess.

"Eleven, by Jupiter!" exclaimed Tom, looking at his watch. "Mrs. Temple," he

continued, "is your resolution to go to church to-morrow as fixed as fate?"

"Why?"

"Because I want a long *tête-à-tête* consultation with you about my own affairs. Suppose Fanny represents the firm at morning service, and then she shall direct my steps in the evening to some pleasant glade, where we can discuss the result of the cabinet council?"

"Very well; that will suit me exactly," returned Mrs. Temple. "I too want a *tête-à-tête* consultation with you; so Fanny shall be devotional for us all."

"That is very fine," said Fanny, who had blushed becomingly when Tom spoke of consulting Mrs. Temple about his own affairs. "I am to be banished whether I like it or not."

Good-nights were exchanged, and Tom persuaded his pretty cousin to see that the front door was safely fastened after his exit.

The succeeding Sunday was the first real spring day which had visited Pierstoffe that year. The sky was brightly blue, and the sea, stirred by light airs, soft and balmy as though it were June instead of April, "broke into dimples and laughed in the sun." The tide, which had been full at an early hour, was ebbing gently—Pierstoffe bay was too open to be afflicted by a long reach of bare black sea-weed and sludgy sand when the water was low, and the difference of ebb and flow was not great; a soft feathery fringe of wavelets lapped the beach as if they loved it. On the slip before the Berlin Bazaar the gaily painted pleasure-skiffs were not yet displayed; but the strong brown fishing-boats, battered though still sturdy, were drawn up for their legitimate Sunday rest, and dotted about among them sundry fishermen, in their dark-blue guernsey jackets, with hands deep in their trousers' pockets, and the indescribable lounging movements indicative of respite from toil, smoked pipes of peace and made short interjectionary remarks. The cliffs behind the North Parade lay bathed in the young sunshine, so distinct in its tender radiance from the fierce glare of summer. The grey crags, cushioned here and there with patches of soft green turf draped with long pendent tangles of bramble and tufted with heather, showed wondrously clear, beautified by the magic of light; and Sir Hugh Galbraith, who dearly loved to look upon the face of nature—as dearly as though he could have written reams of verse to express his admiration, perhaps the more deeply because he could say very little about it—finding himself too early even for the active Mrs. Mills, strolled out to taste the delicious breeze, and talk, in exactly the abrupt unstudied manner that suited them, to the lounging fishermen.

"I'll have a yacht," thought Galbraith, walking slowly away past the empty lodging-houses of the North Parade; "a small one need not cost a fortune. I wonder could I manage to put up in the old place for the summer? I hate London, I don't care for the Continent—the regiment will not be home for another six months; and perhaps, after all, I may leave it and go into Parliament. What the deuce is Payne about, that he has given me no more intelligence of the purchase he hoped to manage? I'll write to him to-morrow; that is if Mrs. Temple can spare the time to write for me. By Jove!" moving the hand that lay in his sling, "I believe I could write myself; but it would be more prudent not to try just yet. This is a pretty spot! but very dull. I suppose I was a good deal shaken by that spill, or I should never be satisfied to stay here so long." At this point his reflections grew less clear. He knew in his heart that he never would have endured a life so different from all he had been accustomed to, had he not found such a fascinating secretary. Nevertheless he could not stay much longer; even the pleasure of his sojourn was largely intermingled with annoyance, aye, with pain. Interviews with his landlady were always difficult to contrive, and required an amount of scheming most abhorrent to his straightforward and somewhat domineering disposition. Still, to go away and never see her face again, or look into her eyes and try to understand their varying expression!—Galbraith felt, and for the first time acknowledged to himself, it was a sacrifice for which he hardly had strength. Still it must be done. He was no trifler, nor was she a woman to be trifled with. "I will ask Slade to-morrow if I may go up to town next week," thought Galbraith, turning sharp round to walk back, and frowning to himself at the mockery of asking the Doctor's consent. "I shall be all right when I am away. I am past the idiotic period of

boyish spoonyism;" which was true, but he forgot that childish disorders are always more dangerous in maturity. Comforting himself with this incomplete generalisation, he strolled on slowly, enjoying the delicious morning air, the contagious joyful spring aspect of everything. As he approached the open, where the main line bifurcated into the Stoneborough Road and North Parade, his attention was attracted by a gentleman who was approaching from the town.

"That's not a Pierstoffian," said Sir Hugh to himself. "Perhaps he is some yachtsman, who has got afloat early; at any rate he has a London tailor, yet it's not a yachting rig."

The object of his remark stopped for a few moments at the slip to look about him, and then turned and walked straight and decidedly to Mrs. Temple's door, which was opened the moment he knocked; and, unless Galbraith's eyes, which were keen and far-sighted, deceived him, by the young widow herself.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the mortified baronet, "By Jove! it's Tom! and he is a gentleman—or looks like one."

Here was an additional shade of mystery to meditate upon during breakfast, to which Galbraith did not do so much justice as he ought after his early stroll, and which he permitted Mills to remove without the brief but emphatic commendation he usually bestowed. In truth, Mills was an irreconcilable, and all the more so because she chose to interpret the genuine satisfaction expressed by Sir Hugh as feeble efforts to conciliate her, which she saw through and despised. Whereas, Galbraith was in some odd way taken by her gruff civility and stiff uncommunicativeness, and, quite unconscious of her carefully-nursed dislike, ranked her in his own mind as a "first-rate old woman, with no humbug about her."

"Wasn't the fish right?" asked Mills, jealous of her reputation.

"Oh, yes; all right, thank you."

"They have the same downstairs, and Mr. Tom says it's as good as anything he ever had at—somewhere in Paris."

"Oh! he does?" burning to ask "Tom's" name, but disdaining surreptitious information. "It is very good. You can take away the things; and—oh, nothing—I forgot what was going I to say.'

"Mills is evidently an old family servant, has known her mistress in better times," pondered Galbraith, "and she too was familiar with Tom, who was no Berlin-wool agent, not he!—that was only a blind!" which Galbraith did not like. Mrs. Temple and Miss Lee had every right to keep their affairs to themselves—but false appearances! that was another matter altogether.

Here Sir Hugh hailed with pleasure the entry of his servant with the ordinary demand for "orders," and so disposed of a quarter of an hour.

By that time the church bells began to ring out, and Galbraith, arming himself with the *Field*, took his place in the window and watched a few proprietors of the deserted lodging-houses going to church. Presently he heard the entrance door open and shut. He was instantly on the alert, but instead of the two figures he had seen so regularly sally forth on preceding Sabbaths, there was only Fanny, in her pretty Sunday half-mourning attire. She turned as she came to the corner of the house, and kissing her hand with an arch smile to some one, vanished round it.

"So Miss Fanny is sent to church, and Mrs. Temple stays to discuss business *tête-à-tête* with 'Tom,'—a pleasant arrangement for the 'dear old friend,' as that little minx called him," thought Galbraith, gloomily, as he resorted to his favorite method of relief when perturbed, a species of quarter-deck walk far from soothing to the dwellers beneath him, while he strove to divert his mind by planning his future movements, with an odd, irritated, injured feeling; for he resolved stoutly to quit the rascally hole where he had been so long yet so willingly imprisoned, next week at the furthest. But somehow no suitable scheme presented itself. The people, the places, the amusements of which he thought were all unutterably distasteful, absolutely revolting. "At any rate," he said to himself as he seized the paper once more with a desperate determination to occupy his thoughts, "I will go to London in the first place. I will find out something to do with myself there."

In the meanwhile, Tom and his fair client settled themselves for a long confidential talk as soon as they had seen Fanny off.

"Tell me your affairs first, Tom," said Kate. "I do not fancy they will take so much time as mine."

"Oh, mine is a plain unvarnished tale; but I thought I should like to talk it over with you before I spoke to Fanny."

"I rather fancy I know 'the burden of your song,'" she returned, smiling. "Say on."

"Well, you see," began Reed, drawing his chair closer; "things are looking up with me at last. This little piece of mine has made a hit; I have another bespoke and on the stocks. I have had a private note from poor Pennington, telling me that he does not think he can resume his editorial duties; and I believe I am pretty sure to be his successor. This advance will bring me in a decent income; and so I begin to think I may venture on matrimony!"

"I thought so," said Mrs. Temple, quietly.

"Looking at it coolly and dispassionately," resumed Tom, with sparkling eyes, "I think I may; but, my dear Mrs. Travers, neither Fanny nor I would dream of taking any step, even in a right direction, without due regard to the interest and wishes of so good a friend as yourself. If Fanny leaves you—and she must some day—what will you do?"

"I do not know—I do not know," returned Kate, thoughtfully; then looking suddenly at Tom with suspiciously moist eyes, "I dare say it is selfish, but I cannot face the idea of living here without her. She makes home for me; but do not let us think of this. It will be much better and happier for Fanny to be your wife than my assistant; only, dear Tom, make sure that you can afford to marry before you rush into matrimony!"

"You may be sure I will; but listen to me: I want to settle something with you before I open the subject with Fanny. If she leaves you, will you nail your colors to the mast and go on with the Berlin Bazaar? You know the undertaking wears its pleasantest aspect now; but picture to yourself being shut up with a younger, and, therefore, more objectionable Miss Potter—being worse off considerably than if you were utterly alone! You couldn't stand it! I know you could not! You would murder the assistant, and throw yourself into the sea, or be driven to perform some sort of tragedy before three months were over, believe me!"

"It is a dreadful look-out, I acknowledge," said Kate, smiling at Tom's prophetic energy. "Still, I should not like to abandon a tolerably successful undertaking merely to avoid a little personal discomfort—it would be cowardly."

"Not a bit of it," replied her prime counsellor. "It is an undertaking in which you ought never to have embarked. I was always opposed to it. I can see clearly enough that one of its attractions was the home and occupation it offered to Fanny; you have stuck to her like a trump; now join her in her home—in ours. You will get back your money for this concern; it is worth considerably more than you gave for it. You can afford to live till you find some more congenial employment. I will find that for you. If you would only write as you talk, what a lot of pleasant magazine articles you could turn out in a year! Come; give the matter a little serious thought! London, you know, would be the best place to hunt up the tracks of the true will."

"Tom," cried Kate, holding out her hand to him, "you are a good fellow; but such arrangements seldom answer. Settle your plans with Fanny; tell her it would be a satisfaction to me to see her your wife; but put me out of the question. I may come and live near you. I may adopt some other line of life; but I will not quit my business yet awhile."

"And I know Fan won't listen to any suggestion of leaving you," said Tom, gloomily.

"She may—you do not know. Open the subject, and I will follow it up if you wish," replied Kate. "Now have you quite said your say?"

"Yes, quite; and I am all ears to hear yours."

"First, I want a *viva voci* description of your interview with Mr. Ford. Your letter was a little hurried, though it was very good of you to write at all in such a whirl."

Tom recapitulated all he could remember of the conversation, and answered many questions. Then after sitting quite still and silent for a few minutes, Kate exclaimed quickly,

"And what impression does all this make upon you?"

"Well, no particular impression. He is the same crotchety, touchy, worthy soul he ever was! The last man in the world to tamper with any document. I know what you are thinking of; but he would not have the pluck—believe me, he would not."

"Perhaps so," said she. "However, I will, in the strictest confidence, show you the letter you forwarded from him. Not a word of the contents to Fanny; she could *not* refrain from laughing and talking about it, dear thing!"

"Of course she could not," returned Tom, as Kate rose, and, unlocking her desk, she drew forth the letter and handed it to him.

Reed read through in silence, except for a few indistinct growls.

"The presumptuous blockhead!" he exclaimed, when he finished. "He seems to have lost his senses! Why, he insinuates that he was almost an accepted lover before old——I mean Mr. Travers, came into the field."

"Which, I am sure, it is unnecessary for me to deny!" cried Kate. "You, too, then, think him audacious? I was not sure if it was a true instinct or an unwarranted assumption on my part. Remember, Tom, I was in a lowly state of life enough when I first knew Mr. Ford."

"Whatever you were, if he was not a conceited ass he would have felt he was not your equal. And then to raise his eyes to his employer's widow—a woman of your stamp! It is the height of presumption!"

"Now, Tom, perhaps you think I am justified in doubting him?"

"Well, no! It is scarcely logical. Why should he try to reduce the woman he loved to penury? Why should he enrich her enemy, and defraud himself? Why——"

"It seems a far-fetched idea," interrupted Mrs. Temple, "and yet I cannot get rid of it. You know the day he brought me that false will—as I shall always consider it; he offered to cancel or destroy it—I forget exactly what he said—but something to that effect. I scarcely noticed at the time, but I have often thought of it since."

"Did he?" said Reed, who was looking through the letter again. "That was queer. What do you suppose was his object?"

"I can hardly say; he thought probably my dislike and indignation against Sir Hugh Galbraith might have tempted me to consent; and then what a hold he would have had upon me!"

"By George! I could never believe that proper old boy would be such a villain! I think, my fair friend, you romance a little—all the better for a literary future."

"Do not laugh at me, Tom; and pray do not lose sight of Ford. My whole soul is as fixed as ever on the hope of clearing myself and my husband's memory from the foul slander of that abominable will."

"I will help you with all my wits!" cried Tom, remembering his creditable acquaintance Trapes and his inquiries. "But I dare not encourage you to hope. You say this Galbraith is going to leave: I would advise you when he is just off to make yourself known, and then I'll take long odds that he will make better offers of a settlement, and you might arrange things comfortably. It need not interfere with another will, should it turn up."

"Never offer me such advice again!" cried Mrs. Temple, indignantly. "It is a positive insult."

"I am dumb then," said Tom, submissively. After a few moments' thought, he asked, "Do you think Ford ever dabbled in any betting or turfy transactions?"

"I should say not—certainly not. Why do you ask?"

"Because a very queer character was making inquiries about him the other day." And Tom proceeded to describe his conversation with Trapes.

"It is curious," said Kate, reflectively, after listening with deep attention to his account; "but I cannot see that this supposed debt of Ford's can affect me in any way, even if true; and I presume your friend has some powers of invention, as you say he was once on the press."

"No doubt. I believe very little he says; but that he wanted to find Ford—or the man he resembled—is a fact, whatever the reason; and, moreover, he knows something of Mr. Travers's people."

"True," returned Kate; and then fell into a fit of thought, from which she roused herself by a sort of effort to ask, "Where is this man Trapes to be found?"

"Oh! I have not an idea; indeed, I had no inclination to keep up the connection."

"I wish we knew."

"Better have nothing to say to him; he would only persuade you to throw away your money."

Mrs. Temple made no reply; but again opening her desk, took out a memorandum-book, in which she began to write. "What was the date of your interview?" she asked. Tom gave it, for as it was identical with the first appearance of his play he knew it well. A few more questions proved she was putting down the substance of Reed's communication.

"May I ask what that is for?" said he.

"This is my evidence-book," replied Kate, turning over the pages. "I put down here everything, great and small, that strikes me as bearing in any possible way upon my case."

"I protest you are a first-rate solicitor spoiled by your sex! What suggested such a business-like proceeding, positively unnatural in a woman?"

"I cannot tell; dwelling intensely on a topic is something like boring for a well, I imagine. If you only go on long enough and deep enough, you are sure to strike an idea—or a spring! Then you know poor Mr. Travers was always making notes of ideas and suggestions, and all sorts of things that might by any possibility be useful."

"Believe me, Mrs. Travers—well, Temple! I must try and remember it—you have admirable qualities for a writer. The keeper of a diary, if intelligent, is the possessor of a mine."

"I trust this will prove one to me; but—oh! here is Fanny," as that young person entered, prayer-book in hand, and announced triumphantly that she had been escorted back from church by Mr. Turner, jun.

"Have you finished your consultation yet?" she continued, "or shall I go out again? I dare say Mr. Turner is lingering outside, and will not mind keeping me company a little while."

Chapter XXIII.

Sunday was not yet over. It had been a very long day to Sir Hugh Galbraith. Some of it he had disposed of indifferently, by trying how he could drive without the whip-hand, and, accompanied by his groom, had gone nearly over to Stoneborough, and now he had once more taken his post of observation in the window. The day had been beautiful throughout, and the sun had nearly accomplished his daily task, so far as Pierstoffe was concerned. The church bells had not yet rung out. All was quiet—the inhabitants were at tea—and Galbraith's reflections were interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Mills bearing a tray with a huge cup, a tiny cream ewer, and a plate of thin brown bread and butter, such as Sir Hugh loved.

"It's a thought early," she said, setting down these good things on a small table beside him. "But maybe you won't mind, because it's the girl's Sunday out; and as my missus is having her tea, I thought I would get it all over before I dressed."

Galbraith nodded a reluctant assent, and Mrs. Mills departed. So everything must give way to Tom—even a good solvent tenant like himself. Tom, he supposed, wanted an evening walk, and he, Sir Hugh, must have his tea forced down his throat an hour too soon. He wondered if Tom was to have a *tête-à-tête* walk as well as a *tête-à-tête* conversation. He would have a look as they went out. If that nice little Fanny was excluded from the walk as well as the talk, he must conclude that Tom—confound him!—was the widow's lover, and poor Fanny was an ill-used girl. For he had never seen startled delight if he had not read it in Fanny's eyes when she heard that fellow's voice the evening before. And a dim sort of feeling rippled over his heart or brain—or whatever thinks—like the momentary crisping of water by a sudden breeze, that it would be very delightful to see any face brighten thus for him—brighten honestly, naturally, even a plain face; but how gloriously would such eyes as Mrs. Temple's light up! Strange, that the grandest, the most striking expression he had ever read in them was defiance, almost detestation, and it always suggested the idea of how they would speak a different and opposite passion. However, the tea was very refreshing after his drive, and the bread and butter not unacceptable. By the time both were finished, Galbraith heard voices beneath, and looking out, beheld the two friends, escorted by Tom, sally

forth—Mrs. Temple, as usual, in black, with a white shawl over her arm.

"The three of them, by Jove!" murmured Galbraith to himself. "I never expected that." He watched them to the division of the main street into the high road to Stoneborough and that leading to the North Parade. Here they paused and seemed to talk awhile; then Fanny and Tom went to the left along the high road, and Mrs. Temple took the more direct line to the right, as if intending to stroll along the Parade.

So far as Galbraith knew her stroll would be limited. He was not aware of any outlet beyond the gravel sweep whereon the dowager barouches and invalid chairs—which in the season moved slowly to and fro along the sea front—turned, and came back again. He watched assiduously for ten, fifteen, twenty minutes; still no sign of the figure he looked for. A genial glow began to replace the dull, irritated, injured sensation which oppressed Galbraith all day. Perhaps she was sitting down with a book! At the thought, he caught up his hat and was off with long, swift steps, to test the truth of his conjecture.

But the few seats on the Esplanade were all untenanted. No one, save a few of those inveterate loungers, the fishermen, was about. Where had that puzzling landlady of his vanished? Reaching the far end of the Esplanade, where a rough sort of breastwork, formed of pieces of rock, stones, clay, and supporting timbers, had been piled up against the sea, he looked round carefully, and perceived the pathway which Mrs. Temple had discovered about a year before.

She must have followed this track, unless indeed she had gone in to pay a visit to one of the shuttered, blank-looking, North Parade houses. This was highly improbable; so Galbraith passed on rapidly, with eagerness and exhilaration—his pulses beating fast, somewhat to his own surprise.

Meantime Mrs. Temple—as she must be called in this portion of the story—strolled on leisurely, glad to be alone, that she might examine and reason away a certain feeling of depression and distress that had been fretting her spirit since her talk with Tom. She had shared in the cheerful pleasantry of their midday dinner; she had played her part of hostess as brightly, as cordially as ever; but under all there was the unrest—the fear of an unavoidable and painful change.

The silence and beauty around calmed her perturbed thoughts—calmed, but did not cheer. The deeper chords of her nature vibrated to the mute language of sea and sky and rock, and resolute endurance rather than cheerful resignation, seemed the key-note to which she would tune her spirit.

She reached the little jetty before described, and, walking to the end, seated herself upon the bench. It was evident that she must not count on Fanny's companionship much longer, and how would it be then? Could she face the terrible isolation of the life she had adopted? Worse than isolation, the company without companionship of an assistant of the ordinary shop-woman type?

For the first time Kate regretted her choice of an occupation, and with all her liberal tendencies, felt the impassable nature of the gulf fixed between the habits, thoughts, and manners of the class she had quitted and that which she had adopted.

"It will be less and less as education and common sense spread up and down; but at present it is harder to bear than expected. Is it quite fair of Tom, when he knew that I undertook this business as much on Fanny's account as my own, to take her from me so soon? Pooh! how self blinds one. Of course Fanny is his first consideration, and it is far better for her to be his wife than my assistant. Dear Fan! I trust in Heaven he will be good to her; but matrimony is a fearful trial, and does not want a third in the house to increase its dangers. No! come what may, I will not desert the course I have marked for myself until I have either succeeded in upsetting the will or given up all hope, or find the Berlin Bazaar will not pay; but when Fanny leaves and I am much alone, I will try if I can write, as Tom suggested. I have plenty of time before me, and I must not allow myself to be a coward; but the loneliness—ah!" Gazing out over the sea she let her thoughts drift freely, vaguely to the past, its tenderness, its high hopes, its bright anticipations, the long, dutiful suppression of her married existence, her

glimpse of life and liberty, her cruel reverse. The soft solemn loveliness of the evening disposed her to think compassionately even of herself.

The sun had sunk behind the cliffs, but the slowly-fading light was still reflected on the sky opposite. Towards the horizon "the raven down of darkness" was gathering, but above it lighter and lighter shades of grey prevailed up to a pale ashen hue, flecked with rosy cloudlets, varying from ruby to faint opal. or mother-of-pearl tints of exquisite delicacy. The sea was still and smooth; the breeze of the morning had died away, and the giant slept,—only the soft lulling lap of tiny ripples against the huge wet black stones which lay round the timbers of the little jetty broke the silence. The very air was full of speechless feeling—soft, quiet, and yet not without the chillness of early spring—a certain cold which seemed an expression of sadness. Kate opened her shawl, and wrapping it round her, leaned her clasped hands on the rail which defended her resting-place, while she looked forth with keenest appreciation on sea and sky. "To bear is to conquer our fate," she thought; "rather a heroic quotation *à propos* of a Berlin-wool shop. Ah! how different all things might have been had Mr. Travers not been separated from his cousin. If Hugh Galbraith——"

At this point in her reflections she was almost startled into a scream by a voice beside her. "Good evening, Mrs. Temple."

"I thought this haunt was only known to myself, the coastguard, and the seagulls," she replied, turning to face the man she had just thought of, and in her surprise speaking more hurriedly than usual. "How did you find it out?"

"By accident," said Galbraith shortly, but he smiled upon her as he spoke—smiled. Yes; his sombre, stern, and usually inexpressive eyes dwelt upon her smilingly, tenderly. She did not know the effect her natural impulsive address, the quick, flitting blush, the welcoming smile into which she had been startled wrought upon the enemy; but she had never spoken quite like this to him before, and Galbraith for a moment forgot there was any world beyond the few feet of planking on which they stood, and the stretch of sea and sky before them.

"What a lovely evening!" he said, not finding any more original remark after a short pause, and sitting down beside her. "This is a pretty nook—do you often come here?"

"Not often. I cannot, you know."

"Of course."

"In summer it is always my holiday excursion. In winter I can never manage it, and the path is not very safe in rough weather."

"The cliffs are rather fine along here," resumed Galbraith, "but they are nothing to the cliffs near Kirby Grange. My place, or rather my ruin—it's not much more," for Kate had looked up at him inquiringly. He went on. "Great black beetling cliffs with jagged reefs running out to sea, and lots of sea birds clanging about. I used to climb the crags to get the nests. I was a tolerable cragsman in those days. I don't think I should like to try it now."

"I do not like the terrific in nature," said Kate, drawing her shawl closer, the rounded, graceful outlines of her supple figure showing through the thin soft folds. "It makes me think of despair and defeat, and horrors of that kind."

"Yet I fancy you are very plucky for a woman, Mrs. Temple."

"I cannot tell. I have not been much tried, and certainly peace and rest seem to me the greatest good in life."

There was something weary, almost sad, in her voice, and Galbraith was conscious of a very strong desire to take the little hands which were holding her shawl in his and ask if there was anything in the world he could do for her, but he only said, "To a certain extent, but peace soon becomes stagnation."

A pause. Mrs. Temple was not displeased to see Galbraith. It amused her, and gave a lighter tone to her thoughts.

"Have you visited your native place since you have returned from India?" she asked at last, the silence growing awkward, especially as Galbraith had a stupid fashion of staring.

"No; I want to go there, and yet I dread it."

"Indeed! Why?"

"Because—you will, perhaps, laugh at me—I have scarcely an acre of the old lands left; and I can't stand seeing another lording it over what ought to be mine."

"Laugh! No, I should be the last to laugh. I would stake my existence on a struggle to get back my own."

And she looked full into Galbraith's eyes.

"And you would be no mean antagonist, I fancy," said he, returning her gaze with an earnestness from which she did not shrink. "I wonder, Mrs Temple, if you and I ever met before in some different state of existence? for I sometimes think you look upon me as an enemy."

"Me! What an extraordinary idea!" exclaimed Kate, laughing, but coloring too—a glow that mounted quickly, and, then fading, left her cheek to its ordinary rich paleness.

"Yes. There was something in your eyes when first they met mine I shall never forget. Had you been a man I should have snatched up some weapon to defend myself."

"Pooh! nonsense!" she returned, again laughing; but there was a curious sound of suppressed pleasure in the low, soft laugh. "I had been vexed in my business. Some one had tried to cheat me, perhaps; or I doubted your solvency, and imagined I had a bad bargain in my drawing-room apartments."

There was a subtle tone of mockery in the last words, a curl of the ripe red lip suggestive of playful scorn.

"I do not pretend to guess the reason; I only know the effect," returned Galbraith, and there was a pause longer than the last, for Kate's eyes had fixed themselves on the distant horizon unconsciously, as she reflected on the strange eddy of fortune which had made Sir Hugh Galbraith her companion in this remote corner, while he availed himself of her averted gaze to drink in greedily the charm of the frank, fair face before him, its sweet, firm mouth and soft pale cheek, the large eyes so still and deep when she was silent, so changeful and expressive when she spoke or listened; the broad but not high forehead; the delicate yet distinctly marked brow; the look, as if no mean thought, no low motive could lurk in a brain so nobly lodged.

Galbraith had hitherto considered himself, and had been considered, a cold immovable kind of fellow, but he was conscious that these characteristics were fast melting away; there was something in his companion's beauty and bearing which exercised a magic effect upon his half-developed nature, as certain chemical ingredients, at the approach of that which attracts, or contains the complement of their being, rush forth to blend with what has called them to life. The deep calm, the solitude, the tender beauty of sea and sky, the unusual tinge of familiarity in Mrs. Temple's manner, lapped him into a kind of Elysium such as he had never before known. As yet, he could enjoy the first warm breath of the coming sirocco, before the fever and thirst were upon him.

"What a relief it must be to you to come here from the shop," exclaimed Galbraith abruptly, fearing that if the silence continued Mrs. Temple might get up and walk away.

"It is, indeed," she returned frankly.

"Then you don't like your work?"

"I do not dislike it," said Kate, falling unconsciously into a semi-confidential strain. "I would rather earn my bread as a high-class artist or writer; but as nature has not made me of suitable stuff, I must do what I can. I do not fancy the restraint of teaching, or keeping a school."

"Still, such a position must be very unpleasant to you; for I never will believe you were originally intended for it."

"Oh, as to that, you may conjecture what you like, Sir Hugh; but I have told you there is no romance about me or my position," said she, turning her eyes, which laughed sunnily, upon him.

"I daresay you will think I am a presumptuous fellow," returned Galbraith, leaning towards her, resting the elbow of his sound arm on his knee, and his cheek on his hand; "but I am always conjecturing about you. You are a constant mystery to me, and I am determined to solve it!"

The earnest, uncomplimentary manner in which Galbraith uttered these words took from them all appearance of love-making. Nevertheless, they sent a strange gust of triumph along Kate's nerves; her contemptuous enemy was growing interested in her. He acknowledged her superiority.

"The presumption consists in telling me so," she said, still meeting his eyes with an arch smile. "I cannot help your thoughts; only they must sorely want legitimate employment when you

waste them on—your landlady;" there was a slight pause before she uttered the last words with provoking emphasis, which she could not restrain; there is such a charm in feeling oneself charming.

Sir Hugh raised his head quickly, as if about to speak, and then stopped.

"But in a few days you will be away, among your natural occupations and associates—the mystery you have created for yourself will cease to interest or annoy," she continued.

"I hope it will," returned Galbraith bluntly; "I hope it will—but," again resting his cheek on his hand, and looking up into her eyes, "am I to take what you say as a notice to quit?"

"A Sunday notice is not a legal warning—so I was informed when I inquired into the laws affecting landlord and tenant, previous to letting lodgings," said Kate demurely.

"But do you wish me to leave?"

"No, not before you are quite fit to move. But of course it is absurd to suppose you will remain beyond a week or so! Your kinsfolk and acquaintance would think you daft if you stayed on here without any adequate inducement, and justly."

Sir Hugh's brow lowered, and he twisted his moustaches thoughtfully. "I suppose," he said, "a fellow may please himself in spite of his kinsfolk and acquaintance—mine troubled me deuced little in former days! Do *you* wish me to go?"

"Wish to lose a good tenant! Certainly not," she replied with a smile—an irrepressible smile. "But I ought to tell you that, after the middle of April, I wish to have my rooms ready for a tenant of last year, who made me promise to take him in if he wanted to come!"

"Oh!"—a very dissatisfied oh! "I must march, then!"

He was more mortified than he liked to acknowledge; this woman, the hem of whose garment he could have taken up and kissed, so much had he lost his common sense, deliberately told him that he was to her a mere every-day tenant, and no more. But it was better so; otherwise he, Galbraith, might make such an ass of himself that he could never get into the lion's skin again.

"But it will be dark if I stay any longer," said Mrs. Temple, rising, "and the path here is not too safe."

"Don't go!" cried Galbraith, almost vehemently, "there will be an hour of daylight yet, and when shall we have such an evening again? I mean, when shall I have such an evening, if I am to get the route next week? I beg your pardon!" seeing the look of wonder in his companion's eyes at the sort of despairing entreaty in his voice. "I fancy I must have grown whimsical and—and unlike myself, after my long imprisonment. I do not think I am much of a sentimentalist, but I was always fond of evening and the sea—and all that sort of thing, even when I was a boy." This was said with a kind of burst, as if it came in spite of himself, and he was rather ashamed.

"And do you despise yourself for loving such beauty as this?" returned Kate, with a slight gesture of the hand towards the sea. "How strange the effect of a man's life must be when all that *we* are taught to admire and take pleasure in is despised by them. No wonder there is so little true friendship between men and women!"

"I don't despise myself for loving beauty in any shape," said Galbraith, as he traced an imaginary pattern with his stick on the boards of the landing-place, "but I can't talk poetically about it. I should make an ass of myself if I tried!"

"If you have the feeling it will out! How do you know you are not a mute inglorious Milton? How do you know that you have experienced the whole circle of feeling?"

A grim smile, not devoid of humor, lit up his face. "I think you have made a capital random shot!" he said

"Then did you never read any poetry?"

"N—not much. I have heard some read."

"Do you read novels?"

"No."

"Do you ever read anything?"

"Yes, Mrs. Temple!" laughing good-humoredly. "I have read a good deal on professional subjects, and history, and politics. Come, does that redeem me a little from the general ruck of blockheads?"

"A little—yes," she said thoughtfully. "But do you not care for the living spirit that animates these dry bones—the skeleton frame of facts? Do you not enjoy the genius which out of the

clay of every-day events, the mere matter of action, moulds exquisite forms, and breathes into them the breath of life? and more—that touches the sleeping God within us? or gives the dull sullen prisoner in the body's cage a glimpse of light and liberty?"

"Go on!" said Galbraith in a low voice. "I am not sure that I take it all in, but I like to listen."

"I daresay you laugh at my outburst! and I am not going to talk for your amusement," replied Kate, smiling. "Now, Sir Hugh, do not let me curtail your enjoyment of this delicious evening, but *I* am going home!"

"And so am I," said he rising, 'for at present your home is mine."

His pertinacity and unusual sympathetic frankness amused and interested her, yet it would not do to meet all Pierstoffe as it returned from church accompanied by a baronet; for the present she let him go on, however. He was assiduous in his attempts to draw her back to the enthusiastic strain, which gave so much animation to her eyes and mobile lips, but in vain. The effort, nevertheless, made Galbraith talk unusually well, and before they had accomplished the distance between the coastguard station and the town, he had risen a degree or two in her opinion. Hitherto her estimate of his intellectual powers was by no means exalted; she had told Tom Reed that he gave her the idea of a stupid obstinate man, whose education had been neglected.

That he was well bred, though no drawing-room gentleman, she could not deny, and on the present occasion there was more than politeness in the excessive care with which he watched every opportunity offered by the slight difficulties of the path, to assist or guard her. "Had he been in England when I married, and seen and known everything, he would have been more just to me, perhaps! and all this mischief might have been avoided," she thought. "But no; he is a man of such strong prejudices, that I daresay if I were to tell him who I am now his friendliness would stiffen into stern contempt. To him I shall always be an adventuress. Well, his opinion is nothing to me." Such were the ideas floating through her mind as she listened, with soft attentive eyes, to her unsuspecting companion's exposition of his views as to the best method of managing the natives of India, with which it is needless to say she entirely disagreed. But they were too near the town to permit of argument. Mrs. Temple stopped short, and said, "Be so good, Sir Hugh, as to walk on, and leave me to return alone. All Pierstoffe would be horrified at the incongruity of a baronet escorting the proprietress of a fancy bazaar." She smiled brightly, sweetly, and Galbraith almost permitted the words, "D—— Pierstoffe," which rose naturally to his lips, to escape; but he changed them to "What bosh!"

"No, it is not bosh," said Mrs. Temple. "It is only consistent with your own conservative principles."

"I do not like to leave you alone in the dusk."

"Nevertheless, you must," she returned decidedly.

"I obey," said Galbraith, raising his hat; quickening his steps, he was soon out of sight, while Kate, slowly following, reached her house without any further adventure.

She had a long tearful talk with Fanny, after they had bid Tom goodnight and good-bye, as he had to start by the first train for town next day. Fanny had utterly rejected the idea of leaving her friend at present, or till she had renounced the Berlin-wool trade. She confessed to a quarrel with Tom on this subject, but also to a reconciliation, the very recollection of which called up dimpling smiles and blushes. No! she would not quit Kate; she never thought she would be so important a person, but she now saw quite well that Kate could not get on without her.

Mrs. Temple urged that Tom Reed would have just cause to complain if Fanny preferred her friend to her lover, and at last it was decided that when Tom was actually appointed to the chieftainship of the "M. T.," it would be time enough to talk about separating. In the interest excited by Tom and Fanny's affairs, Mrs. Temple forgot, or omitted to mention, her rencontre with Galbraith, and having done so, did not care to revert to the subject, especially as her friend had asked her no questions. But, in the solitude of her own room, a review of the conversation called up a

smile half triumphant and wholly amused to the young widow's lip, as she remembered that little more than a year ago she had sat under the yew tree in Hampton Court Gardens, and quivered with indignant feeling at the scorn heaped upon her by the man, whose tones of entreaty for a few minutes more of her society still rang in her ear!

Chapter XXIV.

As the friends anticipated, Lady Styles lost no time, on her return to Weston, in investigating the state of affairs at the Berlin Bazaar, and on the day following Tom's visit she made her appearance at an unusually early hour after luncheon.

"Well, Mrs. Temple, how have you all been? I feel as if I had been away a year instead of six weeks. Do you know I don't like any neighborhood as well as my own; it's a great advantage to be within a drive of a Berlin Bazaar—especially when it is so well managed, ha! ha! ha! I want three skeins of yellow shaded, and two of green, five of crimson, and—there! your young person can take the paper and put all the things together, while I talk to you. You are looking uncommonly well; and how are you getting on with your tenant—your patient—the man that broke his head? Slade tells me he is here still; not a bad business for you."

"No, Lady Styles. It has answered very well to have my rooms occupied; but Sir Hugh Galbraith leaves this week."

"Oh! indeed—yes, Dr. Slade gives an indifferent account of him, says he is so impatient and proud, and—all sorts of things. Have you found him so, eh?"

"I only know that he pays regularly, and gives very little trouble," replied Mrs. Temple, smiling placidly, and perfectly understanding the drift of the question.

"Oh, indeed; that is very nice, very nice indeed. You know, you would make such a charming nurse; I thought he might have claimed his landlady's personal care," cried Lady Styles, with a jolly laugh.

"My good old servant has acted the part of landlady and nurse for me," returned Mrs. Temple.

"Oh, very prudent; quite right, quite right," said her ladyship, looking round with an eagle eye, in search of some chink into which she might insert the point of her wedge-like inquiries. "I don't think you have quite so many pretty things as you used. I hope you are not neglecting your business."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Temple, drily. "But I have not yet bought my spring goods; in a week or two I hope to offer a choice selection of novelties."

"That will be charming. Well, Mrs. Temple, if Sir Hugh Galbraith is at home, I think it right to call upon him. I will go in, if you please!"

"I never know if he is in or out, Lady Styles. But if you will go round to the front door the servant will tell you."

"Oh, very well, very well. You see, he is a great friend of a cousin of mine, and I wish to show him a little attention—to explain why I have not been to see him before. I will look in again, Mrs. Temple, for my wools and canvas, and tell you what I think of him." So saying, her ladyship walked, or, to be more accurate, waddled away round to the entrance, and there made a tolerable imitation of her footman's knock.

Mills, "simple, erect, severe, austere," in due time—not too soon—opened the door in a snowy cap, apron, and net handkerchief, the very picture of an old family servant.

"Ah! I see," thought Lady Styles, with a delighted sense of her own rapid perception, "this is the nurse. I wonder where Slade found her."

"Good morning," she said to Mills, who had now reached a condition which defied the most startling combination of circumstances to surprise. "How is your patient? If he is pretty well and visible to-day, I will come in and see him."

"Is it Mrs. Temple you're wanting, ma'am?" asked Mills, to whom this address was dumb show.

"She is as deaf as a post," exclaimed Lady Styles. "No, no," in louder tones. "Sir Hugh Galbraith. I want to see Sir Hugh Galbraith."

"Yes, he is in, ma'am."

"Just tell him Lady Styles would be happy to come up and see him."

"Walk in, if you please," and Mills ushered her ladyship into the pretty sitting-room opening on the garden, where she immediately occupied herself

in a close examination of all books, photographs, &c., &c., which lay upon the table. Meantime, Mills bent her rheumatic steps to Sir Hugh's apartment. "There is a lady wants to see you."

"A lady!" echoed Galbraith, looking up from some notes he was trying to make in pencil with his left hand. "What sort of a lady?"

"Oh, a stout lady, as is often in the shop. A lady somebody, sir."

"Lady Styles, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "She has not lost much time. Well, show her up," he added, resignedly, while he hastily put his papers together and shut them in his blotting-book, before Mills opened the door and ushered in his visitor.

"Sir Hugh Galbraith," said Lady Styles in her best manner, as she entered, "I really could not let you be here in a sort of savage land without coming to look after you. Colonel Upton mentioned you to me as his particular friend, and had I not been detained in Yorkshire by poor Sir Marmaduke's indisposition I should have had the pleasure of calling upon you before."

"You are very good," returned Galbraith, advancing a chair. "Pray sit down," which her ladyship, being rather out of breath from the ascent of the staircase, did very readily.

"I think," she resumed, "I have the pleasure of knowing your sister, Lady Lorrimer. I met her at dinner, where I was staying in Yorkshire. I cannot say I see much resemblance between you." Galbraith bowed. "And tell me, Sir Hugh, are you feeling better and stronger?"

"I am very nearly all right, thank you. Can't venture to use my arm yet, the doctor tells me. I hope to get away the end of this week, or beginning of next."

"Then, my dear sir," cried Lady Styles, with much animation, "you had much better come over and spend the remainder of your convalescence at Weston. We will take great care of you; and I have one or two very pleasant people staying with me."

"You are really very good, Lady Styles, but I am quite comfortable here. When I am fit to be seen I will do myself the honor of calling upon you."

"Fit to be seen, my dear Sir Hugh!" echoed her ladyship. "The less fit you are to be seen, the more ready all my young lady friends will be to admire you."

"My dear Lady Styles, I do not like young ladies, and I am quite unaccustomed to be admired."

"What a monster!" cried Lady Styles, laughing. "But they make you tolerably comfortable here?"

"Very comfortable indeed."

"Do you ever see your landlady, eh?" sharply.

"I have seen her," returned Galbraith, with an immovable face.

"She interests me very much," resumed Lady Styles, with animation. "I am quite sure there is some romance attached to her. She is so lady-like, and quiet; yet an excellent woman of business. Then she reminds me of two or three people. Has it ever struck you?"

"What? her likeness to two or three people? I cannot say it has," replied Galbraith, so coldly and indifferently that Lady Styles was checked for a moment.

"What a nice, respectable nurse you appear to have. I must ask Slade for her address; it is well to know such a person. Pray, have you found her satisfactory in every respect? sober, vigilant, and all that, eh?"

"Who?" asked Galbraith, puzzled by this flank movement.

"The nurse—the old woman who let me in."

"You mean Mrs. Mills! She is the servant and manager of the house. I thought she was the landlady till the other day. I have never been reduced to a nurse."

"Oh, indeed! Now, there, Sir Hugh! there is another remarkable fact; the very servant is out of the common. Mark my words, there is some mystery here."

Sir Hugh bent his head in silence.

"I imagine all sorts of things about that charming young widow. They *do* say her husband is still alive, and imprisoned for some dreadful crime; but I cannot help fancying that she has never been married, but has been well connected, and obliged to part with her protector? eh, Sir Hugh? At my age one knows, unfortunately, too much of the wickedness of the world—and—hasn't it struck you?"

"No, certainly not," returned Galbraith, starting up and stirring the fire

violently, "my experience of the world suggests nothing of the kind."

"Dear me! doesn't it," said Lady Styles, innocently; "but you have been a long time out of England, and of course you haven't seen Mrs. Temple as much as I have. Then you have formed no theory respecting your landlady?"

"Why should I?" exclaimed Galbraith abruptly. "A quiet woman earning her bread honestly ought to be spared theories and conjectures."

"Now, Sir Hugh, that is too severe. I suppose you mean I am a gossip, and I am nothing of the kind; but I am hugely sympathetic. I confess I take a deep, a sincere interest in the people I live amongst. There's the Doctor! *He* is a gossip if you will, and, between you and me, not the most good-natured of gossips; but he affects to be above all that sort of thing. Haven't you noticed it?"

"I am not observant," returned Sir Hugh, wearing his grimmest aspect. So Lady Styles wandered to another subject.

"I was very pleased to hear that old Mr. Travers came to his senses at last, and made a proper will. It would have been shocking if he had left everything to the widow."

"She would probably differ from you," said Galbraith, drily.

"Oh! I fancy it was a bitter disappointment to *her*. I believe she was a very grasping creature; a connection of mine, the Honorable Mrs. Danby, lived next door, at the time of poor Mr. Travers's death, and tried to show her a little attention; but she was rather ungracious; would not accept any invitation, and was very unneighborly and disobliging about her carriage: would rather let her horses eat their heads off in the stable than allow a mortal to use it but herself, and was always closeted with a clerk of Mr. Travers's—over accounts—or heaven knows what—quite a low fellow!"

"Well," returned Galbraith, who would have stood up for Beelzebub himself against Lady Styles; "it was only decent to keep quiet after her husband's death, and people don't generally keep carriages for their neighbors to use."

"I protest, Sir Hugh, you are severely just. However, it was rather hard of the husband to leave her penniless; depend upon it, he had reason to think her undeserving. Does it strike you?"

"We have no right to say anything of the sort."

"Pardon me, Sir Hugh, such a will gives us every right. Do you know what has become of her?"

"No," returned Galbraith.

"Dear me! I wonder you had not the—the curiosity to inquire. Mrs. Danby heard she had gone abroad; depend upon it, she had contrived to get a sum of money, or a settlement of some kind; she could not live on air. It would be awkward now if she were to dispute the will."

"That is not likely."

"Well, I don't know; these sort of women—greedy, uneducated women, I mean—are very fond of litigation. Suppose she got hold of some sharp, unscrupulous solicitor."

"I never suppose things," very sternly.

"Well, Sir Hugh, I think you are looking very tired, and I shall bid you good morning," said Lady Styles, giving him up as a hopeless subject. "I am truly glad your uncle—wasn't he your uncle? No?—whatever he was then—that he disposed of his property as he did. By the way, do you keep up the business still?"

"The house still exists."

"Then I really do wish you would give one of the rector's sons a berth in it. Most deserving people, but poor—wretchedly poor. What between dilapidations and thirteen children—terrible, isn't it? Now, do think of them. Men like you have a great deal in their power, and you ought to consider yourself a steward for the benefit of others. By the way, Willie Upton talks of coming over for a week or two. He has business in London; so you really must come and meet him. Don't let me keep you standing. Oh, by the way, I just want to speak a word to Mrs. Temple before I go. May I ring the bell?"—ringing it.

This unexpected stroke paralyzed Galbraith for a moment. It seemed a sort of sacrilege to call up the gentle, dignified lady of the house to be cross-examined by this rampant old woman.

"I do not think Mrs. Temple usually leaves her shop," he said, hastily; "Mills is virtually mistress of the house."

"Oh, she will come for me," said Lady

Styles, with a provoking triumphant nod. "I was her first patron, and I know she looks on me as her sheet anchor." To Mills, as she presented herself, "Pray, give my compliments to Mrs. Temple; I should like to speak to her for two minutes—just *two* minutes."

"What, here, ma'am?"

"Yes, here," smiling graciously, "I wish to tell her, before you, what I want," continued Lady Styles to Galbraith, with many nods and smiles, and resuming her seat, while he, in gloomy discomfort, stood upon the hearth-rug. Lady Styles talked on, but he scarce even heard the sound of her voice, so anxiously was he watching the door. At last it opened, and Mrs. Temple came in. Her ordinary and exceedingly simple attire could not conceal the grace of her figure, nor had the unexpected summons disturbed the composed, collected expression of her face. Galbraith made a step forward, and bowed. She returned the salutation in silence.

"Well, Mrs. Temple, I have been persuading Sir Hugh Galbraith to come over to Weston. We should take excellent care of him, and I daresay with your shop and all, you have quite enough to do without attending to an invalid."

"My servant, Mills, attends to the house. I have scarce anything to do with it," said Mrs. Temple, coldly. "But I have no doubt Sir Hugh Galbraith would have more comfort and amusement at your ladyship's residence."

"I cannot go, however," said Sir Hugh, resolutely, "though much obliged, and all that——"

"Well, Mrs. Temple, if Sir Hugh fancies fruit or vegetables, or flowers, or anything, pray send for them. By the way! have you ever been over to Weston, Mrs. Temple? It is a very pretty place; people often drive from Stoneborough to look at it. If you come over some afternoon, about five, you will be in time for the housekeeper's room tea, and they will be delighted to see you, though I doubt if you will get such good bread, butter, and shrimps as I had here, ha! ha! ha! Well, good morning, Sir Hugh. Good morning, Mrs. Temple," and her ladyship rolled with amazing rapidity out of the room, attended by Galbraith, who with difficulty restrained his lips from bad words. The moment the door was closed upon her he returned quickly, hoping to meet Mrs. Temple; but she had vanished.

Galbraith was greatly incensed by this visit, and all the gossip he had been compelled to listen to. It stung him to hear poor Travers's widow spoken of in such a tone, though he was quite sure she deserved it. Then it vexed him to have the possible claims and probable destitution of that adventuress brought before his notice. He had urged his solicitor repeatedly to seek her out and relieve her necessities, which he felt to be a blot upon his scutcheon. What evil fortune ever brought the creature across his path! There was one morsel of her ladyship's outpouring that dwelt on his mind pertinaciously. "They say her husband is in prison for some crime." He took this sentence, and looked at it by every light that Mrs. Temple's bearing, expression, or surroundings threw upon it, and he finally decided that it was utterly false. But his reflections revealed to him what a burning agony it would be to know that she had a living husband. In vain he strove to banish the idea with half-uttered exclamations that it was nothing to him, that he was unhinged by illness, or he would not give the subject a second thought; it would return with threatening distinctness.

"This folly grows serious," thought Galbraith; "I must shake it off. But I have been warned off the premises, so I will go—positively next week—next Saturday; twenty-four hours in London will no doubt effect a radical cure."

But he was desperately restless all day, and walked and drove as if urged to and fro by an evil spirit. He was haunted by the suppressed amused, arch smile that flickered round the young widow's lips at Lady Styles's general invitation to the housekeeper's room. It was the natural expression of one too much above the proposition to be offended.

Finally, after walking up and down his room till he heard the church clock strike seven, he seized his hat, put the last *Quarterly* under his arm, and stalked downstairs as if to go out, but he did not. He knocked at the shop-parlor door, and, in reply to Fanny's "Come in," passed the magic portal with an apology, and so gave himself up to one more enchanted evening. Fanny was in great spirits, and

chaffed her friend merrily on being invited to the housekeeper's room. Mrs. Temple was rather silent, bestowing much attention on her work. But Hugh Galbraith was content. Nevertheless, when he rose to depart he observed, "As it is not the Sabbath, Mrs. Temple, I suppose I may give legal warning that I intend quitting my pleasant quarters on Saturday."

"Very well," said Mrs. Temple, with unmistakable and mortifying alacrity. "I accept it, and will be so far indulgent that I shall not insist on your vacating your apartments before twelve, which is, I believe, the strict law."

"If it is any accommodation to you," returned Galbraith stiffly, "I can turn out on Friday."

"No, no!" she exclaimed, with a smile so frank and sweet that Galbraith could have kissed her for it on the spot; "I do not wish to hurry you in any way; you have been an excellent tenant, but I must not be too selfish, so I am glad you are well enough to leave."

This was said in a tone of the most conventional politeness—a tone that could not be complained of, and yet that robbed the kind words of half their kindness.

"Thank you; good-night," said Galbraith shortly, and departed, without taking any notice of Fanny.

"Well!" cried that young lady, looking up from a book in which she was writing out a wonderful receipt for a crochet border that had been lent to her, "you do your best to retard that unfortunate man's recovery! You play upon him frightfully, though he is not a very harmonious instrument. Pray, have you the face now to say he is not in love with you?"

"You know how much I dislike such idle talk, Fanny. I do not think Sir Hugh Galbraith knows what love means. A cold, stiff, stern man like him fall in love! Pooh! He is a little piqued, and puzzled, and interested in me—I mean *us*—but a day or two of his old occupations—a race, a pigeon match, would put his nearly six weeks' sojourn here out of his head. Besides, it would be unpardonable presumption in a man like him to associate me with such ideas," concluded Kate, raising her head haughtily.

"I know it's a weakness," said Fanny, reflectively; "but I cannot help it. Sir Hugh has, I can see, a great contempt for me. Yet I like him, though I try not. There is a sort of lazy lordliness about him—a carelessness of small things! I know he behaved very badly to you—abominably!" in reply to Kate's surprised look; "of course I hate him for that; but I can tell you I know a great deal more of love than you do."

"You might, easily!" murmured Kate to herself.

"What do you say?" continued Fanny. "Oh, you think nobody ever looked at me but Tom! Well, you are mistaken! There was a man in Yorkshire (that dreadful place you rescued me from, you dear!), and I am quite sure he was in love with me!"—a little triumphant nod—"though you may not believe it."

"Yes, I do, Fan! Go on; tell me all about it."

"He was ever so much older than I am; a great, tall, gaunt-looking man, not at all unlike poor Sir Hugh—the same sort of sunken, melancholy eyes, but fierce sometimes. I was rather afraid of him. To be sure he did not speak like Sir Hugh; he had the dreadful Yorkshire accent. I was always inclined to laugh when he spoke. He was the uncle of my pupils."

"What made you think he was in love with you?"

"I can hardly tell. He was always coming into the school-room, and I am sure it was too miserable a place to come to unless you wanted something very much. Then he was horribly cross and savage to me; but he was down on any one else that was rude. I think he was ashamed of himself for caring about me: and I remember once, when he found me crying——"

"Well, do go on!" cried her attentive listener.

"Oh, nothing, only he was rather foolish."

"Did he propose for you?"

"Not he!" said Fanny, laughing; "he was far too prudent; he might though, had I remained."

"And should you have accepted him?"

"To be sure I should," returned Fanny.

Her friend was rather scandalized.

"What!" she exclaimed; "this man whom you feared and laughed at!"

"If he had got over things enough to make me his wife, I should have known I needn't fear a man who was so fond of me, and I should have thought him too good a fellow to laugh at. Oh! Kate, you don't know how wretched I was!"

"Did you feel inclined to love him at all?" asked Mrs. Temple, her thoughts reverting to the absent lover.

"Not a bit," said Fanny, cheerfully. "Thank goodness, he did not make up his mind in time, or I should have missed Tom, and Tom is a thousand million times nicer and better! I wonder why Tom took such fancy to a stupid thing like me? What luck I have had! But I shan't tell him that. He requires a good deal of keeping down," and Fanny shook her head wisely.

Mrs. Temple did not reply; she was thinking of the wonderful difference between her friend's nature and her own. She knew she had more courage, and firmness, and reason, than Fanny; yet she should never dream of "keeping down" a man she loved, if she ever did love. If she ever gave her heart, it would be to some one she could look up to so entirely that all her care would be to deserve his esteem, not to rise above him or keep him down—an intellectual ideal very unlikely to be realised, and exceedingly unpleasant if it was. Yet Fanny believed Tom the first man of the day, and infinitely her superior even when talking and thinking thus. "She will, probably, always have more influence than I," thought Kate. "Why is this?"

But Fanny was talking again. "Now, Sir Hugh always reminds me of poor Mr. West. He is growing fond of you and hates you at the same time, and despises himself all the while for caring about you."

"Despises himself," repeated her listener with scornful, curling lips.

"Oh! if you would hang down your head, and sigh, and seem mysteriously broken-hearted, I daresay it would be all over with him; but to see you face him like the rock that wouldn't fly (what is it in that poem?), and look right into his eyes with those big, earnest ones of yours, makes him feel that you are more than his match. Why, even *I* feel half afraid of them now!"

"Fanny," exclaimed Mrs. Temple, "how did you learn all this?"

"Learn it! I don't know, I am sure; it seems to come into my head of its own accord. But I am certain I am right!"

"You are wonderful; you astonish me!"

"Do I? Well, then, I am astonished myself! After all, I may turn out one of those swells who can 'Lay bare the workings of the Human Heart,' with capital H's. I shall write at once to Tom, and tell him what a wonderful discovery I have made."

"Do, dear; but first give me your word never to talk in this strain of Sir Hugh Galbraith again! It is unbecoming and absurd! In a few days he will be gone, and we shall never see his face again, nor will he even hear of me—unless, as I trust in Heaven I shall, I come before him as the successful opponent of the will which robbed me to enrich him."

"We never know what is before us," said Fanny, sagely. "But there, dear! I will never say anything to vex you, if I can help it."

For the two succeeding days the friends saw nothing of Galbraith, who was suffering from a severe fit of the sulks, and was constantly out of doors, although the weather was showery and rough.

He certainly intended to leave, for elaborate preparations were made for a move; and his servant informed Mrs. Mills that if his master did want to stay at Pierstoffe for a day or two longer, he would go to the hotel—a proposition which excited Mills's wrath as a flagrant act of ingratitude, after "her slaving and waiting on him hand and foot; but it was all of a piece!"—meaning his conduct.

Fanny collected some magazines and reviews he had lent, carefully made out a copy of his bill, to have it in readiness. She made an excellent chancellor of the exchequer. Mrs. Temple attended assiduously to her shop. She was really glad the enemy was going to retreat, for she was half afraid something unpleasant might occur, since Fanny had opened her stores of wisdom.

Lady Styles had made another incursion, with a carriage-load of ladies who purchased largely, while their conductress abused Sir Hugh Galbraith to her

heart's content. "The most tiresome, conceited, ill-bred man she had ever met!—but the Galbraiths always were the most overbearing, ill-tempered people, my dear. The late Sir Frederick—this man's father—was the best of them, and bad was the best!" Mrs. Temple smiled.

"My dear Mrs. Temple, who is it that you remind me of so very strongly, especially when you smile? I seem to have known you all my life. Look here, Elizabeth!" to a grand lady who was buying views of Pierstoffe. "Does Mrs. Temple remind you of any one?" The lady appealed to squeezed up her eyes, and calmly perused Kate's features. "I am not sure, but I fancy she has a look of Lady William Courtenay?"

"Yes, to be sure, that is it!—a niece of mine. How stupid of me not to see it before! Pray what was your name before your marriage?"

"Smith," returned Mrs. Temple shortly; "but, excuse me, I cannot see that my appearance or name has anything to do with my business, which is to sell you fancy-work of all descriptions!"

"Very fair! quite right! I protest I beg your pardon!" cried her ladyship. "And so that disagreeable man is going on Saturday—positively, Slade tells me. I am sure I congratulate you! I imagine he is a good deal set up by getting his uncle's fortune so unexpectedly. The uncle married a doubtful sort of woman, and they feared he would leave her everything; but he changed his mind in time. Dear me, Elizabeth! Laura! There is Sir Hugh himself, just passing the window." A rather undignified scuffle to see the object of Lady Styles's remarks gave Mrs. Temple time to recover herself. She was astonished to find her story, at any rate partially, known in that remote locality.

She did not know the freemasonry of caste—the electric telegraphy that sends all reports and tattle touching themselves flashing through the ranks of those linked together by the common possession of that mysterious attribute termed "blue blood." [To be continued.]

WHY HAVE ANIMALS A NERVOUS SYSTEM?

BY DR. H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, F.R.S.

We say that an object is "lifeless" if it makes no active response to external impressions. We touch a rock or a stone, but no answering movements follow. Nay, more, we may watch such bodies day by day, or year by year, and still no signs of internal activity reveal themselves. Day and night, summer and winter, succeed one another, yet these inanimate objects, apart from imperceptible molecular changes, may be said to yield no active response either to diurnal or to seasonal vicissitudes.

It is wholly different, as we know, with the members of the vegetable kingdom that exist around and amongst these inanimate things. The seasonal changes shown by them are familiar to all. The putting forth of the leaf, the period of actual growth, the bloom of flowers, the shedding of seed, the fading and fall of the leaf, are so many manifestations of an internal activity on the part of plants which display themselves with unfailing regularity.

The members of the vegetable world respond, however, to more minute external variations than those dependent upon seasonal changes. Many flowers open and shut at particular hours of the day, in accordance with the varying amounts of heat and sunlight falling upon them. It has been proved, moreover, by physiologists that the growth of plants is more rapid by day than by night, and that as a rule the activity of their internal changes is, within certain limits, closely related to the degree of heat to which they are subjected. And whilst plants generally grow best in directions where they meet with most air and light, many of them will, in the course of a few days or within shorter periods, bend very perceptibly so as to come more under the influence of this latter agent. Nay, further, there are some which, like the sun-flower, exhibit daily axial movements in response to the sunlight that is passing over them.

Among some representatives of plant

life, the correspondence between internal changes and external changes is undoubtedly less obvious than any of the instances to which I have just referred. Still, an attentive examination even of the lowest forms of vegetal life, if it extends over a sufficient length of time, will not fail to reveal some of the slower modes of response—those, for instance, occurring in correspondence with seasonal vicissitudes. Or failing these, we may at least detect some evidences of slow growth. Take the black or grey film of lichen, if you will, that marks as with a daub or patch of paint the damp surface of some weather-beaten rock: watch it carefully from time to time, and, even in this lowly form of life, you may detect sluggish changes abundantly sufficient to remove it from the category of inanimate things to which the rock itself belongs.

The comparative complexity of life exhibited by members of the vegetable kingdom is, however, small. That is, the number of different kinds of processes going on within, in response to conditions acting upon them from without, is decidedly low when compared with those taking place within an animal—more especially within some representative of one of the higher types of animal life. Let us look for a moment to the possible causes of this comparative simplicity of vegetal life.

There is one peculiarity of plants which is of immense importance in this relation. As a rule—to which there are only few though interesting exceptions, to be mentioned further on—they subsist (1) on inorganic materials, deriving their food from the gaseous or dissolved mineral elements existing in the air or water with which their surfaces are bathed. In their natural or healthy state plants decompose carbonic acid, fixing its carbon and setting free its oxygen. They decompose water, so as to retain its hydrogen; whilst they also abstract nitrogen either directly from the atmosphere, or indirectly from the nitrate of ammonia formed therein and brought to the soil in refreshing showers. This work of decomposition, under the influence of light and heat, goes hand in hand with one of recomposition, leading to the elaboration of those organic and living compounds of which vegetal tissues are composed. Another general characteristic of plants is (2) that they exhibit no inherent powers of movement other than those connected with their growth. Such movements as those of the sun-flower and its allies are exceptional; and there are still fewer plants which more or less immediately respond to a touch, by a movement in the way that the sensitive plant or the Venus fly-trap is known to do. To this subject, however, and to the causes of such movements in plants, I shall have to return. For the present, it is of importance to recollect that plants do not move about, or move at all, in search of food. Their food is brought to them by the air, water, and soil with which they are surrounded.

It is to these peculiarities of plants that the comparative simplicity of their life processes is in the main due. They are, perhaps, the most fundamental attributes of plants as distinguished from animals, and are worthy, therefore, of our deep consideration. If it should lead us to anything like a correct appreciation of the mode in which the simplest vegetal living matter differs from the simplest animal living matter, this insight may—apart from its own intrinsic interest—prove to be a conclusion of the highest importance in regard to our present inquiry. It may enable us, that is, to comprehend, in a measure, why a nervous system is absent from plants, and why it comes into existence in animals. It may help us further to comprehend why this nerve tissue gradually increases in complexity in ascending or more highly organized forms of animal life. To these considerations we will, therefore, now address ourselves.

In the present day it is commonly admitted that many of the lowest forms of life cannot positively be assigned either to the vegetal or to the animal kingdom. Their characters as living things are not sufficiently specific or constant to enable us to say they belong to one kingdom rather than to the other. In some of their life-phases such organisms seem to display the attributes of vegetal life, whilst in others those of animal life are no less pronounced. They constitute, in fact, an underlying indeterminate plexus of changeable and more or less related forms, appearing now as animals, now as plants; and they may give rise to descendants, or to a series of them, totally unlike themselves and their own immedi-

ate ancestors. Among such forms variability reigns supreme. These creatures of circumstance, which become metamorphosed in a most striking and apparently irregular manner, I have proposed to include under the general designation of "Ephemeromorphs." True "species," in the strict acceptation of the term, are not to be found amongst them. Starting from this neutral ground, however, forms of life appear that habitually reproduce their like, either directly or indirectly; some of which are unmistakable members of the vegetal kingdom, whilst others are no less characteristic representatives of the animal world.

Owing to the frequency and rapidity with which transitions from vegetal to animal, or from animal to vegetal modes of growth have been observed to occur amongst these "Ephemeromorphs," we are compelled to believe that such changes from the one mode of molecular composition and activity to the other may be determined without any great difficulty by internal changes, whether these latter have or have not been brought about by external influences. Such transitions may be illustrated by other changes in molecular constitution leading to metamorphoses in form and nature which occur amongst simpler kinds of matter. These are met with, for instance, when crystalloids become converted into colloids or *vice versâ*, or when such simple substances as sulphur or phosphorus pass from one to another of their allotropic states.

The doubt which formerly obtained as to whether certain living units should be regarded as animals or as plants, may be illustrated by reference to the conflicting views that have been entertained as to the nature of the most primordial forms of life at present existing. The active movements of Bacteria, for instance, led earlier naturalists to regard them as animal units; though others, looking rather to their mode of growth and nutrition, have come to the conclusion that the affinities of these organisms are rather with members of the vegetal world. But, in a manner which need not now be detailed, either minute fungi known as "Moulds," or Amœbæ and other animal forms, may be derived from aggregates of Bacteria after these have become fused so as to form embryonal masses of protoplasm. These changes have been watched in the "pellicle," composed of aggregated Bacteria, which forms on hay and other organic infusions. Of the organisms thus originating Amœbæ may perhaps be cited as the simplest and most elementary types of unquestionably animal life; just as the before-mentioned Moulds are amongst the simplest known forms of the vegetal type or mode of growth. Bacteria, therefore, under one set of conditions, may give rise to plants, whilst under different influences, which may be determined at the will of the experimenter, they are just as prone to give rise to animal forms.*

Moulds may originate in many other ways, and so also may the Amœba†, our earliest representative of animal life. It often derives its origin directly from some unquestionably vegetal matrix. A green algoid vesicle, for instance, gradually takes on a new mode of life; it undergoes various alterations in color, and becomes finally colorless. The green contents of the vesicle having been thus metamorphosed, the resulting mass of colorless protoplasm soon shows signs of activity—it undergoes a process of segmentation so as to yield a swarm of tailed monads, and these after a time become converted into young Amœbæ; or the whole mass of protoplasm may emerge from its cyst as a single large Amœba or Actinophrys.

Why, however, it may be asked, do I regard these Amœbæ as distinct representatives of the animal type? And to this I reply, Because in them we first meet with the most distinctive attribute of animal as opposed to vegetal life. This characteristic is the power which they possess of taking solid food—whether it comes to them in the form of smaller organisms or as mere fragments of organic matter.

Amœbæ, after the manner of animals generally, feed upon matter which is either living or which has once lived;‡ whilst

* See my "Beginnings of Life," vol. ii. pp. 214–235.

† This in its young state is a minute fragment of protoplasm, devoid of a nucleus. A nucleus may, and very often does, develop therein subsequently.

‡ I would by no means assert, however, that Amœbæ have not also the power of nourishing themselves after the fashion of plants.

the sea-weed or the lichen, after the fashion of plants generally, feeds upon the inorganic elements existing around it, either in water or in air. It is true that there are some exceptions to the universality of this latter rule. There are parasitic plants, for instance, which, like the mistletoe, live in part upon the elaborated juices of other plants; there are plants which seem to subsist to some extent upon vegetal tissues in a state of decay; and lastly there are also those members of the vegetal world which have been somewhat hyperbolically named by Mr. Darwin "Insectivorous Plants." Science is again deeply indebted to this distinguished observer for the patient and sagacious manner in which he has unravelled many of the habits and anomalous vital phenomena presented by this interesting group. He himself, however, does not profess to believe that such plants subsist alone on animal food. The ordinary phenomena of plant life and nutrition take place in them, though they are supposed to be supplemented by this other anomalous mode of nutrition.*

The exceptions, however, furnished by such plants as Drosera and its allies, as well as the others above mentioned, would in any case detract very little from the force of the general rule that plants habitually build up organic compounds out of matter coming to them in the form of simple chemical elements or compouds. On the other hand it is equally certain that animals, as a rule, consume matter which has been raised to the living state —they, in fact, subsist in great part upon solid organic food.

This difference in mode of nutrition is so fundamental, so much depends upon it, that we shall find it worth our while to inquire a little more particularly how such a divergence in habit originally becomes initiated.

If we examine through a microscope some simple vegetal unit—the germ from which a Conferva grows, for instance—we find that it exhibits no distinct changes of form; whilst, if unprovided with one or more vibratile filaments, it also shows no movements from place to place. It manifests no tendency to, nor has it any means of taking solid food. As soon, therefore, as the changes incident upon the active growth of such a unit have ceased, the outer portion of its substance remains constantly in contact with the medium in which it lives. This outer layer, therefore, becomes altered. It condenses, and is otherwise changed, into an investing envelope, which commonly goes by the name of a "cell-wall." In the Amœba, on the other hand, we have an organism which, like the fabled Proteus, is for ever changing its form. It is composed of a clear jelly-like material, endowed with a superabundance of that activity which is so characteristic of animal life generally. Those internal molecular movements which are inferred to occur to such a marked extent in all living matter seem to take place in it in a pre-eminent degree. Its whole substance shows a mobility of the most striking kind. It moves through the water or over surfaces by alternate projections and retractions of portions of its active body-substance, which go by the name of "pseudopodia."

Two consequences follow from this high inherent activity of the Amœba. In the first place, owing to the creature's rapid alterations in shape, no one portion of its substance is continuously exposed to contact with its medium, and, as a consequence, that first step in organization, which has been referred to in connection with the Conferva unit, does not take place. So long as the Amœba remains in full vigor and constantly changes its shape, no cell-wall is formed.

Secondly, during the movements of the organism from place to place, portions of its projected body-substance come into contact with other more minute organisms, such as unicellular algæ and diatoms, or with small portions of organic débris, and these are oftentimes drawn into its own substance when the pseudopod with which they are in contact is retracted. The activity of the Amœba and its allies is excited by contact with

* It may seem to some, however, as it does to me, that the evidence brought forward by Mr. Darwin is far from conclusive as to the actual absorption (as distinguished from mere local imbibition) of the animal substances dissolved upon the surface of the leaves. Such a doubt may be entertained, although it may at the same time be frankly conceded that the process of solution of various animal substances by the secretions thrown out on the surface of the leaf have been shown to be strikingly similar to a process of digestion as it occurs within the stomach of one of the higher animals.

matter of this and of other kinds, though inorganic fragments are subsequently rejected.

The surplus inherent activity of the Amœba seems therefore to be the immediately determining cause of its swallowing solid food, and therefore to be the cause of its departure from the more elementary mode of nutrition met with amongst the simpler or less vitalized organisms from which it has been derived. A word, however, is required as to the low "selective" power which the Amœba seems to manifest.

We have learned through the researches of Mr. Darwin and others, that certain tissues of Drosera, Dionœa, and allied plants are excited to movement by contact of special parts with foreign bodies, and that the leaves of these plants also seem to know or "select" moist nitrogenous substances from others with which they come into contact.

The "selective" power manifested by an Amœba does not imply an exercise by it of any conscious power of choice, free-will, or other mental attribute, such as our familiar use of this adjective might seem to imply. A magnet "selects" minute fragments of iron or steel from any heap or heterogeneous particles containing such matter with which it may be brought into contact. So now we find that, with even an appearance of more deliberation, certain plants "select," and seem capable of discriminating, nitrogenous from other substances with which they come into contact. The leaves of these plants, however, possess no nervous system or nervous tissue of any kind, so that the fact that they "select" nitrogenous substances merely implies the existence of some relation between their molecular composition and activities and those of such substances, tending to keep up a state of excitation—just as there must be some definite molecular relation between the magnet and pieces of iron or steel, leading to their "selection" whenever they are brought within its influence. In each of these instances we have, unquestionably, to do with problems of molecular physics; and in the case of the affinity which seems to exist between the nerveless Amœba and the organic fragments or minute living things which serve as its food, we evidently have to do with an allied problem. Between this relationship and the others, there may be differences of degree, but none of kind; all must be included as problems of molecular physics.

At any rate, be the cause what it may, fragments of organic matter brought into contact with projected pseudopodia of an Amœba may cause the mobile substance of the organism to close round it, so that the organic mass about to be appropriated is gradually drawn into the interior of our Proteus, where it slowly disappears by a rudimentary process of "digestion." After feeding in this way, and assimilating the organic matter taken into its interior, the Amœba rapidly increases in size, and perhaps still continues its active movements. Or, as at other times, its movements may cease; the creature may grow sluggish from overfeeding, and then, as a consequence of its motionless condition, its outer layer soon becomes differentiated into a cyst-wall.

Simple as this mode of nutrition may appear to those who are familiar with it, its initiation in the Amœba is followed by consequences of the most profound importance. The assimilation, after this fashion, of already elaborated organic matter is strongly calculated to increase that high degree of vitality which originally led it to take in solid food. This mode of nutrition, in fact, entails a liberation within the organism of much of the molecular motion which was potential in its food; and this liberated molecular motion becomes a cause of further active movements in the organism—should its constitution be able to withstand, or accommodate itself to, such powerful internal causes of change. Where this is not the case, however, the assimilation of much solid food is followed by an interval of apparent rest, during which a thorough readjustment of the molecular constitution of the organism occurs. In the latter case the encysted mass of living matter after a time divides into a swarm of smaller though most active Monads; or else the added molecular movement is expended in altering and leading to traces of organization in the encysted mass as a whole, so that the previous Amœba shortly emerges from its cyst as an active creature of larger size and higher type.

Ciliated Infusoria, Rotifers, and other

forms of animal life of varying complexity, may take their origin in such an encysted mass of protoplasm forming the resting stage of a previously active Amœba.* The extent to which this occurs, however, and the real significance of the processes, are not subjects upon which all naturalists are agreed.

Be the interpretation, however, what it may, the fact remains that Ciliated Infusoria, Rotifers, and other organisms may be seen to develop directly from encysted matrices of vegetal or of Amœboid origin. And any forms of the animal series thus initiated continue to exhibit, in an even more marked degree, the fundamental properties of the Amœba—viz., the power of feeding upon solid food and the power of executing well-marked independent movements. The nexus, or inter-relation between these two properties, indeed, becomes more and more marked. The movements of such higher creatures are, to an increasing degree, more subservient to the taking and capture of food. As channels for the reception of solid food are formed, we find the organism's increasing powers of movement employed in this relation. Its movements, instead of being wholly at random, show more and more signs of purposiveness.

Look, then, at the differences already indicated in grade and mode of life, by virtue of which even the simpler kinds of animals become so strikingly unlike vegetal organisms.

The unit of vegetal life, by reason of its lower degree of inherent activity, before it has attained any great size, exhibits a tendency to undergo the first stage of organization, that is, to develop a cell-wall, mostly composed of cellulose, which, when formed, as it were, imprisons the more active living matter within and causes it to undergo certain secondary modifications. Before this occurs, however, if it does not divide, the vegetal unit segments or buds, the bud grows into a unit similar to its parent, and this in its turn also segments or buds. By repetition of such a process motionless cellular organisms are produced, which, though presenting almost endless differences in form and ultimate arrangement, are in the main composed of mere aggregations of similar parts—these not being solid units of protoplasm, but for the most part truly vesicular elements formed therefrom, in which there is a cavity filled with fluid contents and a layer of protoplasm, bounded externally by an inert cell-wall.* We may have in the more simple combinations long strings of such elements forming cellular filaments, as in the Confervæ and other thread-like algæ; or we may have flat cellular expansions, such as exist in the glossy rich green fronds of Ulva that brighten many a rock pool. Such organisms present us with life changes of extreme simplicity. If they move it is because they are swayed to and fro by the elements. They do not require to seek their food, since the inorganic materials and simple compounds which suffice for their nutrition habitually exist all round and in contact with them.

On the other hand, in animal organisms next above the Amœba, such as the various forms of Ciliated Infusoria and of Wheel Animalcules, well-marked powers of locomotion are displayed, and we have to do with creatures which, if they do not seek, at all events seize and swallow solid food. Already we find in the latter of these forms of life distinct channels through which food is taken in and absorbed; we have glandular structures of various kinds; we have organs of locomotion, internal and external; though we have not yet been able to detect with any certainty even the rudiments of a nervous system.

Creatures, however, are next produced whose responses to the varied external influences to which they have become amenable are affected by movements direct, rapid, and comparatively complex. The movements, partly simultaneous and partly successive, occur in groups which are definitely related to different external impressions, each of which, according to its nature, impresses the organism in its own site and after its own fashion. The degree or grade of vitality of such animal organisms is therefore notably higher than that of plants; and the degree of correspondence between such creatures and

* "Beginnings of Life," vol. ii. chaps. xxi. and xxii.

* A few exceptions to this rule occur, as in the case of Vaucheria, Codium, Caulerpa, and other simple algæ which are composed of ramified tubular filaments without cell divisions.

their environments steadily increases in complexity as they become more highly organized.

Let us glance, for instance, at some of the processes habitually going on in animal organisms only a little higher in type than those to which I have already referred.

Conjoined movements of the head and its appendages are needed for the seizure of fragments serving as food; and these motions must be followed by certain others in the upper parts of the alimentary canal before the morsel that has been captured can be swallowed. A series of movements of this kind may occur in response to some touch upon the external surface of such an organism; though, after a rudimentary sense of sight has once been established, impressions produced by an object not in contact may lead to complex locomotions in pursuit, followed by others for capture, and others again for the swallowing of food or prey. The sight of a different object, however, may lead to movements of flight rather than to those of pursuit. The organism hastens away, to avoid a possible attack, since in the past this kind of experience may often have followed the appearance in question.

Again, the process of digestion in such animal organisms is aided by certain accessory glandular organs whose activity is stimulated by the contact of food with different portions of the alimentary canal. Absorption of the products of digestion is either simple and direct from the alimentary canal into some general body-cavity whose fluid comes into contact with most of the organs; or it takes place through definite channels, and empties itself into a circulatory system proper in which blood is propelled throughout the body by means of a contractile heart containing one or more chambers. Glands also exist whose office it is to modify the constitution of the blood. Thus, there are branchiæ or lungs to renovate it by contact with oxygen and to get rid of effete products—though in this latter function the organs of respiration are powerfully aided by renal organs.

All these are functions related to the preservation of the life of the individual, though another set of activities also come into play in animals that have attained a grade of organization of the kind to which we are referring. These are activities pertaining to the sexual function, leading to the union of male and female, the begetting of young, and the consequent perpetuation of the species.

Thus it may be seen how complex the relation of the animal organism to its environment becomes, and also what an amount of interdependence is established between the actions of its several parts or organs. Yet these are all complications which own as their starting-point that original high degree of vitality which leads the Amœba in a quasi-accidental manner to swallow foreign substances—some of which, being living or organic matter, become dissolved and serve as its food.

But it is during the establishment of the complex relations above indicated between an organism and its environment that a nervous tissue first becomes differentiated, and subsequently grows in complexity. The reason of this, however, will become more plain after a brief consideration of the nature of simple nervous functions and structures, and after some reference to the manner in which these increase in complexity, not only in the individual, but, by virtue of the principle of heredity, during the life of that succession of individuals constituting the race or "species" to which the organism belongs.

The simplest nervous systems are exclusively concerned, on the one hand, with external impressions in the form of shocks or touches which impinge upon various parts of the external surface of an organism; and, on the other hand, with movements or contractions, general or partial, immediately made by the organism in response thereto.

Thus it will be seen that the preliminary conditions necessary for the initiation of a nervous system are, first, the existence of living substance whose impressibility or excitability is high; and secondly, the possession by such substance of a well-marked contractile power. These two requirements carry with them the implication that the living matter in which a nervous tissue is to develop must not, in the first place, subdivide itself very minutely into separate units; or, at all events, that it must not become differentiated into cells with

fully-developed cell-walls. Much of the substance of an organism, if not comparatively structureless, must be composed of plastic units of living matter, devoid of definite cell-wall, if the protoplasm in certain directions —that is, among certain lines—is to undergo modifications which may convert it into nerve-fibres and ganglion-cells. And, similarly, those parts of the animal substance in which answering contractions are most prone to occur must, at first, be composed of comparatively structureless protoplasm, or of aggregations of naked plastides, if more definite contractile tissues or muscles are to be developed therefrom:

But the vegetal mode of growth, owing to causes which I have already indicated, is, as a general rule, of such a kind as to unfit it in an eminent degree for developing a power of appreciating external expressions, and yielding immediate and discriminative responses thereto.

The nearest approach to such powers and actions in the vegetal world is met with amongst the so-called "Insectivorous Plants," upon whose peculiarities Mr. Darwin has lately given us so much information.

When the three hair-like projections on the upper surface of the leaf of the Venus fly-trap are touched, they almost instantly communicate a stimulus to the cells on each side of the mid-rib, whereby some change is induced in them, by which the two halves of the leaves are made to approach one another. The nature of the change has not yet been fully ascertained, though the evidence adduced by Mr. Darwin seems to show that it is, at least in part, due to the contractility of the cells above mentioned. A similar influence seems to be transmitted from the glands that tip the hair-like projections fringing the leaves of the sun-dew to certain cells near the base of these bodies whereby motion is produced. The evidence, however, to show that this movement is due to contractility of the cells rather than to alterations in the fluid contents of some of them, leading to unequal tension, is by no means so complete. In the latter plant, moreover, a very appreciable interval occurs between the time of irritation and the answering movement. Mr. Darwin has never known the interval to be less than ten seconds, though even in the one case in which it took place so rapidly as this, two and a-half minutes were needed for the hair, or "tentacle," as it has been termed, to move through an angle of 45°. As a rule, the rate of movement is much slower than this. The stimulus to movement may come to the base of a marginal tentacle either from its own sensitive tip or from some of the shorter hair-like projections near its centre (by radiation across the leaf), whenever their terminal glands have been excited by contact with a foreign body.

In the transmission of a distinct stimulus or motor impulse from the gland at the tip of a marginal tentacle in the sun-dew to certain cells near its base, the stimulus, although it must consist of some invisible molecular movements, nevertheless becomes in a manner visible owing to the fact that during its passage the protoplasm within the cells of the tentacle undergoes certain visible changes. Protoplasm, which was previously diffused uniformly throughout each cell, is caused to aggregate into masses of different size and shape as the invisible wave of molecular movement passes through it. This "aggregation" of the protoplasm is therefore a visible sign of the passage of the invisible stimulus. The latter phenomenon, as Mr. Darwin points out, is unquestionably analogous in certain respects to that which occurs when, after the application of a stimulus, an invisible molecular change traverses some nerve in an animal organism.*

But the same observer has discovered that the chief delay in the transmission of the stimulus along the tentacle of the sun-dew is caused by its having to traverse the successive cell-walls which lie across its path. At each barrier of this kind an appreciable retardation occurs, as is evidenced by the interval that elapses between the completed aggregation in one cell and the commencement of the process in the protoplasm of that which stands next along the line traversed by the stimulus. It is for this reason also that a stimulus radiated from the centre traverses the leaf in a longitudinal more rapidly than it does in a transverse direction; since, owing

* "Insectivorous Plants," 1875, p. 63.

to the actual disposition and to the elongated shape of the cells, the stimulus has, in the longitudinal direction, to pass through a smaller number of these obstructive cell-walls.

Such irritability and answering movements are, however, altogether exceptional events in plant life; more especially if we refer, as at present, only to cases where there is reason to suppose it possible that the movements which occur are in part due to contractility, rather than to mere disturbance of tension in some of the cells—movements of the latter order being not unfrequent in stamens, seed-pods, or other parts of plants.* Yet even where the property of contractility seems to exist to a more marked extent than in any other known members of the vegetal kingdom, there is no development of a special contractile tissue, and still less is there an appearance of any special tissue along which the molecular disturbance constituting the stimulus may be transmitted. The obstacles opposing the transmission of the stimulus, to which I have just referred, are obstacles which would tend just as strongly to impede the formation of a special tissue along any habitual line of discharge. For such a differentiation to occur in any case it would be necessary, not only that the molecular movement should be considerable, often repeated, and unimpeded, but that it should take place through a tissue not yet differentiated or organized into cells with firm cell-walls.

I would pause, however, here for a moment to call the reader's especial attention to these exceptional phenomena of plant life which we have just been considering, because of the light thrown by them upon the nature and mode of origin of related though more complex phenomena which gradually reveal themselves in animal organisms.

Let him mark that just as we have in the Venus fly-trap and in the sun-dew the first rudiments of "sensibility" and of co-ordinated answering movements, so have we also the first rudiments of what may be called intellectual action. The excitable tissues of these plants are able to appreciate in some way the presence of moist nitrogenous matter. They behave differently, for instance, when a mass of such substance remains in contact with their sensitive tissues than when they have to do with a piece of stone, a piece of glass, or other insoluble substance. They thus manifest a power of discrimination, and this is to be regarded as the most fundamental mode of intellectual action.

But let us now turn our attention to the conditions tending to favor the development of a nervous system in animal organisms.

We have in them a highly impressionable and very active sort of protoplasm, the units of which, as met with in the lowest kinds of organisms, are prone to attain a considerable size before the mobility of their tissue diminishes sufficiently to permit of a cyst-wall being formed, and even then such a mass, primed with molecular movements, due to recently assimilated organic food, very frequently gives origin, after an interval of apparent quiescence, to a single, slightly larger organism of a higher type. This absolutely small, though comparatively bulky, mass of protoplasm does not break up into component parts, however—it presents no cellular structure—it is still one organic whole. Yet the mass of such a unit of plastic, organizable matter, has often become many times greater than that of the vegetal cell, from the contents of which the Amœba may originally have been derived. Whilst the diameter of this cell may not have been more than $\frac{1}{2000}$ to $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch, or perhaps less, the more highly organized animal forms to which we allude may spring from matrices varying from $\frac{1}{200}$ to $\frac{1}{400}$ in diameter.

As to the mode by which, in such creatures, or in those of slightly higher type, the first rudiments of a nervous system are evolved, I can make only a few brief statements. On such a subject conjecture, or rather reasoned inferences, have to take the place of positive knowledge. Fortunately, however, the data on which such inferences may be based are familiar and well established, as I will now endeavor briefly to show—though for further suggestive details on this very interesting subject, the reader must be

* See Sachs' "Handbook of Botany" (Translation), p. 782.

referred to the writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer.*

In the lowest forms of animal life, such as the Amœba, we have to do with a body substance composed, as already stated, almost wholly of undifferentiated protoplasm. This substance, if not "sensitive" in the strict sense of that term, is impressible—or capable of receiving a stimulus—and, as I have previously insisted, it is also highly contractile. But neither the impressibility nor the contractility of the protoplasm is localized—both properties are, so far as they exist, uniformly possessed by all parts of the organism. In creatures of slightly higher type, as in some of the larger Ciliated Infusoria, in Gregarinæ, and in the hydroid Polyps, distinct contractile tissues or rudimentary muscles become differentiated, and these are, moreover, now known to exist in many other organisms which present no recognizable traces of a nervous system. Muscular tissue, therefore, makes its appearance before nervous tissue. It forms in situations where often recurring diminutions in bulk of the protoplasm take place. These repeated contractions gradually induce some modifications in the previously simple protoplasm, whereby evidences of early or incipient structural changes begin to manifest themselves.

It is, in fact, one of the most fundamental truths in biology that the performance of functions, or, in other words, the occurrence of actions of any kind in living matter, tends to occasion structural changes therein. Such a fact is implied in the common statement that living matter is an organizable matter. We are, therefore, supposing nothing unusual when we imagine that frequently recurring contractions in any one portion of living protoplasm will almost certainly lead to a structural change therein. And, further, we are warranted in supposing that such structural change will be of a kind to favor the occurrence of the actions by which it has itself been produced—that is, that the modified protoplasm will be more highly contractile than the original protoplasm, from which it has been differentiated.

But what, it may be asked, is the cause of the locally recurring contractions to which I have alluded, the occurrence of which is supposed to lead to the production of muscular tissue? Contraction so invariably follows upon stimulation, that we may safely say the cause in question can be no other than the incidence of certain shocks or other physical impressions upon definite though related parts of the external surface of the organism. Its particular form may lead it to be more often struck in some definite part or parts by moving bodies; or, if it is itself accustomed to move from place to place, its shape and mode of progression by means of cilia may lead it most frequently to come into contact with external objects by some particular part of its surface, and these shocks may tend to produce waves of molecular movement passing more especially in some one or more directions. It is almost certain that impressions or shocks made upon protoplasm liberate molecular movements therein, and that these molecular movements may be transmitted from their point of origin through it in all directions. Yet it may occasionally happen, owing to the shape of the part struck, or owing to the fact that an impression made upon one region—say a tentacle—is usually followed pretty quickly by a second impression made by the same moving object upon another surface region, that an impression or stimulus comes, as Mr. Herbert Spencer points out, habitually to traverse a certain path. Much of the molecular motion constituting the "stimulus," comes, that is, to be drafted along this path. This being so, the stimulus would necessarily tend to excite contractions in particular parts, and thus lead to the differentiation of the protoplasm of such parts into more or less definite muscular tissue.

But another consequence has to be pointed out. Whenever external impressions, productive of molecular movements, traverse with frequency some definite path, the transference of such movements is made easier by each repetition, and there is a tendency to the imitation of a structural change along this path. Just as the frequent repetitions of contractions in certain parts of

* "Principles of Psychology," vol. ii. p. 69.

the protoplasm lead to the differentiation of distinct muscular tissues, so does the frequent passage of a wave of molecular movement along a definite line through protoplasm or through juxtaposed plastides, lead to the differentiation of the protoplasm thus acted upon. It leads, that is, to the gradual formation of a nerve-fibre—this being a tissue element whose special mode of activity is that of easily transmitting molecular movement, just as the special action of the muscular fibre is to contract—that is, to take up or absorb molecular movement, and to produce molar movement, or movement of a mass.

With regard to the passage of a stimulus or impression along a particular route, and the tendency which this occasions to bring about a gradual differentiation of the protoplasm along this route, leading to the production of a nerve-fibre, the following additional remarks may be made.

The external stimulus, in all cases, results in the liberation of molecular movements. In this respect the result is the same, whether we have to do with a stimulus initiated in some surface region by the mechanical impact of a foreign body, or with one excited by the incidence of some physical agent, such as heat or light—in each case molecular movements are set up in the part of the protoplasm acted upon, and thence drafted away to other regions. But movements generally, whether molar or molecular, are invariably transmitted along lines of least resistance, or along lines in which traction is greatest. Hence it is that the stimulus whose frequent recurrence originally led, as we have assumed, to the appearance of localized contractile tissues, comes subsequently to have its own passage greatly facilitated by the increased perfection of the contraction thus established. The local diminution in bulk causes an absorption of heat or molecular movement. Hence a traction is established between the part of the surface acted upon by the stimulant (the part, that is, where molecular motion is being liberated), and the site of the contracting muscle. Along this line of least resistance, already in part laid down, the molecular motion travels more and more readily, and it is here that the rudimentary nerve-fibre makes its appearance.

From all this it would appear that the primitive nerve-fibre is a structure which exclusively serves to connect impressions made upon the organism from without with certain muscular contractions made by it and quickly following thereupon. And this is perfectly true. Whoever would understand the mode of origin of nerve-tissue in the lower forms of animal life, must steadily bear in mind the fact that this tissue in such animals is essentially subservient to the bringing about of movements in more or less immediate response to external shocks or more localized impressions, and that these movements gradually become more definitely related and appropriate as responses, in proportion as the organism becomes better able to discriminate the differences between the several kinds of impressions made upon different parts of its surface. The movements, as I have previously said, consist either of contractions of some portion of the body-substance of the organism or of actual transferences of it, as a whole, from place to place.

So far, however, I have seemed to indicate that there is no room for alternative action or apparent "choice"—a given impression seems to be invariably followed by a given movement, and by no other. This, whilst it is true so far as it goes, is only part of the truth. To prevent erroneous notions some hints of further explanations are needed, since a cause of complication quickly springs up, even if it is not present from the first.

Impressions of different kinds, as regards nature and locality of incidence, do become definitely related to particular movements. But as two or more of these impressions frequently operate at the same time, conjoined muscular reactions are produced whose occurrence is facilitated by the establishment of internal connections or junctions between the respective paths pertaining to each individual movement. At these points of junction or divergence bodies known as nerve or ganglion-cells become developed. The reader will have to accept this as a mere statement of fact; it would lead us too far into details if any explanations of the process by which this is brought

about were attempted. Suffice it to say that the path of one ingoing impression may be connected either immediately, or mediately, through the intervention of one or more ganglion-cells, with two or more outgoing fibres proceeding to different muscles. In consequence of this arrangement a wave of molecular motion representing some ingoing impression, if it has a medium intensity, may pass wholly, or almost wholly, along one outgoing nerve-fibre—because the passage through the cell is easiest in this direction, and because this one channel suffices to carry away all the molecular motion that has been liberated. But where the organism has to do with a similar though more powerful impression, the more voluminous wave of molecular motion set up thereby in the ganglion cell, may not be able to find exit quickly enough along the one nerve-fibre by which the weaker stimulus is transmitted. The more intense stimulus fills the whole cell with molecular movements, so that these may get drafted off along one or two other nerve-fibres issuing from it, and proceeding either directly or indirectly to other muscles. In this way a different kind of muscular response is given to the stronger stimulus from that which occurs in answer to the weaker stimulus. To the onlooker, ignorant of the precise mechanism by which the answering movements are brought about, these different results might seem to depend upon a rudimentary yet conscious discrimination and power of willing.

Here again, therefore, as in the case of some plants, we have unconscious or organic discrimination, leading to the production of correlated movements. We have, in fact, a rudimentary intellectual act, similar in kind and only a little more complex in its results than that which such plants as the sun-dew or the Venus fly-trap may exhibit.

Multiply this kind of correlation, and it may be seen that as the organism, or one of its descendants, increases in its ability to discriminate different impressions made upon it from without, so will there grow up muscular responses suitable to each; responses which as regards their structural possibilities are no more isolated from others which the organism is capable of making than is any particular kind of impression isolated from others with which it may be associated in the complex web of external occurrences. But each appreciation of difference, and each response, leaves its definite trace upon the organizable tissues of the creature. From this new standpoint other acquisitions and other responses become possible, and register themselves in the same manner. Thus is progress gradually achieved; each acquirement serves as a stepping stone to the next, and each new response is made easier by those previously rendered possible. Thus does the correspondence between the organism and the outside world gradually become both more precise and more complex—thus does it come to show more of what we term organic "intelligence."

Finally, then, it may be said that as the complexity of the life increases—that is, as the number of different kinds of impressions increases to which the organism becomes sensible or impressionable, and as the movements suitable and apt to follow such different impressions increase in number and variety, so does the nervous system which represents the organic connections between these two sets of actions increase in complexity. Nervous tissue being originally an appanage of movements, where organisms, amongst whom homogenesis prevails, present them in great variety and complexity, a nervous system is sure to exist; but where the power of executing complex movements in quick response to external impressions is either absent or extremely limited, as in plants, no nervous system becomes evolved.—*Contemporary Review.*

STATISTICS.

A GOOD many notable subjects are, by their nature, dry. For that single reason they are so unattractive to what is impolitely called "the general public," that it is altogether supererogatory to add anything to their indigenous repulsiveness: it is quite big enough as it is to prevent the crowd from approaching

them. This proposition is so self-evident that it really ought to strike all minds, however powerful; it is so very clear that, according to probabilities, nobody could reasonably be expected to voluntarily take the needless trouble of increasing the intrinsic difficulty which such subjects present to the population at large. And yet, indubitable as this seems to be, it turns out, all the same, that, as regards one important category of these subjects, a wilful attempt has positively been made to augment their inherent disagreeableness by annexing to it a new and peculiar worry. Neither mathematics, ethics, statics, optics, metaphysics, nor dynamics, are usually supposed to exercise a winning influence over ordinary readers; on the contrary, there is a current impression that none but rather learned persons deliberately direct thier attention towards them. There might then have been some utility in endeavoring to lift up these highly meritorious but hitherto uncaptivating branches of instruction into a more inviting position in the eyes of the idle world; there might have been, in what are called the interests of science, an object to attain in trying to bestow upon them an artificial aspect of blandishment and allurement. The attempt would have been difficult, it is true; but the wise man who could partially succeed in it would render a real service to lazy people. It is scarcely likely that, however ingenious he might be, he would quite manage to win standing-room for scientific erudition on the shelves of seaside circulating libraries; but he might not improbably contrive, by cunning handling, to counteract the innate solemnities of the subjects named, and thereby stimulate here and there a dormant sympathy or fortify a latent curiosity. Instead, however, of helping us in that way—instead of striving to make these questions a little less like mere useful information than they are at present—stern gentlemen are trying resolutely to pile up another barrier between them and popularity. There really are grammarians, lexicologists, and professors, who, not content with the repellent effect which words that end in "ics" already exercise upon the mass of us, have positively declared of late years that all such words are *singular!* What outrageous cruelty! Metaphysics—to take one example—were, in all conscience, hard enough to deal with while they still were plural,; but to have to call them "it" would add so much to their afflictiveness that they would thereby become totally intolerable; yet that is what these new masters of the English language are seeking to impose upon us. Our entire population has been taught, when young, that, except in such words as "news," *s* at the end of substantives makes them plural. It has grown to manhood and old age in undoubting faith upon the point; and yet these revolutionary orthographers dare to tell us that "ics" have become an exception! What is the use of having been at school, if we are to be treated in after-life in this way? It is true that it is absurd to describe a science as "they;" but we call trousers "they,"—and with no better reason in the latter case than in the former, for the two legs of a pantaloon no more confer upon it the quality of plural than two sleeves take away the singular form from a coat. It is really abominable that all words in "ic" were not left quietly in their first form; for, in their origin, they were, as logic and arithmetic are still, good honest singulars—and they looked it: there was then no doubt or difficulty about them. But some time last century, an *s* was added to nearly all of them, whereon they naturally became "they." And now it is being attempted to introduce a third shape into their history—to hermaphrodise them—to render them once more singular in person, though plural in form—a puzzle and bewilderment to all beholders. Most happily, however, the authorities who are seeking in this wanton fashion to upset our most respectable and earliest convictions, represent only a section of the governing body of British grammar: they have peremptory opponents who assert that "ics" continue to be plural, as is their bounden duty, whatever the others may affirm to the contrary. We venture, therefore, under the protection of these latter teachers, to go on for the moment as we did before, and to trustingly apply "they" not only to all the words in "ics" that we have named, but to one word more besides—Statistics. If Statistics—which we are going to talk about—were called "it," the incongruity of the sound,

superadded to the supposed gloominess of the matter, would probably deter the bravest readers from following through this article to its end.

The "gloominess" of statistics! Now, why should statistics be called gloomy? That view of them may, not impossibly, be a mere ungrounded prejudice, erroneous and delusive; for if it be true, as is pretended, that "you can prove anything by figures," the figures which compose statistics ought, on the contrary, to constitute a charming study and a prodigiously agreeable occupation in life. What pleasure, indeed, could be more perpetual and more vast than that of arranging tabular statements which are to convince everybody who looks at them, yourself included, of anything whatever? In these dim days of doubt and disbelief it would be a rare solace to be able to take refuge in a science which, according to the foregoing theory, cannot fail to furnish arguments applicable, with equal infallibility, to all the varying phases of every question they touch. Unfortunately, there seems to be some uncertainty as to whether we really can attain all these delightful results by simple columns of addition; for though there are enthusiasts who energetically assert that figures can do anything whatever, there are others, quite as ardent, who declare that they can do nothing at all, on the ground that "there is only one thing falser than facts, that is figures." Yet, after all, the contradiction between these two seemingly divergent views is, perhaps, more apparent than real; for if we went to the bottom of both of them it would, not improbably, be recognised, that the assertion that we can prove anything whatever by one single form of evidence is identical with the other assertion that that evidence is false. If so, we should have stumbled accidentally on to a curious inversion of an old rule of grammar, and have discovered that two affirmatives can make a negative.

There are, however, other notions on the question besides these two; or, more exactly, there are developments of these two notions which assume such striking proportions that they look like additional ideas. Statistics are becoming so widespreading and so all-absorbing in their pretensions, they refuse so fiercely to limit themselves to any object in particular, or to any pre-determined use whatever, that it would be difficult to indicate a subject to which they confess themselves unable to apply. Their worshippers are now claiming such unlimited power for their idols, that the only probable way to satisfy them would be to acknowledge that they really do possess the faculty to "prove anything." That function is so large that they would doubtless condescend to content themselves with it, not because it is in their nature to be contented, but because, in that case, as everything would be granted to them, there would be nothing left for them to ask for. The laborious gentlemen who occupy themselves with statistics are manifestly convinced that their omnipotent sums are like Parr's life pills, or Holloway's ointment, and that they provide resistless remedies for all the maladies of governments or societies. If they were not of that way of thinking, they would scarcely venture, all the world over, to describe their work in the tremendous phrases which they habitually employ. One of the greatest of them—a Frenchman—calls statistics "the science of natural, social, and political facts, expressed in numerical terms." Another one—a German—says that "history is statistics in movement; statistics are history at rest." A third—a Scotchman—describes them as "the means of determining and augmenting the sum of happiness which a nation enjoys." A fourth—of unknown origin—asserts that they are "the science which shows us how to deduce the succession of social facts from analogous numerical terms." Pretty tall talking this! But as it comes to us in all languages and from all countries, and as the cry is everywhere the same, we are obliged to regard it as the unanimous expression of opinion of statisticians as to the transcendent merit of the station in life in which it has pleased God to place them. It is, however, honest to add, that they have received some encouragement to declaim after this gorgeous fashion, and that their enthusiasms are rendered rather less extravagant by the fact, that bigger people than themselves appear to have entertained somewhat similar impressions upon the subject. Napoleon, for instance, bestowed upon statistics the superb denomination of "the budget of things," and proclaim-

ed that they are "the art of making the inventory of a country;" while Goethe said of them that "if figures do not govern the world, at all events they show us how it is governed."

But whatever be the instigations to which statisticians have been thus occasionally exposed, their descriptions of their own work are none the less stupendous; and though the responsibility of their definitions is a little diminished by the confirmatory testimony of two or three great men, the fact remains that those definitions, if admitted, would show that statistics are far away the biggest of known sciences. All other studies have a limit, because they refer to a single subject, which, however huge it may be in itself, has necessarily frontiers somewhere; but this one pretends to include all subjects whatever—for, in addition to its other audacities, it actually lays claim, in the mouth of certain of its professors, to the power of reducing moral and intellectual questions to a sum, of calculating intelligence and passions by ciphering, of counting up "the movements of the soul." It is, then, certainly worth while to look a little at the machinery which claims to be capable of doing all this.

The first feature which we notice in it is, that it is absolutely unable to deal with any facts at all, excepting those which are expressible in figures; and that its action is therefore, of necessity, exclusively recapitulative, and in no degree descriptive. It is forced to attain its immense results—that is, if it attains them at all—by sheer arithmetic, without the slightest adventitious aid: there is no painting about it, no sculpture, no gilding, no artistic prettiness; it is all dry figuring,—as Guerry says, "Statistics exclude description, for they consist essentially in the methodical enumeration of variable elements, and in their reduction to an average." Now this first view makes us a little suspicious; for it indicates so vast a disproportion between the evident means and the pretended end, that it is rather difficult to imagine how the one can possibly grow out of the other. And the more we look, the more our doubts increase, and the less able do we become to recognise that statistics can "penetrate the life of nations," and "unfold the mysterious elements of the economy of societies." Yet these marvellous capacities are claimed by statisticians in the very words here quoted. They go, indeed, further still, and assert that they can "ameliorate the condition of humanity by pointing out its sufferings in numbers." Sufferings in numbers! The association of those two words does certainly remind us of the days when we got a caning for doing a sum wrong at school, and in that sense we all can comprehend that they may be used together; but that is not, probably, the thought with which statisticians couple them. Their object must rather be to lead us to the faith that the whole experience of our boyhood was deceptive, that numbers can do away with suffering instead of causing it; or, at the worst, that they constitute a homœopathic medicine, "curing the like by the like." And they profess to do this by numbers themselves, alone and unaided; but not by numbers in their nobler applications, not by mathematics in any of their varied developments, not even by the higher calculations of arithmetic: no, all this is done by the very lowest and most elementary of processes, by nothing but addition—all this is done, exclusively, by one and one make two. It is not until the collected figures are placed under each other in columns that the statistical result can be arrived at; and even then, so long as they are not added up, they represent mere elements—the character of statistics is bestowed upon them only by addition.

Here, then, is a process whose sole function is to draw up catalogues,—which cannot even expand those catalogues into dictionaries without abandoning its character and changing its name—which becomes "Political Economy" the moment it attempts explanations, pursues deductions, or investigates consequences—which is condemned—if it wishes to retain a separate existence—never to be anything but a mere enumerator; but which, notwithstanding this rigorous limitation of its action, has the vanity to describe itself as an exact science, and to assume the task of "announcing the secret relationships which hold together all the elements of modern societies." If statistics go on much longer in this way, they will doubtless inform us soon that they can manufacture a summer night by counting up the stars.

But though the true mission of statistics is different indeed from that which most statisticians so fervidly depict—though it is in reality, in comparison with things round it, most modest and most circumscribed—it is, after all, a mission of importance and utility. Statistics coolly claim to be a minister, forgetting that they are only a clerk in his office; but they are a clerk whose aid has become indispensable to the minister, and whose resignation or sudden death would leave a grievous gap in his establishment. They are a conceited clerk, a vainglorious clerk, a pushing and presuming clerk, who imagines, like other clerks that we know of in Government employ, that he could direct the country a vast deal better than his chief, and who lives in perpetual agitation because his striking merits are not rewarded by continual promotion. But they are a necessary clerk, a laborious clerk, who holds a good many small strings in his hands, who knows all the keys of the cupboards, who can tell, without hesitating, where the blotting-paper and sealing-wax are kept, who writes beautifully, who sets an example of severe regularity to the juniors, who arrives precisely as the clock strikes ten, and who sheds a valuable air of chilly discipline around him. Within these confines this clerk is altogether useful; and though we cannot in any way admire him, or find in him one single attractive quality, we can at all events regard him as an unavoidable and useful instrument—just in the same way as we fully recognise the necessity of undertakers, chimney-sweeps, and hangmen.

We might even, in the moments when we are not too violently provoked by the exceeding impertinence of statistics, go further still and frankly recognise that though they are quite as ugly as any of the professional gentlemen to whom we have just compared them, they do render us higher services than the wiping away of soot or the tying up of murderers. We might acknowledge that they really do manage to measure needs and progress; that they do indicate a quantity of things which it is indispensable that Governments should know; and that even ordinary men and women, who never go to Social Science Congresses, may occasionally discover in them odd facts that are worth noticing. We might —and do—confess that they alone define the composition, the distribution, and the movement of populations, the nature of their occupations, the extent and value of territories, possessions, productions, trade and agriculture, the influence of diseases, the spread of education, the character and extent of crime; that they alone have rendered it possible to organise insurances, in all their forms; to calculate the results of the unseen laws which reduce variations to averages, to prove by evidence that these laws and averages apply not only to material facts and natural events, but to voluntary acts as well; and finally, that, as a consequence of this latter truth, there is scarcely any individuality in men, for statistics humiliatingly demonstrate that men all do the same things in the same way, and at the same time, and with the same results. Surely such a field of action ought to be big enough to satisfy the ambition of a clerk.

And even this is but a part of the work done by statisticians; this is the product of that work, but not, in reality, the work itself; before that product can be attained an immensity of labor must be performed; there are the searching out and the collection of the data, which must, of necessity, be assembled in large masses, in order to correct, by quantity, the influence of local or accidental disturbing causes; there are the organisation of the reports, returns, and records, which supply those data—the classification of the categories of materials—the sorting, sifting, shaping, and setting up in columns; and finally, the greatest act of all—the addition—the act which must be dearer than all others to the statistician's heart, for it implies to him that his work is done and his outcrop won. There is therefore a quantity of real labor to perform in the process of statisticising; and though that labor is not of a high class, though it is accomplished by the fingers rather than by the brains, it is none the less labor, and its product none the less serviceable.

If statisticians would only consent to look at their calling in this diminished light, and to practise it with the bashfulness which becomes it—if they would only remember that it is exclusively preparatory and preliminary, that of itself it engenders nothing, and that its sole

utility is to collect and tabulate information for the use and service of abler artisans—then we should be quite disposed to look upon them as meritorious though unattractive underlings, and to range them with coral insects, working-bees, and dressmakers' apprentices in the vast class of humble assistants who contribute to the satisfaction of higher organisations than their own. Instead of that, however, they persist in asserting that they are something in themselves; they entreat indifferent passers-by to be good enough to stop and admire them; they smirk at themselves in the glass; they contemplate approvingly their own proportions, and, like Zerline in 'Fra Diavolo,' they murmur, without thinking of the people who are laughing at them behind the curtain, "Oui, voilà; pour une servante, une taille qui n'est pas mal."

It is especially abroad that they assume these infatuated airs; in England they seem to have the good sense to recognise that their work is intrinsically ugly, and they wisely keep it out of sight in the crowd. But on the Continent they set it forth with pomp and splendor, invite the universe to come and gaze upon it, and claim for it as many talents as were possessed by the Abbé Midy's parrot, who took snuff, weeded the garden, sang vespers, whipped the school children, and heard confessions when his master was ill. We cannot judge them on this side of the Channel; we must go to France to hear one of them exclaim with fervent artlessness, "Statistics, Monsieur! do you know what statistics are? Statistics, Monsieur, are the compass which guides the vessel of the State on its stormy voyage; statistics, Monsieur, are the polar star towards which all future forces will converge; statistics, Monsieur, are the final end of human things—the hope, Monsieur, the truth, the light!" And the man who said this was in earnest! Instead of feeling that he was a clerk, with a pen behind his ear and a ruler in his hand, he firmly believed that he was the prophet of a new faith, and that, if he gets his due, he will stand before posterity on a line with Luther, Swedenborg, and Mahomet.

We need not, however, pursue this section of the subject any further; it is curious for a few minutes, because it brings before us a new form of madness, but it rapidy becomes wearisome. So let us go on to something else.

The means employed for getting up statistics are organised in different fashions in different countries; but it is recognised everywhere that the State alone can prepare them completely, and that the private individuals and societies who so eagerly attempt to push their fingers into them are of no more practical service in the matter than bandsmen in a battle or bishops in a ball-room. Of course, however, neither private individuals nor societies admit that they are useless. On the contrary, amateur statisticians usually entertain the profoundest conviction that the true theory of their science is grasped by themselves alone, and that it never will be prolifically developed until Governments are wise enough to entrust them with its application. But, unfortunately for them, the nature of the work to be done excludes the possibility of outside aid; that work must, of necessity, be performed by authorised official agents, for it would have no value at all if it did not possess the character of supposed certainty which governmental direction can alone bestow upon it. It does not by any means follow that certainty is in reality attained; but the mere fact that it is the State which collects and publishes statistics is usually sufficient (especially abroad) to surround them with a halo of infallibility, and to confer upon them a reverence-inspiring aspect of indisputableness which makes it a sacrilege to question them. Nothing is so much like an article of faith as a statistical return: it constitutes a dogmatic proposition, an authoritative and categorical affirmation; it is a creed in itself. It may, of course, be rejected by believers in other religions, but adorers of statistics have no choice about it—they must accept it or deny their deity. Yet, incredible as it may appear, there are quantities of false worshippers who adopt this terrible alternative, who turn round upon their gods and break them, who positively dare to dispute the truth of many of the sacred figures which their high priests proclaim, and to publicly cast scorn upon them. This atheistical behavior is naturally discouraging to that "general public" which was alluded to just now; for though that public feels no call to earnest piety in the matter,

though it lies entirely outside the fold of the elect, it is, all the same, submissively disposed, in its ignorance and indifference, to receive official figures with the silent trustful awe which is so admirable a quality of tax-payers. But how can it reconcile its own innate unreasoning desire to be respectable towards what it does not understand, and to be more and more respectful the less it understands, with the noisy free-thinking of the very sectarians who profess to have received the gift of faith, and to thereby understand everything? How can it explain the apostasy of apostles? How can it be expected to preserve its reverence for statistics if statisticians persist in declaring that half the statistics which are published are all wrong?

The disputes of statisticians in no way interrupt their work, however; the greater part of them go on combating and calculating, all over Europe, as if the two acts were inseparable: they take refuge from a fight in figures, rush back again from arithmetic to arms, and spend their lives between reckoning and reprisals. And perhaps, after all, it is as well that it should be so; for if they allowed themselves to be disheartened there would be no more statistics, while if they ceased to quarrel there would be no more control: so, as we really do need statistics, and as statistics do need control, it is probable that the actual state of things is the best that could be devised for insuring an adequate supply of both. Of course its existence indicates distinctly that statistics are not all true, but it in no way shakes the probability that they are sufficiently near the average truth to serve the purposes for which we want them.

These wranglings are not limited to results; they do not wait for the end before they show themselves; they begin at the very beginning of the subject. There are strong bickerings about classifications, methods, and systems; but still, as a whole, they refer rather to forms and procedure than to principles—the main objects are substantially the same everywhere. But it would not be at all diverting to explain in detail how they are attained, or by what means figures are collected all about each country, and centralised and grouped. Nor would it be in any way a joy to try to give a list of the matters to which statistics apply; indeed, as has been already said, they are extending to such a vast variety of subjects, and are adding on so many new ones every day, that no thoroughly complete table of them could possibly be drawn up. It is, however, impossible not to observe that they really are endeavoring to include questions which, whatever be the elasticity of grasp and faculty of absorption of statisticians, do really seem to lie beyond their power of appropriation or digestion. It is not unnatural that, in addition to their more obvious functions, they should seek to demonstrate in figures the exact influence of climate on plants, of cannon-balls on armies, or of education on health; so far it is tolerably easy to keep up with them. But they become rather difficult to follow when they measure the onward march of civilisation by the rate of progress in the consumption of sugar—when they work out a connection between the proportionate mortalities of horses, negroes, yew-trees, limited companies, and Jews—and when they indicate the existence of relationship between the returns of suicide, pawnbroking, cross-sweeping, and lunatics. And they leave us all totally and hopelessly behind them when they attempt—as one enthusiast at least is said to have done—to show in numbers the precise influence of cholera on pear-trees, of solar eclipses on the manufacture of steel-pens, and of universal suffrage on shipwrecks.

These examples of the all-including tendencies of statistics are certainly rather striking, but yet they seem likely to be soon surpassed. The ambition of statisticians is manifestly limitless; and, before the century is out, we may perhaps find them proceeding to prove in figures, amongst other novelities, that a marked influence is exercised in the outbreaks of yellow fever at Rio Janeiro by the variations in the state of the paving-stones in the streets of Europe. It may, indeed, be worth while to indicate the process by which this calculation could be worked out, for we shall obtain in that way an illustration of the operations employed by statisticians in the higher branches of their art. We will suppose that the case takes place in the Kingdom of Thule.

First of all it occurs to some upper clerk in the General Statistical Department that paving-stones are not yet included amongst the offspring of the

office. This grave omission is made the object of a minute, which is submitted to the Board at its first sitting, and immediate orders are given that thenceforth annual returns shall be compiled upon the hitherto neglected subject. Printed forms are then sent to all the quarries in the kingdom, with an earnest request to the proprietors that, for the national good, they will be so very kind as to fill them up each month, and to send them back to the office. In these forms the different numbers, natures, colors, shapes, dimensions, hardnesses, and uses of the various sorts of paving-stones are indicated in columns; and by this means, after classification and counting, a first general view of the subject as a whole is obtained. Instructions are simultaneously forwarded to all the ports, and to the Government inspectors on all the roads of the country, to supply weekly returns of the numbers, natures, colors, shapes, dimensions, hardnesses, and uses of all the paving-stones either exported, imported, or employed upon the roads. If any one of these divisions of the subject were to be omitted, a fatal want of harmony would ensue between the original quarry reports and the custom-house and road returns; they must all be made to agree together, or, statistically, the result would be valueless. The third stage is to obtain, from local boards of works, figures expressing the duration and the wearing-out of paving-stones—classed, as before, in seven columns, so as to check consumption against production. For these varied labors nineteen new clerks are required. But what are trouble and expense with such an object in view? What are fatigue and outlay when compared with a clear knowledge of the life of paving-stones? At last, at the close of the year, a complete statement in seven folio volumes is compiled. It is signed by the Director-General of the Department; and the first copy, bound in yellow morocco, is offered to the sovereign; while the second, bound in yellow paper, is laid before the legislature. A report on this new great conquest of statistics is published in the 'National Gazette,' and the originator of the idea is made Knight of the Order of Merit of Thule. (A rank which we should describe in England by the letters C.M.T.)

Thereat, however, the man in the next room, who has not obtained a decoration, and who has, consequently, become violently jealous of his lucky colleague, reflects vindictively that paving-stones alone are, after all, without a moral—that his overrated colleague has shown no mind whatever in merely counting bits of sandstone—that the true great object of statistics is to mount, through external figures, to the inner numeral essence of things—and that it would be an act of the profoundest skill to climb, over his colleague's back, and by the aid of his colleague's boasted work, to an explanation, in numbers, of the moral, social, hygienic, and intellectual action of paving-stones. So the man in the next room asks for six weeks' leave, visits silently, at his own expense, the quarries, the roads, and the custom-house, and learns at last that workers in paving-stones are particularly subject to diseases of the lungs, in consequence of always breathing stone-dust. He bounds with joy at this discovery; he sets himself to calculate ferociously; and at the expiration of his leave he returns to his office, and lays before the Board, with the graceful modesty of a conqueror, "A Preliminary Notice on the true application of the Statistics of Paving-stones, exhibiting, from a hygienic point of view, the grave national effect of a trade which annually destroys the health of eleven three-millionths of his Majesty's subjects; to be followed shortly by a complete investigation into the arithmetical relationship between sandstone-quarries and pulmonary inflammations." A copy of this remarkable document, bound in blue morocco, is offered to the sovereign; another copy, bound in blue paper, is laid before the legislature; and the author is named Commander of the Order of Merit of Thule (K.C.M.T.)

The man in the next room but one, who has been watching all this with keen disgust, recognises, however, that the idea is still only half developed: he rushes at the opportunity; he twists it into every form, but cannot for a long while find a shape that fits it. At last he suddenly reflects that yellow fever is becoming frequent in Brazil; studies anxiously, with a dictionary, the statistics of that fever, a copy of which, in Portuguese, is of course in the office; finds out, with wild delight, that the number of deaths caused by it

in each period of five years happens to correspond exactly with the cube root of the average number of paving-stones worn out in twenty-nine days and a half in the street of the Capital of Thule, and then triumphantly sits down and writes "A Preliminary Notice on the developments of the statistical relationship between Paving-stones and transmissible diseases in general, as evidenced, in particular, by the arithmetical proportion which is now for the first time shown to exist between the wearing out of the roadway in the capital of Thule and the spread of yellow fever in the capital of Brazil." Copies of this Notice, bound in pink, are delivered, as before, to the sovereign and the legislature; and the third man, to the utter destruction of the other two, is raised to the dignity of G.C. M.T., and is elected corresponding member of all the scientific societies in Europe.

As this is only an anticipatory history, it may possibly be that the event will not come off identically in the form here described; but still this history indicates, without much more exaggeration than is authorised by the hypothetical chances of the future, the sort of action which statisticians may not unreasonably be expected to adopt hereafter if they go on as they are doing now.

For the present, however, the most important of their diversified functions consists in the very practical and unimaginative labor of keeping an exact account of the movements of population; it is less seductive than the study of paving-stones, but, at all events, it is rational and useful. It is, indeed, a work which has become al ogether indispensable to the management of modern societies, and without which, now that we know its uses, we could not get on at all. And yet the means of conducting it efficiently exist, in a thoroughly complete form, in very few countries, and even in them have been created only recently. France got the start of all other nations in the matter, in conseqence of her being the first to adopt, eighty years ago, the system of obligatory registration of births, marriages, and deaths, which is the essential basis of the operation. A census, big as it sounds, and big as it is to execute, is nothing more than a counting up of totals at a given date. It supplies no sort of information as to the proportions between the coming and the departing, or as to the fluctuating rates of wedlock; it consequently affords no insight into the ebb and flow of a nation, and leaves entirely in the dark all the curious revelations which are furnished to us by registration. It is by the latter alone that we are enabled to follow, almost from day to day, the exact conditions, both moral and material, under which a people multiplies; to put our finger on to disappearing habits or new commencing tendencies; to note the conditions under which the disposition to marry rises and falls; to test the results of marriage; to detect the rapidly varying action of diseases; to compare mortality with increase. With the single exception of emigration, registration takes account of all the movements of a nation, and indicates them so instantly that, if any of them should present danger, precautionary measures can be at once adopted. Without registration, the foremost duty of statistics would remain undischarged; it is the first and most essential of the tools which they employ.

Unfortunately, however, the stories which it tells are by no means to the credit of mankind; it shows us up, all over Europe, with a looking-glass fidelity of indiscretion which is certainly not pleasant. The picture which it offers of our ways and doings is so abominably ugly, that if we listened to our wounded vanity we should have shut up registration offices yesterday. And, worse than all, we have not grown one atom better since registration was established, since all our iniquities and miseries were dragged remorselessly into print on the evidence of this uneludible detective. On the contrary, the tale he tells is getting worse rather than better, and confirms once more, by its gradually darkening testimony, the truth of the ancient theory, that virtue shrinks as civilisation expands.

The calculation of the nature and the divisions of the soil, and of its products, is, in order of importance, the second of the great functions of statistics; but as that calculation is not yet entirely completed in any other country than France, the attention which it has attracted, thus far, has not been so universal as that which is accorded to the question of population. It is, however, quite as

curious as its predecessor; and though its operations are confined to mere material details, and do not, as in the other case, attain the height of moral and sanitary revelations, there is in reality but little difference between the relative utilities of the two studies. Their ends and objects are totally distinct, but they contribute almost equally to our knowledge of the secrets of our situation.

Indeed, the indications which are supplied by this second branch of study as to the working and effect of the different sorts of land laws which prevail in Europe, may not impossibly become some day even more interesting than returns of population. The new principles on which the soil ought to be owned form very big elements indeed in radical programmes throughout Europe; and the questions which they raise will have to be examined, in some degree at least, by reference to statistical returns. For instance, the results of the subdivision of holdings by equal inheritance, as practised in France, are likely to attract more and more enforced attention as time goes on. There is already, all about the world, plentiful discussion with respect to them; but that discussion must be expected to grow vastly fiercer in the future, not only because the subject is one of the gravest with which coming law-givers will have to deal, but still more because it furnishes an exceptional example of a really great question which is dependent mainly on figures, and as to which you can, consequently, "prove everything." For years past it has been handled in that fashion. The self-same figures have been used in it by both sides as conclusive arguments against each other; but the figures do not seem to wear out at all, notwithstanding the desperately rough treatment which they are getting. It is, indeed, a wondrous proof of their enduring vitality that they should be able to support being flung about at people's heads without the slightest sign of damage to themselves, and that they should even bear, with all the appearances of absolute indifference, to be employed alternately by each camp —just like that famous cannon-ball at the siege of Malta which was fired backwards and forwards thirteen times between Christian and Moslem, and would have probably gone on indefinitely if, to the regret of both sides, it had not dropped into the sea at the fourteenth round. Statisticians are really justified in feeling proud that they can cast such abiding bullets.

Those bullets have, however, the unsatisfactory peculiarity of never killing anybody; and it will be recognised that, in a weapon intended for destruction, durability is an insufficient compensation for innocuousness. In this particular case of equality of inheritance, they have been shot off by millions and hundreds of millions; but they never have been seen to knock down one single enemy: they seem, indeed, to have a horror of the purpose for which they are used, and to seek resolutely to prove their own utter harmlessness. Nobody has ever been persuaded out of his previous opinion by them; and the world continues to be divided into the two parties which originally existed on the subject—those who are convinced that subdivision is fatal to the progress of agriculture, and those who are equally positive that it does no harm at all to production, and does very positive good to the highest interests of social organisation. It is asserted by the advocates of the latter view, that when the soil of France was held in large seigneurial properties it barely sufficed to feed a population of twenty-four millions, and that a famine happened every three years; while now that it is cut up between six millions of proprietors who hold an average of about twenty acres each, it feeds thirty-six millions, fails only once in ten years to supply an adequate crop, and supplies an annual revenue three times larger than under the previous system. On the other hand, it is argued that the dismemberment of properties in France is continually and rapidly increasing, and that it is contrary to all the theories of modern farming to admit that perpetually diminishing holdings can be worked so as to produce the great and increasing masses of animal as well as vegetable food which European populations are beginning to require. And both these views are supported by the self-same figures!

But notwithstanding this division against themselves, notwithstanding the internecine warfare for which these much-to-be-commiserated figures are cruelly employed by the disputants who

make use of them, they do not, thus far, seem to care one bit about it; for they go on serving both sides with untiring lustiness, and do not show a single symptom of exhaustion, or even the smallest desire to be permitted to prove only one thing at a time. This really is a remarkable merit. The faculty of incessantly fighting with the same weapons and the same results, and of going on at it unendingly, has hitherto been supposed to be an exclusive privilege of the resuscitating warriors who fight and drink in the Walhalla: but here we find the self-same quality on earth; and if we are to judge of the future by the past, that quality seems likely to go on developing by use, until the immortality of Wodin's heroes will look contemptible beside that of figures. To make it so, statisticians, politicians, economists, and radicals have but to keep on quarrelling about land laws and rights of inheritance; and as they appear to be no more capable of growing weary of combating than figure-themselves are, we may legitimately indulge the supposition that statistical returns will some day become the accepted emblem of indestructibility.

Of the hundred other subjects which statistics treat, in addition to population and land, it is altogether needless to say anything; they are all enumerated at full length in the books of the profession, with the usual accompaniment of columns and additions, and it is far more delightful to leave them there than to talk about them. Some of them are, all the same, instructive, and some are odd; but, as a whole, they wonderfully resemble physic in its peculiar double quality of usefulness and unpleasantness. It is, however, worth while to make an exception in favor of one amongst them, for the reason that, by its nature, it is unknown in England. In countries where the conscription is enforced, there is a special source of statistical information from which a good many strange facts, which would otherwise have remained unknown, have been extracted. It is through it alone that a correct catalogue of the physical infirmities of the French has been compiled, and that the amazing discovery has been effected that nearly two millions of them are deaf, dumb, wholly or partially blind, hump-backed, epileptic, mad, scrofulous, or otherwise radically defective in some analogous way. Of course this total has not been counted one by one, for no means exist of arriving at it in that fashion; but though it only represents the result attained by applying to the entire population the averages indicated by the annual examinations of recruits, there is no reason for mistrusting its approximate exactness. If this, then, be the proportion of such infirmities in France, which is a healthy country with an admirable climate, where there is scarcely any misery, what must it amount elsewhere, under less favorable conditions? And yet, grave as the question is, we should not have suspected its existence if the Directory had not invented the conscription, and if statisticians had not laid hold of that institution as a handy tool ready sharpened to their hand.

Of the general facts revealed by statistics, some of the most important have now been indicated; but a few more may yet be mentioned before we pass on to another section of the subject. It is by statistics that we have become aware that women live longer than men; that German theologians are longer-lived than any other sorts of Germans; that single people die younger than married ones; that life is shorter under the bright sky of Italy and longer in the damp chill of Scotland than in any other parts of the Old World; that the average rate of mortality is diminishing throughout Europe; and that suicides, carriage-accidents, and bankruptcies occur so regularly, and with such similarity of annual numbers and conditions, that they almost appear to be governed by unvarying laws.

And now we may as well look a little at the history of statistics; for they have a history, and a very old one.

There are some modern enthusiasts who pretend that because the word "statistics" was invented in 1748 by Professor Achenwall of Göttingen, the science to which that word applies was necessarily invented at the same time, and by the same person. Unfortunately, however, for the supporters of this theory, there happens to be, in the Pentateuch, a Book called Numbers, which could not possibly have been written by Achenwall, but which constitutes such a monument of statistics that no recent

publication can compete with it. And we find, too, if this one proof be considered insufficient to demolish the claims of Achenwall, that nearly all the ancient nations possessed returns, registers, and reports of their situation. They were not particularly exact, perhaps, and, so far as we know, they did not go into much detail; but, at all events, they sufficed to constitute statistics. Augustus, however, was as laborious a statistician as even this present generation can exhibit; for, according to Tacitus, he positively wrote out with his own hand a description of the riches of the Roman empire, showing the number of citizens and allies, giving details of the fleet, the tributes, the revenue, and the expenses; and as, at that time, the population of the empire is supposed to have exceeded eighty millions, this document must have needed a formidable quantity of labor, and have formed a sort of Statesman's Year-Book or Almanach de Gotha of the period. At about the same date, statistical accounts were drawn up in China by order of the Emperor Yu. The Arabs made a complete catalogue of Spain in 721, showing the population of each town, the nature of the manufactures, the number of workmen, of libraries, and of books. And—what is perhaps still more to the point—the Mexicans and Peruvians, when first discovered, were excellently informed on everything that concerned their national situation: the knotted skeins of colored strings—the "Quipos"—of Peru were, in fact, statistical registers which indicated the movements of the people, the births and deaths, the supplies, and all the details of the budget. And, to conclude with an example of our own, how is Doomsday-Book to be described if it is not statistics?

The claims of Mr. Achenwall do not come out strong and unimpaired from this comparison with those of his predecessors. He certainly did not invent statistics, and it is rather difficult to say who did; but if we are to decide the question by written evidence alone, it would appear that the Book of Numbers is the oldest statement on the subject. It is true that statistics existed for some thousand years before they received a name, but so did a number of other sciences which have now become great and famous. And yet, in Christian Europe, it was only under Louis XIV. that, for the first time, a real attempt was made to pursue statistical operations. In his time, however, the process of measuring up a country was called "Political Arithmetic"—a title which had, at all events, the merit of indicating the exceeding vagueness of the processes to which it referred. They consisted in the estimation of the whole from one or two of its parts, in the supputation of results from a few only of their causes, in the working out of tangled reckonings by simple considerations of probability. It was by "political arithmetic" that Vauban, starting from some merely local figures, calculated the total agricultural production of France; that Lavoisier performed the same task by taking for his basis the number of ploughs employed; that Lagrange computed the consumption of food by the entire people from that of the army alone, supposing that two children and a woman eat as much as a man; that Necker summed up the population from the number of births, at the rate of one birth to twenty-six inhabitants. And, wonderful though it is to say so, Vauban and Lavoisier came out almost exactly right, as has since been proved. It is pretended that Arthur Young went farther than any one else in this sort of valuation—that he cut up the map of France into districts, put the pieces successively into the scales, and deduced proportionate results from their relative weights.

It was towards the close of the last century that statistics began to assume their actual form. Since then they have been organised almost everywhere; but it is, perhaps, in France that we find the most remarkable examples of what they can become. It is there, more than anywhere, that statistics seize hold of a man at his birth, count him as a figure, follow him in that capacity through his life, add him up in all the operations of his existence—at his marriage, in his illnesses, his occupations, his food, his wealth, his poverty, his degree of knowledge, his political action, and, finally, in his disappearance from it all. So long as he lasts, statistics keep on enumerating him, as jailers count their captives: his prison is a column in a register; he is an element of totals, an ingredient of returns, a

property of a calculator; he ceases to be a man; he is an item, a detail, a component of a sum; he is one in a mass; he is no longer himself—he is simply a brick in a house, a stone in a heap, a straw in a stack; his proceedings lose all value as independent acts—they are no longer discussed, appreciated, or judged, they are simply counted: everything that concerns him is resolved into a unit.

Yet, though they treat him in this humiliating fashion for the whole term of his existence, statisticians pretend that it is solely for his benefit that they reduce him to a figure, and that in reality he gains immensely by the process. In proof of this, they urge that he assumes an entirely different position when the operation is completed from that in which they are constrained to place him while it is being performed,—that the two great objectives of statistics are, "Man, or the rules which govern life;" and "Men, or the rules which govern societies,"—and that, as a natural result of this superb final cause, both Man and Men emerge from columns in the quotient, and come out gloriously on a throne of light. Unfortunately, however, for this agreeable view of the position, it is totally disproved by a most remarkable axiom of statistics which says that "human life is composed of two Epochs and a Period; the Epochs being Birth and Death, the Period being the duration of existence." Now, without stopping to extol this highly novel definition of our functions here below—though, frankly, it does deserve a page of homage and admiration all to itself—it may be said, at once, that if life is really nothing more than "two Epochs and a Period," man may well be content to be simply a unit in it. It was solely because we have hitherto supposed that, even in the eyes of statisticians, life was an essentially active state, that we have ventured to timidly imply objections to the use of man as a thing to be counted. But if that impression is inexact—so far, that is, as the relations of mankind to statistics are concerned—if life is simply a beginning and an end with something undetermined in the middle, then, obviously, not one of us is worthy of any better usage than statistics give us. The difficulty is to choose between the "Man and Men" theory and the "Epochs and Period" theory. They flatly contradict each other; no harmony seems possible between them: but it may be, perhaps, that therein lies precisely their greatest merit in the eyes of statisticians; for, as we have already observed, they are singularly fond of seeking out occasions for quarrelling with each other, and must be delighted to have this one ready made to their hand. They have it, too, to themselves alone; for they may rest assured that no outsider will ever attempt to discuss the relative merits of the two propositions; they stretch beyond the faculties of us units: we know our place and stop in it.

Political economists, who are the real users of the labors of statisticians—as lions, according to the legend, consume the prey sought out for them by jackals—assert that there are things which have a value without being useful, things which are useful without possessing a value, and things which are both useful and valuable. Now, in which of these three categories should statistics be included? Are they, like the Koh-i-noor, valuable, but of no use? are they, like light and water, useful, but without value? or are they, like a large account at a banker's, both valuable and useful? The question is not simple; there are complications in it: but perhaps the fairest answer to make to it is, that statistics pass, successively, through each of these characters, according to the handling they receive. So long as they remain passively in columns, which seems to be most frequently their fate, they may be said to possess the degree of theoretical value which necessarily attaches to everything produced by labor; but they have, in that form, no utility whatever: they rise to usefulness—without, however, acquiring either moral or material value—as soon as they receive a practical application; and they attain value as well as usefulness when they pass entirely out of the hands of their authors into those of higher workers, when they are employed by thinkers instead of book-keepers. It is only at that moment of transition that the services which statistics are capable of rendering become thoroughly apparent; it is only from that instant that they begin to merit the commendations which have been accorded to them here. Then, however, they do merit them—and

largely too; for in addition to their general functions as compilations of information, statistics have had the extreme good fortune to contribute rather largely to the development of the great modern science of political economy. The former are not, as is sometimes pretended, the essential basis of the latter—for economists work with ideas quite as much as with facts or figures; but it is undeniable that statistics have supplied them with instruments and arguments of much utility, and have, in that way, facilitated the progress which they have achieved.

As everybody cannot be master, and somebody must be servant, statistics ought to think themselves lucky that, being servants, it falls to their lot to perform so efficient and so honorable a service. At all events, they ought to be grateful for the proof which is supplied here that it is possible to write several pages about them without quoting any figures at all.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ALONE IN LONDON.

By her fault or by ill fate
Left in great London desolate
Of helpers and of comforters;
Without one heart to beat with hers;
Without one hand in tenderness
And sympathy her hand to press;
A lone soul left, dispassionate,
Without one link of love or hate.

From her lodging, poor and bare,
And high up in the smoke-dim air,
With cheerless heart, with aimless feet,
She descended to the street,
Where the people, coming, going,
Ceaseless as a river's flowing,
Seemed as imperturbable,—
As though no heart-warm tear could well
Into those dry eyes; no sob
Ever could those set lips rob
Of their sternness. With blind stare,
They pass a woman in despair.

With hopeless heart, with weary feet,
She wandereth on from street to street,
Restless as a withered leaf
  Fallen from its parent tree,
Goaded by a sleepless grief,
  Dogged by dull perplexity;
Passing along, in dumb despair,
Deserted street and silent square.

Into the shadow black and deep
  Of a doorway she doth shrink,
Crouching there she cannot weep,
  Waiting there she cannot think.
As a tide by river-wall
  Lappeth ever wearily,
Round her soul despair doth call
  Constantly and drearily.
As round ancient gable-peaks
The ghostly night-wind wails and shrieks,
So again and yet again
Rise the bitter gusts of pain.

Steps are heard upon the stone;
One cometh down the street alone,
And upon the footsteps follow,
'Mid the dark roofs echoes hollow.
On he comes, all unaware
Of the deep misery lurking there.
He pauses not, but passes on;
She speaketh not, and he is gone.
She thinks, "He would but reckon me
The vile thing that I would not be."

Silence again. A wild intent
That pang woke in her as it went.
She goes—nought with her down the
  street
But haunting echoes of her feet.

* * * *

She stands where far below is heard
The river's one unchanging word.
She stands and listens, and doth know
Beneath the waters seaward go.
Like an incantation drear
She hears them wash by wharf and pier.

Will none come to save her yet?
Her foot is on the parapet;
Upward to a starless heaven
One last, hopeless look is given.
On each side stretches dark and far
The line of roofs irregular,
And beneath a vast night-wall
Based in gloom funereal.

The blackness floweth up to meet
The wanderer's world-weary feet,
And afar below it all
Still the river seems to call,
"Mortal, since thou canst not live,
Come, for I have rest to give,

Over thee and thy sad woes
Secretly my wave shall close,
Spreading changeless over all,
Like a mighty funeral pall."

A moment, agonised and mute,
Rigid, yet irresolute,
She stands. Then, with a bitter cry,
But from her soul's last agony,
Sheer down the black abyss she falls.

The river washeth by its walls.

Cornhill Magazine.

GERMAN HOME LIFE.

BY A LADY.

VIII.—MEN.

WHEN a man, as will now and again happen, has the misfortune to write and publish a more than usually feeble story, the critics, by a simple yet ingenious method, gently convey to him that he has mistaken his vocation in life. 'Miss So-and-So,' they say, 'will probably be surprised to hear that all her men are monsters; that the arch-angelic do not as yet walk amongst us clothed in tweed and broadcloth; nor do Oxford shoes disguise the cloven foot of our acquaintance,' and so on, through paragraphs of infinitely cruel jocosity, admirably calculated not only to extinguish the well-meaning young man, but also *pour décourager les autres;* 'les autres' being the enterprising ladies from out of whose midst his critics are supposed to have singled him.

These papers being avowedly written by a woman, she perhaps *ought* to leave all opinion or comment on 'the head and crown of things' to the more competent virile pen. She would only venture, by way of apology and justification, to say thus much: that, if 'some power' have given 'the giftie' to men to see themselves and each other all around as other (men) see them, women are not altogether out in the dark; *they see men from their own* (i.e. the feminine) *standpoint*, and this coign of vantage is not an altogether unimportant one. A man in his dressing-gown and slippers may show more of the real man that is in him to his wife than is ever likely to be known to his fellow-swaggerers at the Club, or the Major Pendennises of life with whom he lounges along the Row in the morning, or sneers languidly through a summer's afternoon.

To say of men, generally, that they are of the 'superior' sex, is to say very little when applied to German men. Unfortunately, the genius of the language and the scheme of creation do not admit of 'superiorest;' so we must go round about it, and say that in Germany the relative position of the sexes is what one imagines to be conveyed in the sentence 'and the sons of God took unto themselves daughters of men.' It is not, however, my purpose here to speak specifically of the German 'husband,' because that, though an essentially feminine view of the subject, would be to limit it to an inconveniently narrow sphere; and a man, whether bond or free, whether bachelor or Benedick—'a man's a man for a' that.'

And, to begin with the physical aspects of the matter, we may venture to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that from earliest childhood the German man has privileges above the German woman, and these privileges grow always and increase. We know what their respective physical education is: the boy belongs to his *Turn-Verein;* he mixes with his inferiors, superiors, and equals; he profits by his holidays to take long walking tours; he lives entirely during these summer excursions in the rough, carrying his modest wardrobe in a knapsack, eating how, when, where he can; falling in with parties of other youthful students like himself, fraternising on the road, hob-a-nobbing in the inns, singing with his full young voice the *Volkslieder*, the *Studentenlieder*, the *Soldatenlieder* of his Fatherland. He comes across ruined castles, ancient fortresses, Druid circles, quaint old hunting Schlösser, convents, churches. Straightway he learns all about what he sees; if he be not himself a student or an antiquarian, one or other of the party is; his young chest is bared to the breeze; his strong young limbs climb

the mountain; his eye roves keenly and restlessly to right and left; what there is to be seen he will see; what there is to learn he will learn; what may be known he will know. The scents of the thyme and the pine linger in his tawny young mane; he takes a draught of milk, a draught of water, with the simple food his wallet affords; he lies down, with his plaid under his head, in the shadow of the rock, or beneath the murmuring pines and the hemlocks, and enjoys his noonday nap. He saw the sun rise this morning, and has walked many an upward mile since daybreak. Seeing him lying there, you may, perhaps, take him for a young artisan (*auf der Wanderschaft*), as perhaps he is (for boys of all ranks will go out to spend their holidays in the summer-woods), or perhaps you discern, despite his rough clothes and his modest equipment, signs of that good blood in him which, as the proverb says, *ne peut mentir*. In any case, though he may not look what you would call a 'gentleman,' he looks a man; with manly purpose and intention even in his sleeping eyelids and smiling mouth. He will get up presently, and go singing through the sunlit woods, a gay, a cheery, enviable young athlete. So, with a certain rough freedom, breathing nature, full of quaint simple prose and poetry, with infinite capabilities of enthusiasm, with dim aspirations and vague yearnings after possible impossibilities, the German youth goes his way, through ideal paths into the great reality of the future.

Speak of the German, and you see the soldier. It is not only that the warlike element is the predominating one, it is that obedience, punctuality, endurance, high courage, silent perseverance, mark the whole manner of the man. The compulsory military service, so much bespoken, bewritten, commended, condemned, has had its fine moral influence on the nation at large. A man has served his time as *Freiwilliger;* and he returns to his groceries, his farmeries, his draperies. He has learned exactitude, punctuality, obedience. Can there be a finer practical education? He has learned to hear, not to speak, and to obey. In turn, he will bring such habits of order and thoroughness into civil life with him as shall compel promptness and obedience, and make the refractory look and the insubordinate word alike impossible. Taken from the receipt of custom, from the yard-wand or the coffee-mill, and set down in the barrack-yard, he learns new things, other things, more things, than if he passed his life behind a ledger, measuring ribbons, or weighing out groceries. His officers are men of noble blood, of fine type, of fair presence. The very aspect of them is an education for him; he admires, without envying them; he acknowledges their superiority, and does not hate them for it. For, to the honor of the German nation let it be said, that even the rankest radical spits out his spite less at the person than at the thing he hates. With this promptness to obey the word of command we find the corresponding roughness and readiness in giving it; dismissed from volunteer duty, he is apt to carry *soldatesque* forms into private life, to indulge in laconic utterances, and look for military exactitude of obedience. So much for the non-professional soldier; for the man who may yet have to do real hard service in the *Landwehr*, or harder yet in the *Landsturm*, but who, for the time being, is released from his military duties, may go back to citizen life once more.

Hitherto, for men of gentle birth, the army has been the only profession in Germany. No man who wrote *von* before his name had any other career open to him, unless it were diplomacy; but, it must be remembered, that in the pre-Imperial days, when Prussia was a third-rate power, diplomacy could offer but very limited prospects in life to men of good family and small means. The diplomatic representatives of the smaller States not unfrequently resolved themselves into modest consuls, who, though pehaps not quite so ornamental as an ambassador, envoy, or minister, were at least equally useful, with the further advantage of being infinitely less expensive. Then there was the higher civil service (*höhere-Beamten-Stand*). But even the highest of such posts represented but a dwarfed ambition; and again, the posts were not many, and the ladder to be climbed, rung by rung, painfully long; so that by the time a man had attained to the dignity of *Finanz-Minister*, or *Wirklicher Geheimer-Rath*, wintry

snow would already be lying on his 'frosty pow.'

Attorneys—a clamorous, noisy, cackling crew—have ever been inodorous in the nostrils of the refined, and in Germany you would search in vain for scions of noble blood amongst their turbulent ranks. 'I do not like,' said Dr. Johnson, referring to a person who had just left the room, 'to speak ill of anyone behind his back, but I believe the gentleman is an attorney!'

The Church (in Protestant Germany), in spite of the late King of Prussia's attempted episcopacies and Anglicanism, remains utterly unattractive in aristocratic eyes. They were literary 'episcopacies.' The King who invented the Bishop could not create the See. Bankers are almost exclusively children of Israel (occasionally ennobled; *Baronisirt*, if they had been accommodating in the matter of timely loans), and whilst commerce seemed to be the prerogative of the plebeian, the army remained a patrician monopoly. But already, if *they* have not changed, circumstances are changing all that.

However great Germany may be as a military nation, bristling all over with helmet-spikes and fortresses, she can only become really and abidingly great when years of peace shall have consolidated her position. Commerce, the child of peace and the mother of plenty, is after all the furnisher of the thews and sinews of war. The country of the milliards knows, as well as any other country—nay, better, if the history of her past finance be worth anything—the value of full coffers and the dignity of no national debt. That she cannot remain politically great unless she become commercially great; that the fruitful rivalries of peace are the balm and oil her bleeding wounds require—there are abundant evidences to show. In her desire for a wider field and ampler opportunities, she has stretched out tentative fingers across ticklish frontiers, warily touching this or that border-town, casting covetous eyes towards this or that convenient port, sending out consuls to the east and to the west, and establishing relations to the north and to the south. And these very facts, this very attitude, open up vast future prospects to the young manhood of Germany. As a great power, Prussia (and her dependencies) will be able to dispense with petty pride; noble fathers will see no dishonor in having rich sons; bankers and merchants will be admitted into 'society,' and honest independence will know how to exact respect and hold its own against expiring prejudice. Marriages with the daughters of rich speculators and contractors are already quite the order of the day; and though one would prefer a more independent standpoint, and would rather a man should make money for himself than take it from another, yet we must not be impatient. Patrician blood is found to mix very kindly with plebeian money; the young lady is charmed to write the magic prefix before her name, and to find herself launched into higher circles; the young gentleman discovers that an opulent father-in-law is extremely convenient on occasion, and forgives the want of a pedigree in consideration of the plethora of pelf. One or other of the offspring of such a marriage may come into the world with commercial instincts (as some babes are said to come mouthing silver spoons), and a purely ornamental young gentleman and lady thus become the unconscious founders of a race of merchant princes.

It has been said that the well-born German is distinguished for his *morgue* and disregard of those in a lower station than himself. This was, and is, his chief reproach in the eyes of his middle-class fellow-countrymen. He does not conceal that he despises their want of manner, their glaring solecisms, their extraordinary coarseness of behavior and absence of tact. They, who perhaps know as much as he does, are richer than he is, are unconscious of all that jars and grates upon one of a finer fibre than themselves, and are apt to declare that he trades on his nobility, and assumes a merit that he is far from possessing. Not from the so-called 'lower orders' is resentment ever likely to become dangerous, but from the well-educated, underbred middle-class; the very middling—if refinement of speech, suavity of manner, and gentleness of utterance count for anything. The middle-class as we understand it—one brother a merchant, another in the Guards, the eldest son of the house heir to a baronetcy, the youngest walking the earth in

an M.B. waistcoat, and waiting for the family living—is almost incomprehensible to the ordinary German mind; but let us hope that the day may not be far distant when the arrogance of the aristocrat may be tempered and the tone of the citizen refined. So long as commerce means mere shop-keeping, every petty grocer writes *Kaufmann* (merchant) over his shopdoor, and every Jew usurer signs himself *Banquier*, it is to be feared that a commercial career will not prove very attractive in the eyes of, or draw many recruits from, the upper ranks of society. It is not given to every man to be what in common parlance is called 'born a gentleman;' but if his birth be not gentle, his manners may make him so; and we all know that a 'cotton lord' may be a truer gentleman than the descendant of a 'hundred earls.' The modest independence and self-reliance which bring about suavity of manners and an absence at once of the servile or the arrogant in a man's intercourse with those of another rank is not at a premium in Germany, where either self-assertion or obsequiousness strikes the outsider with a sense of pained surprise.

The German gentleman, the man of noble birth, of splendid presence, of polished if of cold and arrogant manners, fails where we might expect him to fail. 'Without love,' says our great humorist, 'I can fancy no true gentleman'—love that is, not of the individual, which may be but mere sublimated selfishness, but that chivalrous devotion which high-minded manhood ever bears to gentle womanhood. The German gentleman may be gallant, he may be a man of pleasure, a lady-killer, a *grand vivеur;* as a rule he is perfectly ready to flirt with any pretty woman, to make daily *Fenster* parades before her windows, to whisper soft sentimental nothings to her during the course of the cotillon, it may be even slightly to 'compromise' her. She is, of course, a married woman (for these attentions would mean marriage to a girl), so she knows, and ought to know, how to take care of herself. He will go away, and laugh over his little social successes, when his comrades banter him on his *bonnes fortunes;* and she will be backbitten in the 'Kaffees,' and a tolerant society will view the matter with indifference, unless indeed it comes to such a climax as makes indifference no longer possible; and even then, an easy-going temper disposes the lookers-on generally to be tolerably lenient. Their bark is much worse than their bite in these matters, and, after all, one must not draw the line too tight. Marriage is beset with a thousand difficulties; life is more amusing behind the scenes of a theatre than in the dull domestic round. One likes to have one's moments of relaxation, and eternal parade, civil as well as military, is rather a gilding of the lily. Women are well enough to be 'a moment's ornament,' but life is easier *en garçon*. One has a thousand egoisms and ambitions to occupy one's time and thoughts, and a man gallooned all over with gold, and staggering under orders, cannot be expected to sit like Hercules at Omphale's feet. German ladies are not accustomed to the entire and untiring devotion which Englishwomen accept with all the calm unconsciousness of a right. No man rises to open the door for you when you leave the room; if cups of tea or coffee have to be handed about, it is the lady of the house that will carry them round; she will be rewarded with a '*Tausend Dank, meine Gnädigste*,' but the 'most gracious' will be allowed to trot about all the same. A man need not wait (in that happy land) for 'pain and anguish' to 'rack the brow' before the ministering angels appear upon the scene. You (one of the angels) may search an hour for your *sortie de bal* in a cloak-room, before one out of that group of glittering beings assembled round the door will put out a helping hand. When at last you emerge from your difficulties, and pass down the stairs, they will draw themselves up, in *stramme militärische Haltung*, click their heels together, and bring their heads to the level of their sword-belts; and if that is not devotion, chivalric behavior, and splendid respect, the world has none to show, and you are an exacting and irrational malcontent.

In everything the German is controlled. He is controlled in his love-makings and marryings; he is controlled in the utterance of his opinion; he is controlled in his goings out and his comings in. The journalist is liable at any moment to fine and im-

prisonment; the caricaturist to arrest; of liberty of the press there can be no question; of the licence of the law no doubt. In the old gambling days of Baden and Hombourg, no native officer was permitted to play at the tables; the money of the State must remain absolutely in the State pocket; but this fatherly solicitude for the coin of the country did not extend itself to the pocket of the peasant, who would stand gloating through long Sunday afternoons at the heaps of gold, venture at last his florin or his thaler, and retire into a work-a-day world on Monday a disillusioned chawbacon. Control touches even the follies and flirtations of the young. Lately, in a northern capital, garrisoned by Prussian troops, an ardent young lieutenant and a coy and bashful maiden found themselves for a moment, by some rare chance, in a deserted tea-room alone. The enamored youth had just caught his fair one by the hand, when her most intimate of intimate bosom friends entered. The poor girl started up in terror, and, forgetful alike of her love and her lover, broke out, 'Pray, pray, best Evelina, do not say what you have seen.' Evelina promised, and the imprudent maiden returned at once to the ball-room. But lo! next day the story, with various embroideries, was circulating through all the 'Kaffees,' and behold! the day after, the ardent lieutenant summoned to an irate general's presence. 'Young man,' said his stern *Vorgesetzter*, glooming down upon him in grim regulation wrath, 'you are transferred to depôt duty on the frontier; there you will have ample time to reflect on your indiscretion.' ('Es ist Ihnen nicht erlaubt jungen Damen aus den höheren Ständen zu compromitiren!') And forth, like ball from the cannon's mouth, behold our gay young militaire shot over the frontier! Hear this, gallant young English gentlemen, horse, foot, and dragoons; hear it, too, young English maidens inclining tender ears to manly pleadings, and be thankful that your bosom friends are not spies, nor, as a rule, the colonels of our regiments martinets in matters of the affections. Resistance in any shape is hopeless; it will be put down, in whatever form or in whatever rank it makes its sporadic appearance, with an iron hand. Beneath the drapery of that flowing white mantle, that reminds you of the crusaders of old, you may plainly perceive the steel gauntlet of armed despotism. 'Whilst all the others were boasting,' says Heine, 'of how proudly the Prussian eagle soared towards the sun, I prudently kept my eyes fixed upon his claws.'

The German makes a good colonist because he is frugal, patient, and hardy; but he seems to need a transplantation to another soil to shine forth in all the excellence that not unfrequently becomes his. The German workman at home is dilatory, unpunctual, slow, and often extremely 'bungling' in his work. There is not the same competition as with us; if he do not choose to hurry himself, you must abide his pleasure; he is the obliger, you the obliged. You give him a model, and he executes his copy not amiss; it only falls short of supreme excellence; a little more finish, and it would have been absolutely well done. The German laborer is a marvel of heavy artfulness: he seems always to have something to do that interferes with continuous work; either he has to spit upon his hands, or to adjust his raiment, or to take a dram, or have a 'crack' with a comrade, or pick a quarrel with an enemy; in short, he is inventive in this respect to a degree that his general stolidity would never lead you to suspect. The writer remembers watching throughout a period of some months an English 'navvy,' who had command of a gang of Germans engaged upon some waterworks. Abuse flowed freely from the lips of the stalwart Briton, and though he spoke an unknown tongue, the desired effect was produced; the instant, however, his attention was withdrawn, or his amenities ceased, the stolid crew abandoned all active labor, and became passive spectators of the general scene. 'I'd liever have one o' ourn nor five on 'em,' said that British 'navvy,' in a tone of rueful indignation one day to a sympathetic auditor who was watching the slow progress; even the stalwart frame, the loud voice of the man, and the free use of his choice vernacular had ceased to have its effect, and the gloom of despair hung heavy on his brow. Yet we know that two-thirds of the sugar-bakers, bakers, and tailors in London are German, and

that America speaks largely the language of Hans Breitmann. It seems that the sight of incessant activity and untiring energy universally prevailing around is necessary to arouse the German, and make him shake off the lethargy that otherwise possesses him. Crimes of violence are of very rare occurrence in Germany; the German is not cruel, he does not murder, he does not assassinate, he does not beat his wife, or kick her with hobnailed shoes: he does not love blood. Bloodshed is distasteful to him, unless, as in the Franco-Prussian war, it be his duty to shed blood; then he consents to butcher and be butchered (as during the awful days of Gravelotte and Mars-la-Tour) with almost automatic endurance. But whilst we allow for the difference of temperament that distinguishes the Teuton from the Celt, we must concede that education counts for something in this matter. Educate the masses, and they will not love, as the French lower orders do, to welter, when excited, in the blood of their fellow-men, to lick their lips in savage lust to lap it again. The German is generally rough, and sometimes brutal, but humanity, on the whole, prevails, and the brute in him is less than the man. Indeed, that sort of 'sentiment,' which is so marked a characteristic of the modern Teuton, is to be found even in the *dramatis personæ* of the police reports.

'It is characteristic,' says a modern writer, speaking of his fellow-countrymen, 'that our German rascals have always a certain sentimentality sticking to them. They are no cold-blooded knaves of calculation, but are blackguards of sentiment. They have *Gemüth*, and take the warmest interest in the fates of those they have robbed, so that one cannot be quit of them. Even our distinguished *chevaliers d'industrie* are not mere egoists who steal for themselves, but court coy Mammon to do good with their ill-gotten gains.'

In the old historic days of the small Residenz towns, the unwary stranger who found himself at Court was, if of unsophisticated mind, literally blinded and bewildered by the blaze of stars and decorations that glittered in the firmament. Awe-struck by the cloud of heroes and veterans, he prepared, as though wandering through the Walhalla of the universe, to put off his mental shoes from off his feet, in acknowledgment that he was standing on the holy ground of heroism. But when, upon enquiring, he ascertained the truth of the matter, and learned that every serenity, transparency, or impalpability passing by that way, and dining at the Grand Ducal board, would have to send, as a matter of mere routine, the 'order' of his State to the Court officials, first, second, or third class, each according to his kind; when he learned that this blazing star had been conferred on the occasion of the *grandes chasses;* that that noble order was bestowed on the Duke's representatives at the baptism of an archduchess, and the other resplendent decoration but the evidence of an Imperial dinner-party, he would not unfrequently go his sardonic way, sneering the sneer of the cynic at the tinsel and frippery of such supreme sham. The writer of these lines remembers a most worthy, inoffensive man upon whom fate had most inappropriately conferred the combined offices of *Grand Chambellan de la Cour* and *Theater Intendant.* He had accompanied his royal master to every Court in Europe, and his sovereign being of convivial turn and addicted to 'dining' the princes who passed by his way, stars and garters continued to flow in upon the first official of the Court. The wags were pleased to suggest all sorts of incongruous and incompatible positions for the 'thick-coming' decorations, and it was feared that he would at last, however unwillingly, be forced, all the rest of his person being preoccupied, to sit upon the orders of the future.

Great were the envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, that fermented in female breasts on these occasions. The adjutants' wives had always a grievance; one would complain that her husband, holding a double office about the Court, should not have had a first-class decoration; another would weep that she whose family was of the ancient of the earth must endure the slight of seeing her spouse receive an order of the third class, while the little pert upstart who had married the *Oberstall-Meister* pranced past her with an ornament made of the diamonds picked out of the Grand Cross, that he, the Master of the Horse, ought never to

have had! The infinite littleness of such a life was the fair butt of fermenting 'patriots'; no wonder that radical writers brought what wit they could to bear on the subject, or that the reformers were great on fossil feudalism. For a people that had discovered gunpowder, printing, and the Critique of Pure Reason, such a spectacle included almost every humiliation, and the wonder to all lookers-on is not so much how, as by whom, that vast revolution which is called Imperialism has been brought about. The united Fatherland, the old dream of national unity, is realised, but the very dreamers themselves must, one would think, be still rubbing incredulous eyes, seeing after what an unforeseen fashion they have awakened.

Yet Prussia has indisputably this one glory above all the other countries of Teutonia; that, whilst they have had gossipries, scandals, intrigues, nests of squabbles, and parish politics, she has a history. Her Electors have been the elect, her kings have been the ken-ning men; they have known and they have done; abstract knowing could not help them, only concrete doing. Alert, restless, thorough; looking into everything, examining, proving; scant mercy, short justice; frugal, thrifty, hardy, sharing common perils with the common soldier, keeping kingly state when kingly state was demanded; rewarding, punishing, reprimanding, with here a genial act, and there a jovial word, the *Landesvater*, not the king alone, but the father of his people. Other knowers and doers, looking upwards, not because of the mere kingship of their chief, but with fullest confidence in his power and will, both to know and to do, arose in their places, each in his *Fach;* the thing done varying according to time and circumstance, according to person and place; valuable chiefly, not for the magnitude of it, but for the reality of it.

The history of the House of Hohenzollern is the history of Prussia; nay, 'if aught of prophecy' be ours, bids fair to prove the history of Germany. We have seen a gallant old King at the head of a sorely tried army, enduring hardships with the courage of an adolescent; we have seen the Crown Prince sharing common perils with the common soldier; we have seen all the available princes of the blood fighting, marching, watching enduring, conquering, and dying side by side with the peasant; rained upon snowed upon, hailed upon, stormed a by shot and shell, travel-strained, blood stained, mud-bespattered, war-be-tattered, not mere 'men with muskets' bu soldiers to the backbone, one and all prince, peer, and peasant, willing to di for the Fatherland. True valor, no rash daring, patient endurance, no foolhardy escapades, steadfastness o heart and stability of mind, inspirec these men who stood up to fight fo their belief, to die for what they though the justice of their cause. Not the ligh Greek fire of inflammable enthusiasm such as caught the boulevards one da in July, and set all Paris, like straw blazing; but the deep volcanic fire o conviction, long smouldering, darkl hidden, portentous, unquenchable, unless, indeed, by crimson seas yet to flow. It is supremely characteristic of th genius of the two nations, that whils the French were hysterically shriekin 'À Berlin!' falling upon each other' necks, and vowing to celebrate thei Emperor's birthday in the palaces o Prussia, the German polished his arms sang his 'Watch on the Rhine,' said n word of Paris, and before many month were over crowned his gallant old Kin emperor in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. This is the history of the German army; all honor to it and to those who led it on to victory.

In civil life, it was in old days the pride of the Prussian official that he lived narrowly; that only by a close economy was he able to make those two proverbial ends meet which is such a desirable result in domestic economy. Parsimony was his pride; his private economies went to enrich the coffers of the State, and his patriotism was of the type of which Virgil says, 'The noblest motive was the public good.' For him a dinner of Spartan broth, and the *mens conscia recti* therewith, was better than all the fleshpots of the Fatherland unseasoned by the antique virtues. The Fabricius type is, alas! extinct, gold scorners impossible, and the austerity of Cincinnatus a thing of the past. Imperialism obliges, and ostentation is now the order of the day. Representative officials receive handsomé salaries

splendid emoluments rain down on the worthy; the day for small economies is over; the Fatherland has to be 'represented,' and the country of the milliards must show itself great in all directions.

It is little understood or realised in England that pomp and circumstance illustrate at Berlin the glories of the new Empire after a brilliant fashion. There is, indeed, not one Court, but many; not only the Emperor and the Prince Imperial, but all the other princes of the house of Hohenzollern keep up official state, whereof the exponents are gorgeous uniforms, resplendent liveries, showy equipages, and brilliant entertainments. We may think how dull by comparison our deserted quasi-Republican capital appears in the eyes that prize pomp and pageantry, and how strange the utter absence of all official glitter and grandeur to those accustomed to the presence of a Court. We take our German friends to the Horse-Guards (all we have of magnificence to show), and point out the imposing appearance of our household troops. 'Have you ever seen our gardes-du-corps?' is the only comment; 'splendid giants, mounted on huge chargers, wearing a classic silver helmet, crested with eagles' wings, a dazzling silver cuirass, and juste-au-corps of "white samite, mystic, wonderful"?' You perhaps say No. 'Ah then, indeed!' replies your Prussian friend, as one who makes allowances for your ignorant worship. The modern German is likely to become a thorn in the flesh of humanity at large, not because he is victorious, but because he is forever blowing the blast of his victories on the trumpet of fame. The braying of that brazen instrument is, of necessity, not so sweet in his neighbor's ears as in his own; yet should you venture to remonstrate, he will fix a quarrel upon you, and you will have abjectly to ask him to continue his melodious strain. It is not enough that his country has become one of the great powers of Europe, he wants you to say that it is the greatest. Success is so sweet to him, power so new, triumph so intoxicating, and the old radical dream of a united Fatherland realised, he himself hardly knows how, in Bismarcko-Imperialism is such a bewildering experience, that he stands on the highway, pistol in hand, and exacts your admiration or your life. It is not enough that you have at an earlier stage of the journey already paid your tribute of admiration; you must pay it again. You are to go on admiring; your awe and your respect are to become vocal; if you are not loudly, consistently, persistently with the Fatherland, you are against it. It is by sufferance that your humble vehicle rolls along the Emperor's highway; get out and grovel, then all shall be well with you; resist, and you shall be torn out of your coach, and the great jackboots will kick you ignominiously into space, and the big man will go his swaggering way with a grim smile behind his tawny moustache, as one who exterminates the lively pertinacious *pulex irritans*, otherwise sublimely big and indifferent.

The crumpled roseleaf on Germany's bed of glory is, that she cannot get every other nation to admire her as much as she admires herself; and in her present egotistical attitude would fain extract what she covets, if not otherwise, then *à force d'armes*.

It is this uneasy tone, this monopoly of adulation, this exacting, suspicious restlessness, that tells tales of the fever of ambition pulsing through every vein of the new system. Fever has a false strength that looks to the sound man much like health; let him look again, and in the glare of the patient's eye he will see evidences of the distempered blood, and will be careful to soothe rather than to irritate. When we speak of the one crumpled roseleaf in Prussia's bed, we speak hyperbolically. Hers is no rose-strewn couch; on the contrary it is, as those who know her best, best know, an uneasy bed; a bed that will have to be made again and again, lucky if at last it become a place of rest. To leave metaphor—her extent of frontier is immense; she will yet need all that is best in her best men. At any moment Bavaria may break away. Hanover harbors resentment; Scandinavia hates her for her ruthless want of faith; it is known that the coming Czar is intensely anti-Prussian, and that the long lists of German names filling distinguished positions in army and State are offensive beyond any present possibility of expression, to a very large party in Russia. Alsace and Lorraine have, as Elsass and

Lothringen, to be kept under, and increasing vigilance must inspire fear where no love is.

When we speak of the German of the present day, we have all of us, unconsciously, the grand modern prototype in our minds—the man of blood and iron; the Hammer-man; the Thunderer; the Baresark; the Bismarck—the great typical heroic figure, that will go down to future ages colossal, momentous, immortal. He, the greatest, comes home to the smallest, to men's business and bosoms in a special manner; the likeness of him hangs in the humblest hut; but for him Hans and Michel had not laid down their lives in French mire and clay; but for him food were not so dear, nor widows so many, nor wives so few; but for him, taxes had not been so rigorous, nor money so scarce. Yet, he is the idol of the populace—of that populace which, erewhile, stoned, lampooned, caricatured, and reviled him; of that populace that was nothing more than mud-seas at his feet, on the vast field of the Fatherland.

Now he reigns supreme; the contempt he once showed for them is become the enemy's portion; the people are grown his willing instrument; he has known how to read the signs of the times, to seize the chances of the moment, to wield and to weld; to mould the old order of things into a new order; to root out the republican *rabies;* to crush down the radical spirit; to grasp the national mind; to hold the nation's heart; to venture, to succeed, to dare, and to do. The national vanity, the popular pride, have been flattered by his miraculous successes; surely a grateful people will foster their hero. Their good old Emperor is well enough, but even *he* had not been but for Bismarck. He, gallant old gentleman, has scruples, hesitations, tendernesses of conscience, regrets; is not much other than any private man—him we do not specially care to go out and greet. As for princes, clothed in soft raiment, dwelling in kings' palaces, their name is legion; but this man, *der Einzige*, the only One, unique; his like not again to be seen this side of eternity; a prophet, and more than a prophet—him we will worship, before him we will fall down. A gigantic mass of all that makes Manhood, he carries a high look with him; fire and reality, as well as blood and iron, are in that great figure and big brain. He speaks, and it is as though the king of beasts sent his leonine roar before him through the forests of which he is lord. That orator, erst so eloquent, seems now but froth and fribble; the attempted epigram of the penultimate patriot dwindles into mere spite; prudence becomes pedantry; warning, the mumblings of blind senile leaders of the blind; threat, the mere futile squeak of peevish incompetence. The little sneers have struck too low, they fall unheeded at his feet; he will not stoop to notice them; let them lie: but from his height, God-like, dæmoniac, he will pour forth his lava stream of scathing eloquence, which, by mere attraction of gravitation, reaches its destination in the infinite flats beneath him. This stinging tongue, this arrogant intellect, this ruthless will, this keen daring, and restless ambition, what are they but the outcome of the age? In him you see the typical German; the *guerre*-man, the war-man; the *gar*-man—the whole man; nay, rather a demi-god unfathomable, terrible. There is, in all modern history, no figure like this figure, no mind like this mind, unless it be the brief apparition of a Mirabeau on a back-ground of unaccomplished destiny. A man for men to fear; for women to love; for, beside that primeval titanic force, there dwells another man in him in strange and striking contrast with the Briareus of the Tribune—a gentle, genial, human-hearted man; witty, winning; loving the soft sound of women's voices, the beauty of bright eyes, the prattle of children, the yellowing woods, the setting sun. A Triton, indeed, but not amongst minnows. 'No great general,' says Froude, 'ever arose out of a nation of cowards, no great statesman out of a nation of fools.' That the mute Moltkes and bashful Bismarcks of the Fatherland are many, we may be sure; but history is careful only of the type. Looking at such a man as this, surrounded by such men as these, we, who are but spectators of the drama, are almost tempted, since finite man cannot go on infinitely, to re-echo the prayer of Paracelsus, and cry: 'Make no more giants, God, but elevate the race at once!'—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE.*

THE object of this book, which the authors inform us in their Preface is 'to show that the presumed incompatibility of Science and Religion does not exist,' is not a novel one, but it is refreshing to find that instead of adding to the long list of abortive attempts to reconcile Genesis and Geology, they have dealt with a vital question in presenting arguments from the scientific side in support of the doctrine of a future life.

Written by two men deservedly eminent in that branch of Science known as natural philosophy (for it is an open secret that the work is the joint production of Professors Balfour Stewart and P. G. Tait) this 'Eirênicon' has received but little favor from physicists, who for the most part pronounce it to be 'neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.' While among the orthodox there are some who look askance upon it, since it 'com'st in such a questionable shape,' its voice the voice of Scripture, its hands the hands of Science; these for the most part accord it hearty welcome, because, although its coat is one of many pieces, ragged-edged quotations torn from the Bible indiscriminately, and stitched to hypotheses of Anaxagoras, Boscovitch, and Thomson concerning matter, it does ingeniously seek to reconcile the several manifestations of energy in the Cosmos with the several functions of the Trinity; sees in Genesis hints of La Place's nebular hypothesis, and in the pseudo-Second Epistle of Peter a prediction of what Professor Clifford calls the 'last catastrophe,' when the sun, devouring, Chronos-like, his offspring, shall draw the earth and the other planets into his insatiate maw, and ultimately be swallowed up himself by some huger, hungrier sun. There are, nevertheless, sufficient points of difference between the authors and the ordinary 'reconcilers' to render a perfect *rapprochement* impossible. For although, as hinted above, they find themselves largely in accord with orthodox belief on certain 'essentials,' they accept the Darwinian hypothesis, which is not yet regarded as a buttress of the faith once delivered to the saints, although the approving reception of Dr. Abbott's recent University Sermons indicates that it will be; and they reject by inference the doctrines of the fall of man and a collective final judgment.

The three editions of the work which have been called for within the space of a few months, bear evidence to the interest excited by a scientific treatment of the question of immortality. That question is one which, in its combined mystery and attractiveness, has occupied a large, in some cases an unduly large, share of the thought of man since he first awoke to the question of his origin and destiny. Round it, like a planet tethered by centripetal force, the spirit of man revolves, nor is it likely that the day will come when it will no longer be the subject of inquiry and desire, when intellect reigning undisputed over a tearless world, the reason will not take the trouble to ask, 'If a man die shall he live again?' and the heart, mechanically swayed, cease to yearn

> For the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still.

That nearly every argument on which a belief in a future life has been supposed to rest must be given up; that very considerable modifications, or rather enlargements, of the conceptions commonly formed respecting it must be made, and consequently that many elements of ignorance which now exist in the emotions must be cast out, there can be no doubt whatever; but the belief itself remains unaffected by these surrenders—persistent and indestructible.

The book opens with a sketch, in the main a correct one, of the various forms which belief in a life after death was held among the civilised nations of antiquity, and of that belief among Christians from the time of Christ to the present day. In an historical summary of the teaching of Christ upon this matter, the authors profess to avoid committing themselves to any theory concerning his person, and yet they remark that his relation 'to the universe was different from that of any mere man.' This is by

* *The Unseen Universe; or, Physical Speculations on a Future State.* London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

no means a clear statement. If by it the authors intend to convey their belief that Christ is God the Son, the question of a future life must be settled in their minds beyond all dispute, since he taught it; and the *Unseen Universe* is a superfluous book. And yet they throw vigorous scientific contempt on the doctrine of a physical resurrection, a belief in which would seem, so far as the very fragmentary records concerning him enable us to judge, to have been held by Christ. This is, to say the least, not consistent if it be held that he spake with divine knowledge and authority. But concerning this, as also concerning the larger question of the value and authority of the several books of the Bible, the position of the authors of the *Unseen Universe* is most unsatisfactory, and does but illustrate the very general looseness of practice of assuming the divine origin and unity of a number of heterogeneous works, in making quotations hap-hazard from them to support a particular doctrine. One can understand the adoption of so irrational a method by Low Churchmen and Rivivalists, but it might fairly be expected that men of scientific habits of mind would not be content to endorse by their silence the popular notions concerning the supernatural origin of the Bible.

That they have devoted some time to the comparatively unimportant subject of textual criticism is shown in the insertion here and there of notes discussing the subtle mistranslations which are supposed to affect doctrines of 'awful importance.'

Surely the time wasted on these fruitless logomachies should have been occupied with the needful initial statement of the grounds upon which the authors admit the validity of the claim made on behalf of the Bible to be a revelation of truths which, but for it, man could never have known. Surely if the value of a revelation depends, as depend it must, upon the clearness of that which it reveals, so that there cannot be uncertainty as to the meaning, the authors should have explained how it has come to pass that disputes have constantly arisen as to 'what saith the Scripture.' For example, at the present time a very large number among the orthodox are seriously exercised concerning the future of the wicked. Quite a literature of the subject has lately sprung up, disclosing three widely different opinions thereon. One section, numbering among its adherents prominent ministers of the Congregational and Baptist sects, maintains that man forfeited his immortality when he fell, and that it will be restored only to those who are regenerate through Christ. For the rest of mankind there will be a season, the duration of which is not stated, of physical torture in hell and then annihilation. Another section remains staunch to the saints' comforting doctrine of everlasting punishment (to which, perhaps, the most valid objection was the farmer's, 'that no constitution could stand it') while the third section advocates the doctrine, certainly as old as Origen, of universal restoration. Each of these appeals to the Bible in support of his particular view; and, since each talks much about the meaning of the original Greek, the only inference we can draw is that upon a subject of no small interest the original Greek gives forth an uncertain sound. We cite this example only to show that in the absence of precise statements as to how they have reached such certitude concerning the Scripture revelation of a future state as their references to it imply, the authors of the *Unseen Universe* have failed to use an opportunity of relieving the perplexity of many minds. They cannot escape from their self-adopted position by disclaimers to the effect that they are not theologians and do but take the Christian records as they find them While they withhold their reasons for constituting the Bible a court of appeal against decisions arrived at by the matured judgment of our time upon doctrines deduced from its several books a bounden duty remains undischarged the neglect of which is only aggravated by their trifling over nice distinctions of words.

For this weighing of mint, anise, and cummin, and the leaving of the weightier matters undone, we are probably in debted to the theologians whose 'ready and valuable assistance' is acknowledged by the authors in their Preface. We do not doubt the readiness of that assistance, for theologians are seldom called in to revise the proof-sheets of scientific books, but we must take leave to ques

tion its value. It seems to us that the Delilahs of theology have for once caught the Samsons of science napping, and shorn their locks. A series of chapters are next devoted to very clear and masterly expositions of the several hypotheses concerning the origin, mode of development, material, structure, and probable fate of 'the present physical universe,' as the authors term it, or, as we will call it, to prevent confusion of terms, the Cosmos; and to explanations of the principles known as the 'Conservation of Energy' and 'Continuity;' these latter being the bases of the authors' argument for the existence of an Unseen and Eternal Universe, out of which all things visible came, and into which they are returning.

The substance of these chapters goes to show that the Cosmos has an objective reality; that it had a beginning in time, and in time will come to an end. Under the term 'stuff,' or 'matter,' there is included not only solid, liquid, and gaseous bodies, but also that extremely subtle, elastic form of it, known as ether, which is supposed to pervade space and to occupy the minute spaces between the atoms of all bodies, and is the medium by which energy is conveyed from the sun, as well as the vehicle by which light is brought from more distant suns, and thereby some knowledge of their physical constitution obtained. But matter forms the smaller part of the Cosmos. Besides it there is something which also has an objective reality, namely, 'energy,' of the transformations of which matter is the vehicle. Those attributes of matter which were formerly thought to have a substantive existence, e.g. heat being once called caloric, and electricity a fluid, are now known to be modes of motion of an unknown force among the particles of matter. The doctrine of the reciprocal interaction of the several classes of phenomena is known as the 'Correlation of Physical Forces,' and is thus clearly stated by Sir W. R. Grove, whose monograph, bearing that title, is the standard book on the subject:

> Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, motion, and chemical affinity, are all convertible material affections; assuming either as the cause, one of the others will be the effect. Thus heat may be said to produce electricity; electricity, heat · and so of the rest.

Sir W. Grove also remarks, in his address on 'Continuity,' which will be found in the sixth edition of the same volume:

> It is now proved that all these forces are so invariably connected *inter se* and with motion as to be regarded as modifications of each other, and as resolving themselves objectively into motion, and subjectively into that something which produces or resists motion, and which we call force.

By the principle of the 'Conservation of Matter' is meant that its sum-total in the Cosmos is constant, since it cannot be increased or lessened; in brief, that matter is indestructible.

By the principle of the 'Conservation of Energy,' or, as Herbert Spencer prefers to call it, the 'Persistence of Force,' is meant, that under all the several modes of motion through which it is manifested the sum-total remains unaltered; in brief, that energy is indestructible. But what matter is in itself, and what energy is in itself, are profound and probably insoluble mysteries. Now, energy is of use to us solely because it is constantly being transformed. We can get no work done by still water, motionless air, or heat equally distributed. To drive the wheel the water must fall; to propel the ship the air-currents must travel; to move a steam-engine the heat of the burning coal must pass to the less warm water of the boiler. And since every hot body is parting with its heat, which is diffused among bodies less heated, there is a tendency towards equilibrium in an ultimate uniform temperature throughout the entire mass, and when that equilibrium is attained, it is obvious that, although the quantity of energy will remain, it will become unavailable for work. As Professor Helmholtz remarks:

> The last weight will have reached its level. The last molecule of matter will have satisfied the strongest affinity. All parts of the universe will be equally hot, and no light-wave will cross the regions of space.

And then shall the end be. Long ere this the earth and the other bodies of our system will have been engulfed in the sun, the solar heat sustained by the impact of those huge masses will have been dissipated and the sun himself have met a similar fate, until the visible universe shall be resolved into its primitive

nebulosity, and so provide material for the development of vaster solar systems.

And so on, growing in grandeur but diminishing in number till the exhaustion of energy is complete, and after that eternal rest, so far at least as visible motion is concerned.—*Unseen Universe*, p. 92.

With this fate before it, immortality in such a universe is impossible, and were the action of the principle of the conservation of energy limited to it, continued existence elsewhere would, on the authors' hypothesis, be impossible. They contend that since the Deity (whose existence as a personal God they regard as self-evident, although they do not disdain to quote a passage from Herbert Spencer in support of the 'self-evident') has conditioned all created beings as regards time, place, and sensation, we cannot conceive of any finite intelligence without some sort of embodiment. The connection of mind and matter is an impenetrable mystery, but their interdependence shows that for continuity of being an organisation connecting the individual with the past and affording power of varied action in the present is indispensable.

It is at this point that the principle of Continuity comes in to support the theory of the authors that the ether, which has the power of transmitting motion from one part of the Cosmos to another, is the vehicle by which the energy of the Cosmos passes into an unseen universe; energy from the individual, as well as that vast surplusage of force, the ultimate disposition of which remains, the authors' theory notwithstanding, one of the most perplexing yet interesting questions for our natural philosophers to investigate. (As a single illustration, take the fact that all the planets of the solar system together intercept only about the $\frac{1}{2270000000}$ part of the heat emitted by the sun, the earth taking about the $\frac{1}{2000000000}$ part.)

Continuity is based upon the theory that the sequence of events is orderly, not fitful; that the causes which are now producing certain effects operated in the past to produce like effects. In virtue of this principle the astronomer can calculate eclipses as easily backwards as forwards; in virtue of it the geologist learns in present formations the history of the deposition of the most ancient strata, and, in investigating effects apparently anomalous, feels no necessity to refer them to special interventions. In brief, we may borrow a verse from the book of Ecclesiastes (chap. i. 9) as tersely defining this modern doctrine: 'The thing that hath been it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun.' Although, in dealing with the question of the beginning of the Cosmos, the authors decline to admit any break in continuity—nay, insist upon the interference of a First Cause being driven back as far as possible—they appear quite prepared to make a reservation in favor of the miracles said to have been worked by Christ, thus cheerfully, it would seem at the suggestion of their theological revisers, sawing well-nigh through the bough on which they are all sitting.

Putting the physical speculations of the book into as brief a form as is possible, they are as follows: The principle of the dissipation of energy forbids us to think that the Cosmos had no beginning, and the principle of continuity forbids us to seek in the hypothesis of creation *ex nihilo* (which is, in fact, unthinkable) for an explanation of that beginning.

We are therefore led to conclude that there is an unseen universe with which the Cosmos, being born out of it, stands in the most intimate connection, and which is itself related to a series of unseen universes beyond it, the ultimate one possessing 'infinite energy and of which the intelligent developing agency possesses infinite energy.' Of the nature and properties of these unseen universes we know nothing, but we may readily conceive that their several densities decrease with the square of the distance, the matter of the first being inconceivably more rarefied than was that of the solar system during what Prof. Huxley calls its 'nebulous cubhood,' when it would have required many millions of cubic miles of such matter to weigh a single grain. Out of this 'unseen universe' the matter of the Cosmos, and all life, which is not a species of energy or a phenomenon of matter, has come, and into it there is ever passing the energy which the Cosmos loses. Our personal relation to this invisible state is as follows: Just as light is held to result from vibrations or un-

dulations of the ether set in motion by self-luminous or light-reflecting bodies, so every thought occasions molecular action in the brain which gives rise to vibrations of the ether. While the effect of a portion of our mental activity is to leave a permanent record on the matter of the brain, and thus constitute an organ of memory, the effect of the remaining portion is to set up thought-waves across the ether, and to construct by these means, in some part of the unseen universe, what may be called our 'spiritual body.' By this process there is being gradually built up, as the resultant of our present activities, our future selves, and when we die our consciousness is in some mysterious way transferred to this spiritual body, and thus the continuity of identity is secured

> Eternal form shall still divide
> Th' eternal soul from all beside.

In considering the tenableness of this curious hypothesis, it must be at once admitted that we are forbidden by science to fix any limit to the area in which the several modes of force operate, and it is not to be denied that the thoughts and acts of all of us do set up ethereal disturbances, which may vibrate to an unseen universe. As Mr. Babbage remarks in his 'Ninth Bridgewater Treatise' (ch. ix.):

> The pulsations of the air, once set in motion by the human voice (and by the roar of the lion, the bray of the ass, &c., the author might have added!) cease not to exist with the sounds to which they gave rise. Strong and audible as they may be in the immediate neighborhood of the speaker, and at the immediate moment of utterance, their quickly-alternated force soon becomes inaudible to human ears. But the waves of air thus raised perambulate the earth's and ocean's surface, and in less than twenty hours every atom of its atmosphere takes up the altered movement due to that infinitesimal portion of primitive motion which has been conveyed to it through countless channels, and which must continue to influence its path throughout its future existence. But these aerial pulses, unseen by the keenest eye, unheard by the acutest ear, unperceived by human senses, are yet demonstrated to exist by human reason; and in some few and limited instances, by calling to our aid the most refined and comprehensive instrument of human thought (mathematical analysis) their causes are traced and their intensities measured. . . . Thus considered, what a strange chaos is this wide atmosphere we breathe! Every atom impressed with good and with ill, retains at once the motions which philosophers and sages have imparted to it, mixed and combined in ten thousand ways with all that is worthless and base. The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages is for ever written all that man has ever said or even whispered.

But the initial and obvious objection to the theory started by the authors, and which has been already advanced against it in criticisms on their book, is that they utterly fail to show how the effects transmitted by the ethereal medium into the unseen universe are there restricted to a particular spot; how, for example, the aerial pulsations which we are each at this moment setting up, and which beat their way unwearyingly through the ether, are directed and nucleated, so that our several vibrations do not get mixed together, and so that no collision takes place whereby they are neutralised, as darkness results from the interference of light-waves, and silence from the interference of sound-waves. To make the objection raised perfectly clear, let us borrow an illustration from photography. By the action of the actinic or chemical property of light on a duly prepared substance, an image of the object to be photographed is obtained. To so localise the light-waves set up by the object as to prevent interference of light-waves from surrounding objects, the plate which is to receive the impression is confined in a camera, and a likeness is obtained. Were the light-waves from other bodies allowed to mix with them, the result would be a blot. The question suggested is, what is there in the unseen universe which does for the thought-waves what the camera does for the light-waves?

Where is, and from whence came, the anterior organism (for the authors, it will be remembered, insist upon embodiment) which receives these thought-waves and gathers up into itself the force transmitted from its 'angel' or 'demon'? Is it that 'middle intelligence between God and man, and the uniting link which completes the chain of being,' of whom Plato speaks; that particular demon whom, according to the Greeks, each mortal receives at birth, and in whose invisible guidance their Socrates believed? Does it exercise any principle of selection which secures the 'survival of the fittest' of our thoughts, or does it mechanically incorporate the sum-total and thus involve the continuity of evil,

together with the consequent immortality of that mysterious power? These are difficulties which the authors are bound to meet, for to assume that the vibrations create their nucleus is as absurd as to suppose that the colors of a picture can weave the canvas on which they are laid.

The authors have anticipated several objections to their hypothesis, but their replies do not touch the major difficulty, and they moreover lean to a method scarcely scientific, and not unfamiliar to readers of Butler's 'Analogy,' of meeting one difficulty by presenting another. One is reminded of the story told of a boy in some school where the Church Catechism was taught, and whose father was a Dissenter. It fell to the lad's turn to answer the question, 'Why then are infants baptised, seeing that by reason of their tender years, they cannot perform them'? (referring to the baptismal promises). 'Ah! sir, why indeed?' replied the boy.

Among other difficulties of somewhat less importance is the support sought for the authors' hypothesis from Struve's theory of the distribution of stars in space. On the assumption that this is uniform he argued that the light which we ought to receive from stars of given magnitude does not reach us, and must therefore be absorbed by the ether. The force thus lost as light may, the authors contend, undergo transmutation and pass in to the unseen universe. But there are surely just as good grounds for contending that this surplus light does nothing of the kind, but remains as motion within the Cosmos to play some needful, although as yet undiscovered, part. Again, the gradual tendency towards equilibrium, which has been referred to already, may not be restricted to the Cosmos, but extend to the unseen universe. Neither does it appear that the organisms in which we are each to dwell hereafter will be exempt from those conditions of change and ultimate decay which attach to all organisms, so that at last we may, like Tithonus, sigh for 'the power to die.'

The hypothesis of a 'spiritual body' is a consistent deduction from the nebulous premisses of this book. It is an old story. The ancient Jews believed in an immortal bone, 'os sacrum,' the germ of the resurrection body; Descartes placed the soul in the pineal gland; the mathematician said it must be extension; the musician said it was harmony; now come our authors, who say that it is vibrations.

Although the able authors of the *Unseen Universe* have left the question of a future life exactly where they found it, we are grateful to them for their book, because they have, of course unconsciously, demonstrated conclusively that science can offer no solution of the mystery, can affirm or deny nothing whatever respecting it. Science deals with phenomena. By his faculties of perception, comparison, and generalisation, man discovers the sequences, uniformities, co-relations, and differences of these phenomena, and groups them into so-called 'laws of nature.' This is the magnificent, unending work of science. The great things done by her are an earnest that she will do greater yet,—she, who has made the world more beautiful for all of us, who has fought unwearyingly her bloodless battle for humanity, and given it bread and heart where theology has given it stones and despair. But her discovery of unity and continuity in phenomena has not advanced us a step in the explanation of what these are *in themselves*. What is the nature of matter and mind, 'names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena,' as Mr. Huxley truly calls them; what is the bond of union between them; what energy is; what life is; these remain the ultimate mysteries upon which science sheds no ray of light; to which her inductive method cannot be applied; and concerning which she 'can but enlighten us as to the depths of our ignorance.' Beginning with hypotheses of atoms and ethereal media, she logically concludes with confessions of nescience, and admits, as Picton well puts it in the preface to his *Mystery of Matter*, 'that all physical science, if only followed far enough, has metaphysical issues which are full of the profoundest suggestiveness.'

They therefore who, serving her not with too much zeal but with too little wisdom, deny absolutely where she at least bids all be silent, seem to us possessed of that spirit of dogmatism which we are accustomed to think is restricted to those red-stockinged anachronisms, and all their kin who shouted their 'placet' at the Vatican Council.

Not wiser are they who, assuming an antagonism which cannot exist, offer us books of reconciliation like the one now under consideration. As between science and the traditional theology, they are convincing only to those convinced already; and such power as they may have is for mischief in lulling the orthodox into a false security. As between science and religion, they arise out of strange misconceptions regarding the essential nature of the latter. Their writers forget, or are ignorant of the fact, that by religion we do not mean any particular expression of it, whether in the rudest fetishism or the most elaborated doctrinal mysticism, but that *constant* element the home and sphere of which is the emotions, the duty assigned to which is the regulation of the affections and the direction of conduct, which latter Matthew Arnold reminds us makes up three-fourths of life. Between religion, thus considered, and science, there can no more be collision than between the planets, which travel in different orbits while subject to the same controlling force.

Amidst the silence of Science in the face of the mystery of a future life, and the utter untenableness of the several arguments by which the intellect has sought to convince itself that such a life must be, it is to the *emotions*—from whence arise the springs of human action which have made man's methods of advance so unlike Nature's method, and rendered a science of human history impossible; where dwell the factors that persistently disturb our equations; wherein, could utility but enter, she would hear strange voices of compassion and self-sacrifice, and stand abashed before a reverence it is not hers to share; where the beauty of the universe steals in, unbidden, like the morning light, and unbroken on the prism of analysis; where the conviction of a Power 'closer to us than breathing, nearer than hands and feet,' remains unshaken by logic, untroubled by definition —that we venture to appeal for the justification of the belief of humanity in the splendid possibility of the life of a world to come.

Perhaps the strongest evidence furnished by the emotions is to be found in that sense of wholesome dissatisfaction with things as they are which is the condition of all healthy being, and which has been the motor power in the slow procession of human progress. We do not think it boundless conceit which causes man, in his sorrow, with strong mingling of hope, to think that the world has need of him to aid in the advancement of the race, since it is certain that it rests with him to bless or curse his kind, and to maintain that struggle to reach the perfection which is the ideal of humanity, and in which Nature aids him only as he controls her. Can we think that when that purpose for which the ages have travailed is attained, we shall discover how *purposeless* it is; that the race, with no ideal beyond, perfects itself only to die, and mayhap to begin the toilsome course once more? If in the ultimate victory over matter its conqueror dies, we may well ask: 'To what purpose . . . this waste?'

It is sometimes brought in argument against the validity of the testimony furnished by the emotions, that they are but transformed utilities, with the garrulity and diseased egotism of age superadded. The objection has little weight, unless it be conceded that the function of an organ is affected by tracing it to its origin; and the most divergent schools of philosophy agree that a super-sensual belief is not upset by discovering the history of its emergence among sensible conditions. Upon this matter Mr. Sidgwick remarks:

> No one appeals from the artist's sense of beauty to the child's; nor are the truths of the higher mathematics thought to be less certainly true because they can only be apprehended by a highly-developed intellect. In fact, this disposition to attribute some strange importance and special authority to what was *first* felt or thought belongs to an antiquated point of view. In politics we have quite abandoned the idea that even if we could establish irrefragably the original condition of the human family, it would at all help to determine jural obligations in our existing societies. The corresponding opinion still lingers in psychology and ethics, but it may be expected to linger not very long as the assumption that our earliest consciousness is most trustworthy is not only baseless but opposed to the current theories of Evolution and Progress.

Finding that such answer as is forthcoming to this momentous question is not in the strong wind, neither in the earthquake, nor the fire, nor in anything without, but folded within the question itself, a sane mind ought not to give

itself up to perplexity when considering the terrible inroads made by science on current beliefs; the sense of obligation to the past, of duty to the present, and of relation to the future as affected by what is done to-day, is intensified; thought and action are not diverted from the world that is to a different kind of world that may be, and the conditions under which we are, being not of our seeking or making, are accepted with loyalty as opportunities for serving and advancing that humanity of which we form a part, and whose life and destiny it is ours as men and women to share.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

JONATHAN.

BY C. C. FRASER-TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "MISTRESS JUDITH," ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE GATES OF DEATH.

WHEN Jonathan came out of the Thornes' cottage, Miss Lynn had gone.

He saw the men out of the house, and, locking the door, put the key in his pocket. There was no need for watchers any longer there.

The men, who had come from a neighboring village, left him at the foot of the lane.

He turned into the meadow to make his way homewards, and on the top he paused and looked round, thinking he might catch sight of Daphne's figure going down the slope.

"She isn't fit to go home alone," he said to himself. "She might have waited."

He had been looking on at some distance, while she was close to him. She was sitting with her back against one of the large elms that crowned the slope, resting her head against it. She got up when Jonathan came in sight.

"I'm glad you waited," he said, coming up to her. "You aren't fit to walk alone."

"I thought I was," she answered, "I felt better when I started, and I thought I should like to get home. But I'd better tell you the truth. I was afraid to go through the field alone, and I waited for you."

Jonathan thought he understood what she meant—that she feared meeting Falk—but he said nothing. It would be better to let her speak on. It was not for him to intrude on her trouble.

They walked on without speaking for a little. Then Daphne said suddenly, as if she were forcing the words to come,

"I have been thinking since I sat here what I must do. And it has come to me that I had better speak to you. I believe I can trust you better than most people here, and I think you are better able to answer me than some. Will you tell me the whole truth if I ask you?"

"I never can tell you anything but the truth," he answered. "But it's not in a man's power always to tell the whole truth. Some things a man must keep unsaid, all his life through."

She saw no hidden meaning in his words and went on, speaking with agitation,

"I shall know by your face whether it is true—whether you know more than I do. I don't think you can look a lie, far less say one. You know that I was going to be married, and I've told you to-day it can never be. I've told him so, and I have given him up. And, oh, it's a hard thing to ask a stranger—but if you were my brother or my father, would you say I was right? You knew the Thornes well—do you know their history better than the other village people? Did Jael's words mean what I took them to mean? If you had a sister, would you like her to marry *him?*"

She was looking earnestly into his face for the answer.

Jonathan turned to her and said, as earnestly,

"If I had a sister, God knows I couldn't be more glad to save her from him than to hear that He's put out His hand and saved you."

The tears rushed into Daphne's eyes. They had stopped, and were looking at each other.

"And no one told me? I knew I had few friends," she said, "since my father died. But I did not think I had no friend. It's not a world where women

can live alone, and trust to those who know more of this terrible world and its sins, to keep them out of misery. But what could I expect, in a strange, strange place, where no one cares for us?"

Jonathan had turned his shoulder to her. He was looking away over the fields and past the village. For a moment he was choked, and could not speak. Daphne's sad face and hard saying had moved him almost beyond the power of self-control.

After a few moments he turned, and said, in a voice that silenced her, she knew not why—

"It's not as you think. It's as far from it as night and day. I can't tell you now why I've kept silence. Perhaps, some day my tongue may be loosed. But it's a hard tongue to loose at all times, and of late there's been nothing to say, that could be said. Only it isn't that you've got no friend in Shelbourne—for the love of God don't say that again."

They did not speak till they reached the school-gate.

"Mr. Cleare," said Daphne, then, "there is only one thing I want to ask you —are you the only man who knows what I know? or does all the world speak evil of him?"

Jonathan looked at her for the first time in his life with suspicion. Did public opinion weigh then so much with her? Would she determine her choice by the fact of whether Falk was, in the eyes of others, innocent or guilty?

He meant that his answer should test her. With a certain bitterness, he said—

"Only one man in Shelbourne knows it besides me. He won't speak if it's of service to you that he should keep silence. He's been silent for the sake of Jael, who'd have lost her home if he'd spoken. We're broken in to it now, and if *you* want the man to be screened—it can be just as it has been—all just as it has been."

"I *do* want him to be screened," she answered. "He has trouble enough without bringing shame on him, from which he can be saved. Let it be between us three and my mother for ever. It's the only thing I can do for him, now that all is over between us."

"The other man has a greater temptation to speak than I have now," said Jonathan, "whatever it may have bee till to-day. But he's my mate, and think I can rule him, since he's rule himself so well till now."

Daphne held out her hand to Jonatha and turned away. She knew he must b speaking of Andrew Male. But what us to ask further questions? The one sh had asked was answered. The promis she had wished for was given.

She blessed Jonathan in her heart fo this. And the first words she said t her mother were not of her own weak ness, or the shock she had met with i finding Jael dead; but—

"It need not be known, mother. N one need know the reason that it is a over."

"My dear," said the mother, "it woul be better surely that they should know What will they think of you for breakin it off, if you can't give a reason? They' say you've jilted him, that's all."

"What *can* it matter?" she answered bursting into an hysterical fit of crying "I want to get to bed—help me, mother to get to bed."

At seven o'clock next morning, when Jonathan was at his bricks and mortar, building the little room on to his house which was his wont now in his spare hours, he heard the sound of quick wheels up the road.

He and a neighbor from the next house looked out at the same time.

"It's the doctor," said the neighbor. "I take it the schoolmissus is ill. She did look bad yesterday and the day before."

Daphne was indeed ill. She had passed away again into the land of unconsciousness, in which Jonathan had found her the day before.

When Aaron Falk came to see her the first time he was told that she was ill. The second time he came Mrs. Lynn had the doctor's orders to admit no one.

"If I could see her—even see her," h said, "for the last time. I should neve trouble her or you again, if I could se her once."

"Does she know any one?" Mrs. Lyn asked of Mrs. Cleare, who had come i till a nurse could be sent for.

Mrs. Cleare shook her head.

"You can come, then, and look int the room," said Mrs. Lynn. All h

peevishness was gone. She was calm and ready for all emergencies, now that real trouble had overtaken her.

Aaron Falk followed her upstairs. The window in Daphne's room was open. The muslin blind was softly blowing out and in on the wind. A bunch of late roses that he had sent her, stood in a glass on the table, hanging their heavy heads over her Bible and her work.

Mrs. Lynn held the door open, and he took one look. Daphne's grey eyes were fixed vacantly on the ceiling, and her hands were thrown out over the pillow.

Aaron Falk turned quickly away.

He went downstairs and out of the house, leaving the blind woman before she had time to say the words of forgiveness that rose to her lips.

* * * *

There was no change in Miss Lynn's condition for many days. After that she grew worse. And no nurse, such as Mrs. Lynn could afford to pay for, was to be found.

"Mother, couldn't you say you'd go on doing for her?" said Jonathan, one day. "Surely you'd do better for her than a stranger; I'd see after father if you'd go."

"Jonathan, he's al'ays so thoughtful," said Mrs. Cleare to Daphne's mother. "He says as I can stop and do for her if you're willin', ma'am. He's ta'en it wonderful to heart that she's so bad. He's like his father some ways, is Jonathan. He don't say much, but he'll go out over the door if anythin' upsets him like. He went out to-mornin' soon's ever he heard as she were worse, and then he come and begged me to do for her. 'Mother,' says he, 'you can do better for her,' says he, 'than a stranger.'"

Mrs. Lynn was quite of Jonathan's opinion. She could do little herself because of her blindness. But Daphne was a very quiet sufferer, and gave little or no trouble; and she seemed to be as patient as a lamb in Mrs. Cleare's hands.

"Whether she lives or whether she dies, she's ready to go," said Jonathan's mother, one evening when she returned home to get her men's supper ready, before going back for the night to the school-house.

"Do she look like sinkin'?" asked Jonathan the elder, wakened to an unusual interest in other people's concerns.

"No one can't tell yet," said his wife; "but this is the worst day as she's had all along. She's so roamin', and don't get no sleep. The doctor said he'd come ag'in to-night and pass his opinion on her. He said he'd see to-night which way it 'ud turn. Jonathan, you ain't eatin' no victuals; can't you so much as take your beer?"

CHAPTER LIX.

SILVER LININGS.

No one but Andrew guessed at the reason why Priscilla had left her mother and gone back to Hepreth.

And he guessed rightly.

The sight of her grandfather in death had awed and frightened her; the thought of a night spent in the same room and house with that still figure terrified her.

Towards evening, though it was damp and chilly, and the child ailing, her fear overmastered her, and she fled back to the workhouse.

"Why did you come back so soon?" asked one of the women, as she came in wet and tired. "If I'd the chance of gettin' home, or a home to go to, I wouldn't hurry to get back in this hole agin."

"I thought as something 'ud come to the child if I stopped along o' that," said 'Scilla; "gran'father were dead. They're goin' to put him away to-morrow. I couldn't stop there." And she shivered.

"Somethin' more like to come to the child through bringin' him home this damp night and him ailin'," said the nurse, taking the little thing out of 'Scilla's arms, and feeling its cold hands and feet, almost as blue as the frock it was dressed in.

Priscilla looked up frightened into the nurse's face.

"You don't think nothin' 'll come to him, do you?" she asked, tremulously.

"It's not your fault if it don't. But there, there, now—don't be a silly and cry about it. Cryin' never mended broken bones, as the sayin' is. Get some hot water, and we'll bathe him. Bring it to my ward, there's a fire there."

They were standing in a bare room, where four or five other women with ba-

bies in their arms were sitting on a bench against the wall. The only relief in the expanse of deal and whitewash was a placard, addressed in large black letters to "Refractory Paupers," which hung upon the wall.

'Scilla thankfully followed the nurse, a kind woman who had had children of her own, to the sick-ward, where flowers and a fire made the place a paradise in the poor girl's eyes.

"There, he's better for that; no doctor couldn't do no better for him," said one of the women who was sitting up in bed. The sight of 'Scilla's distress, and of the little child's face, made a grateful source of excitement in the monotonous life of the workhouse invalids.

"He can't go with you to-night," said the nurse kindly, but with decision, "it's warmer in here than in your place."

She had noticed what Priscilla had not, that the little one's breathing was thick, and that there was a sound of croup.

Priscilla slunk off to bed with heavy steps and a woe-begone face. But she lay on the top of the brown coverlet without undressing, till the under-matron, coming round to see that all was right, discovered this enormity.

"Where are your clothes?" she asked roughly. "Lying down in your new dress? If you had to pay for it, you'd take better care. Get up directly, and go to bed in a proper way."

It was no use to explain why she had not undressed. The story of her child's illness would find no soft corner to touch in this woman's heart. Priscilla rose as she was told, and the matron stood beside her till her orders were obeyed.

"Don't put your clothes on the bed; you know very well that's against the rules. I shall have to complain of you to the master."

"It's so cold," said the girl, shivering, looking wistfully at the dress which would have kept her feet warm if she had laid it on them.

"Cold? Don't talk to me about cold; a strong, healthy young woman like you ought never to feel cold. How many blankets do you have at home, I wonder? It can't be much of a home, or you wouldn't have hurried back from it. You know well enough where to be comfortable, though you can whine like the rest of them when you're here."

The matron went out, locking the door behind her. But Priscilla lay awake. If the child were worse, the nurse would come to the door and tell her.

At six o'clock, when they all got up, the nurse had not been to the door. 'Scilla rose with a lighter heart, and dressed herself quickly.

The doors were open now; she looked out to see that the passage was clear, and then ran to the sick-ward.

"My dear," said the nurse, coming up to her, her polished red arms akimbo, "I weren't willin' to trouble you 'cause I knowed you couldn't come out to the mornin', but the child's very bad. You can look at it, but I don't think the Lord 'll spare it to you."

The girl gave a cry and ran across the ward to the bed where her child was lying. She saw death in its face, and with a moan she sank down on a chair beside it, stretched her arms over its body, and put her forehead against its breast. She could not bear to see it die, and she knew that it was dying.

"Is there any one she knows," said the doctor, a few hours later, "if she has no relations? Some one ought to come who could do something with her."

The nurse shook her head.

"She never speaks of no one, except her mother, and there come a letter to-mornin' sayin' she were dead. I read her the letter, but she didn't make as if she heard it, she's that taken up with the child."

"Poor soul," said the doctor; "she's in great trouble. I'm half afraid for her reason if she's not roused. She ought to be taken out of here for a little to get this off her mind. She's not as wise as most people, I think?"

"Well, I dun' know about that, sir. She's wise enough and got heart enough about some things. Wonderful good mother she's been to that poor child; and as gentle as a lamb. No bad words like the other women."

"What's her name?" asked the doctor, laying his hand on the girl's head. "Priscilla, is it? Priscilla, look here, you must try and rouse yourself. This won't do; the little child is dead, but you've

other friends in the world, I dare-

e looked up with a dull stare into
ıce and made no answer.
Vell, I can't wait. Only if you can
out that she has any friends, nurse,
nust let them know. Let her sleep
to-night; it'll comfort her, though
:hild's dead. Remember, if there's
rouble made about it, it is my or-
"

.et me see," said the nurse, rubbing
orehead, a little later. "She comes
Shelbourne. There's a cart of the
er's goes past to-day; it always goes
ıursdays. I'll set one of the chil-
to watch for it. It'll be a nice job
ıne of 'em, and pass the time; and
ll take a message to her friends, if
.as any."

* * * *

ıwards evening a young man was
ing at the door of the sick-ward.
Iere's a young man who is a friend
ıe girl Thorne," said the master,
had come to the door. "The doc-
ished any one who came to see her
admitted."
:ome in," said the nurse, kindly.
sure we're glad to see any one as
friend of hern. We've been all
like, seein' the trouble she makes
sin' the poor child. Perhaps she'll
more if you'll speak to her."
.e young man came stepping softly
s the room, as softly as he could in
ıick nailed boots. He was in his
ing clothes, and there was a look of
:ment, which he was trying to sup-
upon his sunburnt face.
illa was still lying with her face upon
ead child, her arms stretched over it.
: can't be dead," said the young
under his breath, looking at the
; "she never could abide to see
'olk, let alone a corpse."
he can abide this," said the nurse;
her own child, you see; we can't
:r to leave it. I wish we could."
ıcilla," said the young man, com-
lose to her, "you ain't left quite
; you've got a friend yet, 'Scilla.
:ome a purpose, as soon's ever I
the news, to see if I could help

: moved a little.
ou won't let me go back without
ing to me, will you, 'Scilla? You
remember 'Drew, don't you, 'Scilla, as was always your friend?"

The nurse had turned away. Even the women in the beds had left off staring. Tears were in some of their eyes. Something in Andrew's manner made them feel that to look and listen would be an intrusion. This was no common meeting of two friends.

The girl lifted herself up now, and looked into Andrew's face.

"Give me your hand," he said, in a low voice.

She kept one on the dead child; the other she gave to Andrew. Her eyes had gone back again to the little corpse.

"I knew you'd speak to me, 'Scilla. I comed away soon's ever I heard you was in trouble. I haven't been nigh you before because—well, for one thing, I thought you hadn't no need of me. But when I heard you'd lost that—I couldn't do other than come to you. You aren't angered because I've come, are you, 'Scilla?"

She looked at him, and the tears had come into her dry eyes. Her lips moved; she was saying "No," very softly, so softly that no one but Andrew, who knew her ways so well, could have guessed at what she said.

"My dear," he said, bending over her, and closing his hands tightly over hers, "it breaks my heart to see you here; it ain't no place for the like o' you. Do you think as you could come back with me, now as you've got nothin' to care for here? You ain't got no mother, now, nor no home, 'Scilla."

She pointed to the dead child and whispered, shaking her head,

"I can't leave it."

"But that'll come home, too," he answered; "you'd like it to be laid under the old church, and not in the town?"

She nodded her assent, for her voice was choked with tears.

"Will you help her get ready?" said Andrew, turning to the nurse; "I think I'll get her to come home to my mother."

"That I will, and you'll deal fair by her? She ain't got no friends, young man."

"She's got friends, and a home, now," he answered. And the nurse looked in his face and took his word.

They walked home side by side, Andrew and Priscilla.

It was late on a bright October afternoon, when they started. The hedges were sparkling from the rain of the day before.

The nurse had lent 'Scilla a black shawl and bonnet. The little child was to follow next day, and to be laid to rest in Shelbourne church-yard. The thought of that seemed to comfort 'Scilla; and as she realised that it was indeed dead—that her mother had gone too, she turned to Andrew with a child-like dependence that she had never shown before.

They spoke very little the first part of the way, only sometimes when she looked tired he gave her his hand. It was better to leave her with her grief a little, Andrew thought.

It was not till they reached the bay in the wood, where the hyacinths grew that they used to pick together, that he stopped and said—

"I want to speak to you now, 'Scilla, my dear."

"You aren't going to send me home—not to *that* house?" she asked, in a frightened tone. Through the copse and up the hill was one of the ways she used to take in old days, to her home.

"Send you there? 'Scilla, do you think that's what I brought you for? Do you think the thought of you isn't in my mind night and day? They think I've got by it, that I don't care for you no more; but I'd best tell you the truth, though it may grieve you a bit; the only thing that stood between you and me has been taken away to-day. It's the Lord's doings, 'Scilla, that it's taken; but where the Lord's been hard to you, my darlin', he's been good to me. You didn't want me, before; but maybe now you'll want a friend; you'll want some one to take care on you, 'Scilla; you know you're made beautiful above other women."

She was hanging her head, but she made no answer. His voice was trembling as he went on—

"This is the place as we used to pick the blue flowers together. I looked in your face many times then, and I said if you'd have me, you should be my wife. Then—you know what came atween us, my dear—and I thought I shouldn't never have a wife."

She was crying now, still looking down.

"Don't fret, 'Scilla, my sweetheart," he said, tenderly, "it's all past and gone, now. You've had your cup of troubles, and I've had mine. But I think He's showed us the way as we ought to go, now; it's the way my heart's been pointin' all along. Will you come home to mother, 'Scilla, and be my wife, and be always along of me?"

"O 'Drew," she said, sobbing, "you're too good to me; but your mother—she'll never speak to such as me."

"Give me a kiss, Scilla," he answered, "the Lord's made you mine again, and neither man nor woman shall come between us now."

Chapter LX.

THE LOVE THAT STOOPED.

No one wondered when the next Sunday morning, Pedley, the clerk, heaved up the large book of Registers of Marriages, and put it before Mr. May. Every one knew what was coming.

"I publish the banns of marriage between Andrew Male, bachelor, and Priscilla Thorne, spinster, both of this parish. If any of you know just cause or impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, ye are now to declare it. This is the first time of asking."

Some of the people fancied Mr. May's voice shook a little as he spoke. Andrew had always been a favorite of his; he had felt deeply for him in his trouble. Now, alas, he had good cause for other feelings than sympathy with Andrew. Aaron Falk, the man he had always leaned upon, and taken counsel with, had fallen in his eyes. Village rumor began to whisper the truth. The curate, thinking to arm himself and defeat the foul calumny, had gone straight to his friend. And, broken by trouble, by the loss of Daphne's love, and by the news that she was hanging between life and death, the better man in Aaron Falk had asserted itself, and he had opened the black page in his life to Alfred May.

"If I were you, I would go away for a time," the curate had said. "It would

be best on all accounts, if you can leave home."

The brewer did not go at once. Some said he was too proud to be driven away. Others, that he cared more for his money than his good name. Even Mr. May judged hardly of him for staying on in Shelbourne at such a time. No one guessed that he stayed only till he could hear that Daphne's life was safe. While she lay at death's door he felt he was a murderer. He knew that Jael's death alone could never have brought her to this pass.

She did not die but live, and when he heard that she was out of danger, the brewer took Mr. May's advice and went away.

As Miss Lynn lay in the helpless but peaceful state of a slow recovery, she felt as if she had passed one long night of dreams, and had awoke to find years gone over her head.

There was no fear of poor Aaron Falk in his distress any longer. He had been gone a week before she could make up her mind to ask her mother about him.

"Mother," she said, when her question had been answered, "I think there is but one thing for us to do, and that is to leave this place as soon as I can get about again. I know people that have to work for their bread can't afford to go always by their feelings. But I don't think he can ever be happy while we are here. If we went away, it would all pass over, and be as if it had never been, I dare say. It is his home, and it's not ours. We were breaking up our home any how. It would be very easy for us to go."

"If you wish it, my dear, perhaps it may be," her mother answered, trying to quiet her for the present at all costs. "You can talk to the minister when you're better."

"There's another thing," said Daphne, "the school is closed all this time. I know Mr. May does not like to look for another mistress while things are as they are. He would think it was taking the bread out of our mouths. I wish you'd write and give it up for me, mother. I should feel much happier if you would."

"Should you, my dear? Well, then, I'm willing to try and go away. But it's a hard thing to move again at my age, Daphne."

"But you don't care to stop, do you, mother? There is no one cares for us here. Everything that made Shelbourne a happy place to us is gone. I feel as if I must go away from it all, and forget all that has happened. I feel so old, mother, I feel as if years had passed since I lay down on this bed."

Mrs. Lynn went down to the kitchen to have her tea with Mrs. Cleare. She told her almost word for word what Daphne had said.

"I'll take her a cup o' tea," said Jonathan's mother, with the tears in her sweet grey eyes.

"My dear," she said, "your mother's been a-tellin' me as you've been sayin' you've got no friends—no one as cares whether you go or stay. And I take it hard as you'd go to think that, when so many's ta'en up about you. There's never a day but Jonathan's awaitin' in the door of an evenin', a purpose to hear if you're mendin'."

Daphne was looking in Mrs. Cleare's face when she began to speak. Before she ended she had turned her eyes away.

After a little she said, as Mrs. Cleare sat beside her,

"Andrew Male is his friend, isn't he?"

"Yes. He's his mate; they've been mates ever sin' they were lads together. They're wonderful after each other, is Jonathan and 'Drew."

"When did you say the marriage was to be?"

"Oh, 'Drew, he's to be married tomorrow. He were asked the last time o' Sunday. It's put new life in Jonathan seein' his mate happy. He's been terrible cast down o' late, wi' one thing and another."

The next morning, at a little past eight o'clock, Jonathan and Andrew walked down to the church together.

Andrew's quiet face was lit up with a subdued happiness that his mate had missed for many a long day back.

No one else was at the church but Andrew's mother, who brought 'Scilla.

"Jonathan," said Andrew, as they came to the church-yard gate, "I never thought this day 'ud come arter all. But it's come, and mother's ta'en it a deal better than I thought—no one can't help to love 'Scilla as gets to know her. But I al'ays knowed the one of us went first to the church, to marryin' or to

buryin', he wouldn't go alone. We've stuck together all along, and I hope nothin' won't ever come atween us."

"It's not very like, 'Drew," said Jonathan.

"I dun' know, lad, about that. Look here," and he stopped an instant, and took his mate by the arm, "there'll never be another day as happy as this in my life, till I see you and the girl you love standin' as me and my 'Scilla's goin' to do this mornin'."

"Don't wait for that day, 'Drew, it'll never come."

"It may or it mayn't," said 'Drew, knowing it was little use to argue with Jonathan. "But what I wanted to say is this. I'm afeard if ever the woman you love says she loves you, that day you'll have to give up your mate. Leastways it can't be as it was in old days—as it is now."

"What do you mean?" said Jonathan.

"I mean one as is as she is won't look at 'Scilla. Women is terrible hard on each other, Jonathan. I've found that before now. And she'd have cause, I know, that—but for all that—"

"For all that—what, 'Drew?"

"I couldn't come nigh them as wouldn't speak to her. Not if it was your missus, Jonathan."

Just then they went into the church, and there was no need to answer.

To hear Andrew speak, he might have seemed a proud man that day.

Yet at his wish, he married his wife in her black gown and bonnet. And no bells rang out a wedding peal from the steeple.

They walked home together, the little company of four. But Jonathan and Martha followed this time, and Andrew and 'Scilla went before.

Chapter LXI.

THE LOVE THAT SOARED.

"It's a hard thing to move again at my age, Daphne."

That was quite enough to rouse Miss Lynn from the depression which followed upon her illness, and to make her return to the old life, without further thought of change.

Her recovery was very slow, but the squire, at Mr. May's intercession, had her place filled for some weeks. The doctor had ordered change, but neither the weather nor the school-mistress's purse made it possible. In her own heart she longed to leave Shelbourne. It was full of sad associations; not only sad, she said, for sadness might be hallowed; but all her memories were bitter.

As soon as she was at all fit for it, she turned to her teaching as the least of two evils. The lack of her natural occupation gave her too much time for thought. She had gone again and again through that painful task of self-analysis, which to a tender conscience is nothing short of misery. At times her sorrow and horror of Aaron Falk's sin seemed to fade before her distress at the remembrance of what she thought her own wilful self-deception.

For perhaps her keenest suffering now came from the knowledge that his loss was not a heart-breaking loss to her. She was aware of a feeling of relief when she awoke morning after morning to remember she was free.

And yet she had deceived herself into thinking she cared for him; or, not caring for him, she had promised to marry him, and so had deceived him, too. For what must any man think a promise such as she had given, if he did not take it to mean something like love?

And then, again, she lifted up her face and thanked God for saving her, all unworthy as she was, from herself, and from the rash and wicked step she had taken. He had taken her by a hard way, through deep waters: but it seemed to her that the blow He had dealt to her chains was the only blow that could have severed them and forced her into freedom.

In her work she found some relief; but she was a humbler woman than before. She felt she had conned a lesson of distrust in herself and her own motives that could never be unlearned.

And Jonathan? Jonathan watched her still from afar off. The barriers that stood between them seemed to him still so great, that the dismissal of Aaron Falk lessened the distance very little. His moods changed, it is true. When she was at the point of death, only the dark figure of that destroyer was his rival. If she might only live, then all would be well.

But when the misery of suspense had passed, their paths sundered. He saw

he pale ghost of the Daphne he re-
)ered, but with an inexpressible
ness and sadness come into her face
.wed him. He saw her clothed in a
dignified, sorrowful reserve, that
:d to bid him stand aloof from her.
vas the schoolmistress again, well
:d, with gentle womanly manners,
as the people he lived amongst
ht only fit for ladies. And he was
lacksmith, with an old father and
:r to support, and only the trade of
: village to rely on. The people he
amongst could not, he said, be
with whom she could be happy;
h once with a bound his heart had
l within him when he saw Daphne
is mother at the schoolhouse door.
he let the weeks and months go by,
id not know whether he was happy
happy. Only a warmth came over
:hen he felt that neither death nor
er man had taken her; that he still
er pass the forge, still spoke to her
imes, as strangers speak in passing;
nany times a chill, when he remem-
that something wider than the vil-
oad divided them, and that it did
: with him to lessen the gulf. Then
; that he realised what he had given
hen he came back to Shelbourne.
ngs could have gone on with him as
had begun, if he had come home
:en this face that he had got to love
ll, he might have asked her to be
ife, and done her no dishonor.
he would have taken her need to
from her, and she should have lived
nty, such as she had never known.
June came round again, and Daph-
)ses were in bloom once more. She
ended them very carefully through
)ring, and day by day they opened
;lories to the sun, and to her face
bent over them. She spent most
spare time amongst them, but one
ıg she remembered some white or-
that she had seen growing in a
by the side of the Hepreth Road,
ıe put on her hat and went out to
)r them, leaving her mother knitting
garden.

on Falk had not come back. Ru-
aid he had gone a voyage to
:a, for his health; and he had a
r there, so rumor may have said
But the meadow, and many of
ıe's old haunts, were closed to her,
by the ghosts of memory. The Hepreth road was almost strange to her, and the copses by the side had taken her fancy.

She had found her orchises, and was just coming out to the road again, when Jonathan Cleare came by; he, too, was going homewards.

Daphne stood still at the gate leading out of the wood.

"Good evening," said Jonathan, stopping too.

"Good evening," said Daphne, a little color coming into her face.

The evening sun was slanting down through the limes on the other side of the road; half her figure was in shadow, half lighted up by the glow. The tall white orchises were nodding in her hand; her face had an expression of child-like content at having succeeded in her quest.

It reminded Jonathan of 'Scilla, as he had often seen her in that wood on summer evenings; but oh, the difference between them! In his eyes Daphne had all 'Scilla's beauty, with that mysterious something in her face besides, without which beauty cannot be a joy for ever.

"I have not seen you to tell you how beautiful my roses are," she said; "I have no need to come out to get flowers, now; but I remembered these here last year, and I wanted some."

"Do you want any more?" said Jonathan, laying down his wallet. He went into the copse, without waiting for her answer, and picked two or three. They grew far apart, and it took him some moments to get them.

"I think I ought to be getting home," said Miss Lynn, who saw that the shadows were lengthening, and remembered that her mother would sit in the garden till she came back.

She took the flowers out of Jonathan's hand, and thanking him, moved on a step or two.

"Do you mind my walking with you?" he asked, coloring. "If you'd rather go alone, you've only got to say it."

"Of course I don't mind," she said, an answering flush coming into her cheeks. Why should she let him think she cared whether he walked with her or not?

They started together, and both were silent. Only her light tread and his heavy one beat time together. Jonathan's

heart was full. Her words had stung him.

"I know you don't care," he said "I never thought you did. What can it matter to you whether I—"

She had looked up at him with anxious, wondering eyes. She met his, full of a half-fierce, half-sorrowful eagerness that told her more than any words could say.

Did he care what she thought of him? She thought he had never cared. Was it possible then that this man loved her? Other men's love she had taken quietly, as a matter of course; for were not men loving, and women loving, all the world over?

But that Jonathan should love her,—it made her heart beat. It beat louder, thinking, perhaps, she was mistaken; that he would say nothing more, but begin talking of common things, as he had always done before.

Perhaps Jonathan saw some new light in her eyes as these thoughts passed through her mind. And yet he did not speak. He was looking at her, hanging upon her next word. It was madness, this that he was on the verge of doing; and yet if she said one kind word, gave him one kinder look, he knew nothing could prevent his speaking. His heart was beating with some strange trouble, that was not all trouble. He saw her lips moving, and bent his head. He need not have stooped. Daphne never spoke in whispers when she was moved. But her voice was very soft and clear as she said—

"I never thought you cared. And why should I?"

"Cared!" he said, "you never thought I cared? Oh, for God's sake then, will you let me speak out now?"

She did not answer, but he saw that the orchises shook a little in her hand. And he went on, trying to calm himself, and to steady his voice.

"I've loved you—I can't say how long I've loved you. I'd best tell you that at once, and that I love you now. And if you're angered, you can send me away before I go on speaking.

"I've loved you though I knew you were above me—though I'm only a poor working man, without learning, and—"

"O Jonathan!" she broke in, looking up at him with a distressed face.

"Don't you want to hear it?" he answered. "My God, how pale you are; I've been a fool after all, and I thought I could keep silence altogether—but till now heaven and earth has stood between us, and though you hate me, I'll be better for speaking out."

"Jonathan," said Daphne, "I think it was only earth stood between us."

His lips were apart, and a glory of hope was coming over his face.

"Tell me what you mean—I'm so dull—what about 'only earth'?"

"I mean—I believe God meant us for each other."

"But do *you* mean it?" he cried, standing still before her, to bar her way.

She looked up at him, still quite pale, but with a smile, and said firmly,

"Yes, Jonathan, I do mean it. I didn't know till you asked me. But now I see I've known it all along."

* * * *

Perhaps they were the most silent lovers that ever plighted troth. But to both of them their bliss was so unexpected and strange that words seemed but poor things.

Jonathan looked up into the June sky, and back into the copses, and on to the village, and then at Daphne walking by his side. Was it all true? Did she really love him? Had she promised to be his wife?

The sight of the houses and the village loungers brought them to themselves.

"I should have asked you to go on alone," said Daphne, smiling, "if you had been only Jonathan Cleare and I the schoolmistress. But as it is, I think we can walk into the village together, Jonathan."

They went in at the school-house gate, and found Mrs. Lynn had left the garden.

"I think I had better tell her first," said Daphne, "before you come in. Come again to-morrow instead."

"Give me a rose, then," he answered, "something that I can look at, and feel it is all true."

They went in at the little garden gate together.

"They'll be yours after all, Jonathan," she said. "We'll both go on working—you at your forge and I with the teaching. And then mother can go on in the old home with us just as before."

He had taken the rose from her, and with it her hand. He was looking at her wistfully, trying to say something.

"Daphne," he said, "I don't like to ask you for what I want. It's all so strange to me. The Almighty has been so good, I can't believe it. And you're still so much above me," he went on, looking at his working coat and the wallet on his shoulder,—"I haven't the face to ask you for it yet. But to-morrow—if it's true you're going to be a poor man's wife—will you give me a kiss?"

"You'll have put your best coat on then," she answered, smiling. "I would rather give it to you now, if it's the same to you, Jonathan."

"I've got something more to ask you," said Jonathan the next evening to Daphne. "You know Andrew's my mate; would it go against you to come and see him—and 'Scilla?"

"I will come with you now," she answered after a pause in a subdued voice.

"'Drew thinks you'll spurn her," he said, as they went down the village to the Males' house. "He's always been my mate, Daphne, and it's the only thing that could vex me now, if you felt you couldn't put up with him and poor 'Scilla."

He looked at her for a reply, but she did not speak. Even he did not understand the struggle and the tumult within her.

Jonathan went in, while she waited outside.

"'Drew," he said, "Daphne wants to see your wife. She's waiting in the doorway."

"Won't she come in?" said Andrew, getting up, with a pleased smile on his face.

"Let them be alone first," said Jonathan.

'Scilla rose from her seat in the window, where she sat sewing under the shade of Martha's big geranium, and looked at Andrew.

"Don't be afeard," he said to her, gently, "she's come a-purpose to see you."

"My dear," said Daphne, holding out her hands, "we must be friends because Jonathan and Andrew care so much for each other."

They kissed each other under the porch, while the wild clematis on it played its trembling shadows over their faces.

Jonathan and Andrew looked at each other without speaking. They had seen it.

The end.

TWO LEADERS.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Βᾶτε δόμον, μεγάλοι φιλοτίμοι
Νυκτὸς παῖδες ἄπαιδες, ὑπ' εὔφρονι πομπᾷ.

I.

O GREAT and wise, clear-souled and high of heart,
One the last flower of Catholic love, that grows
Amid bare thorns their only thornless rose,
From the fierce juggling of the priests' loud mart
Yet alien, yet unspotted and apart
From the blind hard foul rout whose shameless shows
Mock the sweet heaven whose secret no man knows
With prayers and curses and the soothsayer's art;
One like a storm-god of the northern foam
Strong, wrought of rock that breasts and breaks the sea
And thunders back its thunder, rhyme for rhyme
Answering, as though to outroar the tides of time
And bid the world's wave back—what song should be
Theirs that with praise would bring and sing you home?

II.

With all our hearts we praise you whom ye hate,
High souls that hate us; for our hopes are higher,
And higher than yours the goals of our desire,
Though high your ends be as your hearts are great.
Your world of gods and kings, of shrine and state,
Was of the night when hope and fear stood nigher,
Wherein men walked by light of stars and fire
Till man by day stood equal with his fate.
Honor not hate we give you, love not fear,
Last prophets of past kind, who fill the dome
Of great dead gods with wrath and wail, nor hear
Time's word and man's: "Go honored hence, go home,
Night's childless children; here your hour is done;
Pass with the stars, and leave us in the sun."

The Athenæum.

PRESIDENT BARNARD, OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE portrait of President Barnard in our present number is the sixth in the series of eminent American educators which has been appearing at intervals in the ECLECTIC during the past year. The materials for the following brief sketch of his life were drawn from Appletons' *American Cyclopædia.*

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS PORTER BARNARD was born at Sheffield, Mass., in 1809. He graduated at Yale College in 1828, became tutor there in 1829, in 1831 was teacher in the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford, and in 1832 in that of New-York. In 1837 he accepted the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy in the University of Alabama, and occupied that position until 1848, when he was elected to the chair of chemistry. In 1854 he took orders in the Episcopal Church, and shortly afterwards became professor of mathematics and astronomy in the University of Mississippi, of which institution he was elected President in 1856. In 1860 he was a member of the astronomical expedition to observe the eclipse of the sun in Labrador; and on the breaking out of the civil war, in 1861, left Mississippi and came North. During 1862 he was engaged in continuing the reduction of Gilliss's observations of the stars in the Southern Hemisphere; and in 1863 he had charge of the maps and charts of the United States Coast Survey. In 1864 he became President of Columbia College, New-York, a position which he still holds.

In 1867 President Barnard was appointed United States Commissioner to the Universal Exposition at Paris, and on his return published an elaborate "Report on Machinery and the Industrial Arts" (New-York, 1869). He was elected President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1860; of the board of experts of the American Bureau of Mines in 1865; and of the American Institute in 1872. In 1855 he received the degree of LL.D. from Jefferson College, Miss., and the same degree from Yale College in 1859. In 1861 the degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Mississippi; and in 1872 that of Doctor of Literature by the regents of the University of the State of New-York. He is a member of the American Philosophical Society, an associate member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, corresponding member of the Royal Society of Liège, and member of many other scientific and literary associations. During his long residence in the South, Dr. Barnard was actively engaged in promoting public education, both primary and higher, encouraging and assisting in all departments of scientific research and literary culture.

Dr. Barnard's principal works, besides the "Report" already mentioned, are: "A Treatise on Arithmetic" (1830);

"Analytic Grammar with Symbolic Illustration" (1836), originating a system still used in the principal institutions for the deaf and dumb; various reports, essays, etc., on collegiate and university education. including a volume of "Letters on Collegiate Government" (1855); a "History of the United States Coast Survey" (1857); "Recent Progress of Science" (1869); and "The Metric System" (1871). He has also contributed extensively to Silliman's *American Journal of Science and Arts* for many years, and to the *American Journal of Education.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LIFE OF JONATHAN SWIFT. By John Forster. Volume I. New-York: *Harper & Bros.*

MR. FORSTER'S "Life of Swift" affords a striking example of the possible disadvantages of writing and publishing a work in separate parts. Since the appearance of this first volume, the author has died; and while there is no information as to the further progress he had made, it is presumable that the "Life" will always remain a fragment, unless the unsatisfactory alternative is adopted of having it completed by another hand. True, there are compensations even to such a disadvantage as this. Few who realize how illy and inadequately the life of Swift has hitherto been written would be willing to have lost this first volume, even if we get nothing more; and very fortunately, as it happens, Mr. Forster had already performed, in the period covered by it, the most important—we may fairly say, the most necessary—part of his work. As he himself says, "Swift's later time, when he was governing Ireland as well as his deanery, and the world was filled with the fame of *Gulliver*, is broadly and intelligibly written. But as to all the rest, his life is a work unfinished, to which no one has brought the minute examination indispensably required, where the whole of a career has to be considered, to get at the proper comprehension of single parts of it. The writers accepted as authorities for the obscurer portion are found to be practically worthless, and the defect is not supplied by the later and greater biographers." Now, the "obscurer portion" of Swift's life here referred to is that earlier period of his career from his birth to his separation from the Whigs and alliance with Harley and Bolingbroke; and this is the precise period (from 1667 to 1711) covered by the present volume, of which it must be confessed that its "minute examination" of evidence is the most distinguishing feature.

As to the results reached by Mr. Forster, while several things in Swift's career (especially his relations with "Stella") are still difficult to understand, he certainly renders it impossible for any one to believe with Jeffrey that "he [Swift] was an apostate in politics, infidel or indifferent in religion, a defamer of humanity, the slanderer of statesmen who had served him, and destroyer of the women who loved him." He proves that Swift's college career was on the whole creditable to him; that his connection with Sir William Temple was very far indeed from being, as Macaulay more than intimates, that of servant and master; that his adoption of the clerical profession was not the expedient of a mere place-hunter; that he was no hired political pamphleteer, but directed his satire against what he regarded as genuine abuses; and that his break with the Whigs was the result, not of his dissatisfaction with a party no longer in office, but of real differences of opinion on momentous subjects. The only seemingly discreditable feature of Swift's career which Mr. Forster fails to elucidate is his relations to Esther Johnson ("Stella"); but even here he seems to make it plain that there was no definite basis for the scandal which it brought upon Swift, living and dead.

It is to be remarked here that Mr. Forster does not reach his conclusions by inference or by examination of the old facts merely. He has discovered an amount of new material which reflects little credit upon the industry and ingenuity of previous biographers. The list of these materials occupies nearly three pages of the preface; and it is by means of them, and of his judicious method of using the writings to illustrate the life (with which they were very intimately connected), that Mr. Forster has been enabled substantially to reconstruct the narrative of Swift's earlier years, and to clear away forever some of the worst aspersions that have hitherto rested upon one of the greatest names in the history of English literature.

The volume on its mechanical side—paper, printing, and binding—is a beautiful specimen of the book-maker's art, and it contains an excellent portrait of Swift at the age of forty-three.

AMONG MY BOOKS. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

THE publication of a new volume of essays on literary topics by Mr. Lowell is always a welcome event, and in the present collection —which contains papers on Dante, Spenser, Wordsworth, Milton, and Keats—we have some of his best work. The essay on Dante is especially fine, and in it interpretive criticism may be said to reach its highest point. It is difficult to conceive that any thing short of an elaborate biography could give us a more adequate and vivid conception of Dante's qualities as a poet and of his character as a man. To those who are already familiar with the works of the "grim Tuscan," it will make plain many things over which they have probably puzzled; while for those who have yet to make their acquaintance, it will prove an incomparable guide to the riches which they offer to all lovers of noble poetry.

The paper on "Wordsworth" is also of special value, because the criticism upon Wordsworth has not yet risen above that current and superficial kind which is usually bestowed upon contemporary authors. Mr. Lowell is almost the first really competent critic who has calmly and impartially weighed the poetical achievements of Wordsworth against his claims and pretensions; and if the verdict will satisfy neither the partisans nor the opponents of the poet, it will be very likely to carry conviction to that portion of the public which Browning calls the *Tertium Quid.*

The other papers in the volume are noteworthy for their excellence, if for nothing else; and the entire collection is one in which all students of literature will delight.

ENGLISH RADICAL LEADERS. By James Hinton. New-York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

THIS is the second volume of the "Brief Biographies of Contemporary Statesmen," edited by Colonel T. W. Higginson, whose initial volume we noticed in a late number of the magazine. Mr. Hinton divides his twenty representative leaders into four groups. Professor Fawcett, Sir Charles Dilke, Peter A. Taylor, Sir John Lubbock, Joseph Cowan, and Robert Meek Carter, are classified as "Independent Members"; Thomas Hughes, Anthony J. Mundella, Alexander Macdonald, Thomas Brassey, and Samuel Morley, as "Friends of the Labor Agitation"; Samuel Plimsoll, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Edward Miall, and Henry Richards, as "Parliamentary Agitators"; George Jacob Holyoake, Joseph Arch, Charles Bradlaugh, George Odger, and Joseph Chamberlain, as "Popular Leaders." The value of this classification is not evident, but at least it does no harm, and perhaps it will serve to indicate in a rough way to the reader who encounters some of the names for the first time the objects and affiliations of their bearers. It must not be accepted too literally, however, for there is no greater difference between Sir Charles Dilke and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, for example, than is implied in their natural endowments and character. Members of Parliament would probably pronounce Sir Charles much the more persistent and successful "agitator"; and Sir Wilfrid's efforts at agitation are usually directed against the risibilities of his audience. To be really adequate, the classification would have to be carried much further, and even then, before an entirely satisfactory result was attained, each member would have to be put by himself—where, in fact, he might as well have been left in the first place.

The substance of the sketches is taken from recent English books, magazines, and newspapers; but as Mr. Hinton is an Englishman by birth and education, and numbers some of the "Leaders" among his acquaintance, he is not so dependent upon the material thus acquired as Col. Higginson was in the compilation of his own book. His book is hardly of the kind which one cares to take up and read through consecutively, but it will be extremely useful to have at hand for reference in reading of current social and political movements in England.

GEORGE WASHINGTON; OR, LIFE IN AMERICA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By John S. C. Abbott. New-York: *Dodd & Mead.*

WE have not been able to say much in praise of previous volumes of Mr. Abbott's "American Pioneers and Patriots," but the Life of Washington shows a great improvement, and may almost be called a good piece of bookmaking. Almost, but not quite. The frequency with which Mr. Abbott allows sentimentality to run away with his judgment impairs very much the *tone* of the book, which surely, with such a subject, should be above all things wholesome, manly, and unaffected. The style, too, is at times inexcusably slovenly, and in a way which shows that it is the result simply of a want of care. As a concise, animated, and picturesque narrative, however, the book leaves little to be desired; and the illustrative extracts and notes are selected with judgment, and furnish some exceedingly interesting reading, not all of which is familiar even to the student of the history of the period. Taken altogether, the book is an excellent one to put in the hands of boys and girls at this time, when they may be presumed to feel a special interest in the career and achievements of the Father of his Country.

As for the pictures, they are not positively bad, but they can hardly be considered "illustrations," and they are decidedly less picturesque than the text itself.

THROSTLETHWAITE. By Susan Morley. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

THIS is a quiet, pleasing, unsensational story of English rural life among the "upper middle" class, depending for its interest rather upon its character-drawing than upon any thing novel or striking in the narrative. The characters belong to somewhat conventional types, and lack the flavor of true individuality; and yet they are reasonably life-like, and it is not difficult to feel quite a warm interest in the little love-story in which they are actors, though the morality is a trifle transcendental. "Throstlethwaite" will hardly excite the nerves of any reader, or awaken any very keen interest, but to those who are willing to take their pleasure quietly it will afford a good deal of innocent entertainment.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

M. LITTRÉ is revising the proofs of a new edition of his great French Dictionary.

M. VICTOR HUGO is about to publish a volume of verse entitled *Les Justes Colères*, which is a continuation of *L'Année Terrible;* and likewise a prose volume, which is said to be a very charming work, *L'Art d'Etre Grand-Père.*

GEORGE MACDONALD intends publishing a verse translation of "The Spiritual Songs of Novalis." This was the assumed name of Friedrich Van Hardenburg, one of the most remarkable mystics of modern Germany, whose "Hymns to the Night" are a sad and beautiful setting to music of fine thoughts, with a somewhat consumptive tendency.

THE printing of Vol. V. of Mr. Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest" is far advanced. The volume, there is reason to believe, will contain a full examination of Domesday, and will probably be an invaluable addition to the early legal literature and history of England.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have in the press, and will shortly publish under the title of *Shakespeare Scenes and Characters*, a fine series of German steel engravings from designs by distinguished German artists, illustrating many scenes and characters from the plays of Shakespeare. The letterpress has been prepared by Professor Dowden.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD is lecturing at Edinburgh on Bishop Butler. The line which he adopts he has indicated in *God and the Bible.* "The greatness of Butler, as we hope one day to show, is in his clear perception and powerful use of a 'course of life marked out for man by nature, whatever that may be.' His embarrassment and failure is in his attempt to establish a perception as clear, and a use as powerful, of the popular theology."

MR. RUSKIN has issued an invitation to all persons "who have any regard" for him or his writings, to sign a petition to Parliament to prevent the extension of railroads across the Lake country. It appears that longing eyes have been cast by those who desire to develop the material, and especially the mineral, resources of the district, upon the route which passes through Ambleside to Keswick. The ostensible reason assigned is to bring the most attractive parts of Westmoreland within reach of the tourist, who now has to walk long distances or go to the expense of hiring a trap. But behind this the author of "Modern Painters" detects, and no doubt rightly, the intention of converting these pleasant places of rest into a mining region.

WANTED from Spain the copy of the first folio of *Shakespeare*, bound in yellow silk, and full of corrections and notes in a contemporary hand, which Señor Gayangos saw, when a young man, in the library of a descendant of Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador here at the time. Wanted, also, all the letters of that ambassador (if any) touching on the literature and drama of the period, together with the English MSS. of which his secretary speaks. That well-known Shakespearian amateur and patron of art, Mr. F. W. Cosens, has had piles of the ambassador's letters ferreted out and copied, every one of them, down to his invitations to supper and his answers to them; but, alas! no reference even to Shakespeare or the drama has yet turned up. May Mr. Cosens' persevering search soon meet with a better reward!—*Academy.*

A PROSPECTUS has just been issued of the "Exempla Codicum Latinorum," a series of photographic *fac-simile* plates from early Latin MSS. written in capital or uncial characters. This work will be issued shortly, and is to be edited by Dr. Zangemeister of Heidelberg, and Prof. Wattenbach of Berlin. It consists of forty-nine plates, of which sixteen are specimens of *capital* writing, taken from the papyri of Herculaneum, and from codices of Juvenal, Plautus, Virgil, and other classical authors, deposited in the Vatican and other libraries. The remaining number represent *uncial*-writing from classical and Biblical MSS. preserved at Rome, Florence,

Verona, Vercelli, Paris, St. Gall, Vienna, etc. By the liberality of the Prussian Government, a limited number of copies are reserved for subscribers, at the very moderate price of 25 marks, payable to the publisher, Gustav Koester, of Heidelberg.

PETER BAYNE has an almost ferocious article in the last *Contemporary* on Walt Whitman's poems. He declares that "if I [he] ever saw any thing in print that deserved to be characterized as atrociously bad, it is the poetry of Walt Whitman," and that the English critics of repute who have praised Whitman's performances appear to him to be "playing off on the public a well-intentioned, probably good-humored, but really cruel hoax." He declares further that what Whitman's admirers call originality is a mere knack, a "trick of singularity." "The secret of Whitman's surprising newness—the principle of his conjuring trick—is on the surface. It can be indicated by the single word, extravagance. In all cases he virtually or consciously puts the question, 'What is the most extravagant thing which it is here in my power to say? What is there so paradoxical, so hyperbolical, so nonsensical, so indecent, so insane, that no man ever said it before, that no other man would say it now, and that therefore may be reckoned on to create a sensation?' Having found this thing, he gives it expression in the most extravagant terms he can find, and this he calls poetry."

IT is proposed to publish, under the direction of the Royal Society of Literature, an autotype *fac-simile* of John Milton's Commonplace Book, in the possession of Sir Frederick Graham, Bart. The work will be edited, with an introduction, by Mr. A. J. Horwood. The manuscript was discovered during recent researches made for the Historical Manuscripts Commission. It contains notes in Milton's handwriting from upwards of eighty works read by him; and these notes are in general Milton's deductions, and not mere extracts from the authors whose works he consulted. They were made at various periods of his life. The volume also contains (besides a few notes made after Milton's death) entries by four or five other hands, made evidently by the poet's direction, and probably from his dictation. Corrections by Milton's hand prove that he employed amanuenses before he became blind. The variety of the subjects treated, and the points raised by the writings of the several scribes, make the volume an object of literary interest as well as curiosity; and the importance of it for biographical purposes, and for the verification of the poet's handwriting, can only be realized by a *fac-simile* of the whole, which will be executed by the process of the Autotype Company. The MS. is of quarto size, and consists of eighty written pages.—*Athenæum.*

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE OPPOSITION OF MARS, 1877.—The Astronomer Royal has given a chart of the path of Mars in 1877, with neighboring stars down to the ninth magnitude taken from Bessel's Zones, the object being to facilitate observations of the parallax of Mars in this important opposition, when the planet approaches more closely than usual to the earth, owing to the position of its eccentric orbit. Although it is hoped that the sun's parallax will be determined with considerable accuracy by the late transit of Venus, astronomers can not afford to throw away the opportunity which the planet Mars offers of getting an independent, and possibly equally trustworthy, determination, more especially when it is remembered how important a part the observations of Mars in 1861 (the last opposition which was favorable for this purpose) played in correcting the results obtained from the transit of Venus in 1769. For observations of Mars no special expeditions will be necessary, all that is required being to measure the apparent distances of the planet from neighboring pairs of stars at northern and southern Observatories, and also at the same Observatory, when the planet is rising and when it is setting. The latter class of observation enables an observer to determine the sun's distance by measures made entirely at his own Observatory, the rotation of the earth providing him with a base line from east to west.

THE MASS OF MARS.—Professor Asaph Hall, of Washington Observatory, has pointed out certain of the minor planets as suitable for determination of the mass of Mars, by means of his perturbations on them through the near approach of their orbits to his. Others of these minute bodies have special interest from the information they give on the attraction of Jupiter; while others, again, which approach us closely, are useful for finding the sun's parallax. The number of the known planetoids is increasing at such an alarming rate (four having been discovered in the first week of this month, and no fewer than fourteen in the present year) that astronomers are becoming alarmed at the prospect; and it is, therefore, very desirable to know which of these cosmical particles are likely to prove useful in solving some of the great problems of the solar system. The labor of computing ephemerides for, and of observing, the 154

minor planets already discovered, has become very oppressive, and some selection will probably have to be made before long. Professor Asaph Hall's investigation comes, therefore, very opportunely.

EFFECT OF BORAX ON FERMENTATION.—In the discussion on Fermentation which took place last year in Paris, Mons. Dumas, Secretary of the Académie des Sciences, pointed out the remarkable effect of borax on fermentation, and suggested that a study of the phenomenon would lead to highly important consequences. Professor Schnetzler has taken up the subject, and, in the *Bulletin* of the Vaudoise Society of Natural History at Lausanne, has published a few results which are well worthy of attention. Spores and vegetable cells plunged into a solution of borax go through certain strange movements, and are then killed. Cells in movement in a living plant are at once arrested in their action. The Oidium Tuckeri—the fungus from which vines have so greatly suffered—dies in a solution of borax. Perhaps a concentrated solution would be useful in extirpating poisonous fungi from places where they grow. Rotifera and other small creatures, and the spawn of frogs, are speedily killed by introducing a small quantity of borax into the water in which they had been living. These observations, says Professor Schnetzler, "demonstrate that borax puts an end to the properties by which the life of vegetable and animal protoplasm is manifested. If fermentation is a chemical phenomenon brought about by the life of the leaven, then borax would necessarily act against fermentation."

A further series of experiments followed. Grapes in a solution of borax were put into a bottle, and closely corked. There was no sign of fermentation after long keeping; but the grapes, though well preserved, were not eatable. Thirty centimetres of milk, with one gramme of borax, were bottled for some months, and did not turn sour; retained, in fact, the scent of new milk. One pound of beef was shut up (not hermetically) in a tin box in concentrated solution of borax. The liquid became red, then brown, and gave out a disagreeable scent, but the meat did not putrefy. The meat was taken out, and washed. It had a peculiar odor, but not that of putrefaction. It was kept more than a year, and through the heat of two summers (the liquid having been renewed three times), and turned yellowish in color; but still no putrefaction appeared. The meat, we are told, was as soft and tender as fresh meat, and kept well when out of the liquid. The experiments were carried on in different ways, with a view to bring out all the phenomena, and arrive at trustworthy results. Professor Schnetzler thinks that the peculiar odor of meat which has been kept some time in a solution of borax proceeds from the decomposition of matters produced by metamorphosis of the substances which compose the muscular fibre. And without seeking to attach too much importance to the experiments, he considers that they indicate a way for the preservation of meat, of fruits, of anatomical preparations, whether animal or vegetable. Hitherto, alcohol has been made use of for that purpose, but henceforth a solution of borax may take its place. And, further, it would be interesting if, in some hospital, the effect of the solution on certain wounds were made a subject of experiment.

ETHNICAL PERIODS.—At the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. L. H. Morgan introduced several subjects of much interest to anthropologists. In a paper on "Ethnical Periods" he suggested that the successive stages in the rise of man from a state of savagery to that of civilisation may be classed under five heads—namely, (1) a period of savagery, (2) the opening period or lower stage of barbarism, (3) the middle period of barbarism, (4) the closing or upper period of barbarism, and (5) the period of civilisation. Of these periods that of savagery was necessarily of the longest duration; and Mr. Morgan, in estimating the ratio of human progress, expressed an opinion that the advance made by man before rising from a state of savagery was probably of more importance to the race than the subsequent progress in barbarism. He maintained that the line between savagery and barbarism may be indicated by the invention of pottery; and the application of this test shows that the Australians are still in a condition of savagery. A transition from the lower to the middle stage of barbarism is marked in the eastern hemisphere by the domestication of animals, and in the western hemisphere by the cultivation of maize and the use of unburnt brick and stone for constructive purposes. As examples of tribes in the lower stage of barbarism, Mr. Morgan pointed to the American aborigines east of the Missouri. The passage from the middle to the higher stage of barbarism may be traced by the invention of the art of smelting iron-ores; and using this art as a test we see that the village Indians of New and Old Mexico, Central America and Peru must be assigned to the middle stage of barbarism. The commencement of civilisation is marked by the use of a phonetic alphabet and by the art of writing; the Grecian tribes of the Homeric age and the German tribes of Cæsar's time should therefore be assigned to the highest stage of barbarism. Mr. Mor-

gan, in another paper, illustrated the successive advances in civilisation by reference to the arts of subsistence, or the means by which man obtains material food.

GOLD-FISH BREEDING.—To breed gold-fish in any numbers, your pond ought not to be less than 8 ft. wide and 2½ ft. deep, with a smaller tank, 2 ft. deep near the centre, for the fish to go in when the pond is cleaned out. The following plants should be placed in the pond: three of *Valisneria spiralis*, two of the Water-soldier (*Stratiotes*), two of the Water-lily, and three plants of the *Anacharis*, which is the best plant I have discovered for a pond, that will cause gold-fish to breed in it. The fish will always find food where the Anacharis grows, and will eat it, hide in it, and spawn on it. I lent a gentleman a self-air-acting can, some five years ago, to bring home two dozen of gold-fish from Paris. I was to have half the fish for the loan of the can. Two dozen were put in the can at Paris; only nine fish arrived safe: I would not take any of the fish from him, as he was making a new pond and I was fitting up a fresh-water and a salt-water aquarium for him. I placed two of the smallest of the gold-fish in the fresh-water aquarium; the remaining seven gold-fish I placed in the new pond. The fish lived all right, but did not spawn in the pond. The gentleman came to me some eighteen months after, saying he could not get the fish to spawn. I asked him if he had placed any plants in the pond, and he said he had not; whereupon I told him he could not expect to get the fish to spawn if no plants were in the pond. I asked him to allow me to place six plants in the pond, and was allowed to do so, and placed the following six plants: one *Valisneria spiralis*, one Water-soldier, two Water-lilies, two *Anacharis*, all in plant-pots, surrounded with rockery to keep them steady. Some time after, I visited the pond, and found the plants growing most beautifully, particularly the *Anacharis*. I did not see the pond again for some months, when the gentleman sent for me, and we visited the pond together. I found the pond full of young gold-fish. There were thousands of them. We got a dip-net, and thinned them out for a minute; the gentleman did not like to destroy them in that way, so another large pond was built, and the fish thrown into it. Thousands of fish have been given away from these ponds. The *Anacharis* plants when grown too large should be taken out twice a year. When the plant has grown too long, nip off some of the young sprouts, and place them in some fresh earth in pots, to replace the old plants, which may be thrown away. This plant grows very fast. I would not recommend it for a very large pond or sheet of water, as it will soon choke it up, unless swans are kept there. Those birds feed on it, and thrive well. I think our aquarium-tanks are too small for the spawn of gold-fish to come to any thing. I kept a large tank for twelve years, and never got any young gold-fish from their spawn, after trying all sorts of ways. To keep the gold-fish healthy in the aquarium, you must only give them a small fly or a small red worm; if you can get enough plants of *Valisneria*, do not place in any others. Above all things, do not give the fish biscuit, bread, or meat, as it will cause a disease in the fish. The fish like a little gravel at the bottom. They take it in their mouths occasionally; it does them good, and cleans the mouths of the fish.—*Hardwicke's Science-Gossip.*

THE RESISTING MEDIUM EXISTING IN SPACE.—The argument for the existence of a medium in the inter-stellar spaces which is sufficiently dense to affect the movements of the planets, comets, etc., has for a long time been based solely upon the supposed retardation of the movements of Encke's comet. This body completes its orbit around the sun in about three years, but has of late always appeared so exceedingly faint as to be invisible except in the most powerful telescopes. The accurate computations of von Asten having shown him that the movements of this body, as observed during the last ten years, could be accurately accounted for by a careful computation of the disturbing attractions of the planets, he was led to predict the positions in which the comet should appear during the spring of 1875, in which predictions no allowance was made for the resistance offered to its motion by Encke's hypothetical ethereal medium. The first glimpse of the comet during this season was obtained by the observers at Washington in charge of the great equatorial. According to these and other astronomers, the comet passed in the heavens through a path so nearly accordant with von Asten's predictions as to annul all arguments in favor of Encke's hypothesis, unless, indeed, it be so modified as to attribute to this other a density far less than he supposed it to possess.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN DOGS.—Biologists interested in the history of the varieties of domestic animals would hardly be likely to seek for materials in a paper by Dr. Birch, "On the Tablet of Antefaa II.," in the *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology*. If they will do so, however, they will find a very interesting account of the representations of dogs, both on this tablet and on other ancient Egyptian records. Various very differen

races had already become fully differentiated even at that early period. The figures show animals which closely resemble the modern greyhound, mastiff, bull-dog, turnspit, and Esquimaux dog. One of the former is labelled "The Dog of the White Antelope" (meaning doubtless the Leucoryx), and Dr. Birch is informed by Mr. Bartlett that hounds of a similar form are still used in North Africa in the chase of gazelles and other antelopes.

VARIETIES.

BREAKFAST AND MATRIMONY.—Take care of the breakfasts, and the dinners will take care of themselves! is my paraphrase of a familiar proverb. For myself, I have to state that I have been several times on the very brink of matrimony. A lady in a ball dress, a lady in a riding habit, a lady in—well, nothing to speak of, that I escorted to bathe at Trouville—very nearly got the question popped at various stages of my existence. But I paused:—"Reflect, my son," said I, "how—this particular charmer—would look at breakfast." The ball dress was a triumph of art. It had every thing on it, and could not be sat down in at any cost. The "Amazon," I believe that is the word—left little that was lovely in the human form divine to guess at; and the bathing costume—nothing. If one could dance, and ride, and swim through life, how happy could I have been with either! But one has to breakfast. A horrid idea that when my beauteously attired partner had washed her face and doffed that resplendent robe, I should find some one else awaiting me downstairs, appalled me. With the others also, I feared I might commit a sort of moral bigamy—marry one woman and take my morning tea from the hands of another. So I popped not. A fico! for your croquet grounds, your skating rinks, your ball-rooms, your dimly lighted conservatories, your little back drawing-rooms, and other conventional traps for the sons of men. If by virtue of any newly discovered 'ology or 'ism I become the mother of marriageable daughters, I will invite young Mr. Rightman to breakfast, and my darling Clara shall preside. A soft towel shall be the last thing that has touched her fresh young face. A bright, crisp muslin, or a dark silk with the most bewildering cuffs and collar (according to season), shall robe her pretty form. Her hair shall be twined in severe simplicity round her shapely head. One little bracelet shall slide up and down her arm, leaving white and pink dimples as she pours out the tea—*pours* it out; none of your swinging abominations in the disguise of a teapot shall enter *my* house—and if Mr. Rightman goes away whole-hearted, he shall be Mr. Wrongman thenceforward.—"*Breakfast*," *in Temple Bar.*

AUTOGRAPH COLLECTING.—An ingenious mode of obtaining a valuable collection of contemporary autographs at a most moderate rate was adopted about 1853, by an individual who called himself by turns Soriono and Ludovic Picard, and alternately personated a poor musician petitioning for leave to dedicate his compositions to some more fortunate brother of the art, and a man of letters, driven to despair by repeated failures, and sorely tempted to put an end to his miseries by suicide. Finding his latter *alias* by far the more profitable of the two, he gradually abandoned the other, and devoted his pen exclusively to the composition of a series of heart-rending appeals addressed to the most eminent authors of the day, wherein, after depicting his misfortunes in a manner likely to excite their sympathy, and invariably concluding with a touching allusion to the doubts and hesitations which still delayed the execution of his project, he, as a last resource, implored their counsel. The result of these confidential disclosures was the receipt by the *soi-disant* Ludovic Picard of a vast number of letters, in many cases masterpieces of profound and eloquent reasoning, which were forthwith consigned (probably unread) to a well-known autograph dealer of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and the proceeds thereof as speedily dissipated at the counter of a *marchand de vin.* It is much to be regretted that this admirable correspondence, instead of being dispersed piecemeal among twenty or thirty different collections, has not been preserved intact; it would have been curious and deeply interesting to compare the anti-suicidal arguments of such writers and thinkers as Béranger, Lacordaire, Lamennais, Henri Conscience, Madame de Girardin, George Sand, Dumas, Eugène Sue, Proudhon, Jules Janin, and our own Charles Dickens.—*St. James' Magazine.*

THE HOME OF THE SISTERS BRONTË.—Haworth village, whose parsonage was so long the residence of the Brontës, is in the West-Riding of Yorkshire, and situate only a few miles from three towns of considerable importance—Halifax, Bradford, and Keighley. The friend of Charlotte Brontë has endeavored to give some idea of the appearance of the district, but even she fails to depict it as it existed in the early part of the present century. In addition to the dull, monotonous stretch of moorland, with here and there a "beck" or crag as the sole variation for the weary eye, there was a population to be met

with which in some respects exhibited no advance whatever over that of the Middle Ages. Nor is this scarcely to be wondered at, for within the knowledge of the present writer, to whom the whole locality is perfectly familiar, there were living a few years ago indiviuals who had never beheld one of the foremost powers of civilisation—the railway. Great natural shrewdness undoubtedly was a characteristic of the inhabitants of the Riding, and in many cases a rough kind of *bonhomie* was added, which, however, was frequently made more offensive than positive rudeness. Add to this that there was very little opportunity afforded to the poor for culture—twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours per day being their constant labor at the factories—and the imagination will have little left to do in forming an estimate of the exoteric existence of the Yorkshire character. The people were, and indeed now are, hard-fisted, but scarcely so much so as the reader of Mrs. Gaskell would gather; for many have a passion for personal adornment, whilst others will spend considerable time and money in attaining proficiency in music, for which they have a natural talent beyond that possessed by the inhabitants of any other county in England. They are good friends and good haters. The misers, mostly, are to be found in the type of small manufacturers or cotton-spinners, who, bereft of many of those graces which should adorn the human character, set themselves with dogged persistency to the making of "brass," as they term wealth. With some the passion is carried to a lamentable, and at the same time amusing excess. A characteristic story is told of a person of this class, who was tolerably rich, and had been seized with illness soon after taking out his policy. When the doctor made him aware of his hopeless state, he jumped up delighted, shouting, "By jingo! I shall *do* the insurance company. I always was a lucky fellow!" Another trait in people much poorer in station than those just referred to was the fixedness of their religious principles. The doctrine of election had firmer root in their minds—and, indeed, has now in those of their successors—than is found to be the case elsewhere. The factory hands would stand at the loom till nature yielded to consumption or to the hardness of the burdens it was called upon to bear, but in the hour of dissolution, as in every hour of sentient existence in the past, would be apparent the conviction that as surely as the sun rose in the morning, so surely were they themselves predestinated to a triumphant salvation, of which it was an impossibility they could be rifled by the combined powers of the universe. Amidst this stern and unyielding race, then, was the lot of the sisters cast, and it would have been strange had not their genius been directed in its moulding by such distinctive surroundings.—*Poets and Novelists, by George Barnett Smith.*

The Satirist.—One trembles to think what the world would have become without its literary scourges. The soft irony of Montaigne, the withering gaze of Voltaire, the lightning flash of Swift, have now and again made it ashamed of its meanness and its vanity, and have discovered the pigmy concealed beneath the folds of the giant. There is no power touching whose exercise the whole of mankind is so sensitive as that of ridicule. Man always has objected, and always will object, to being called a fool; how much greater, then, must his horror be at having the fact demonstrated. Agreeing with the critic in his condemnation of the aphorism attributed to Shaftesbury, that "ridicule is the test of truth," we must still hold that it divides power almost equally with all other correctives of the public taste and morals. Wit dissects and destroys, but it has no creative force, is almost devoid of enthusiasm, and is no respecter of dignities and persons. There is much truth, however, which can in no wise come within its scope; hence it is a fallacy to call it the test of truth. It is rather the discoverer of error. There is something in the mental constitution of the satirist which prevents him from taking an optimist view of things. He is all the more useful on that account. The negative gifts of the satirist, while not lifting him to an equality with the being who originates, still entitle him to a high place in the world's regard. It should be borne in mind, too, that though it will be generally found he lacks enthusiasm, yet he possesses a sensitiveness as real, while differing in quality, as that of the artist and the poet.—"*Poets and Novelists*," *by George Barnett Smith.*

1876.

Welcome the baby year! Behold him crowned
With youth, and hope, and promise of the spring.
The past is dead, his latest whisper drowned
In loyal shouts that hailed another king;
And he, to whom our canticles resound,
What does he bring?

New joys, new aims, our eager hearts reply,
Elate with hope, and glad with social mirth,
A thousand blessings,—aye, and ere he die,
Fulness and plenty to the waiting earth;
With nobler fruit of aspirations high,
Born with his birth.

Ah, fair new year, be kind to those we love,
And to us all more fraught with joy than woe;
Thou comest pure and stainless from above,
Alas! thou wilt not pure and stainless go.
Yet, welcome! Blest and happy thou canst prove;
God grant it so.

S. E. G.

And, with regard to force, it is contended that observation and induction do not carry us to it at all, but stop with *movements;* that the so-called kinds of force are only classes of phenomena, with the constant belief of causality behind; that of causality we have no cognition but as Will, from which the idea of "physical force" is simply cut down by artificial abstraction to the needs of phenomenal investigation and grouping; and that, in conceiving of the single power hid in every group, we must revert to the intuitive type because the only authorized, and to the highest, because alone covering the highest phenomena. The attempt, under shelter of the unity of energy behind all its masks, to make the lowest phase, besides playing its own part, stand for the whole, is described as a logical sleight of hand by which a heedless reasoner may impose upon himself and others.

After this defensive argument to show that the religious positions are not displaced by natural science, they are traced to their real seat in human nature, and treated as postulates involved in the very existence and life of the reason and conscience. In support of their natural claim to our entire trust, it is contended that, for their ethical power, they are absolutely dependent on their objective truth; and further, that our nature in respect of its higher affections, compassion, self-forgetfulness, moral obligation, is constructed in harmony with a world Divinely ruled, and in utter conflict with the Pessimist's picture of nature.

The address thus epitomized has brought upon me the honor and the danger of a critique by Professor Tyndall,* marked by all his literary skill, and rendered persuasive by happy sarcasm and brilliant description. One fault at least he brings home to me with irresistible conviction. He blames my mode of writing as deficient in precision and lucidity. And I cannot deny the justice of the censure when I observe that my main line of argument has left no trace upon his memory, that its estimate of scientific doctrines is misconstrued, that my feeling towards the order of nature is exhibited in reverse, that I am cross-questioned about an hypothesis of which I never dreamt, and am answered by a charming "alternative" exposition of ascending natural processes which I follow with assent till it changes its voice from physics to metaphysics, and from its premisses of positive phenomena proclaims a negative ontological conclusion. That at every turn I should have put so acute a reader upon a totally false scent rebukes me more severely than any of his direct and pertinent criticisms; for, smartly as these may hit me, they fall chiefly on incidental and parenthetical remarks which might have been absent, or on mere literary form which might have been different, without affecting the purport of my address. Whether the force of these minor thrusts is really disabling, or is only a by-play telling mainly on the fancy of the observer, a brief scrutiny will determine.

(1.) In saying that the college which I represent leaves open to all new lights of knowledge "the special studies which deal with our sources of religious faith," I expanded this phrase by the words, "whether in the scrutiny of nature or in the interpretation of sacred books." This innocent parenthesis, which simply summarizes the growing-grounds of all actual theology, produces in my critic an effect out of all proportion to its significance. Twice he challenges me to show how any "religious faith" can be drawn from "nature," which I regard, he says, as "base and cruel." It suffices to say that "scrutiny of nature" does not exclude "*human* nature," wherein the springs of religion are afterwards traced to their intuitive seats; and that, in what are called my "tirades against nature," as "base and cruel," I am describing, not my own view of the order of the world, but one which I repudiate as utterly sickly and perverse. Then, again, I am asked how after giving up the Old Testament cosmogony, I can any longer speak of "sacred books," without informing my readers where to find them. I have occasionally met with scientific men whose ideas about the Bible, if going further than the Creation, came to an end at the Flood, and who thought it only loyal to Laplace and Lyell thenceforth to shelve "Moses and the prophets:" but a judgment so *borné* I should not expect from Professor Tyndall. Can a literature then have nothing "sa-

* See "Materialism and its Opponents" in ECLECTIC for January, 1876.

cred," unless it be infallible? Has the religion of the present no roots in the soil of the past, so that nothing is gained for our spiritual culture by exploring its history and reproducing its poetry, and ascending to the tributary waters of its life? The real modern discovery, far from saying there is no sacred literature, because none oracular, assures us that there are several; and, notwithstanding a deepened because purified attachment to our own "Origines" in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, persuades us to look with an open reverence into all writings that have embodied and sustained the greater pieties of the world. But to my censor it appears a thing incredible that I should find a sanctity in anything human; or deem it possible to approach religion in its truth by intercepting its errors as it percolates through history, and letting it flow clearer and clearer, till it brings a purifying baptism to the conscience of our time.

(2.) In order to give distinctness to that "religion" in relation to which I proposed to treat of "Modern Materialism," I specified "three assumptions" involved in it, of which the first and chief is the existence of the "Living God." I am reproached with making no attempt to verify them, but permitting them to "remain assumptions" "to the end." Be it so, though the statement is not quite exact: still in every reasoned discourse assumptions have their proper place, as well as proofs; and the right selection of propositions to stand in the one position or the other depends on the speaker's thesis and the hearer's needs. My *thesis* was, that natural science did not displace these assumptions, because they lie beyond its range; and the *proof* is complete if it is shown that the logical limit of inductive knowledge stops short of their realm, and is illegitimately overstepped by every physical maxim which contradicts them. To turn aside from this line of argument in order to "verify" the primary matter of the whole discussion would have been to set out for Exeter and arrive at York. My *hearers* consisted of the teachers, supporters, and alumni of a *Theological* College; and to treat them as a body of atheists, and offer proofs of the being of a God, would have been as impertinent as for Professor Tyndall to open the session of a *Geological* society with a demonstration of the existence of the earth.

(3.) A few reluctant words must suffice in answer to the charge of "scorning the emotions." I say "*reluctant* words:" for to this side of our nature it is given to speak without being much spoken of; to live and be, rather than to be seen and known; and when dragged from its retreat it is so hurt as to change its face and become something else. Here, however, little more is needed than to repeat the words which are pronounced to be so "rash," and even "petulant"—"I trust that when '*emotion*' *proves empty*, we shall stamp it out and get rid of it." Do I then "scorn" the "emotion" of any mind stirred by natural vicissitudes or moving realities—the cry of Andromache, Ἕκτορ, ἐγὼ δύοτηνος, at the first sight of her hero's dishonored corpse; the covered face and silent sobs of Phædon, when Socrates had drained the cup; the tears of Peter at the cock-crowing; or any of the fervent forms of mental life—the mysticism of Eckhart, the intellectual enthusiasm of Bruno, the patriotic passion of Vane? Not so; for none of these are "empty," but carry a meaning adequate to their intensity. It is for "emotion" with a vacuum within, and floating *in vacuo* without, charged with no thought and directed to no object, that I avow distrust; and if there be an "overshadowing awe" from the mere sense of a blank consciousness and an enveloping darkness, I can see in it no more than the negative condition of a religion yet to come. In human psychology, feeling, when it transcends sensation, is not without idea, but is a type of idea; and to suppose "an inward hue and temperature," apart from any "object of thought," is to feign the impossible. Color must lie upon form; and heat must spring from a focus, and declare itself upon a surface. If by "referring religion to the region of emotion" is meant withdrawing it from the region of truth, and letting it pass into an undulation in no medium and with no direction, I must decline the surrender.

In thus refusing support from "empty emotion," I am said to "kick away the only *philosophic foundation* on which it is possible to build religion." Professor Tyndall is certainly not exacting from his builders about the solidity of his

"foundation;" and it can be only a very light and airy architecture, not to say an imaginary one, that can spring from such base; and perhaps it does not matter that it should be unable to face the winds. Nor is the inconsistency involved in this statement less surprising than its levity. Religion, it appears, has a "philosophical foundation." But "philosophy" investigates the ultimate ground of cognition and the organic unity of what the several sciences assume. And a "philosophical foundation" is a legitimated first principle for some one of these; it is a cognitive beginning—a *datum* of ulterior *quæsita*—and nothing but a science can have it. Religion then must be an organism of thought. Yet it is precisely in denial of this that my censor invents his new "foundation." Here, he tells us, we know nothing, we can think nothing; the intellectual life is dumb and blank; we do but blindly feel. How can a structure without truth repose on philosophy in its foundation?

But do I not myself carry religious questions, in the last appeal, to the inward consciousness of man, whether intellectual for the interpretation of causality, or moral for the interpretation of duty? Undoubtedly; and Professor Tyndall thinks it "highly instructive" that I "should have lived so long, thought so much, and failed to recognize the entirely subjective character of this creed." If I may omit the word "entirely" (which implies a gratuitous exclusion of "objective truth"), I not only recognize it, but everywhere insist upon it. The fundamental religious conceptions have no deeper validity than belongs to the very frame of our faculties and the postulates of our thinking. But as this equally holds of the fundamental scientific conceptions, as matter and force have also to retire to consciousness for their witnesses, nay, as objectivity itself is but an interpretation by the subject of its own experience, is it not "highly instructive" that a critic so compassionate of my "subjective" position should be unaware of the ideality of his own? Or, has he, perhaps, found some "objective knowledge" which has not to fall back upon a "subjective" guarantee?

If, as I suspect, Professor Tyndall uses the word "subjective" not in its strict sense, for what belongs to the *human subject at large*, but to denote what is special to the feeling of *this or that individual*, the question will then be whether I mistake an exceptional personal experience for a universal form of thought. This question is not settled by saying that many able men find in themselves no such inner experience. The eye for correct psychological reading is not secured by great intellect or noble character, but, like the organ of any other art, must be trained to quickness and delicacy of insight; and, while false or over-culture exposes it to the danger of seeing what is not there, a failure of culture may prevent its seeing what there is. Right interrogation and careful comparison alone can sift out the essential from the accidental. Doubtless many a principle once advanced as self-evident and universal survives only in the grotesque museum of philosophers' fancies. But, on the other hand, whatever laws of thought are now admitted as universal were at first propounded, and often long resisted, as the expressions of individual reflection.

(4.) On one point more a personal *éclaircissement* is needed as a condition of any profitable argument. I am said to be "imperfectly informed regarding the position I assail." If I am sensitive to this remark, it is not that I cannot bear to be reminded of my ignorance, the sense of which is a shadow that never quits my life, but that, as no man has a right to attack doctrines which he has not taken the pains to understand, the statement carries in it a moral imputation, and calls on me either to clear it away or to confess a wrong. What then is the "position" which, under the name of "materialism," I intended to assail, and ought, perhaps, to have fixed by exact definition? Professor Tyndall supposes it to be *his* position, regarding which undoubtedly I am very imperfectly informed; for the indications of it, though clear enough for assent or criticism when taken one by one, appear to me so shifting and indeterminate in their combination, as to afford no means of testing it. Except in the two or three passages where it is quoted, the Belfast Address was no more in my view than the writings to which it referred and others belonging to the literature of

the subject; and did not supply the form of doctrine to which my argument was addressed. The only question therefore is whether that form of doctrine really exists. If it can be shown that I have misconceived the materialists' position, and fastened upon them any thesis which is without eminent representative in their school, I must accept my rebuke. But if no part of my sketch is unsupported by adequate authority, it will remain true, though it should conflict with sentences in the "Fragments of Science."

Probably the chief instance of "imperfect information" is this—that I suppose the materialist doctrine to be offered as an *explanation* of the order of things; for my censor contrasts with this "travesty" of the scheme his own statement, that the materialist's "molecular groupings and movements in reality explain nothing," and that "the utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance." But surely, if this is all that he can affirm, he gives his materialism nothing to do, and is as well off without it as with it: in order simply to see that two series of phenomena run parallel, and correspond term for term, he needs no more than methodized observation, possible and identical on every theory or no theory about the substratum of the phenomena. If the human mind could be content with this spectacle of unexplained concomitance, the very impulse would be wanting from which materialism has sprung. Its fundamental proposition, common, as Lange remarks, to all its forms, ancient and modern,—"that the universe consists of atoms and empty space"*—is an *hypothesis* devised for the express purpose of establishing a "bond of union" between lines of succession previously detached—*i.e.*, of giving the mind a bridge of passage other than that of "association" from the one to the other—*i.e.*, of *explaining* the second by the first. An hypothesis commends itself to us when (*inter alia*) it offers a higher conception from which, as an assumption, we can deduce *both* sets of previously separate facts; and so far as it fails to do this, it is self-condemned. There may be other defects in hypotheses; but if their *data* do not logically lead to the *quæsita* they break their primary promise; and to see whether they are water-tight throughout, or are leaky at the joints, is an efficient test of their pretensions. A materialist who knows what he is about would not disown the words which I put into his mouth—"Matter is all I want; give me its atoms alone, and I will explain the universe"—but would assuredly be offended were he told, and that by a "candid friend," that his doctrine "explains nothing."

As it is impossible to come to close quarters with a see-saw doctrine, which now touches solid ground and now escapes it, I naturally addressed myself to thorough-going materialists, without presuming to commit Professor Tyndall to their consistency. That there have been and are such persons—persons who have undertaken, by defining the essence of matter and fixing it in atoms, "to explain the enigmatical by the clear, the intricate by the simple, the unknown by the known"*—he cannot deny, after having himself introduced us to the thesis of Democritus,† the reasonings of

* Geschichte des Materialismus, 2tes Buch, p. 181.

* Lange, Geschichte des Materialismus, 1tes Buch, pp. 8, 9.

† In connection with this name there is an historical error in the Belfast Address which I should hardly notice were it not likely to be perpetuated by the just reputation of the author, and did it not apparently fall back for support upon Lange. This writer, noticing that Democritus makes no attempt to explain the appearances of adaptation out of the blind power of natural necessity, adds, "Whether this gap lay in his system itself, or only in the tradition of it, we do not know; but we do know that the source of even this last principle of all materialism—rudely shaped, it is true, yet with perfect precision of idea—is to be found in the philosophic thought of the Hellenic race. What Darwin, with the support of vast stores of positive knowledge, has effected for the present time, Empedocles offered to the thinkers of antiquity—the simple and penetrating thought that if adaptations preponderate in the world, it is because it lies in their very nature to maintain themselves; while that which fails of adaptation has perished long ago." (I. pp. 22, 23.) Misled by the order of this passage, which gives the missing thought *after* naming the "*gap*" which it might have filled, Dr. Tyndall has described Empedocles as intentionally making good a defect in Democritus—"*Noticing this gap* in the doctrine of Democritus, he (Empedocles (struck in with the penetrative thought," &c. This is an inversion of the

Lucretius, and the method of Gassendi.* The "atomists," says Lange, "attributed to matter only the simplest of the various properties of things—those, namely, which are indispensable for the presentation of a something in space and time; and their aim was to evolve from these alone the whole assemblage of phenomena." "They it was," he adds, "who gave the first perfectly clear notion of what we are to understand by matter as the basis of all phenomena. With the positing of this notion materialism stood complete, as the first perfectly clear and consequent theory of all phenomena."† If there is any difference between this statement of the problem and my "travesty" of it, I cannot discern it.

The indistinctness of which I ventured to complain in Dr. Tyndall's account of his "primordial" datum I do not find removed by my pleasant journey with him to the Caribbean Sea and the Alpine snows, or his graceful pictures of Cingalese ferns, and of nascent infant life. The whole exposition appears to be dominated by the tacit maxim, "No matter without force, no force without matter‡"—a maxim which may be true in fact, but does not dispense with the necessity of investigating the relation between two fundamental ideas which are not identical or interchangeable. In the natural sciences no harm is done by running them both together, or resorting in varying proportions to the one and to the other. Experimental research and mathematical deduction may go on undisturbed, by mere use of them as provisional conceptions, and without even suspecting that they carry in them any ulterior problem. But it is not by thus picking them up *in mediis rebus*, and taking them as they happen to come, that we can reach any philosophical view of the world, or estimate the theories which strive to interpret its unity and meaning. In spite of the cheap wit expended in derision of metaphysics, and the brave preference avowed for *terra firma*, you can escape them only by not knowing where you are. In their embrace you live and move and have your being; and, however fast your foot may cling to the earth, none the less do you swim with it through the infinite space which, even in its emptiness, is yet the condition of all solidity.

At a first glance, nothing looks more hopeful to the enthusiast for simplification than the reduction of "matter" to "force." Two or three easy equations will carry him through the problem. Matter is known to us only by its "properties," and, relatively to us, is tantamount to them. Its properties, again, are only its ways of affecting ourselves, either directly or through operations on other portions of matter. That is, it is represented to us wholly by the *effects* which it has *power* to produce, and resolves itself into an aggregate of *forces*. Make its essence what you will—extension with Descartes; or palpableness with Fechner—it is still as acting on the eye or the touch or the muscles that this essence reaches our apprehension; it is the cause of sensations to us, and anything that should cause such sensations would be identical with it. Is it not plain therefore that matter is simply power logically lodged? and that when pursued to its smallest conceivable elements, it merges into dynamic points, unextended centres of attraction and repulsion? Such a course of thought has again and again led to theories of dynamic idealism, like Boscovich's, Ampère's, and Cauchy's, in which the dimensions of the atoms whence molecular action proceeds not simply are small relatively to the distances which separate them, but absolutely vanish. Such theories, by isolating the elements needed for calculation, offer advantages for mathematical physics. But there will always be found an irresolvable residue which declines to melt away into force. When you have construed the atom's solidity into repulsion, and reduced its extension to nothing, there remains its *position*, and this "whereabouts" of a power is other than the

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chronology. Empedocles preceded Democritus by at least a generation, being born about B.C. 490, and dying B.C. 430; whilst Democritus, whom we find at Thurii shortly after the foundation of the colony in B.C. 443, died at a very advanced age, B.C. 357.—*Diog. Laert.* viii. 52, 56, ix. 41. Comp. Arist. Met. A. 4, p. 985, p. 4.

* Starting from the fundamental assumption, "Principio ergo Universum ex corpore et inani constat, neque enim tertia natura concipi mente præterea potest."—*Phil. Epicur. Syntagma*, Op. T. iii. 11.

† Geschichte des Materialismus, i. pp. 8, 9.

‡ Büchner: Kraft und Stoff, p. 2 (Aufl. 4).

power itself; and secures to it a *Da*seyn or objective existence in space. Nor is the conception of motion adequately provided for in these schemes of abstraction. As geometrical points themselves cannot be moved, the phenomenon becomes a translation of a cluster of attractions and repulsions to new centres. But attraction with nothing to be attracted, repulsion with nothing to be repelled, motion with nothing to be moved, are presentable in language only, not in thought. The running of one eddy round another or into another is intelligible so long as there is a *medium*, be it of ether, howeverrare; but *in vacuo*, not so. A material *nidus* is indispensable as the seat of every motory change. The reason of this lies in the very structure of the human understanding, which supplies us with the category of Attribute or Property only in combination with that of Substance or Thing as its abiding base. The relation between the attribute which speaks to you phenomenally, and the substance which is given intellectually, is indissoluble: and analyze the phenomena as you may, so as to turn them from one type of predicate to another, you cannot cut them off from their persistent and unyielding seat, so as to have left on your hands a set of predicates without any subject. Thus the idea of "matter" vindicates itself against every attempt to get rid of it by transformation.

The simplification has also been attempted by the inverse method of dispensing with "force," and making "matter" do all the work. In physics, it is said, we know what we perceive or generalize from preception: "we observe what our senses, armed with the aids furnished by science, enable us to observe —nothing more."* *Movements*, however, are all that we perceive, and if at first this fact escapes us when we hear and see, it is because our organs are not fine enough to read the undulations which deliver to them tones and tints. Submit their sensibility to adequate magnifying power, and all that is observable would resolve itself into local changes—molecular or molar. It is the same in the celestial mechanics as in the scene of daily experience. We say that the moon goes through its lunations, an upheaves the tidal wave on the eart spinning beneath it, by the constant forc of gravitation. But the real facts nc ticed are simply the presence now her now there, of two visible and solid globe and of some piled-up water upon one c them, and a certain rule according t which these changes recur. Were thes the only phenomena within our ken, th rule would be all that we mean by th "force" of which we speak. But a there are countless others which we hav found to follow the same rule, we cann speak of it without tacit reference t these, so that the word covers indefinitel more than the facts immediately in viev Still, it takes in nothing in any part of i field but movements and their law. An nothing moves but matter. The natur sciences would thus resolve themselv into a register of co-existent and sequei positions of bodies, expressed in formul as comprehensive as the state of analys allowed; and in this form, as Comte an Mill justly insist, they would fulfil a the conditions of phenomenal knowledg and secure that power of *prevision* whic is the crown and reward of scientif labor.

This reduction of everything to ma ter, motion, and law would be unir peachable, were our intelligence som what differently constructed. Matter— these expositors set out by observing- speaks to our perceptive senses alone and we should still know it, had we r more than these, and the ability to reta their vestiges and set them in orde Let us only see how things like and u like lie and move in place and time, an the history of matter is all before us. F this purpose we need not go beyond th relations of objectivity, succession, an resemblance among the forms or data the understanding. But over and abo these we are subject to another dete minate condition of thought—the princ ple of causality—in virtue of which the can be no cognition of *phenomenon*, e cept as relative to *power* that issues any more than there can be a cognitic of a *here* without a *there*, or a *befo* without an *after*. This intellectual la leaves us unsatisfied with merely readin the *order* of occurrence among the chang we perceive; it obliges us to refer mov ment to a motor, to look beyond the ma

* "Materialism and its Opponents," Eclectic for January, p. 26.

ter stirred to a force that stirs it, be the force *without*, as in the expansive energy which propels a loaded shell, or *within*, as in that which ultimately bursts it. In any case, you have here a clear dynamic addition to that scheme of regimented and marshalled phenomena which results from the lonely conception of matter. Will you rid yourself of the dualism by insisting, while you concede the power, that it is only a *property* of the matter?

"See," says Lange, "whether here you are not in danger of a logical circle. A 'thing' is known to us through its properties, a subject is determined by its predicates. But the 'thing' is in fact only the resting-point demanded by our thought. We know nothing but the properties and their concurrence in an unknown object, the assumption of which is a figment of our mind (*Gemüth*), *a necessary one it seems, rendered imperative by our organization.**

Another answer may be given thus:—'You may make anything a predicate of matter which you can *observe* in it, *i.e.*, all its *movements;* but not what you *cannot observe*, therefore not the *power* which issues the movements; for this is not seen in the phenomenon; it is supplied by a necessity of thought, not as an element in it, but as a condition of it.'

Inasmuch then as both "matter" and "force" are intellectual data (*noümena*), involved respectively in the principle of Objectivity and in that of Causality, neither can be substituted for the other. For ages each has been trying to end the divided sway; but the rival, though often driven from the front, has always found at last an impregnable retreat, whence its rights return to recognition when the usurping rage is past. The present tendency in natural science is so strongly in favor of force as the better known term that, according to Lange, "the untrue element in materialism, viz., the erecting of matter into the principle of all that exists, is completely, and it would seem definitely, set aside."†

From these two roots have arisen two forms of naturalism, capable no doubt of a balanced co-existence in the same mind, but often unharmonized, and expressing themselves in doctrines doubtfully related to each other. The *material* theory works out the conception of *Atoms*. The *dynamic* relies on that of the *Conservation of energy*. As a means of intellectually organizing ascertained facts, and holding them together in a tissue of conceivable relations, these conceptions possess a high value, and are indispensable to the reaching of any generalizations yet higher. In the one, the multiple proportions of chemistry and the laws of elastic diffusion find an adequate vehicle of expression and computation. In the other, a common measure is set up for variations of heat and mechanical work and chemical decomposition and electrical intensity, bringing several special provinces into a federal affinity. Dr. Tyndall misconstrues me when he imputes to me any disparagement of these conceptions in their *scientific* use, for formulating, linking, and anticipating phenomena. It is not till they break these bounds, and, mistaking their own logical character, set up *philosophical* pretensions as adequate data for the deductive construction of a universe without mind, that I venture to resist their absolutism, and set them back within their constitutional rights. It is no wonder, perhaps, that many an enthusiast in the study of nature, excited by the race of rapid discovery, should lose count of his direction as he sweeps along, and, mounted upon these hobbies, should fancy that he can ride off into the region of ontology, and finding nothing, because never really there, should mistake his own failure for its blank. But the calmer critics of human thought know how to distinguish between the physical and the metaphysical use of these conceptions.

'There is scarcely a more *naïve* expression of the materialism of the day," says Lange, "than escapes from Büchner, when he calls the atoms of modern times 'discoveries of natural science,' while those of the ancients are said to have been 'arbitrary speculative representations.' In point of fact, the atomic doctrine to-day is still what it was in the time of Democritus. It has still not lost its metaphysical character; and already in ancient times it served also as a scientific hypothesis for the explanation of natural processes."*

And respecting the law of Conservation of energy, Lange observes that, taken in its "strictest and most consequent meaning, it is anything but proved: it is only an '*Ideal of the Reason*,' perhaps however indispensable as a goal for all empirical

* Geschichte des Materialismus, ii. p. 214.
† Ibid. p. 215.

* Geschichte des Materialismus, ii. 181.

research."* It is from no want of deference for science proper that I pass again under review the competency of these two doctrines to work out, *ab initio*, a blind cosmogony.

The *material* hypothesis, as I read it, and as alone I propose to comment on it, maintains that, with ultimate inorganic atoms to begin with, the present universe could be constructed. Before it can be tested, its *datum* (inorganic atoms) must be pressed into more determinate form by an explanation of the word "atoms." "Things which cannot be cut" might be all alike; or they might be variously different *inter se:* and before we start, we must know on which of these two assumptions we are to proceed. The former is the only admissible one, so long as you credit the materialist with any logical exactness. When he asks for *no more than matter* for his purpose, he must surely be understood to require nothing but the *essentials of matter*, the characters which enter into its definition; and to pledge himself to deduce out of these all the accessory characters which appear here and not there, and which discriminate the several provinces of nature. The idea of *atoms* is indeed simply the idea of "matter" *in minimis*, arising only from an arrest, by a supposed physical limit, of a geometrical divisibility possible without end; and the attributes which suffice to earn the one name give the meaning of the other. When in mathematical optics the investigator undertakes, from the conditions afforded by an undulatory elastic medium, to deduce the phenomena of refraction and polarization, he is not permitted to enlarge the data as he proceeds, and surreptitiously import into his ether chemical or other characters unnamed at first. Just as little can one who proposes to show the way from simple atoms to the finished world be allowed to swell the definition of those atoms at his convenience, and take on fresh attributes which change them from matter ἁπλῶς, and make them now *this* sort of matter, now *that*. Whatever he thus adds to his assumption is filched from his *quæsita*, to the relief of his problem and the vitiation of its proof: and if the whole fulness of the *quæsita* is so withdrawn, and turned back to be condensed into *datum*, all deduction given up, and the thesis is simply take for granted.

In precisely this plight—unless there some reasoning between the lines whic I am too dull to see—Professor Tynda leaves his case. He ridicules me for d fining the assumed atoms as "homog neous extended solids," on the groun that a phrase thus restricted to the "r quisites of body" gives only "a met physical body."* Everything which yc define is, in the same sense, a "met physical" (more properly, a "logical subject. The object of the definition to specify the attributes which alone a to be considered in giving the name, and i reasoning from it. The atomist who not content with my account of his pr misses should oblige me with a bette instead of stopping short with the di covery that a definition of a class is nc a full description of its individual When, however, I look about for m critic's correcter version of "matter" o its atoms, it is long before I learn mor than that "we must radically change ou notions" of it—an injunction upo which, without further help, it is difficul to act. At length, however, on the con cluding page of the critique, the missin definition turns up. "Matter I define a *that mysterious thing by which all this ha been accomplished*," *i.e.*, the whole series o phenomena, from the evaporation of wate to self-conscious life of man. Need say that such a proposition is no defini tion, and dispenses with all proof; bein simply *an oracle*, tautologically declarin the very position in dispute, that matte carries in it "the promise and potenc of all terrestrial life?" The whole o the picturesque group of descriptiv illustrations which lead up to this inno cent dictum are only an expansion o the same *petitio principii:* they simply say over and over again, the force immanen in matter *is* matter—they are identical

* Geschichte des Materialismus, p. 213.

* It becomes still more metaphysical i the hands of an eminent teacher of physica science. "L'impénétrabilité," says Pouillet "c'est la matière. On n'a pas raison de dir que la matière a deux propriétés essentielles *l'étendue* et *l'impénétrabilité;* ce ne sont pas de propriétés, c'est une définition." And again "L'impénétrabilité inséparable est ce qu'or appelle un *atome*."—*Eléments de Physiqu expérimentale*, tom. i. p. 4.

or if not so as hitherto understood, we will have a new definition to make them so. This is not a process of reasoning, but an act of will—a decretal enveloped in a scientific nimbus. Nothing can be less relevant than to show (and nothing else is attempted) that the forces of heat, of attraction, of life, of consciousness, are attached to material media and organisms, which they move and weave and animate: this is questioned by no one. In the sense of being *immanent* in matter, and manifesting themselves by its movements, they are *material* forces; but *not* in the sense of being derivable from the essential properties of matter, *quâ* matter. And this is the only sense on which philosophies divide, and reasoning is possible.

If the essence of the materialist hypothesis be to start with matter on its lowest terms, and work it thence up into its highest, I did it no wrong in taking "homogeneous extended solids" as its *specified datum*, and its *only* one; so that it constituted a system of "monism." Dr. Tyndall asks me "where and by whom" any such datum is "specified." In the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, June, 1872, Mr. Herbert Spencer contends that "the properties of the different elements" (*i.e.*, chemical elements, hydrogen, carbon, &c.) "result from differences of arrangement, arising by the compounding and recompounding of *ultimate homogeneous units*." Here, *totidem verbis*, is the monism which I am charged with "putting into the scheme." As my critic is evidently anxious to disclaim the monistic datum, I conclude that he owns the necessity of *heterogeneous elements* to begin with, and feels with me the insecurity of Mr. Spencer's deduction of chemical phenomena from mechanical. Though I have the misfortune, in the use of this same argument—that you cannot pass from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous—to incur the disapproval of two great authorities, it somewhat relieves the blow to find Mr. Spencer at one with the premiss, and Dr. Tyndall ratifying the conclusion.

Before I quit this point I ought perhaps to explain, in deference to Mr. Spencer, why I venture to repeat an argument which he has answered with care and skill. In common with all logical atomists, he appeals to the case of *isomeric* bodies, and especially to the case of *allotropic* varieties of carbon and phosphorus, to prove that, without any change of elements in kind or proportion, and even without any composition at all, substances present themselves with marked differences of physical and chemical property. There are several distinct compounds formed out of the same relative weights of carbon and hydrogen. And the simple carbon itself appears as charcoal, as black-lead, and as diamond; and phosphorus again, in the yellow, semi-transparent, inflammable form, and as an opaque, dark-red substance, combustible only at a much higher temperature. In the absence of any variation in the material, these differences in the product are attributed to a different grouping of the atoms; and, whatever their form, it is easy, within certain limits, to vary in imagination the adjustments of their homologous sides, so as to build molecules of several types, and ultimately aggregates of contrasted qualities.

I admit that, on the assumption of homogeneity, we may provide a series of unlike arrangements to count off against a corresponding number of qualitative peculiarities, though it is doubtful whether the conceivable permutations can be pushed up through the throng of cases presented by organic chemistry. But the morphological differences, if adequately obtained, contribute no explanation of the observed variations of attribute. What is there in the arrangement *a b c* to occasion "activity" in phosphorus, while the arrangement *b a c* produces "inertness." Where the products differ only in geometrical properties, and consequently in optical, the explanation may be admissible, the form and the laying of the bricks determining the outline and the density of the structure. But the deduction cannot be extended from the physical to the chemical properties, so as to displace the rule that to these heterogeneity is essential. To treat the cases of allotropy as destructive of a rule so broadly based, and fly off to a conjectural substitute, is surely a rash logic. In these cases we certainly know of no difference of composition. But neither do we know of any difference of arrangement. The first, if we could suppose it latently there, would be a

vera causa of the unexplained phenomena; the second, though its presence were ascertained, would still rank only as a *possible* cause of them. If, therefore, an inquirer chose to say, "From this difference of property I suspect a difference of composition," what answer could we give him from Mr. Spencer's point of view? Could we say, "We finally know carbon to be simple?" On the contrary, we are warned that "there are no recognized elementary substances, if the expression means substances known to be elementary. What chemists for convenience call elementary substances are merely substances which they have thus far failed to decompose." If we are to stand ready to see sixty-two out of the sixty-three "elements" fall analytically to pieces before our eyes, how can we feel so confident of the simplicity of phosphorus or carbon as to make it answerable for a hypothetical reconstruction of chemical laws?

Even in the last resort, if we succeed in getting all our atoms alike, we do not rid ourselves of an unexplained heterogeneity; it is simply transferred from their nature as units to their rules of combination. Whether the qualitative difference between hydrogen and each of the other elements is conditional upon a distinction of kind in the atoms, or on definite varieties in their mode of numerical or geometrical union, these conditions are not provided for by the mere existence of homogeneous atoms; and nothing that you can do with these atoms, within the limits of their definition, will get the required heterogeneity out of them. Make them up into molecules by what grouping or architecture you will; still the difference between hydrogen and iron is not that between one and three, or any other number; or between shaped solids built off in one direction and similar ones built off in another, which may turn out like a right and a left glove. If hydrogen were the sole "primordial," and were transmutable, by select shuffling of its atoms, into every one of its present sixty-two associates, both the tendency to these special combinations, and the effects of them, would be as little deducible from the homogeneous datum as, on the received view, are the chemical phenomena from mechanical conditions. I still think, therefore, that if you assume atoms at all, you may as well take th whole sixty-three sorts in a lot. An this startling multiplication of the orig nal monistic assumption I understan Professor Tyndall to admit as indispen sable.

Next, in the striking words of D Bois-Reymond, I have pleaded the im possibility of bridging the chasm betwee chemistry and Consciousness. The sen sations of warmth, of sound, of colo are facts *sui generis*, quite other than th undulations of any medium, the molecu lar movements of any structure; know on different evidence, compared by dif ferent marks, needing a different languag affections of a different subject; and de fying prediction and interpretation, o the part of a stranger to them, out of an formulas of physical equilibrium an motion, or of chemical affinity and com position. They, with all the highe mental conditions, belong to a world be yond the bounds of the natural science —a world into which they can *never* fin their way, its phenomena being intrinsi cally inappreciable by their instrument of research. Here, then, in this estab lishment of two spheres of cognition separated by an impassable gulf, w surely have a breach in the continuit of our knowledge: on the one side, al the phenomena of matter and motion on the other, those of living conscious ness and thought. Step by step th "Naturforscher" may press his advance through even the contiguous organi provinces; but at this line his movemen is arrested; he stands in presence o that which his methods cannot touch— an intellectual necessity stops him, an that for ever, at the boundary which h has reached. With this doctrine I invit ed my readers to compare the statemen of Professor Tyndall, that, relying o "the continuity of nature," he "canno stop abruptly where microscopes ceas to be of use," but "by an intellectual ne cessity crosses the boundary," and "dis cerns in matter the promise and potenc of *all* terrestrial life," including, there fore, *conscious* life. *This* statement ap peared to me inconsistent with Du Bois Reymond's "limit to natural science,' and still appears so. What is my critic's reply? He cites *another* statement of his, which is quite consistent with the doctrine of the eminent Berlin Professor

and anticipates it; a procedure by which he answers himself, not me—and, instead of removing the contradiction, takes it home. If, as the earlier passage says, "the chasm between the two classes of phenomena" (physical processes and facts of consciousness) "remains intellectually impassable," the "intellectual necessity of crossing the boundary" is not easy to understand. In order to "discern in matter the *promise*" of conscious life, you must be able, by scrutiny of its mere physical movements, to forecast, in a world as yet insentient, the future phenomena of feeling and thought. Yet this is precisely the transition which is pronounced "unthinkable;" "we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other." If between these statements "nothing but harmony reigns," then indeed I am justly charged with being "inaccurate."

How then does the case stand with the atomic hypothesis, as a starting point of scientific deduction? In Dr. Tyndall's latest exposition we have it admitted—(1) that the monistic doctrine of homogeneous units will not work, and that the assumption must be enlarged to include heterogeneous chemical atoms; (2) that nothing which we can do with this magnified datum will prevent our being finally stopped at the boundary of consciousness. As these two positions are precisely those which I had taken up against the speculative materialists, it is an infinite relief to discover, when the mask of controversy is removed, the features of a powerful ally. The whole argument sums itself up in Sir William Thomson's remark, "The assumption of atoms can explain no property of body which has not previously been attributed to the atoms themselves."

That the totality of sensible and deducible phenomena is produced by a constant amount of forces in a given quantity of matter is a legitimate principle of modern science, and an adequate key for the interpretation of every proved or probable evolution. And in order to see what is comprised in changes that are intricately woven or fall broadly on the eye, it is often needful to take them to pieces and microscopically scrutinize them. We thus discover more exactly what they are, and how at the moment they are made up; and by doing likewise with the prior and posterior conditions of the same group, we learn to read truly the metamorphoses of the materials before us. But this is all. To suppose that by pulverizing the world into its least particles, and contemplating its components where they are next to nothing, we shall hit upon something ultimate beyond which there is no problem, is the strangest of illusions. There is no magic in the superlatively little to draw from the universe its last secret. Size is but relative, magnified or dwindled by a glass, variable with the organ of perception: to one being the speck which only the microscope can show us may be a universe; to another, the solar system but a molecule; and in passing from the latter to the former you reach no end of search or beginning of things. If in imagination you simply recede from the molar to the molecular form of body, you carry with you, by hypothesis, all the properties of the whole into the parts where your regress ceases, and merely substitute a miniature of nature for its life-size, without at all showing whence the features come. If, on the other hand, you drop attributes from the mass in your retreat to the elements, on your return you can never pick them up again: starve your atom down to a hard, geometrically perfect minimum, and you have parted with the possibility of feeding it up to the qualitative plenitude of our actual material forms; for in mere resistance—which is all that is left—you have no source of new properties, only the power of excluding other competitors for its place.

Accordingly, the "atom" of the modern mathematical physics has given up its pretension to stand as an absolute beginning, and serves only as a necessary rest for exhausted analysis, before setting forth on the return journey of deduction. "A simple elementary atom," says Professor Balfour Stewart, "is probably in a state of ceaseless activity and change of form, but it is, nevertheless, always the same."* "The molecule" (here identical with "atom," as the author is speaking of a simple substance,

* The Conservation of Energy, p. 7.

as hydrogen) "though indestructible, is not a hard rigid body," says Professor Clerk Maxwell, "but is capable of internal movements, and when these are excited it emits rays, the wave-length of which is a measure of the time of vibration of the molecule."* "Change of form" and "internal movements" are impossible without shifting parts and altered relations; and where, then, is the final simplicity of the atom? It is no longer a pure unit, but a numerical whole. And as part can separate from part, not only in thought but in the phenomenon, how is it an "atom" at all? What is there, beyond an arbitrary dictum, to prevent a part which changes its relation to its fellows from changing its relation to the whole—removing to the outside? Such a body, though serving as an element in chemistry, is mechanically compound, and has a constitution of its own, which raises as many questions as it answers, and wholly unfits it for offering to the human mind a point of ultimate rest. It has accordingly been strictly kept to a penultimate position in the conception of philosophical physicists like Gassendi, Herschel, and Clerk Maxwell, and of masters in the logic of science, like Lotze and Stanley Jevons.

It is a serious question whether, in our time, atomism can any longer fulfil the condition which all the ancient materialism was invented to satisfy. The Ionian cosmogonies sprang from a genuine intellectual impulse; the desire to conquer the bewildering multiplicity of nature, and find some pervading identity which should make a woven texture of the whole; and whether it was moisture, or air, the ether-fire, which was taken as the universal substratum, it was regarded as a *single datum*, on the simplicity of which the mind might disburden itself of an oppressive infinitude. The intention of these schemes was to *unify* all bodies in their material, and in some cases all minds as well, so as not even to allow two originals at the fountain-head, but to evolve the All out of the One. This aim was but an overstraining of the permanent effort of all scientific interpretation of the world. It strives to make things conceivable by simplification, to put what was separate into relation, what was confused into order; to read back the many and the different into the one and the same, and so lessen, as far as possible, the list of unattached and underived *principia*. The charm of science to the imagination and its gain to life may be almost measured by the number of scattered facts which its analysis can bring into a common formula. The very sand-grains and rain-drops seem to lose in multitude when the morphological agencies are understood which crystallize and mould them. The greatness of Newton's law lies in the countless host of movements which it swept from all visible space into one sentence and one thought. No sooner does Darwin supply a verified conception which construes the endless differences of organic kinds into a continuous process, than the very relief which he gives to the mind serves, with others if not with himself, as an equivalent to so much evidence. The acoustic reduction of sounds, in their immense variety, to the length, the breadth, and the form of a wave, is welcomed as a happy discovery from a similar love of relational unity. To simplify is the essence of all scientific explanation. If it does not gain this end, it fails to explain. Its speculative ideal is still, as of old, to reach some monistic principle whence all may flow; and in this interest it is, especially to get rid of dualism by dissolving any partnership with mind, that materialism continues to recommend its claims. Does it really bring in our day the simplification at which it aims?

Under the eye of modern science Matter, pursued into its last haunts, no longer presents itself as one undivided *stuff*, which can be treated as a continuous substratum absorbent of all number and distinction; but as an infinitude of discrete atoms, each of which might be though all the rest were gone. The conception of them, when pushed to its hypothetical extreme, brings them no nearer to unity than *homogeneity*,—an attribute which itself implies that they are separate and comparable members of a *genus*. And what is the result of comparing them? They "are conformed," we are assured, "to a constant type with a precision which is not to be found in the sensible properties of the bodies which they constitute. In the first

* A Discourse on Molecules, p. 12.

place, the mass of each individual," "and all its other properties, are absolutely unalterable. In the second place, the properties of all" "of the same kind are absolutely identical."* Here, therefore, we have an infinite assemblage of phenomena of Resemblance. But further, these atoms, besides the internal vibration of each, are agitated by movements carrying them in all directions, now along free paths and now into collisions.† Here, therefore, we have phenomena of Difference in endless variety. And so it comes to this, that our unitary datum breaks up into a genus of innumerable contents, and its individuals are affected both with ideally perfect correspondences and with numerous contrasts of movement. What intellect can pause and compose itself to rest in this vast and restless crowd of assumptions? Who can restrain the ulterior question, —whence then these myriad types of the same letter, imprinted on the earth, the sun, the stars, as if the very mould used here had been lent to Sirius and passed on through the constellations? Everywhere else the likenesses of individual things, especially within the same "species"—of daisy to daisy, of bee to bee,—have awakened wonder and stimulated thought to plant them in some uniting relation to a cause beyond themselves; and not till the common parentage refers them to the same matrix of nature does the questioning about them subside. They quietly settle as derivative where they could never be accepted as original. Some chemists think, as Mr. Herbert Spencer reminds us,‡ that in the hydrogen atom we have the ultimate simple unit. By means of the spectroscope, samples of it, and of its internal vibrations, may be brought from Sirius and Aldebaran—distances so great that light itself needs twenty-two years to cross the lesser of them—into exact comparison with our terrestrial specimens; and were their places changed, there would be nothing to betray the secret. So long as no *à priori* necessity is shown for their quantity of matter being just what it is, and always the same at incommunicable distances, or for their elasticity and time of pulsation having the same measure through myriads of instances, they remain unlinked and separate starting-points; and if they explain a finite number of resemblances and differences, it is only by assuming an infinite.

But even the approach to simplicity which homogeneity would afford fails us. Notwithstanding the possibility, in the case of certain carbonates, of substituting isomorphous constituents for one another, it cannot be pretended that any evidence as yet breaks down the list of chemical elements: and, should some of them give way before further attempts at analysis, they are more likely—if we may judge of the future from the past—to grow to a hundred than to dwindle to one: to say nothing of the probability, already suggested by the star-spectroscope, that in other regions of space there exist elements unknown to us. At present, in place of a single type of atom, we have to set out with more than sixty, all independent, and each repeating the phenomenon of exact resemblance among its members wherever found. Perhaps you see nothing inconceivable in the self-existence of ever so many perfect facsimiles ready everywhere for the making of the worlds, and may treat it as a thing to be expected that, being there at all, they should be all alike. So much the more certain, then, must be your surprise on finding them *not* all alike, but ranging themselves under sixty heads of difference. If the similars are entitled to the position of ἀρχαί, the dissimilars are not: and if neither can prefer the claim, the atomic doctrine, when pushed into an ultimate theory of origination, extravagantly violates the first condition of a philosophical hypothesis.

Nor is its series of assumed data even yet complete. For these sixty kinds of atoms are not at liberty to be neutral to one another, or to run an indeterminate round of experiments in association within the limits of possible permutation. Each is already provided with its select list of admissible companions; and the terms of its partnership with every one of these are strictly prescribed; so that

* Discourse on Molecules, by J. Clerk Maxwell, M.A., F.R.S., p. 11.

† Theory of Heat, by J. Clerk Maxwell, M.A., LL.D., F.R.SS. London and Edin. Pp. 310, 311.

‡ CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, June, 1872, p. 142.

not one can modify, by the most trivial fraction, the capital it has to bring. Vainly, for instance, does the hydrogen atom, with its low figure and light weight, make overtures to the more considerable oxygen element: the only reply will be, Either none of you or two of you. And so on throughout the list. Among the vast group of facts represented by this sample I am not aware of more than one set—the union of the same combining elements in *multiple* doses for the production of a scale of compounds—of which the atomist hypothesis can be said to render an account. Everything else—the existence of "affinity" at all, its limitation to particular cases so far short of the whole, the original cast of its definite ratios, its preference for unlike elements,—stands unexplained by it, or must be carried into it as a new burden of primordial assumptions. This chasm between the facts of chemistry and its speculations is clearly seen by its best teachers. Kekulé treats the symbolic notation of chemical formulas as a means of simply expressing the *fact* of numerical proportion in the combining weights.

"If to the symbols in these formulas" (he adds) "a different meaning is assigned, if they are regarded as denoting the atoms of the elements with their weights, as is now most common, the question arises, 'What is the relative size or weight of the atoms?' Since the atoms can be neither measured nor weighed, it is plain that to the hypothetical assumption of determinate atomic weights we have nothing to guide us but speculative reflection."*

The more closely we follow the atomist doctrine to its starting-point, and spread before us the necessary outfit for its journey of deduction, the larger do its demands appear: and when, included in them, we find an unlimited supply of absolutely like objects, all repeating the same internal movements; an arbitrary number of unlike types, in each of which this demand is reproduced; and a definite selection of rules for restricting the play of combination among these elements, we can no longer, in the face of this stock of self-existent originals, allow the pretence of simplicity to be anything but an illusion.

Large as the atomist's assumptions are, they do not go one jot beyond the requirements of his case. He has to deduce an orderly and determinate universe, such as we find around us, and to exclude chaotic systems where no equilibrium is established. In order to do this he must pick out the special conditions for producing this particular kosmos and no other, and must provide against the turning up of any out of a host of equally possible worlds. In other words he must, in spite of his contempt for final causes, himself proceed upon a preconceived world-plan, and guide his own intellect as, step by step, he fits it to the universe, by the very process which he declares to be absent from the universe itself. If all atoms were round and smooth he thinks no such stable order of thinks as we observe could ever arise; so he rejects these forms in favor of others. By a series of such rejections he gathers around him at last the select assortment of conditions which will work out right. The selection is made, however, not on grounds of *à priori* necessity, but with an eye to the required result. Intrinsically the possibilities are all equal, (for instance) of round and smooth atoms, and of other forms; and a problem therefore yet remains behind, short of which human reason will never be content to rest, viz.: How come they to be so limited as to fence off competing possibilities, and secure the actual result? Is it an *eternal* limitation, having its "*ratio sufficiens*" in the uncaused essence of things; or *superinduced* by some power which can import conditions into the unconditioned, and mark out a determinate channel for the "stream of tendency" through the open wilds over which else it spreads and hesitates? It was doubtless in view of this problem, and in the absence of any theoretic means of excluding other atoms than those which we have, that Herschel declared them to have the characteristics of "manufactured articles." This verdict amuses Dr. Tyndall; nothing more. He twice* dismisses it with a supercilious laugh; for which perhaps, as for the atoms it concerns, there may be some suppressed "*ratio sufficiens.*" But the problem thus pleasantly touched is not one of those which *solventur risu;* and

* Lehrbuch der organischen Chemie, ap. Lange, Geschichte des Materialismus, ii. p. 191.

* Belfast Address, p. 26.

till some better-grounded answer can be given to it, that on which the large and balanced thought of Herschel and the masterly penetration of Clerk Maxwell have alike settled with content, may claim at least a provisional respect.

Having confined myself in this paper to the Atomic Materialism, I reserve for another the consideration of the Dynamic Materialism, and the bearings of both on the primary religious beliefs. To those —doubtless the majority in our time— who have made up their minds that behind the jurisdiction of the natural sciences no rational questions can arise, and from their court no appeal can be made, who will never listen to metaphysics except in disproof of their own possibility, I cannot hope to say any useful word: for the very matters on which I speak lie either on the borders of their sphere, or in quite another. I am profoundly conscious how strong is the set of the *Zeit-geist* against me, and should utterly fail before it, did it not sweep by me as a mere pulsation of the *Ewigkeits-geist* that never sweeps by. Nor is it always, even now, that physics shut up the mind of their most ardent and successful votary within their own province, rich and vast as that province is. "It has been asserted," says Professor Clerk Maxwell, "that metaphysical speculation is a thing of the past, and that physical science has extirpated it. The discussion of the categories of existence, however, does not appear to be in danger of coming to an end in our time; and the exercise of speculation continues as fascinating to every fresh mind as it was in the days of Thales."*—*Contemporary Review.*

MODERN ENGLISH PROSE.

In comparing for purposes of study the two great Histories of Greece which England produced in the last generation, a thought, which has most probably often presented itself to other students, has frequently occurred to me. Much as the two works differ in plan, in views, and in manner of execution, their difference has never struck me so much as in the point of style. And the remarkable feature of this difference is, that it is not by any means the natural variation which we allow for, and indeed expect, in the productions of any two men of decided and distinct literary ability. It is not as the difference between Hume and Gibbon, and the difference between Clarendon and Taylor. In the styles of these great writers, and in those of many others, there is the utmost conceivable diversity; but at the same time they are all styles. We can see (see it, indeed, so clearly that we hardly take the trouble to think about it) that each of them made a distinct effort to arrange his words into their clause, his clauses into their sentence, and his sentences into their paragraph according to certain forms, and that though these forms varied in the subtle and indescribable measure of the taste and idiosyncrasy of each writer, the effort was always present, and was only accidentally if inseparably connected with the intention to express certain thoughts, to describe certain facts, or to present certain characters. But when we come to compare Thirlwall with Grote, we find not a variation of the kind just mentioned, but the full opposition of the presence of style on the one hand and the absence of it on the other. The late Bishop of St. David's will probably never be cited among the greatest masters of English prose style, but still we can see without difficulty that he has inherited its traditions. It would be difficult, on the other hand, to persuade a careful critic that Grote ever thought of such things as the cadence of a sentence or the composition of a paragraph. That he took so much trouble as might suffice to make his meaning clear and his language energetic is obvious; that in no case did he think of looking beyond this is I think certain.

But the difference between these two great historians is very far from being a mere isolated fact, of little more interest or significance than a parallel between Macedon and Monmouth. It marks with extraordinary precision the date and nature of a change which has affected English literature to a degree and in

* Experimental Physics, Introductory Lecture, *ad finem.*

a manner worthy of the most serious consideration. What this change is, and whether it amounts to an actual decay or to a mere temporary neglect of style in English prose writing, are questions which are certainly of importance, and the answers to which should not, as it seems to me, lack interest.

If, then, we take up almost any book of the last century, we shall find that within varying limits the efforts of which I have just spoken is distinctly present. The model upon which the writer frames his style may be and probably is faulty in itself, and still more probably is faultily copied; there may be too much Addison in the mixture, or too much Johnson; but still we shall see that an honest attempt at style, an honest endeavor at manner as apart from matter, has been made, however clumsy the attempt may be, and however short of success it may fall. But if we take up any book of the last forty or fifty years, save a very few, the first thing that will strike us is the total absence of any attempt or endeavor of the kind. The matter will, as a rule, have been more or less carefully attended to, and will be presented to the reader with varying degrees of clearness and precision. But the manner, except in so far as certain peculiarities of manner may be conducive or prejudicial to clearness and precision of statement—sometimes perhaps to apparent precision with any sacrifice of clearness—will in most cases be found to have been totally neglected, if a thing may be said to be neglected which does not appear to have even presented itself within the circumference of the field of view. In other words, and to adopt a convenient distinction, though there may be a difference of manner, there is usually no difference of style, for there is no style at all.

Before going any further, it may be well to adopt a commendable, if antiquated and scholastic practice, and to set down accurately what is here meant by style, and of what it consists. Style is the choice and arrangement of language with only a subordinate regard to the meaning to be conveyed. Its parts are the choice of the actual words to be used, the further selection and juxtaposition of these words, the structure of the clauses into which they are wrought, the arrangement of the clauses into sentences, and the composition of the sentences into paragraphs. Beyond the paragraph style can hardly be said to go, but within that limit it is supreme. The faults incident to these parts (if I may be allowed still to be scholastic) are perhaps also worthy of notice. Every one can see, though every one is by no means careful to put his knowledge into practice, that certain words are bad of themselves, and certain others to be avoided wherever possible. The mere grammar of style teaches us not to say "commence" where we can say "begin," or "reliable" where we can say "trustworthy." The next stage introduces difficulties of a higher order, though these also are more or less elementary. Most people can see the faults in the following sentences:—

"Had he always written upon the level we behold here there could be little question that the author would have taken his place amongst the front rank of dramatists." Here "writing upon the level we behold here" is a combination of the most obviously incongruous notions. Again, "They did reject him *of course*, but his speech remains as a model for all true men to follow, as a warning to all who may adopt another *course*," &c. Here the unintentional repetition of the word "course" in an entirely different sense within the compass of a couple of lines is unpardonable. But these are mere rudiments; it is in the breach or neglect of the rules that govern the structure of clauses, of sentences, and of paragraphs that the real secret of style consists, and to illustrate this breach or observation is less easy. The task will be perhaps made easier if we consider first in the rough how the prevalent English style of the present day differs from that of the past times.

Some five-and-thirty years ago De Quincey had already noticed and deplored the deterioration of which we speak. In his Essay on Style (reprinted in the sixth volume of his collected works) he undertakes to discuss at some length the symptoms and causes of the disease. De Quincey, as any one who is at all acquainted with his works is aware, gave considerable attention to the subject of style, and professed to be no mean authority thereon. There were, indeed, two peculiarities about him

which prevented him from deserving a very high place as a referee on such matters. The first was his mistaken idea that extremely ornate prose—the prose which his ally John Wilson called "numerous," and which others have called Asiatic—was the highest form attainable, and that any writer who did not aim at this fell naturally into a lower class. The other was his singular crotchetiness, which made him frequently refuse to see any good in the style of writers to whom, for some reason or for no reason, he had taken a dislike. It will probably be allowed, not merely by persons who hold traditional opinions, but by all independent students of literature, that we must look with considerable distrust on the dicta of a critic who finds fault with the styles of Plato and of Conyers Middleton. The Essay on Style, however (at least its first part, for the latter portions go off into endless digressions of no pertinence whatever), is much more carefully written and much more carefully reasoned than most of De Quincey's work. The purport of it is, that the decay of style is to be attributed partly to the influence of German literature, but chiefly to the prevalence of journalism. No one will deny that the influence of newspaper writing is in many ways bad, and that to it is due much of the decadence in style of which complaint is made. But either the prevalent manner of journalism has undergone a remarkable change during the past generation, or else the particular influence which De Quincey supposes it to have had was mistaken by him. I do not myself pretend to a very intimate acquaintance with the periodical literature of thirty or forty years ago, and I am afraid that not even in the pursuit of knowledge could I be tempted to plunge into such a dreary and unbuoyant *mare mortuum*. With respect to the papers of to-day it is certainly not difficult to discern a peculiarity in their styles, or in what does duty for style in them. A large volume, for instance, might be profitably written, if, perhaps, not so profitably read, on the various stylistic peculiarities of the *Times*. There used to be the famous and memorable affectation of peculiar spelling, or what one might perhaps, after the story of King Sigismund, call the *super-orthographicam* style. Then, some ten years ago, there came the great "Queen of Sheba" style, which consisted in opening an article with some fact or allusion which had the remotest (or not the remotest) connection with the subject. Of late, perhaps, there has been less unity; but one style has never been lacking—a style which might be called the magisterial, but which I (having been once informed by a great master thereof, with whom I presumed to differ, that "all persons of common sense and morality" thought as he did) prefer to call the common-sense-and-morality style. This style is convenient for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness. If you approve, you can point out not too enthusiastically that the view or proceeding in question is the only one which common sense and morality allow; if (which is possible) you do not understand, common sense, by not understanding also, will help you out of the difficulty; and if you disapprove, morality will be as violently outraged as you like. Of the weekly papers, it is impossible not to admire the free-and-easy doctrinaire-ism of the *Spectator*, which is almost entirely an affair of style depending on a sedulous avoidance of ornate language, and a plentiful use of colloquial words and phrases about the least colloquial matters. Then there is the style of the *Saturday Review* in its political articles, a style which appears to be framed on the principle that thoughts and words economise weight by being meted out in small doses, and that a pound of buckshot will go farther than a pound of bullets. Lastly, the inquirer into such things will not neglect the peculiar aridity of certain of the older *Quarterlies*, which seem to have retained the ponderous clauses of other days, while neglecting the form which saved those clauses from being cumbrous. But in most of all this we shall find little to bear out De Quincey's verdict. Long and involved sentences, unduly stuffed with fact and meaning, are what he complains of; and though there is no doubt that we should not have to go far in order to find such at the present day, yet it does not appear, to me at least, that the main fault of contemporary English style is of this kind. On the contrary, the sin of which I should chiefly complain is the sin of over-short sentences, of mere gasps instead of bal-

anced periods. Such a paragraph as the following will illustrate what I mean: "That request was obeyed by the massacre of six out of the surviving princes of the imperial family. Two alone escaped. With such a mingling of light and darkness did Constantine close his career." I think that any one who considers this combination of two mutilated clauses with an interjectional copula, and who perceives with what ease its hideous cacophony might have been softened into a complete and harmonious sentence, must feel certain that its present form is to some extent intentional. The writer might very well have written: "That request was obeyed by the massacre of six out of the eight surviving princes of the imperial family, and the career of Constantine was closed in a mixture of light and darkness." Why did he not?

Again, let us take a book of recent date, whose style has received considerable praise both in England and abroad—Mr. Green's Short History of the English People. The character of Elizabeth is perhaps the most carefully written, certainly the most striking, passage in the book, and contains a most elaborate statement of that view of the great queen which many historical students now take. It enforces this view with the greatest energy, and sets it before us in every detail and difference of light and shade. But how inartistic it is! how thoroughly bad in conception, composition, and style! In the first place it occupies some seven printed pages of unusual extent and closeness, each of which is at least equal to two of the ordinary octavo pages of an English classic author. Let any one, if he can, imagine one of the great masters who could both draw and compose, Hume or Middleton, Clarendon or Swift, giving us a character of fourteen pages. A portrait on the scale of Brobdingnag, with all features and all defects unnaturally emphasized and enlarged, could hardly be more disgusting.*

It is not necessary to multiply examples, which if all the defects of contemporary style were to be noticed and illustrated, would occupy a space longer than the present article. In all but a very few writers we shall observe with certain variations the same defects—inordinate copiousness of treatment combined with an utter inability, or at best an extreme unwillingness, to frame a sentence of due proportion and careful structure. It should certainly be possible to trace the origin and examine the nature of a phenomenon so striking and so universal.

The secret of the manner will not long escape us if we notice or can disengage the intention with which, willingly or unwillingly, this manner has been adopted. Nor is this intention very hard to discover. It is, as it appears to me, a desire to present the subject, whatever it may be, to the reader in the most striking and arresting fashion. The attention of the reading public generally has, from causes to be presently noticed, become gradually concentrated almost wholly upon subject-matter. Among what may be called, intellectually speaking, the lower classes, this concentration shows itself not in the preference but in the exclusive study of novels, newspapers, and sometimes of so-called books of information. A book must be as they say "about something," or it fails altogether to arrest their attention. To such persons a page with (as it has been quaintly put) no "resting-places," no proper names and capital letters to fix the eye, is an intolerable weariness, and to them it is evident that style can be only a name. Somewhat above them come the (intellectually) middle classes. They are not absolutely confined to personal adventure, real or fictitious, or to interesting facts. They can probably enjoy the better class of magazine articles, superior biographies, travels, and the other books that everybody reads and nobody buys. This class will even read poetry if the poet's name be known, and would consider it a grave affront if it were hinted to them that their appre-

* I cannot refrain from noticing an instance from this writer of the absurdity into which the passion for picturesque epithet betrays many contemporary authors. At Newbury, we are told, "the London train bands flung Rupert's horsemen *roughly* off their front of pikes." Here *roughly* is in the Polonian sense "good." Visions of the sturdy and pious citizen discomfiting the debauched cavalier are aroused. But let us consider it with the sobriety proper to history and to art, and perhaps we shall ask Mr. Green to show us how to fling an enemy *softly* off a pike. Roaring like a sucking-dove would be nothing to this gymnastic effort.

ciation of style is but dull and faulty. A certain amount of labor is therefore required on work which is to please these readers: labor, however, which is generally bestowed in a wrong direction, on ornament and trick rather than on really artistic construction and finish. Lastly there is the highest class of all, consisting of those who really possess, or might possess, taste, culture, and intellect. Of these the great majority are now somewhat alienated from pure literature, and devoted rather to social matters, to science, or to the more fashionable and profitable arts of design. Their demand for style in literature is confined chiefly to poetry. They also are interested more by their favorite subjects treated anyhow, than by subjects for which they care little treated well, so that even by them little encouragement is given to the cultivation and little hinderance to the decay of prose style.

Intimately connected with the influences that arise from this attitude and temper of the general reader, are certain influences which spring from such prevalent forms and subjects of literature as present themselves to the general writer. The first of these forms, and unquestionably the most constant and pervading in its influence, is now, as it was in De Quincey's days, journalism. No one with the slightest knowledge of the subject will pretend that the influence of journalism upon writing is wholly bad. Whatever may have been the case formerly, a standard of excellence which is in some respects really high is usually aimed at, and not seldom reached, in the better class of newspapers. Some appropriateness in the use of words, a rigid avoidance of the more glaring grammatical errors, and a respectable degree of clearness in statement, are expected by the reader and usually observed by the writer. In these respects, therefore, there is no falling off to be complained of, but rather a marked improvement upon past times to be perceived. Yet, as regards the higher excellences of style, it is not possible that the influence of journalism should be good. For it must at any cost be rapid, and rapidity is absolutely incompatible with style. The journalist has as a rule one of two things to do; he has either to give a rapid account of certain facts, or to present a rapid discussion of certain arguments. In either case it becomes a matter of necessity for him to adopt stereotyped phrases and forms of speech which, being ready cut and dried, may abbreviate his labor and leave him as little as possible to invent in his limited time. Now there is nothing more fatal to the attainment of a good style than the habit of using such stereotyped phrases and forms. With the imperiousness natural to all art, style absolutely refuses to avail itself of, or to be found in company with, anything that is ready made. The rule must be a leaden one, the mould made for the occasion, and broken after it has passed. Every one who has ever seriously tried to write must be conscious how sorely he has been beset, and how often he has been overcome, by the almost insensible temptation to adopt the current phrases of the day. Bad, however, as the influence of journalism is in this respect, it is perhaps worse in its tendency to sacrifice everything to mere picturesqueness of style (for the word must be thus misused because there is no other). The journalist is bound to be picturesque by the law of his being. The old phrase, *segnius irritant*, is infinitely truer of pseudo-picturesque style as compared with literature which holds to its proper means of appeal, than it is of literal spectacle as compared with narrative. And the journalist is obliged at any cost *irritare animos*, and that in the least possible time.

This tendency of journalism is assisted and intensified by that of another current form of literature, novel writing. A very little thought will show that if the novel-writer attains to style it is almost a marvel. Of the four constituent elements of the novel, plot, character, description, and dialogue, none lend themselves in any great degree to the cultivation of the higher forms of style, and some are distinctly opposed to it. The most cunning plot may be developed equally in the style of Plato and in the style of a penny dreadful. Character drawing, as the novelist understands or should understand it, is almost equally unconnected with style. On the other hand description and dialogue, unless managed with consummate skill, distinctly tend to develop and strengthen the crying faults of contemporary style, its picturesqueness at any cost, its gasp-

ing and ungraceful periods, its neglect of purely literary effect.

Lastly, there must be noticed the enormous influence necessarily exerted by the growth of what is called scientific study (to use the term in its largest and widest sense), and by the displacement in its favor of many, if not most, of the departments of literature which were most favorable to the cultivation of style. In whatever quarter we look, we shall see that the primary effort of the writer and the primary desire of the reader are both directed to what are called scientific or positive results, in other words to matter instead of manner. In using the word science here, I have not the slightest intention of limiting its meaning, as it is too often limited, to physical science. I extend it to every subject which is capable of being treated in a scientific way. And I think we shall find that all subjects and all kinds of prose literature which are not capable of this sort of treatment, or do not readily lend themselves to it, are yearly occupying less and less the attention of both artists and audiences. Parliamentary oratory, which furnished a vigorous if a somewhat dangerous stimulant to the cultivation of style, is dead utterly. Pulpit eloquence, which at its worst maintained stylistic traditions, and at its best furnished some of the noblest examples of style, is dying, partly owing to the persistent refusal of the men of best culture and abilities to enter the clerical profession, partly to the absence of the serene security of a settled doctrine and position, but most of all to the demands upon the time of the clergy which modern notions enforce, and which make it utterly impossible for the greater number to devote a proper time to study. Philosophy, another great nurse of style, has now turned stepmother, and turns out her nurselings to wander in "thorniest queaches" of terminology and jargon, instead of the ordered gardens wherein Plato and Berkeley walked. History even, the last or almost the last refuge of a decent and comely prose, is more busy about records and manuscripts than about periods and paragraphs. Only criticism, the youngest and most hopeful birth of time as far as prose style is concerned, has not yet openly apostatized. It is true that even here signs of danger are not wanting, and that already we are told that criticism must be scientific, that its reading must not be desultory, and so forth. But on the whole there is little fear of relapse. The man who would cut himself a coat from another's cloth must bring to the task the knowledge and genius, the care and labor, of a skilled fashioner if he is to make good his claim of ownership. The man who has good work in perpetual contemplation is not likely to be satisfied with the complacent production of what is bad.

There is, moreover, one influence, or rather one set of influences, hostile to the attainment of style in the present day which I have as yet left unnoticed, and the approach to which is guarded by ground somewhat dangerous to the tread. It will, I think, appear to any one who contemplates the subject fully and impartially that style is essentially an aristocratic thing; and it is already a commonplace to say that the spirit of to-day, or perhaps the spirit of the times immediately behind us, is essentially democratic. It is democratic not in any mere political sense, but in the intolerance with which it regards anything out of the reach of, or incomprehensible to, the ordinary Philistine, working by the methods of Philistia. Intellectual and artistic pre-eminence, except in so far as it ministers to the fancies of the vulgar (great or small), is perhaps especially the object of this intolerance. Every one has witnessed or shared the angry impatience with which the ordinary Briton resents anything esoteric, fastidious, or fine. And the charms of prose style especially merit these epithets, and are not to be read by any one who runs, or tasted by any one who swallows in haste. Gaudy ornament is intelligible, graphic drawing is intelligible; but the finer cadences of the period, the more intricate strokes of composition, fall unregarded on the common ear and pass unnoticed by the common eyé. To be tickled, to be dazzled, to be harrowed, are impressions of which the uncultured man is capable; they require little intellectual effort, and scarcely any judgment or taste in the direction of that little. But the music of the spheres would form but a sorry attraction in a music-hall programme, and Christopher Sly is not willing to accept nectar in ex-

change for a pot of even the smallest ale. And if the angry resentment of not a few readers gives the votary of style but little chance of an audience, it must be admitted that the lack of what I have called an aristocratic spirit gives the audience little chance of a performer. The conditions of modern life are unfavorable to the attainment of the peculiar mood of somewhat arrogant indifference which is the characteristic of the scholar. Every one knows Dean Gaisford's three reasons for the cultivation of the Greek language; and I for my part have no doubt that one of them most accurately describes an important feature of the *Wesen des Gelehrten.* It may not be necessary for him "to read the words of Christ in the original;" it may not be of absolute importance that he should "have situations of affluence opened to him." But it is certainly essential that he should "look down on his fellow-creatures from a proper elevation;" and this is what the tendency of modern social progress is making more and more difficult, at any rate in appearance. You cannot raise the level of the valleys without diminishing the relative height of the hills; and you cannot scatter education and elementary cultivation broadcast without diminishing the value of the privileges which appertain to superior culture. The old republic of letters was, like other old republics, a democracy only in name, but in reality a more or less close oligarchy, looking down on metics and slaves whose degradations and disabilities heightened its courage and gave a zest to its freedom. In letters, as in politics, we are doing our best to change all this; and the possible result may be, that every one will soon be able to write a *Daily Telegraph* article, and that no one will aspire to anything beyond.*

The general characteristics of style which the influence, combined or partial, of these forces has produced have been already indicated, but may perhaps now be summed up. Diffuseness; sacrifice of the graces of literary proportion to real or apparent clearness of statement; indulgence in cut-and-dried phrases; undue aiming at pictorial effect; gaudiness of unnatural ornament; preference of gross and glaring effects *en bloc* to careful composition. Certain authors who are either free from these defects or have vigor enough to excuse or transform them must now be noticed.

For reasons obvious, though various, it is not my intention to discuss in any way at the present time the style of the author of Sartor Resartus. Mr. Carlyle being thus removed, there can be little question who must take the foremost place in a discussion as to the merits and demerits of modern English prose style. And yet, audacious or paradoxical as the assertion may seem, it is at least doubtful whether in strictness we can assign to Mr. Ruskin a position in the very highest rank of writers if we are to adopt style as a criterion. The objection to his manner of writing is an obvious one, and one which he might very likely take as a compliment: it is too spontaneous in the first place, and too entirely subordinate to the subject in the second. I hope that it may be very clearly understood that I can see passages in Modern Painters and in the Stones of Venice (for I must be permitted to neglect the legions of little books with parody-provoking titles which have appeared in the last three lustres) which, for splendor of imaginative effect, for appropriateness of diction, for novelty and grandeur of conception, stand beyond all chance of successful rivalry, almost beyond all hope of decent parallel among the writings of ancient and modern masters. But in every case this marvellous effect will, when carefully examined, be found to depend on something wholly or partially extrinsic to the style. Mr. Ruskin writes beautifully because he thinks beautifully, because his thoughts spring, like Pallas, ready armed, and the fashion of the armor costs him nothing. Everybody has heard of the unlucky critic whose comment on Scott's fertility was that "the invention was not to be counted, for that came to him of its own accord." So it is with Mr. Ruskin. His beauties of style "come to him of their own accord," and then he writes as

* I have for the present thought it better to leave out of consideration the probable effect of the diminished study of classics in modern school and university education. That this effect is decidedly adverse to the cultivation of style is sufficiently obvious, but the subject is too complicated to be incidentally treated, and perhaps the diminution itself is too recent for its effects to have been as yet much felt.

the very gods might dream of writing. But in the moments when he is off the tripod, or is upon some casual and un-Delphic tripod of his own construction or selection, how is his style altered! The strange touches of unforeseen color become splashed and gaudy, the sonorous roll of the prophetic sentence-paragraphs drags and wriggles like a wounded snake, the cunning interweaving of scriptural or poetic phrase is patched and seamy. A Balaam on the Lord's side, he cannot curse or bless but as it is revealed to him, whereas the possessor of a great style can use it at will. He can shine on the just and on the unjust; can clothe his argument for tyranny or for liberty, for virtue or for vice, with the same splendor of diction, and the same unperturbed perfection of manner; can convince us, carry us with him, or leave us unconvinced but admiring, with the same unquestioned supremacy and the same unruffled calm. Swift can write a *jeu d'esprit* and a libel on the human race, a political pamphlet and a personal lampoon, with the same felicity and the same vigor. Berkeley can present tar-water and the Trinity, the theory of vision and the follies of contemporary free-thinking, with the same perfect lucidity and the same colorless fairness. But with Mr. Ruskin all depends on the subject, and the manner in which the subject is to be treated. He cannot even blame as he can praise; and there must be many who are ready to accept everything he can say of Tintoret or of Turner, and who feel no call to object to any of his strictures on Canaletto or on Claude, who yet perceive painfully the difference of style in the panegyrist and the detractor, and who would demand the stricter if less obvious justice, and the more artistic if apparently perverted sensitiveness, of the thorough master of style.

But if we have to quarrel with Mr. Ruskin because he has not sufficient command of the unquestioned beauties of his style, because he is not, in Carew's words—

> "A king who rules as he thinks fit
> The universal monarchy of wit,"

but is rather a slave to his own thoughts and fancies, a very opposite fault must be found with the next writer who falls to be mentioned. "We do not," says an author with whom I am surprised to find myself in even partial and temporary agreement, "we do not get angry so much with what Mr. Matthew Arnold says as with his insufferable manner of saying it." In other words, there is no fear of omitting to notice a deliberate command and peculiarity of manner in Mr. Arnold, whether that manner be considered "insufferable" or no. For myself I must confess, that though I have very rarely felt the least inclination to get angry with anything which the author of Culture and Anarchy may have chosen to say, and though I have in common with all the youth of Zion an immense debt to acknowledge to his vindication of our faith and freedom from the chains of Philistia, yet I could very frequently find it in my heart to wish that Mr. Arnold had chosen any other style than that which appears to afford him such extreme delight. Irony is an admirable thing, but it must be grave and not grimacing. Innocence is an admirable thing, but it should not be affected. To have a manner of one's own is an admirable thing, but to have a mannerism of one's own is perhaps not quite as admirable. It is curious that his unfortunately successful pursuit of this latter possession should have led Mr. Arnold to adopt a style which has more than any other the fault he justly censured twenty years ago as the special vice of modern art—the fault of the *fantastic*. No doubt the great masters of style have each a *cachet* which is easily decipherable by a competent student; no doubt, in spite of Lord Macaulay, Arbuthnot is to be distinguished from Swift, and the cunningest imitators of Voltaire from Voltaire himself. But to simulate this distinction by the deliberate adoption of mere tricks and manners is what no true master of style ever yet attempted, because for no true master of style was it ever yet necessary. Mr. Ruskin, to use the old Platonic simile, has not his horses sufficiently well in hand; at times the heavenly steed, with a strong and sudden flight, will lift the car amid the empyrean, at times the earth-worn yoke-fellow will drag it down, with scarcely the assistance and scarcely the impediment of the charioteer. But even this is better than the driving of one who has broken

his horses, indeed, but has broken them to little but the mincing graces of the Lady's Mile.

It is not possible to speak with equal definiteness of the style of a third master of English prose, who ranks in point of age and of reputation with Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Arnold. It would certainly be an over-hasty or an ill-qualified critic who should assert that Mr. Froude's style is always faultless; but, on the other hand, it may be asserted, without any fear whatever of contradiction carrying weight, that at its best it is surpassed by no style of the present day, and by few of any other, and that at its worst its faults are, not of a venial character, for no fault in art is venial, but at any rate of a kind which may meet with more ready excuse than those of the writers previously noticed. These faults are perhaps two only—undue diffuseness and undue aiming at the picturesque. We have seen that these are the two most glaring faults of the age, and by his indulgence in them, and the splendid effects which he has produced by that indulgence, Mr. Froude has undoubtedly earned his place, if not as a *Säcularischer Mensch*, at any rate as a representative man. No one, perhaps, who has read can fail to count among the triumphs of English prose the descriptions of the Pilgrimage of Grace in the History of Sir Richard Grenvil's last fight in the Short Studies, of the wreckers at Ballyhige in the English in Ireland. There are also many shorter passages which exhibit almost every excellence that the most exacting critic could demand. But it is not to be denied that Mr. Froude has very frequently bowed the knee before the altar of Baal. It is unlawful to occupy twelve mighty volumes with the history of one nation during little more than half a century; it is unlawful for the sound critical reason of St. John, that if such a practice obtained universally, the world could not contain the books that should be written; and also for the reason that in such writing it is almost impossible to observe the reticence and compression which are among the lamps of style. It is unlawful to imagine and set down, except very sparingly, the color of which the trees probably were at the time when kings and queens made their entrance into such and such a city, the buildings which they may or may not have looked upon, the thoughts which may or may not have occurred to them. Such sacrificings at the shrine of Effect, such trespassings on the domains and conveying of the methods of other arts and alien muses, are not to be commended or condoned. But one must, at the same time, allow with the utmost thankfulness that there are whole paragraphs, if not whole pages, of Mr. Froude's, which, for practised skill of composition and for legitimate beauty of effect, may take their place among the proudest efforts of English art.

It will probably be agreed that the three writers whom I have noticed stand at the head of contemporary English prose authors in point of age and authority; but there are other and younger authors who must necessarily be noticed in any account of the subject which aims at completeness. Mr. Swinburne's progress as a prose writer can hardly have failed to be a subject of interest, almost equally with his career as a poet, to every lover of our tongue. His earliest appearance, the Essay on Byron, is even now in many respects characteristic of his work; but it does not contain—and it is a matter of sincere congratulation for all lovers of English prose that it does not contain—any passage at all equal to the magnificent descant on Marlowe, which closes its ten years younger brother, the Essay on Chapman. In the work which has occupied this interval, the merits and defects of Mr. Swinburne as a prose writer may be read by whoso will. At times it has seemed as if the weeds would grow up with the good seed and choke it. Mr. Swinburne has fallen into the error, not unnatural for a poet, of forgetting that the figures and the language allowable in poetry are not also allowable in prose. The dangerous luxury of alliteration has attracted him only too often, and the still more dangerous license of the figure called chiasmus has been to him even as a siren, from whose clutches he has been hardly saved. But the noticeable thing is that the excellences of his prose speech have grown ever stronger and its weaknesses weaker since he began. In the Essay on Blake, admirable as was much thereof, a wilful waste of language, not unfrequently verging on a woful want of sense, was too frequently apparent. In the Notes

on his Poems, and in Under the Microscope, just as was most of the counter-criticism, it was impossible not to notice a tendency to verbiage and a proneness, I will not say to prefer sound to sense, but unnecessarily to reinforce sense with sound. But at the same time, in the Essays and Studies, and the Essay on Chapman, no competent critic could fail to notice, notwithstanding occasional outbreaks, the growing reticence and severity of form, as well as the increasing weight and dignity of meaning. Mr. Swinburne, as a prose writer, is in need of nothing but the pruning-hook. Most of his fellows are in want chiefly of something which might be worth pruning.

It is obviously impossible in the present article to notice minutely all even of the more prominent names in contemporary prose. Some there are among the older of our writers who yet retain the traditions of the theological school of writing, to which style owes so much. A good deal might be said of Cardinal Manning's earlier style (for his progress in this hierarchy has hardly corresponded with his promotion in the other), as well as of Dr. Newman's admirable clearness and form, joined as it is, perhaps unavoidably, to a certain hardness of temper. Mr. Disraeli's stylistic peculiarities would almost demand an essay to themselves. They have never perhaps had altogether fair play; for novel-writing and politics are scarcely friends to style. But Mr. Disraeli has the root of the matter in him, and has never been guilty of the degradation of the sentence, which is the crying sin of modern prose; while his unequalled felicity in the selection of single epithets (witness the famous "Batavian graces" and a thousand others) gives him a supply of legitimate ornament which few writers have ever had at command. Tastes, I suppose, will always differ as to the question whether his ornamentation is not sometimes illegitimate. The parrot-cry of unpholstery is easily raised. But I think we have at last come to see that rococo work is good and beautiful in its way, and he must be an ungrateful critic who objects to the somewhat lavish emeralds and rubies of the Arabian Nights. Of younger writers, there are not many whose merits it would be proper to specify in this place; while the prevailing defects of current style have been already fully noticed. But there is one book of recent appearance which sets the possibilities of modern English prose in the most favorable light, and gives the liveliest hope as to what may await us, if writers, duly heeding the temptations to which they are exposed, and duly availing themselves of the opportunities for study and imitation which are at their disposal, should set themselves seriously to work to develop *pro virili* the prose resources of the English tongue. Of the merely picturesque beauty of Mr. Pater's Studies in the History of the Renaissance, there can be no necessity for me to say anything here. In the first place it cannot escape the notice of any one who reads the book, and in the second, if there be any truth in what has been already said, the present age by no means needs to be urged to cultivate or to appreciate this particular excellence. The important point for us is the purely formal or regular merit of this style, and this is to be viewed with other eyes and tested by other methods than those which are generally brought to bear by critics of the present day. The main point which I shall notice is the subordinate and yet independent beauty of the sentences when taken separately from the paragraph. This is a matter of the very greatest importance. In too much of our present prose the individual sentence is unceremoniously robbed of all proper form and comeliness. If it adds its straw to the heap, its duty is supposed to be done. Mr. Pater has not fallen in this error, nor has he followed the multitude to do evil in the means which he has adopted for the production of the singular "sweet attractive kind of grace" which distinguishes these Studies. A bungler would have depended, after the fashion of the day, upon strongly colored epithets, upon complicated and quasi-poetic cadences of phrase, at least upon an obtrusively voluptuous softness of thought and a cumbrous protraction of sentence. Not so Mr. Pater. There is not to be discovered in his work the least sacrifice of the phrase to the word, of the clause to the phrase, of the sentence to the clause, of the paragraph to the sentence. Each holds its own proper place and dignity while contributing duly to the dignity and place of its superior in the hierarchy. Let any reader

turn to pp. 15, 16, or pp. 118, 119, of the book, and see, as he cannot fail to see, the extraordinary mastery with which this complicated success is attained. Often the cadence of the sentence considered separately will seem to be —and will in truth be—quite different from that of the paragraph, because its separate completeness demands this difference. Yet the total effect, so far from being marred, is enhanced. There is no surer mark of the highest style than this separate and yet subordinate finish. In the words of Mr. Ruskin, it is "so modulated that every square inch is a perfect composition."

It is this perfection of modulation to which we must look for the excellence that we require and do not meet with in most of the work of the present day, and it is exactly this modulation with which all the faults that I have had to comment upon in the preceding pages are inconsistent. To an artist who should set before him such a model as either of the passages which I have quoted, lapses into such faults would be impossible. He will not succumb to the easy diffuseness which may obliterate the just proportion and equilibrium of his periods. He will not avail himself of the ready assistance of stereotyped phraseology to spare himself the trouble of casting new models and devising new patterns. He will not imagine that he is a scene painter instead of a prose writer, a decorator instead of an architect, a caterer for the desires of the many instead of a priest to the worship of the few. He will not indulge in a style which requires the maximum of ornament in order to disguise and render palatable the minimum of art and of thought. He will not consider it his duty to provide, at the least possible cost of intellectual effort on the part of the reader, something which may delude him into the idea that he is exercising his judgment and his taste. And, above all, he will be careful that his sentences have an independent completeness and harmony, no matter what purpose they may be designed to fulfil. For the sentence is the unit of style; and by the cadence and music, as well as by the purport and bearing, of his sentences, the master of style must stand or fall. For years, almost for centuries, French prose has been held up as a model to English prose writers, and for the most part justly. Only of late has the example come to have something of the Helot about it The influence of Victor Hugo—an influence almost omnipotent among the younger generation of French literary men—has been exercised in prose with a result almost as entirely bad as its effect in verse has been good. The rules of verse had stiffened and cramped French poetry unnaturally, and violent exercise was the very thing required to recover suppleness and strength; but French prose required no such surgery, and it has consequently lost its ordered beauty without acquiring compensatory charms. The proportions of the sentence have been wilfully disregarded, and the result is that French prose is probably now at a lower point of average merit than at any time for two centuries.

That an art should be fully recognised as an art, with strict rules and requirements, is necessary to attainment of excellence in it; and in England this recognition. which poetry has long enjoyed, has hardly yet been granted to prose. No such verses as we find by scores in such books as Marston's Satires would now suggest themselves as possible or tolerable to any writer of Marston's powers; but in prose many a sentence quite as intolerable as any of these verses is constantly written by persons of presumably sound education and competent wits. The necessities of the prose writer are, an ear in the first place: this is indispensable as perhaps not too common. In the second place, due study of the best authors, as well to know what to avoid as what to imitate. Lastly, care, which perhaps is not too much to demand of any artist, so soon as he has recognised and has secured recognition of the fact that he is an artist. Care is indeed the one thrice-to-be-repeated and indispensable property of the prose writer. It is pre-eminently necessary to him for the very reason that it is so easy to dispense with it, and to write prose without knowing what one does. Verse, at least verse which is to stand, as Dr. Johnson says, "the test of the finger if not of the ear," cannot be written without conscious effort and observation. But something which may be mistaken for prose can unfortunately be produced without either taste, or knowledge, or care. With these

three requisites there should be no limit to the beauty and to the variety of the results obtained. The fitness of English for prose composition will hardly be questioned, though it may be contended with justice that perhaps in no other language has the average merit of its prose been so far below the excellence of its most perfect specimens. But the resources which in the very beginning of the practice of original composition in fully organised English could produce the splendid and thoughtful, if quaint and cumbrous, embroideries of Euphues and the linked sweetness of the Arcadia, which could give utterance to the symphonies of Browne and Milton, which could furnish and suffice for the matchless simplicity of Bunyan, the splendid strength of Swift, the transparent clearness of Middleton and Berkeley, the stately architecture of Gibbon, are assuredly equal to the demands of any genius that may arise to employ them.

It is therefore the plain duty of every critic to assist at least in impressing upon the mass of readers that they do receive what they ought to receive from the mass of writers, and in suggesting a multiplication and tightening of the requirements which a prosaist must fulfil. There are some difficulties in the way of such impression and suggestion in the matter of style. It is not easy for the critic to escape being bidden, in the words of Nicholas Breton, "not to talk too much of it, having so little of it," or to avoid the obvious jest of Diderot on Beccaria, that he had written an "ouvrage sur le style où il n'y a point de style." For, unluckily, fault-finding is an ungracious business, and in criticising prose as prose the criticism has to be mostly fault-finding, the pleasanter if even harder task of discriminating appreciation being as a rule withheld from the critic. But I can see no reason why this state of things should continue, and I know no Utopia which ought to be more speedily rendered *topic*, than that in which at least the same sure which is now incurred by a halting cenverse, a discordant rhyme, or a clumsy stanza, should be accorded to a faultily-arranged clause, to a sentence of inharmonious cadence, to a paragraph of irregular and ungraceful architecture.—*Fortnightly Review.*

LETTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LADY BARKER.

[CAPE TOWN, *Oct.* 16, 1875.

SAFE,—safe at last, after twenty-four days of nothing but sea and sky, of white-crested waves, which made no secret of their intention of coming on board whenever they could, or of tossing the good ship "Edinburgh Castle" hither and thither, like a child's plaything,—and of more deceitful, sluggish, rolling billows, looking tolerably calm to the unseafaring eye, but containing a vast amount of heaving power beneath their slow, undulating water-hills and valleys. Sometimes sky and sea have been steeped in dazzling haze of golden glare; sometimes brightened to blue, of a sapphire depth.

Again, a sudden change of wind has driven up serried clouds from the south and east, and all has been grey and cold and restful to eyes wearied with radiance and glitter of sun and sparkling water. Never has there been such exceptional weather, although the weather of my acquaintance invariably is exceptional. No sooner had the outlines of Madeira melted and blended into the soft darkness of a summer night, than we appeared to sail straight into tropic heat and a sluggish vapor, brooding on the water like steam from a giant geyser. This simmering, oily, exhausting temperature carried us close to the line.

"What is before us?" we asked each other, laughingly. "If it be hotter than this, how can mortal man, woman, still less child, endure their existence?"

Vain alarms. Yet another shift of the light wind, another degree passed, and we are all shivering in winter wraps. The line was crossed in great-coats and shawls, and the only people whose complexion did not resemble a purple plum were those lucky ones who had strength of mind and steadiness of body enough to lurch up and down the deck all day,

enjoying a strange method of movement which they called walking.

The exceptional weather pursued us right into the very dock. Table Mountain ought to be seen, and very often is seen, seventy miles away. I am told it looks a fine bold bluff at that distance. Yesterday we had blown off our last pound of steam, and were safe under its lee before one could tell there was a mountain there at all; still less an almost perpendicular cliff more than 3,000 feet high. Robben Island looked like a dun-colored hillock as we shot past it within a short distance, and a more forlorn and discouraging islet I don't think I have ever beheld. When I expressed something of this impression to a cheery fellow-voyager, he could only urge in its defence that there were a great many rabbits on it. If he had thrown the lighthouse into the bargain I think he would have summed up all its attractive features. Unless Langalibalele, is of a singularly unimpressionable nature he must have found his sojourn on it somewhat monotonous; but he always says he was very comfortable there.

And now for the land. We are close alongside of the wharf, and still a capital and faithful copy of a Scotch mist wraps houses and trees and sloping uplands in a filmy, fantastic veil, and the cold drizzle seems to curdle the spirits and energies of the few listless Malays and half-caste boys and men who are lounging about. Here come hansom cabs rattling up one after the other, all with black drivers in gay and fantastic head and shoulder gear; but their hearts seem precisely as the hearts of their London brethren, and they single out new-comers at a glance, and shout offers to drive them a hundred yards or so for exorbitant sums, or yell laudatory recommendations of sundry hotels. You must bear in mind that in a colony every pot-house is a hotel, and generally rejoices in a name much too imposing to fit across its frontage. Their hansoms are all painted white, with the name of some ship in bright letters on the side, and are a great deal cleaner, warmer, and more comfortable than their London "forbears." The horses are small and shabby, but rattle along at a good pace, and soon each cab has its load of happy home-comers, and swings rapidly away to make room for fresh arrivals hurrying up for fares. Hospitable suggestions come pouring in, and it is as though it were altogether a new experience that one steps cautiously on the land, half expecting it to dip away playfully from under one's feet. A little boy puts my thoughts into words when he exclaims, "How steady the ground is!" and becomes a still more faithful interpreter of a wave-worn voyager's sensations when, a couple of hours later, he demands permission to get *out* of his delicious little white bed that he may have the pleasure of getting *into* it over again!

The evening is cold and raw, and the new picture is all blurred and soft and indistinct, and nothing seems plain except the kindly grace of our welcome and the never-before-sufficiently-appreciated delights of space and silence.

Oct. 17.—How pleasant is the process familiarly known as "looking about one," especially when performed under exceptionably favorable circumstances! A long and happy day commenced with a stroll through the Botanic Gardens, parallel with which runs, on one side, a splendid oak avenue, just now in all the vivid freshness of its young spring beauty. The Gardens are beautifully kept, and are valuable as affording a sort of experimental nursery, in which new plants and trees can be brought up on trial, and their adaptability to the soil and climate ascertained. For instance, the first thing which caught my eye was the gigantic trunk of an Australian blue gum-tree, which had attained to a girth and height not often seen in its own land. The flora of the Cape Colony is exceptionally varied and beautiful; but one peculiarity, incidentally alluded to by my charming guide, struck me as very noticeable: it is that in this dry climate and porous soil all the efforts of uncultivated nature are devoted to the *stems* of the vegetation. On their sap-retaining power depends the life of the plant; so blossom and leaf, though exquisitely indicated, are fragile and incomplete compared to the solidity and bulbous appearance of the stalk. Everything is sacrificed to the practical principle of keeping life together; and it is not until these stout-stemmed plants are cultivated and duly sheltered and watered, and can grow (as it were) with confidence, that they are able to do justice to the in-

herent beauty of pencilled petal and veined leaf. Then the stem contracts to ordinary dimensions, and leaf and blossom expand into a joy to the botanist's eyes.

A thousand times during that shady saunter I envied my companions and their scientific acquaintance with these beautiful green things of earth, and that intimate knowledge of a subject which enhances one's appreciation of its charms as much as bringing a lamp into a darkened picture gallery. *There* are the treasures of form and color; but from ignorant eyes more than half their charms and wonders are holden back.

A few steps beyond the Garden stand the Library and Natural History Museum. The former is truly a credit to the Colony. Spacious, handsome, rich in literary treasures, it would bear comparison with similar institutions in far older and wealthier places. But I have often noticed in colonies how much importance is attached to the possession of a good public library; and how fond, as a rule, colonists are of books. In a new settlement other shops may be ill supplied, but there is always a good bookseller's, and all the books are to be bought there at pretty nearly the same prices as in England. *Here* each volume costs precisely the same as it would in London; and it would puzzle ever so greedy a reader to name a book which would not be instantly handed to him. The Museum is well worth a visit of many more hours than we could afford minutes; and, as might be expected, contains numerous specimens of the great "*bok*" family, whose tapering horns and slender legs are to be seen at every turn of one's head. Models are there also of the largest diamonds, and especially well copied is the famous "Star of South Africa," a magnificent brilliant of purest water, sold here originally for something like £12,000, and resold for double that sum three or four years back. In these few hours I perceive, or think I perceive, a certain soreness (if one may use the word), on the part of the Cape Colonists, about the unappreciativeness of the English public towards their produce and possessions. For instance: an enormous quantity of wine is annually exported, which reaches London by a devious route, and fetches a high price, as it is fairly entitled to do from its excellence: if that same wine were sent direct to a merchant and boldly sold as "Cape wine," it is said that the profit on it would be a very different affair. The same prejudice exists against Cape diamonds. Of course, as in other things, a large proportion of inferior stones are forced into the market, and serve to give the diamonds that bad name which we all know is so fatal to a dog. But it is only necessary to pretend that a really fine Cape diamond has come from Brazil to ensure a good price, and in that way even jewellers themselves have been known to buy, and give a good price too, for stones they would otherwise have looked upon with suspicion. Already I have seen a straw-colored diamond from "De Toit's Pan," in the diamond fields, cut in Amsterdam and set in London, which could hold its own for purity, radiance, and color, against any other stone of the same rare tint, without fear or favor; but of course such gems are not common, and fairly good diamonds cost as much here as in any other part of the world.

The light morning mists from the dampness of yesterday have rolled gradually away, as the beautiful sunshine dried the atmosphere, and by mid-day the table-cloth, as the colonists affectionately call the white, fleece-like vapor which so often rests on their pet mountain, has been folded up, and laid aside in cloudland for future use. I don't know what picture other people may have made to their own minds of the shape and size of Table Mountain, but it was quite a surprise, and the least little bit in the world of a disappointment to me, to find that it cuts the sky line (and what a beautiful sky it is!) with a perfectly straight and level line. A gently undulating foreground, broken into ravines where patches of glittering green "velts" or fields, clumps of trees and early settlers' houses nestle cosily down, guides the eye half way up the mountain. There the rounder forms abruptly cease, and great granite cliffs rise, bare and straight,—straight up to the level line, stretching ever so far along. "It is so characteristic," and "You grow to be so fond of that mountain," are observations I have heard made in reply to the carping criticism of travellers;

and already I begin to understand the meaning of the phrases.

But you need to see the mountain from various points of view, and under differing influences of sun and cloud, before you can take in its striking and peculiar charms. On each side of the straight line which is emphatically Table Mountain, but actually forming part of it, is a bold headland, of the shape one is usually accustomed to see in mountains. The "Devil's Peak" is uncompromising enough for any one's taste, whilst the "Lion's Head" charms the eye by its bluff forms and deep purple fissures. These grand promontories are not, however, half so beloved by Cape colonists as their own Table Mountain; and it is curious and amusing to notice how the influence of this odd, straight ridge ever before their eyes, has unconsciously guided and influenced their architectural tastes. All the roofs of the houses are straight,—straight as the mountain: a gable is almost unknown, and even the few steeples are dwarfed to an imperceptible departure from the prevailing harmony of outline. The very trees which shade the Parade Ground, and border the road in places, have their tops as absolutely straight and flat as though giant shears had trimmed them; but I must confess—in spite of a natural anxiety to carry out my theory—that the violent "sou'-easters" are the straighteners in their case.

Cape Town is so straggling that it is difficult to form any idea of its real size, but the low houses look neat, and the streets are well kept, and look quaint and lively enough to my new eyes this morning. There are plenty of people moving about with a sociable business-like air. Lots of differing shades of black and brown, Malays with pointed hats on the men's heads, whilst the women encircle their dusky, smiling faces with a gay cotton handkerchief, and throw another of a still brighter hue over their shoulders. When you add to this that they wear a full, flowing, stiffly-starched cotton gown of a third bright color, you can, perhaps, form some idea of how they enliven the streets. Swarms of children everywhere, romping and laughing, and showing their white teeth in broadest of grins. The white children strike me at once as looking marvellously well. Such chubby cheeks, such sturdy, fat legs, and all, black or white, with that amazing air of independence peculiar to baby-colonists. Nobody seems to mind them, and nothing seems to harm them. Here are half-a-dozen tiny boys, shouting and laughing, at one side of the road, and half-a-dozen baby girls at the other (they all seem to play separately); they are all driving each other, for "horses" is the one game here. By the side of a pond sit two toddlers of about three years old, in one garment apiece, and pointed hats. They are very busy with string and a gin: but who is taking care of them, and why don't they tumble in? They are as fat as ortolans, and grin at us in the most friendly fashion. We must remember that this chances to be the very best moment of the whole year in which to see the Cape and the dwellers thereat. The cold weather has left its bright roses on the children's cheeks, and the winter rains, exceptionally heavy this year, have made every blade of grass and leaf of tree to laugh and sing in freshest green. After the dry windy summer I am assured that there is hardly a leaf, and never a blade of grass, to be seen in all Cape Town, and only a little straggling verdure quite under the shelter of the mountain. The great want of the place is water. No river, no brook refreshes one's eye for many and many a league inwards. The necessary water for the use of the town is brought down by pipes from the numerous springs which trickle out of the granite cliffs, but there is never a sufficiency to spare for watering roads or grass-plots. This scarcity is a double loss to residents and visitors, for one misses it both for use and beauty.

Everybody who comes here rides or drives, they say, round the "Kloof." That may be, but what I maintain is that very few do it so delightfully as I did this sunny afternoon, with a companion who knew and loved every turn of the romantic road, who could tell me the name of every strange bush or flower, of every distant stretch of hills, and helped me to make a map in my head of the stretching landscape and curving bay.

Ah, how delicious it all was! The winding, climbing road at whose every angle a fresh, fair landscape fell away from beneath our feet, or a shiny stretch of sea whose transparent green and purple

shadows broke in fringe of feathery spray at the foot of bald rocky cliffs, or crept up to a smooth expanse of silver strand in a soft curling line of foam. "Kloof" means simply "cleft," and is the pass between the Table Mountain and the "Lion's Head." The road first rises, rises, rises until one seems half way up the great mountain, and the little straight-roofed, white houses, the green "velts" or fields, and the parallel lines of the vineyards, have sunk below one's feet far, far away.

The mountain gains in grandeur as one approaches it; for the undulating spurs which run from it down to the sea-shore take away from the height, looking upwards. But when these are left beneath, then the perpendicular walls of granite rising sheer and straight up to the bold sky-line, and the rugged massive strength of the buttress-like cliffs begin to gain something of their true value to the stranger's eye. The most beautiful part of the road, however, to my taste, is the descent, when the shining expanse of Camp's Bay lies shimmering in the warm afternoon sunny haze, with a thousand lights and shadows from cloud and cliff touching and passing over the crisp water surface. By many a steep zig-zag we round the "Lion's Head," and drop down once more on a level road running parallel to the sea-shore, and so home in the balmy and yet bracing twilight. The mid-day sun is not scorching, even at this time of year, but it is always cool in the shade; and no sooner do the afternoon shadows grow to any length than the air freshens into sharpness, and by sundown one is glad of a good warm shawl.

Oct. 18.—Another bright, ideal day; the morning passed in a delicious flower-filled room, looking over old books and records, and listening to odd quaint little scraps from the old Dutch records. But directly after luncheon (and *how* hungry we all are, and how delicious everything tastes on shore!) the open brake, with four capital horses, comes to the door and we start for a long, lovely drive. Half-a-mile or so takes us out on a flat red road, with Table Mountain rising straight before it, but on the left stretches away a most enchanting panorama. It is all so soft in coloring and tone, distinct and yet not hard, and exquisitely beautiful. The Blue Berg range of mountains lies beyond the great bay which, unless a "sou'-easter" is tearing over it, lies glowing in tranquil richness, colored like an Italian lake. Here are lines of chrysoprase, green fringed white, with little waves, and beyond lie dark, translucent purple depths which change with every passing cloud. Beyond these amethystic shoals, again, stretches the deep blue water; again, beyond, and bluer still, rise the fine ranges of "Hottentot's Holland," which encircle and complete the landscape, bringing the eye round again to the nearer cliffs of the Devil's Peak. When the Dutch came here some 200 years ago, they seized upon this part of the coast and called it Holland, driving the Hottentots beyond the neighboring range, and telling them "that was to be their Holland," a name it keeps to this day. Their consciences must have troubled them after this arbitrary division of the soil, for up the highest accessible spurs of their own mountain they took the trouble to build several queer little square houses, called "block-houses," from which they could keep a sharp look out for foes coming over the hills from the Hottentot's Holland. The foes never came, however, and the roofs and walls of the block-houses have gradually tumbled in, and the gun-carriages,—for they managed to drag some heavy ordnance up the steep hill-side,—have rotted away, whilst the old-fashioned guns lie, grim and rusty, amid a tangled profusion of wild geranium, heath, and lilies. I scrambled up to one of the nearest block-houses and found the date on the dismounted gun to be more than 100 years old. The view was beautiful, and the air fresh, and fragrant with scent of flowers.

But to return to our drive. I could gaze and gaze for ever at this lovely panorama, but am told this is the ugliest part of the road. The road itself is certainly not pretty just here, and is cloudy with a fine red dust; but this view of sea and distant hills is enchanting. Soon we get under the lee of the great mountain, and then its sheltering arms show their protective power, for splendid oak avenues begin to border the road all the way, and miniature forests of straight-stemmed pines and shimmering belts of the ghostly "silver tree" run up all the mountain cliffs. Stem and leaf of the "silver tree"

are all of purest white, and when one gets a gleam of sunlight on a distant patch of these trees, the effect is quite indescribable, contrasting as they do with the green of field and vineyard. The vines all about here, and towards "Constantia,"—thirteen miles off,—are dwarf plants, and only grow to the height of gooseberry bushes. It is a particular species which is found to answer best, as requiring less labor to train and cultivate, and is less likely to be blown out of the ground by the violent "sou'-easters," which come sweeping near the mountain. These gales are evidently the greatest annoyance which Cape Colonists have to endure; and although everybody kindly suggests that I "*ought* to see one, just to understand what it is like," I am profoundly thankful that I only know it from their description, and my own distinct recollection of the New Zealand "nor'-westers." Those were hot winds, scorching and curling up everything; whereas this is rather a cold breeze, although it blows chiefly in summer. It whirls along clouds of dust from the red clay roads and fields, which penetrate and cling to everything in the most extraordinary manner. All along the road the stems and lower branches of the trees are dyed a deep brick-dust color, and I hear moving and pathetic stories of how it ruins clothes, not only utterly spoiling black silk dresses, but staining white petticoats and children's frocks and pinafores with a border of color exactly like the ruddle with which sheep are branded. Especially is it the terror of sailors, rendering the navigation along the coast dangerous and difficult, for it blends land and sea into one indistinct whirl of vaporous cloud, confusing and blurring everything, until one cannot distinguish land from water.

The vineyards of "Constantia" originally took their pretty name from the fair daughter of one of the early Dutch Governors; but now it has grown into a generic word; and you see "Cloeté's Constantia," "Van Reybeck's Constantia," written up on great stone gateways, leading by long avenues into the various wine-growing plantations. It was to the former of these "Constantias," which was also the farthest off, that we were bound that pleasant summer afternoon; and from the time we got out of the carriage until the moment we re-entered it—all too soon, but it is a long drive back in the short, cold twilight,—I felt as though I had stepped through a magic portal into the scene of one of Washington Irving's stories. It was all so simple and homely, so quaint, and so inexpressibly picturesque. The house had stood there for a couple of hundred years, and looks as though it might last for ever, with its air of cool, leisurely repose, and comfort and strength. In the flagged hall stands a huge stalactite, some ten feet high, brought a hundred years ago from caves far away in the distant ranges. It is shaped something like a Malay's hat, only the peak tapers to a point about eight feet high. The drawing-room—though it seems a profanation to call that venerable, stately room by so flippant and modern a name—is large and lofty, ceiled with great beams of cedar, and lighted by large windows which must contain many scores of small panes of glass. There were treasures of rarest old china and delf-ware, and curious old carved stands for fragile dishes. A wealth of swinging baskets of flowers and ferns, and bright girls' faces, lighted up the solemn, shady old room, in which we must not linger, for there is much to see outside. First to the cellar, as it is called, though it is far from being underground, and is in fact a spacious stone building, with an elaborately-carved pediment. Here are rows and rows of giant casks, stretching on either hand into avenues of black distance; but these are mere children in the nursery compared to those we are going to see. First we must pause in a middle room, full of quaintest odds and ends—cross-bows, long whips of hippopotamus hide, strange rusty old swords and firearms,—to look at a map of Africa drawn somewhere about 1620. It hangs on the wall, and is hardly to be touched, for the paint and varnish crack and peel off at a breath. It is a marvel of accurate geographical knowledge, and is far better filled in than the maps of yesterday. All poor Livingstone's great geographical discoveries are marked on it as being known (perhaps only from description), or guessed at, all that long time ago. It was found impossible to photograph it, on account of the dark shade which age has laid over the original yellow varnish; but a careful

tracing has been made, and, I believe, sent home to the Geographical Society.

It is the long corridor beyond this that the "Stuck-vats" line,—puncheons which hold easily some thousand gallons or so, and are of a solemn rotundity, calculated to strike awe into the beholder's heart. Here is white Constantia and red Constantia, young Constantia, middle-aged Constantia, and Constantia so old as to be a liqueur almost beyond price. When it has been kept for all these years, the sweetness by which it is distinguished becomes so absorbed and blended as to be hardly perceptible. Presently one of the party throws a door suddenly open, and, behold, we are standing right over a wild, wooded glen, with a streamlet running through it, and black washer-women beating heaps of white cloths on the strips of shingle. Turtle-doves are cooing, and one might almost fancy one was back again on the wild Scotch west coast, until some one else says calmly, "Look at the ostriches!" Here they come, with a sort of dancing step, twisting their long necks and snake-like heads from side to side in search of a tempting pebble or trifle of hardware. Their wings are slighty raised, and the long fringe of white feathers rustles softly as they trot easily and gracefully past us. They are young male birds; and in a few months more their plumage, which now resembles that of a turkey-cock, will be jet black, except the long wing-feathers. A few drops of rain are falling, so we hurry back to where the carriage is standing under some splendid oak trees, swallow a sort of stirrup-cup of delicious hot tea, and so home again as fast as we can go.

Oct. 19.—It is decided that I must take a drive in a Cape cart; so directly after breakfast a smart, workmanlike-looking vehicle, drawn by a pair of well-bred iron-grey cobs, dashes up under the portico. There are capital horses here, but they fetch a good price, and such a pair as these would easily find purchasers at £150. The cart itself is very trim and smart, with a frame-work sort of hood which falls back at pleasure, and it holds four people easily. It is a capital vehicle, light and strong, and uncommonly comfortable; but I am warned not to imagine that all Cape carts are as easy as this one. Away we go at a fine pace through the delicious, sparkling, morning sunshine and crisp air, soon turning off the red high road into a sandy, marshy flat, with a sort of brackish backwater standing in pools here and there.

We are going to call on Langalibalele and his son Malambuli, who are "located" at Uitabugt on the Cape Downs, about four miles from the town. It is a sort of farm residence, and, considering that the Chief has hitherto lived in a reed hut, he is not badly off, for he has plenty of room out of doors as well as a good house over his head. We bump over some strange and rough bits of sandy road, and climb up and down steep banks in a manner seldom done on wheels. There is a wealth of lovely flowers blossoming around, but I can't help fixing my eyes on the pole of the cart, which is sometimes sticking straight up in the air, its silver hook shining merrily in the sun; or else it has disappeared altogether, and I can only see the horses' haunches: that is when we are going *down* hill, and I think it is even a more terrible sensation than when we are playfully scrambling up some sandy hillock as a cat might.

Here is the "location" at last, thank heavens! and there is Langalibalele, sitting in the veranda—"stoep" (pronounced "stoup") they call it here—on his haunches on a brick. He looks as comfortable as if he were in an arm-chair, but it must be a difficult thing to do, if you think seriously of it. The etiquette seems to be to take no notice of him as we pass into the parlor, where we present our pass, and the people in authority satisfy themselves that we are all quite *en règle*. Then the old Chief walks quietly in, takes off his soft felt hat, and sits himself down in a Windsor arm-chair with grave deliberation. He is uncommonly ugly, but when one remembers that he is nearly 70 years of age, it is astonishing to see how young he looks. Langalibalele is not a true Kafir at all; he is a Fingae—a half-caste tribe, contemptuously christened by the Kafirs "dogs." His wool grows in distinct and separate clumps, like tussocks of grass, all over his head. He is a large and powerful man, and looks the picture of sleek contentment, as well he may.

Only one of his sons, a good-natured, fine-looking young man, black as ebony, is with him; and the Chief's only ex-

pressed grievance is that none of his wives will come to him. In vain he sends commands and entreaties to these dusky ladies to come and share his solitude; they return for answer that they "are working for somebody else." For, alas! the only reason their presence is desired is that they may cultivate some of the large extent of ground placed at the old Chief's disposal. Neither he nor his stalwart son would dream for a moment of touching spade or hoe, but if the ladies of the family could only be made to see their duty, an honest penny might easily be turned by oats or rye. I gave him a large packet of sugar plums, which he seized with childish delight, and hid away exactly like the big monkeys at the Zoo. By way of a joke, Malambuli pretended to want to take them away, and the chattering and laughing which followed were almost deafening. But by-and-bye a gentleman of the party presented a big parcel of the best tobacco, and the chuckling old Chief made over at once all my sweetmeats "jintly" to his son, and proceeded to hide away his new treasure. He was dressed exactly like a dissenting minister, and declared, through the interpreter, that he was perfectly comfortable. The impression here seems to be that he is a restless, intriguing, and mischief-making old man, who may consider himself as having come out of the hornet's nest he tried to stir up, uncommonly well.

We don't want to bump up and down the sandy plain again, so a lively conversation goes on in Dutch about the road, between one of my gentlemen and somebody who looks like a "stuck-vat" upon short legs. The dialogue is fluent and lively, beginning with "Ja, Ja!" and ending with "All right!" but it leads to our hitting off the right track exactly, and coming out at a lovely little cottage villa under the mountain, where we rested and lunched, and then strolled about up the hill spurs, through myrtle hedges and shady oak avenues. Then, before the afternoon shadows grow too long, we drive off to "Groote Schuur," the ancient granary of the first settlers, but now turned into a roomy, comfortable country house, perfect as a summer residence, and securely sheltered from "sou'-easters." We approach it through a double avenue of tall Italian pines. After a little while we go out once more for a ramble, up some quaint old brick steps, and so through a beautiful glen, all fringed and feathered with fresh young fronds of maidenhair fern and masses of hydrangea bushes, which must be beautiful as a poet's dream when they are covered with their great bunches of pale blue blossoms. That will not be until Christmastide; and, alas! I shall not be here to see, for already my three halcyon days of grace are ended and over, and this very evening we must steam away from a great deal yet unvisited of what is interesting and picturesque, and from friends who three days ago were strangers, but who have made every moment since we landed to stand out as a bright and pleasant landmark on life's highway.—*Evening Hours.*

ON THE BORDER TERRITORY BETWEEN THE ANIMAL AND THE VEGETABLE KINGDOMS.

BY PROF. HUXLEY, F.R.S., ETC.

In the whole history of science there is nothing more remarkable than the rapidity of the growth of biological knowledge within the last half-century, and the extent of the modification which has thereby been effected in some of the fundamental conceptions of the naturalist.

In the second edition of the *Règne Animal*, published in 1828, Cuvier devotes a special section to the "Division of Organized Beings into Animals and Vegetables," in which the question is treated with that comprehensiveness of knowledge and clear critical judgment which characterise his writings, and justify us in regarding them as representative expressions of the most extensive, if not the profoundest, knowledge of his time. He tells us that living beings have been subdivided from the earliest times into *animated beings*, which possess sense and

motion, and *inanimated beings*, which are devoid of these functions, and simply vegetate.

Although the roots of plants direct themselves towards moisture, and their leaves towards air and light; although the parts of some plants exhibit oscillating movements without any perceptible cause, and the leaves of others retract when touched, yet none of these movements justify the ascription to plants of perception or of will.

From the mobility of animals, Cuvier, with his characteristic partiality for teleological reasoning, deduces the necessity of the existence in them of an alimentary cavity or reservoir of food, whence their nutrition may be drawn by the vessels, which are a sort of internal roots; and in the presence of this alimentary cavity he naturally sees the primary and the most important distinction between animals and plants.

Following out his teleological argument, Cuvier remarks that the organization of this cavity and its appurtenances must needs vary according to the nature of the aliment, and the operations which it has to undergo, before it can be converted into substances fitted for absorption; while the atmosphere and the earth supply plants with juices ready prepared, and which can be absorbed immediately.

As the animal body required to be independent of heat and of the atmosphere, there were no means by which the motion of its fluids could be produced by internal causes. Hence arose the second great distinctive character of animals, or the circulatory system, which is less important than the digestive, since it was unnecessary, and therefore is absent, in the more simple animals.

Animals further needed muscles for locomotion and nerves for sensibility. Hence, says Cuvier, it was necessary that the chemical composition of the animal body should be more complicated than that of the plant; and it is so, inasmuch as an additional substance, nitrogen, enters into it as an essential element, while in plants nitrogen is only accidentally joined with the three other fundamental constitutents of organic beings—carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Indeed, he afterwards affirms that nitrogen is peculiar to animals; and herein he places the third distinction between the animal and the plant.

The soil and the atmosphere supply plants with water, composed of hydrogen and oxygen; air, consisting of nitrogen and oxygen; and carbonic acid, containing carbon and oxygen. They retain the hydrogen and the carbon, exhale the superfluous oxygen, and absorb little or no nitrogen. The essential character of vegetable life is the exhalation of oxygen, which is effected through the agency of light.

Animals, on the contrary, derive their nourishment either directly or indirectly from plants. They get rid of the superfluous hydrogen and carbon, and accumulate nitrogen.

The relations of plants and animals to the atmosphere are therefore inverse. The plant withdraws water and carbonic acid from the atmosphere, the animal contributes both to it. Respiration—that is, the absorption of oxygen and the exhalation of carbonic acid—is the specially animal function of animals, and constitutes their fourth distinctive character.

Thus wrote Cuvier in 1828. But in the fourth and fifth decades of this century, the greatest and most rapid revolution which biological science has ever undergone was effected by the application of the modern microscope to the investigation of organic structure; by the introduction of exact and easily manageable methods of conducting the chemical analysis of organic compounds; and finally, by the employment of instruments of precision for the measurement of the physical forces which are at work in the living economy.

That the semi-fluid contents (which we now term protoplasm) of the cells of certain plants, such as the *Charæ*, are in constant and regular motion, was made out by Bonaventura Corti a century ago; but the fact, important as it was, fell into oblivion, and had to be rediscovered by Treviranus in 1807. Robert Brown noted the more complex motions of the protoplasm in the cells of *Tradescuntia*, in 1831; and now such movements of the living substance of plants are well known to be some of the most widely-prevalent phenomena of vegetable life.

Agardh, and other of the botanists of

Cuvier's generation, who occupied themselves with the lower plants, had observed that, under particular circumstances, the contents of the cells of certain water-weeds were set free and moved about with considerable velocity, and with all the appearances of spontaneity, as locomotive bodies, which, from their similarity to animals of simple organization, were called "zoospores."

Even as late as 1845, however, a botanist of Schleiden's eminence deals very sceptically with these statements; and his scepticism was the more justified, since Ehrenberg, in his elaborate and comprehensive work on the *Infusoria*, had declared the greater number of what are now recognised as locomotive plants to be animals.

At the present day, innumerable plants and free plant cells are known to pass the whole or part of their lives in an actively locomotive condition, in no wise distinguishable from that of one of the simpler animals; and, while in this condition, their movements are, to all appearance, as spontaneous—as much the product of volition—as those of such animals.

Hence the teleological argument for Cuvier's first diagnostic character—the presence in animals of an alimentary cavity, or internal pocket, in which they can carry about their nutriment, has broken down—so far, at least, as his mode of stating it goes. And with the advance of microscopic anatomy the universality of the fact itself among animals has ceased to be predicable. Many animals of even complex structure, which live parasitically within others, are wholly devoid of an alimentary cavity. Their food is provided for them, not only ready cooked but ready digested, and the alimentary canal, become superfluous, has disappeared. Again the males of most Rotifers have no digestive apparatus; as a German naturalist has remarked, they devote themselves entirely to the "Minnedienst," and are to be reckoned among the few realizations of the Byronic ideal of a lover. Finally, amidst the lowest forms of animal life, the speck of gelatinous protoplasm, which constitutes the whole body, has no permanent digestive cavity or mouth, but takes in its food anywhere; and digests, so to speak, all over its body.

But although Cuvier's leading diagnosis of the animal from the plant will not stand a strict test, it remains one of the most constant of the distinctive characters of animals. And if we substitute for the possession of an alimentary cavity, the power of taking solid nutriment into the body and there digesting it, the definition so changed will cover all animals, except certain parasites, and the few and exceptional cases of non-parasitic animals which do not feed at all. On the other hand, the definition thus amended will exclude all ordinary vegetable organisms.

Cuvier himself practically gives up his second distinctive mark when he admits that it is wanting in the simpler animals.

The third distinction is based on a completely erroneous conception of the chemical differences and resemblances between the constitutents of animal and vegetable organisms, for which Cuvier is not responsible, as it was current among contemporary chemists.

It is now established that nitrogen is as essential a constituent of vegetable as of animal living matter; and that the latter is, chemically speaking, just as complicated as the former. Starchy substances, cellulose and sugar, once supposed to be exclusively confined to plants, are now known to be regular and normal products of animals. Amylaceous and saccharine substances are largely manufactured, even by the highest animals; cellulose is widespread as a constituent of the skeletons of the lower animals; and it is probable that amyloid substances are universally present in the animal organism, though not in the precise form of starch.

Moreover, although it remains true that there is an inverse relation between the green plant in sunshine and the animal, in so far as, under these circumstances, the green plant decomposes carbonic acid and exhales oxygen, while the animal absorbs oxygen and exhales carbonic acid; yet the exact investigations of the modern chemical investigator of the physiological processes of plants have clearly demonstrated the fallacy of attempting to draw any general distinction between animals and vegetables on this ground. In fact the difference vanishes with the sunshine, even in the case of the green plant; which, in the dark, absorbs oxygen and gives out carbonic acid like any animal. While those plants, such as the fungi, which contain no chlorophyll and are

not green, are always, so far as respiration is concerned, in the exact position of animals. They absorb oxygen and give out carbonic acid.

Thus, by the progress of knowledge, Cuvier's fourth distinction between the animal and the plant has been as completely invalidated as the third and second; and even the first can be retained only in a modified form and subject to exceptions.

But has the advance of biology simply tended to break down old distinctions, without establishing new ones?

With a qualification, to be considered presently, the answer to this question is undoubtedly in the affirmative. The famous researches of Schwann and Schleiden in 1837 and the following years, founded the modern science of histology, or that branch of anatomy which deals with the ultimate visible structure of organisms, as revealed by the microscope; and from that day to this the rapid improvement of methods of investigation, and the energy of a host of accurate observers, have given greater and greater breadth and firmness to Schwann's great generalization, that a fundamental unity of structure obtains in animals and plants; and that however diverse may be the fabrics, or *tissues*, of which their bodies are composed, all these varied structures result from the metamorphoses of morphological units (termed *cells*, in a more general sense than that in which the word "cells" was at first employed), which are not only similar in animals and in plants respectively, but present a close fundamental resemblance when those of animals and those of plants are compared together.

The contractility which is the fundamental condition of locomotion, has not only been discovered to exist far more widely among plants than was formerly imagined, but, in plants, the act of contraction has been found to be accompanied, as Dr. Burdon Sanderson's interesting investigations have shown, by a disturbance of the electrical state of the contractile substance comparable to that which was found by Du Bois Reymond to be a concomitant of the activity of ordinary muscle in animals.

Again, I know of no test by which the reaction of the leaves of the Sundew and of other plants to stimuli, so fully and carefully studied by Mr. Darwin, can be distinguished from those acts of contraction following upon stimuli, which are called "reflex" in animals.

On each lobe of the bilobed leaf of Venus's fly trap (*Dionœa muscipula*) are three delicate filaments which stand out at right angles from the surface of the leaf. Touch one of them with the end of a fine human hair and the lobes of the leaf instantly close together* in virtue of an act of contraction of part of their substance, just as the body of a snail contracts into its shell when one of its "horns" is irritated.

The reflex action of the snail is the result of the presence of a nervous system in that animal. A molecular change takes place in the nerve of the tentacle, is propagated to the muscles by which the body is retracted, and causing them to contract, the act of retraction is brought about. Of course the similarity of the acts does not necessarily involve the conclusion that the mechanism by which they are effected is the same; but it suggests a suspicion of their identity which needs careful testing.

The results of recent inquiries into the structure of the nervous system of animals converge towards the conclusion that the nerve fibres, which we have hitherto regarded as ultimate elements of nervous tissue, are not such, but are simply the visible aggregations of vastly more attenuated filaments, the diameter of which dwindles down to the limits of our present microscopic vision, greatly as these have been extended by modern improvements of the microscope; and that a nerve is, in its essence, nothing but a linear tract of specially modified protoplasm between two points of an organism—one of which is able to affect the other by means of the communication so established. Hence it is conceivable that even the simplest living being may possess a nervous system. And the question whether plants are provided with a nervous system or not, thus acquires a new aspect, and presents the histologist and physiologist with a problem of extreme difficulty, which must be attacked from a new point of view and by the aid of methods which have yet to be invented.

Thus it must be admitted that plants

* Darwin, *Insectivorous Plants*, p. 289.

may be contractile and locomotive; that, while locomotive, their movements may have as much appearance of spontaneity as those of the lowest animals; and that many exhibit actions comparable to those which are brought about by the agency of a nervous system in animals. And it must be allowed to be possible that further research may reveal the existence of something comparable to a nervous system in plants. So that I know not where we can hope to find any absolute distinction between animals and plants, unless we return to their mode of nutrition, and inquire whether certain differences of a more occult character than those imagined to exist by Cuvier, and which certainly hold good for the vast majority of animals and plants, are of universal application.

A bean may be supplied with water in which salt of ammonia and certain other mineral salts are dissolved in due proportion; with atmospheric air containing its ordinary minute dose of carbonic acid; and with nothing else but sunlight and heat. Under these circumstances, unnatural as they are, with proper management, the bean will thrust forth its radicle and its plumule; the former will grow down into roots, the latter grow up into the stem and leaves of a vigorous bean plant; and this plant will, in due time, flower and produce its crop of beans, just as if it were grown in the garden or in the field.

The weight of the nitrogenous protein compounds, of the oily, starchy, saccharine and woody substances contained in the full-grown plant and its seeds, will be vastly greater than the weight of the same substances contained in the bean from which it sprang. But nothing has been supplied to the bean save water, carbonic acid, ammonia, potash, lime, iron, and the like, in combination with phosphoric, sulphuric and other acids. Neither protein, nor fat, nor starch, nor sugar, nor any substance in the slightest degree resembling them have formed part of the food of the bean. But the weights of the carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, and other elementary bodies contained in the bean-plant, and in the seeds which it produces, are exactly equivalent to the weights of the same elements which have disappeared from the materials supplied to the bean during its growth. Whence it follows that the bean has taken in only the raw materials of its fabric and has manufactured them into bean stuffs.

The bean has been able to perform this great chemical feat by the help of its green coloring matter, or chlorophyll, which, under the influence of sunlight, has the marvellous power of decomposing carbonic acid, setting free the oxygen and laying hold of the carbon which it contains. In fact the bean obtains two of the absolutely indispensable elements of its substance from two distinct sources; the watery solution, in which its roots are plunged, contains nitrogen but no carbon; the air, to which the leaves are exposed, contains carbon, but its nitrogen is in the state of a free gas, in which condition the bean can make no use of it;* and the chlorophyll is the apparatus by which the carbon is extracted from the atmospheric carbonic acid—the leaves being the chief laboratories in which this operation is effected.

The great majority of conspicuous plants are, as everybody knows, green; and this arises from the abundance of their chlorophyll. The few which contain no chlorophyll and are colorless, are unable to extract the carbon which they require from atmospheric carbonic acid, and lead a parasitic existence upon other plants; but it by no means follows, often as the statement has been repeated, that the manufacturing power of plants depends on their chlorophyll and its interaction with the rays of the sun. On the contrary, it is easily demonstrated, as Pasteur first proved, that the lowest fungi, devoid of chlorophyll, or of any substitute for it, as they are, nevertheless possess the characteristic manufacturing powers of plants in a very high degree. Only it is necessary that they should be supplied with a different kind of raw material; as they cannot extract carbon from carbonic acid, they must be furnished with something else that contains carbon. Tartaric acid is such a substance; and if a single spore of the commonest and most troublesome of moulds—*Penicillium*—be sown in

* I purposely assume that the air with which the bean is supplied in the case stated contains no ammoniacal salts.

saucer full of water, in which tartrate of ammonia, with a small percentage of phosphates and sulphates is contained, and kept warm, whether in the dark or exposed to light, it will, in a short time, give rise to a thick crust of mould, which contains many million times the weight of the original spore, in protein compounds and cellulose. Thus we have a very wide basis of fact for the generalization that plants are essentially characterized by their manufacturing capacity—by their power of working up mere mineral matters into complex organic compounds.

Contrariwise, there is a no less wide foundation for the generalization that animals, as Cuvier puts it, depend directly or indirectly upon plants for the materials of their bodies; that is, either they are herbivorous, or they eat other animals which are herbivorous.

But for what constituents of their bodies are animals thus dependent upon plants? Certainly not for their horny matter; nor for chondrin, the proximate chemical element of cartilage; nor for gelatine; nor for syntonin, the constituent of muscle; nor for their nervous or biliary substances; nor for their amyloid matters; nor, necessarily, for their fats.

It can be experimentally demonstrated that animals can make these for themselves. But that which they cannot make, but must, in all known cases, obtain directly or indirectly from plants, is the peculiar nitrogenous matter protein. Thus the plant is the ideal *prolétaire* of the living world, the worker who produces; the animal, the ideal aristocrat, who mostly occupies himself in consuming, after the manner of that noble representative of the line of Zähdarm, whose epitaph is written in *Sartor Resartus*.

Here is our last hope of finding a sharp line of demarcation between plants and animals; for, as I have already hinted, there is a border territory between the two kingdoms, a sort of no-man's land, the inhabitants of which certainly cannot be discriminated and brought to their proper allegiance in any other way.

Some months ago, Professor Tyndall asked me to examine a drop of infusion of hay, placed under an excellent and powerful microscope, and to tell him what I thought some organisms visible in it were. I looked and observed, in the first place, multitudes of *Bacteria* moving about with their ordinary intermittent spasmodic wriggles. As to the vegetable nature of these there is now no doubt. Not only does the close resemblance of the *Bacteria* to unquestionable plants, such as the *Oscillatoriæ*, and lower forms of *Fungi*, justify this conclusion, but the manufacturing test settles the question at once. It is only needful to add a minute drop of fluid containing *Bacteria*, to water in which tartrate, phosphate, and sulphate of ammonia are dissolved; and, in a very short space of time, the clear fluid becomes milky by reason of their prodigious multiplication, which, of course, implies the manufacture of living Bacterium-stuff out of these merely saline matters.

But other active organisms, very much larger than the *Bacteria*, attaining in fact the comparatively gigantic dimensions of $\frac{1}{3000}$ of an inch or more, incessantly crossed the field of view. Each of these had a body shaped like a pear, the small end being slightly incurved and produced into a long curved filament, or *cilium*, of extreme tenuity. Behind this, from the concave side of the incurvation, proceeded another long cilium, so delicate as to be discernible only by the use of the highest powers and careful management of the light. In the centre of the pear-shaped body a clear round space could occasionally be discerned, but not always; and careful watching showed that this clear vacuity appeared gradually, and then shut up and disappeared suddenly, at regular intervals. Such a structure is of common occurrence among the lowest plants and animals, and is known as a *contractile vacuole*.

The little creature thus described sometimes propelled itself with great activity, with a curious rolling motion, by the lashing of the front cilium, while the second cilium trailed behind; sometimes it anchored itself by the hinder cilium and was spun round by the working of the other, its motions resembling those of an anchor buoy in a heavy sea. Sometimes, when two were in full career towards one another, each would appear dexterously to get out of the other's way; sometimes a crowd would assemble and jostle one another, with as much

semblance of individual effort as a spectator on the Grands Mulets might observe with a telescope among the specks representing men in the valley of Chamounix.

The spectacle, though always surprising, was not new to me. So my reply to the question put to me was, that these organisms were what biologists call *Monads*, and though they might be animals, it was also possible that they might, like the *Bacteria*, be plants. My friend received my verdict with an expression which showed a sad want of respect for authority. He would as soon believe that a sheep was a plant. Naturally piqued by this want of faith, I have thought a good deal over the matter; and as I still rest in the lame conclusion I originally expressed, and must even now confess that I cannot certainly say whether this creature is an animal or a plant, I think it may be well to state the grounds of my hesitation at length. But, in the first place, in order that I may conveniently distinguish this "Monad" from the multitude of other things which go by the same designation, I must give it a name of its own. I think (though for reasons which need not be stated at present, I am not quite sure) that it is identical with the species *Monas lens*, as defined by the eminent French microscopist Dujardin, though his magnifying power was probably insufficient to enable him to see that it is curiously like a much larger form of monad which he has named *Heteromita*. I shall, therefore, call it not *Monas*, but *Heteromita lens*.

I have been unable to devote to my *Heteromita* the prolonged study needful to work out its whole history, which would involve weeks, or it may be months, of unremitting attention. But I the less regret this circumstance, as some remarkable observations recently published by Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale* on certain Monads, relate, in part, to a form so similar to my *Heteromita lens*, that the history of the one may be used to illustrate that of the other. These most patient and painstaking observers, who employed the highest attainable powers of the microscope and, relieving one another, kept watch day and night over the same individual monads, have been enabled to trace out the whole history of their *Heteromita*; which they found in infusions of the heads of fishes of the Cod tribe.

Of the four monads described and figured by these investigators one, as I have said, very closely resembles *Heteromita lens* in every particular, except that it has a separately distinguishable central particle or "nucleus," which is not certainly to be made out in *Heteromita lens*; and that nothing is said by Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale of the existence of a contractile vacuole in this monad, though they describe it in another.

Their *Heteromita*, however, multiplied rapidly by fission. Sometimes a transverse constriction appeared; the hinder half developed a new cilium, and the hinder cilium gradually split from its base to its free end, until it was divided into two; a process which, considering the fact that this fine filament cannot be much more than $\frac{1}{100000}$ of an inch in diameter, is wonderful enough. The constriction of the body extended inwards until the two portions were united by a narrow isthmus; finally they separated, and each swam away by itself, a complete *Heteromita* provided with its two cilia. Sometimes the constriction took a longitudinal direction, with the same ultimate result. In each case the process occupied not more than six or seven minutes. At this rate, a single *Heteromita* would give rise to a thousand like itself in the course of an hour, to about a million in two hours, and to a number greater than the generally assumed number of human beings now living in the world in three hours; or, if we give each *Heteromita* an hour's enjoyment of individual existence, the same result will be obtained in about a day. The apparent suddenness of the appearance of multitudes of such organisms as these in any nutritive fluid to which one obtains access, is thus easily explained.

During these processes of multiplication by fission, the *Heteromita* remains active; but sometimes another mode of fission occurs. The body becomes rounded and quiescent, or nearly so; and while in this resting state, divides into two portions, each of which is rapidly converted into an active *Heteromita*.

* "Researches in the Life-history of a Cercomonad: a Lesson in Biogenesis," and "Further Researches in the Life-history of the Monads."—*Monthly Microscopical Journal*, 1873.

A still more remarkable phenomenon is that kind of multiplication which is preceded by the union of two monads, by a process which is termed *conjugation*. Two active *Heteromitæ* become applied to one another, and then slowly and gradually coalesce into one body. The two nuclei run into one; and the mass resulting from the conjugation of the two *Heteromitæ*, thus used together, has a triangular form. The two pairs of cilia are to be seen, for some time, at two of the angles, which answer to the small ends of the conjoined monads; but they ultimately vanish, and the twin organism, in which all visible traces of organisation have disappeared, falls into a state of rest. Sudden wave-like movements of its substance next occur; and, in a short time, the apices of the triangular mass burst, and give exit to a dense yellowish, glairy fluid filled with minute granules. This process, which, it will be observed, involves the actual confluence and mixture of the substance of two distinct organisms, is effected in the space of about two hours.

The authors whom I quote say that they "cannot express" the excessive minuteness of the granules in question, and they estimate their diameter at less than $\frac{1}{20000}$ of an inch. Under the highest powers of the microscope at present applicable such specks are hardly discernible. Nevertheless, particles of this size are massive when compared to physical molecules; whence there is no reason to doubt that each, small as it is, may have a molecular structure sufficiently complex to give rise to the phenomena of life. And, as a matter of fact, by patient watching of the place at which these infinitesimal living particles were discharged, our observers assured themselves of their growth and development into new monads. These, in about four hours from their being set free, had attained a sixth of the length of the parent, with the characteristic cilia, though at first they were quite motionless; and in four hours more they had attained the dimensions and exhibited all the activity of the adult. These inconceivably minute particles are therefore the germs of the *Heteromita*; and from the dimensions of these germs it is easily shown that the body formed by conjugation may, at a low estimate, have given exit to thirty thousand of them; a result of a matrimonial process whereby the contracting parties, without a metaphor, "become one flesh," enough to make a Malthusian despair of the future of the Universe.

I am not aware that the investigators from whom I have borrowed this history have endeavored to ascertain whether their monads take solid nutriment or not; so that though they help us very much to fill up the blanks in the history of my *Heteromita*, their observations throw no light on the problem we are trying to solve—Is it an animal or is it a plant?

Undoubtedly it is possible to bring forward very strong arguments in favor of regarding *Heteromita* as a plant.

For example, there is a Fungus, an obscure and almost microscopic mould, termed *Peronospora infestans*. Like many other Fungi, the *Peronosporæ* are parasitic upon other plants; and this particular *Peronospora* happens to have attained much notoriety and political importance, in a way not without a parallel in the career of notorious politicians, namely, by reason of the frightful mischief it has done to mankind. For it is this *Fungus* which is the cause of the potato disease; and, therefore, *Peronospora infestans* (doubtless of exclusively Saxon origin, though not accurately known to be so) brought about the Irish famine. The plants afflicted with the malady are found to be infested by a mould, consisting of fine tubular filaments, termed *hyphæ*, which burrow through the substance of the potato plant, and appropriate to themselves the substance of their host; while, at the same time, directly or indirectly, they set up chemical changes by which even its woody framework becomes blackened, sodden and withered.

In structure, however, the *Peronospora* is as much a mould as the common *Penicillium*; and just as the *Penicillium* multiplies, by the breaking up of its hyphæ into separate rounded bodies, the spores, so, in the *Peronospora*, certain of the hyphæ grow out into the air through the interstices of the superficial cells of the potato plant, and develop spores. Each of these hyphæ usually gives off several branches. The ends of the branches dilate and become closed sacs, which eventually drop off as spores.

The spores falling on some part of the same potato plant, or carried by the wind to another, may at once germinate, throwing out tubular prolongations which become hyphæ, and burrow into the substance of the plant attacked. But, more commonly, the contents of the spore divide into six or eight separate portions. The coat of the spore gives way, and each portion then emerges as an independent organism, which has the shape of a bean, rather narrower at one end than the other, convex on one side, and depressed or concave on the opposite. From the depression, two long and delicate cilia proceed, one shorter than the other, and directed forwards. Close to the origin of these cilia, in the substance of the body, is a regularly pulsating contractile vacuole. The shorter cilium vibrates actively, and effects the locomotion of the organism, while the other trails behind; the whole body rolling on its axis with its pointed end forwards.

The eminent botanist, De Bary, who was not thinking of our problem, tells us, in describing the movements of these "Zoospores," that, as they swim about, "foreign bodies are carefully avoided, and the whole movement has a deceptive likeness to the voluntary changes of place which are observed in microscopic animals."

After swarming about in this way in the moisture on the surface of a leaf or stem (which, film though it may be, is an ocean to such a fish) for half an hour, more or less, the movement of the zoospore becomes slower, and is limited to a slow turning upon its axis, without change of place. It then becomes quite quiet, the cilia disappear, it assumes a spherical form, and surrounds itself with a distinct, though delicate membranous coat. A protuberance then grows out from one side of the sphere, and, rapidly increasing in length, assumes the character of a hypha. The latter penetrates into the substance of the potato plant, either by entering a stomate or by boring through the wall of an epidermic cell, and ramifies, as a mycelium, in the substance of the plant, destroying the tissues with which it comes in contact. As these processes of multiplication take place very rapidly, millions of spores are soon set free from a single infested plant; and from their minuteness they are readily transported by the gentlest breeze. Since, again, the zoospores set free from each spore, in virtue of their powers of locomotion, swiftly disperse themselves over the surface, it is no wonder that the infection, once started, soon spreads from field to field, and extends its ravages over a whole country.

However, it does not enter into my present plan to treat of the potato disease, instructively as its history bears upon that of other epidemics; and I have selected the case of the *Peronospora* simply because it affords an example of an organism, which, in one stage of its existence, is truely a "Monad," indistinguishable by any important character from our *Heteromita*, and extraordinarily like it in some respects. And yet this "Monad" can be traced, step by step, through the series of metamorphoses which I have described, until it assumes the features of an organism, which is as much a plant as an oak or an elm is.

Moreover it would be possible to pursue the analogy further. Under certain circumstances, a process of conjugation takes place in the *Peronospora*. Two separate portions of its protoplasm become fused together, surround themselves with a thick coat, and give rise to a sort of vegetable egg called an *oospore*. After a period of rest, the contents of the oospore break up into a number of zoospores like those already described, each of which, after a period of activity, germinates in the ordinary way. This process obviously corresponds with the conjugation and subsequent setting free of germs in the *Heteromita*.

But it may be said that the *Peronospora* is, after all, a questionable sort of plant; that it seems to be wanting in the manufacturing power, selected as the main distinctive character of vegetable life; or, at any rate, that there is no proof that it does not get its protein matter ready made from the potato plant.

Let us, therefore, take a case which is not open to these objections.

There are some small plants known to botanists as members of the genus *Coleochæte*, which, without being truly parasitic, grow upon certain water-weeds, as lichens grow upon trees. The little plant has the form of an elegant green star, the branching arms of which are divided into cells. Its greenness is due to its chloro

phyll, and it undoubtedly has the manufacturing power in full degree, decomposing carbonic acid and setting free oxygen under the influence of sunlight.

But the protoplasmic contents of some of the cells of which the plant is made up occasionally divide, by a method similar to that which effects the division of the contents of the *Peronospora* spore; and the severed portions are then set free as active monad-like zoospores. Each is oval and is provided at one extremity with two long active cilia. Propelled by these, it swims about for a longer or shorter time, but at length comes to a state of rest and gradually grows into a *Coleochæte*.

Moreover, as in the *Peronospora*, conjugation may take place and result in an oospore; the contents of which divide and are set free as monadiform germs.

If the whole history of the zoospores of *Peronospora* and *Coleochæte* were unknown, they would undoubtedly be classed among "Monads" with the same right as *Heteromita*; why then may not *Heteromita* be a plant, even though the cycle of forms through which it passes shows no terms quite so complex as those which occur in *Peronospora* and *Coleochæte*? And, in fact, there are some green organisms, in every respect characteristically plants, such as *Chlamydomonas*, and the common *Volvox*, or so-called "Globe animalcule," which run through a cycle of forms of just the same simple character as those of *Heteromita*.

The name of *Chlamydomonas* is applied to certain microscopic green bodies, each of which consists of a protoplasmic central substance invested by a structureless sac. The latter contains cellulose, as in ordinary plants; and the chlorophyll which gives the green color enables the *Chlamydomonas* to decompose carbonic acid and fix carbon, as they do. Two long cilia protrude through the cell wall, and effect the rapid locomotion of this "monad," which, in all respects except its mobility, is characteristically a plant.

Under ordinary circumstances the *Chlamydomonas* multiplies by simple fission, each splitting into two or into four parts, which separate and become independent organisms. Sometimes, however, the *Chlamydomonas* divides into eight parts, each of which is provided with four, instead of two cilia. These "zoospores" conjugate in pairs, and give rise to quiescent bodies, which multiply by division, and eventually pass into the active state.

Thus, so far as outward form and the general character of the cycle of modifications through which the organism passes in the course of its life are concerned, the resemblance between *Chlamydomonas* and *Heteromita* is of the closest description. And on the face of the matter there is no ground for refusing to admit that *Heteromita* may be related to *Chlamydomonas*, as the colorless fungus is to the green alga. *Volvox* may be compared to a hollow sphere, the wall of which is made up of coherent Chlamydomonads; and which progresses with a rotating motion effected by the paddling of the multitudinous pairs of cilia which project from its surface. Each *Volvox*-monad has a contractile vacuole like that of *Heteromita lens*; and moreover possesses a red pigment spot like the simplest form of eye known among animals.

The methods of fissive multiplication and of conjugation observed in the monads of this locomotive globe are essentially similar to those observed in *Chlamydomonas*; and though a hard battle has been fought over it, *Volnox* is now finally surrendered to the Botanists.

Thus there is really no reason why *Heteromita* may not be a plant; and this conclusion would be very satisfactory, if it were not equally easy to show that there is really no reason why it should not be an animal.

For there are numerous organisms presenting the closest resemblance to *Heteromita*, and, like it, grouped under the general name of "Monads," which, nevertheless, can be observed to take in solid nutriment, and which therefore have a virtual, if not an actual, mouth and digestive cavity, and thus come under Cuvier's definition of an animal. Numerous forms of such animals have been described by Ehrenberg, Dujardin, H. James Clark and other writers on the *Infusoria*.

Indeed, in another infusion of hay in which my *Heteromita lens* occurred, there were innumerable infusorial animalcules

belonging to the well-known species *Colpoda cucullus*.*

Full-sized specimens of this animalcule attain a length of between $\frac{1}{300}$ or $\frac{1}{400}$ of an inch, so that it may have ten times the length and a thousand times the mass of a *Heteromita*. In shape it is not altogether unlike *Heteromita*. The small end, however, is not produced into one long cilium, but the general surface of the body is covered with small actively vibrating ciliary organs, which are only longest at the small end. At the point which answers to that from which the two cilia arise in *Heteromita*, there is a conical depression, the mouth; and in young specimens a tapering filament, which reminds one of the posterior cilium of *Heteromita*, projects from this region.

The body consists of a soft granular protoplasmic substance, the middle of which is occupied by a large oval mass called the "nucleus;" while at its hinder end is a "contractile vacuole," conspicuous by its regular rhythmic appearances and disappearances. Obviously, although the *Colpoda* is not a monad, it differs from one only in subordinate details. Moreover, under certain conditions, it becomes quiescent, incloses itself in a delicate case or *cyst*, and then divides into two, four, or more portions, which are eventually set free and swim about as active *Colpodæ*.

But this creature is an unmistakable animal, and full-sized *Colpodæ* may be fed as easily as one feeds chickens. It is only needful to diffuse very finely ground carmine through the water in which they live, and, in a very short time, the bodies of the *Colpodæ* are stuffed with the deeply colored granules of the pigment.

And if this were not sufficient evidence of the animality of *Colpoda*, there comes the fact that it is even more similar to another well-known animalcule, *Paramœcium*, than it is to a monad. But *Paramœcium* is so huge a creature compared with those hitherto discussed—it reaches $\frac{1}{12}$ of an inch or more in length—that there is no difficulty in making out its organization in detail; and in proving that it is not only an animal, but that it is an animal which possesses a somewhat complicated organization. For example, the surface layer of its body is different in structure from the deeper parts. There are two contractile vacuoles, from each of which radiates a system of vessel-like canals; and not only is there a conical depression continuous with a tube, which serves as mouth and gullet, but the food ingested takes a definite course and refuse is rejected from a definite region. Nothing is easier than to feed these animals and to watch the particles of indigo or carmine accumulate at the lower end of the gullet. From this they gradually project, surrounded by a ball of water, which at length passes with a jerk, oddly stimulating a gulp, into the pulpy central substance of the body, there to circulate up one side and down the other, until its contents are digested and assimilated. Nevertheless, this complex animal multiplies by division, as the monad does, and, like the monad, undergoes conjugation. It stands in the same relation to *Heteromita* on the animal side, as *Coleochæte* does on the plant side. Start from either, and such an insensible series of gradations leads to the monad that it is impossible to say at any stage of the progress—here the line between the animal and the plant must be drawn.

There is reason to think that certain organisms which pass through a monad stage of existence, such as the *Myxomycetes*, are, at one time of their lives, dependent upon external sources for their protein-matter, or are animals; and at another period manufacture it, or are plants. And seeing that the whole progress of modern investigation is in favor of the doctrine of continuity, it is a fair and probable speculation—though only a speculation—that, as there are some plants which can manufacture protein out of such apparently intractable mineral matters as carbonic acid, water, nitrate of ammonia, and metallic salts; while others need to be supplied with their carbon and nitrogen in the somewhat less raw form of tartrate of ammonia and allied compounds; so there may be yet others, as is possibly the case with the true parasitic plants, which can only manage to put together materials still better prepared—still more nearly approximated to protein—until we arrive at such organisms as the *Psorospermiæ* and the *Panhistophyton*, which are as much animal as vegetable in structure,

* Excellently described by Stein, almost all of whose statements I have verified.

but are animal in their dependence on other organisms for their food.

The singular circumstance observed by Meyer, that the *Torula* of yeast, though an indubitable plant, still flourishes most vigorously when supplied with the complex nitrogenous substance, pepsin; the probability that the *Peronospora* is nourished directly by the protoplasm of the potato plant; and the wonderful facts which have recently been brought to light respecting insectivorous plants, all favor this view; and tend to the conclusion that the difference between animal and plant is one of degree rather than of kind; and that the problem whether, in a given case, an organism is an animal or a plant, may be essentially insoluble.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BASTILLE.

EVERYBODY who has been to Paris knows the Place of the Bastille, with that July Column which commemorates what sober history tells us was, after all, by no means such a grand achievement on the part of the sovereign people. Parisians, however, will always think differently; they hold, and will hold, that that affair of the 14th of July, 1789, which ended in the murder of De Launay and his handful of *invalides* for doing what soldiers always ought to do—defending what has been entrusted to them—is grander than Thermopylæ or Bannockburn, or even than any of Joan of Arc's victories. I will not say the Bastille had better have been left standing; but I wish, for the sake of true freedom, that the Paris mob had had the nobleness to spare De Launay instead of brutally murdering him after he had surrendered; and I wish, for the sake of history writers and history readers, that those who sacked that State prison had had some idea of the value of State archives, instead of flinging them out of the windows along with the broken furniture of the rooms. The consequence was that the true history of the Bastille has never been written till now. It has been all guess-work; for every paper referring to the prison was stored up in the place itself, and after its capture these lay in heaps in the courtyards, sodden with rain, stained with the wine of the volunteers who were mounting guard, plundered by 'collectors,' tossed about as rubbish, until somebody brought the matter before the Assembly, and what documents were left were carried off to the Abbey of St. Germain-in-the-Fields. The Assembly decided that these 'records of regal tyranny' should be printed at once, in order to show the world what a hideous system the Revolution had destroyed; but, like many other decisions of the Assembly, the order for printing was never carried into effect. From St. Germain's Abbey the archives were transferred to the Arsenal; and there, five-and-thirty years ago, M. Ravaisson discovered them in a garret mixed in almost hopeless confusion with all kinds of worthless papers.

The patient labor of years enabled him at last to put them in order; he has filled up most of the gaps by hard work in public and private collections in France and abroad, and about a year ago he published the closing volume of *Archives of the Bastille*, showing how things really were managed in this fortress of absolutism.

That is just what the Bastille was—the King's private prison. I suppose that at most times in England such a prison would have been impossible. The Tower had a tendency to become such under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth; but the tendency was sharply repressed even in Elizabeth's reign. It was still more sternly checked under her successors; besides, the Stuarts, with all their despotic proclivities, always acted according to law, though it was law which the nation justly disavowed. The Court of Star Chamber was a court, after all, where matters were conducted by regular legal process; and ship money was by the Crown lawyers pronounced to be a legal impost, exacted according to just precedent. English feeling, indeed, overrode such legal quibbles. The Star Chamber was not a court to which Englishmen would submit; they tore through its legal forms as a bee tears through the

meshes of a spider-web. Lord Keeper Finch might laboriously hunt up precedents for ship money, but the nation would have none of it for all that. We know what happened to Charles because he insisted on governing according to such lawless law; still what he governed by was law of some kind or other. It is impossible to conceive what would have happened to him if he had governed as Louis XIV. and Louis XV. did, often without even any pretence of law, just clapping into the Bastille anyone whom they chose, and keeping him, or her, or it (for children of seven were clapped in during the Jansenist 'revivals,' for daring to go into spiritual hysterics) there during the King's pleasure without anyone in the kingdom asking why. We can't fancy an English king so acting, and that French kings did so act goes far to explain that dread of even a limited monarchy which brought about the Septennate.

I suppose pressing for the navy was the only English institution which bore the remotest resemblance to the 'right' of committing to the Bastille. But my object is not to moralise, but to point out a little how this 'right' was exercised.

From its foundation in 1369, by Hugh Aubriot, Provost of Paris, who happened, strangely enough, to be the first man sent to it, the Bastille had a political object; it was not so much meant to defend Paris as to overawe St. Antoine's suburb, turbulent then as now, and ten years before the head-quarters of Marcel, that 'provost of the merchants' who, if he had managed better, might have curbed French absolutism at the outset and have made the Revolution, when it did come, take more the form which it took in England. Its military history is soon told. The English, beaten out of the streets of Paris by the Constable of Richemont, five years after the burning of Joan of Arc, took refuge in it, but were soon forced to capitulate. It had its part in the wars of the Fronde. Turenne (on the King's side) was beating Condé and the Frondeurs, when Mdlle. of Montpensier, daughter of Gaston of Orleans, rushed to the Bastille and turned its guns on the Royalists, giving the citizens time to swing open their gates and let in the routed Condéans, and then to force the gates back in the face of the baffled Turenne.

It was Richelieu who first, by his plan of wholesale imprisonments, regularly put the Bastille wholesale to what from that time became its normal use. In old France, as in old England, the rule was that everybody should be tried by his peers; but the Cardinal, finding things in a critical state, according to that universal French rule which cures anarchy by despotism, and so (when the despotism grows weak) makes the pendulum swing round again to anarchy, set up 'Courts of High Commission,' which sat as often as not in his own country house, and did just what they were bid. Louis XIV., who really believed that 'l'état, c'est moi,' and who in his private memoirs wrote: 'The will of God is that every born subject should obey unquestioningly' (*sans discernement*) carried out what Richelieu had begun. In fact, the old power of life and death which the King possessed in the original royal domain, just as nearly every marquis, count, and abbot possessed it in his private domain, somehow managed to get itself extended to the whole of France; and 'Laissez passer la justice du Roi' ('Clear the way for the King's officers of justice') which once was nothing more than what most feudal lords might have said of their 'justice,' became a lawyer's phrase to denote that a *lettre de cachet* bore down all the decrees of the multifarious bailiwicks, seneschalships, *présidiaux*, parliaments, *grueries*, courts of aids, admiralties, and what not, each of which had its own special jurisdiction in the chaos of feudal law. Such a lot of little courts—like our courts leet and baron and pie-powder and hanaper—no wonder people were sick of them, and turned to the uniformity of despotism with something like relief.

Louis XIV. soon gave them uniform despotism to their hearts' content. All forms even of 'High Commission' were thrown aside; a slip of paper with the words 'Put So-and-so in the Bastille, and keep him there till further orders,' signed by the King and countersigned by one of the Ministers, was enough. If 'So-and-so' was a person of quality, a squad of *mousquetaires* handed him the order, and he, as in duty bound, surrendered himself; if he was a mere citizen, the 'archers of the watch' looked out for him at nightfall as he was going

home, touched him with a white wand, and hurried him into a carriage that was waiting close by. The prisoners were divided into two classes, those who were simply shut up to be out of harm's way and those who were accused of some definite crime. The latter were tried, sooner or later, by special commission, and after being found guilty were tortured into confession. The 'boot,' which Lauderdale and James, Duke of York, used on the Scotch Covenanters, was one kind of torture; the other was to lay the prisoner on his back, force a funnel into his mouth, and pour in six or eight pints of water. The poor wretch was then placed on a mattress before a roaring fire, and when he recovered consciousness he was made to sign the answers which the pain had wrung from him. When such prisoners were put to death, it was either by hanging or burning alive. For the sake of human nature we are glad to learn that the president of the Commission often wrote, at the bottom of the prisoner's sentence, a *retentum*, i.e. an order to strangle him while the fagots were lighting. Of course when it was a case of heresy there was no thought of such tenderness; thus a poor mad fanatic, Morin—who, with his wife and son and two priests and a schoolmaster, thought they were going to found the New Jerusalem and destroy Babylon, i.e. the Romish Church and the Beast, i.e. the Pope—was ruthlessly burnt alive in 1662. Poor fellow, his *Pensées* are not worth so much as Pascal's; but the man who said 'God Almighty is not a wafer,' and 'you're more likely to find Christ in crosses and suffering than in bits of bread,' and who ventured to protest against that '*fasting Communion*' which our ritualists are making such a point of, deserved better things than to be roasted alive for the gratification of a well-dressed Paris mob. Yes; as our Newgate hangings were popular with fashionable folks of Lord Tomnoddy's stamp, so the Paris executions used to 'draw' so well that when there was a burning the actors took care never to bring out a new piece. This was one class of Bastille-birds; the other class had quite a different life of it; they were like debtors in the old Fleet, with this great additional privilege, that the King paid for their food, and right royally considered that a man who is shut up requires to be better nourished than one who has his liberty. Three bottles of wine a day, including one of champagne, three good meals—soup, *entrées*, a hot joint, and dessert—these were their daily rations. No wonder some when set free, petitioned to be taken in again; while others, arranging with the governor to live on simpler fare, and to share the savings with him, often took away a nice little sum when their term was over. Then they had skittles, billiards, and tennis, just like gentlemen outside. To understand the difference between their treatment and that of men like Morin, we must consider who a good many of them were; they were persons of the very highest 'quality.' Thus, though the laws against duelling were very strict, noblemen would fight; no ordinary tribunal could touch them, for they were nobles, each theoretically with power of life and death in his own hands; so they were sent to the Bastille. But of course they must not be dealt with like low heretics; the very object of their being put into the Bastille is to keep them from the degradation of the ordinary tribunals. For instance, the coach of Marquis Villequier runs into the coach of the Duke of Elbeuf in a narrow Paris street; their lacqueys fall to blows, and the masters soon get out and join in the fray. Villequier is Bastilled until the 'marshals of France,' who had the jurisdiction in such cases, decide that it was no duel, but only an accidental meeting. The Knight of Grancey, again, thinking Mdlle. de Nonant would make him an excellent wife, carries off her and her mother and forces the daughter to marry him in his father's château. Her family complain, and a *garde du corps* is sent to order the ladies to be set at liberty. The Knight's papa, Marquis Grancey, refuses; but to show that he is a loyal subject, he goes back with the officer and puts himself in the Bastille. The King is so touched that he issues letters of grace confirming the marriage. Such cases are merely noblemen's jokes. Here is something more serious. René de l'Hospital, Marquis of Choisy (sad that such a man should own so honored a name as that of l'Hospital), treats his serfs so shamefully that the *curé* of one of his parishes preaches about his con-

duct. The Marquis, with two of his pages, waylays the *curé*, catches him as he is walking home with a farmer, kills the farmer, and stabs the *curé*. The poor man falls to his prayers, but my Lord 'stops his jaw' by breaking it with the butt-end of a musket. He then makes his horse kick him as he lies on the ground, and lastly runs his sword through his ribs. The clergy take up the case, and the murderer is brought before the Paris Parliament; but, before the trial can come on, his family, a very powerful one, get an order for putting him into the Bastille. After he has been in there a few days he is let out armed with 'letters of acquittal.' We think of Morin, burnt alive for trying to found the New Jerusalem, and we cease to wonder at the horrors of the French Revolution.

This was how the Grand Monarque understood justice about the year of grace 1660. But the prisoners were not all heretics or nobles; in minor matters it was not the big fishes only who were caught. A grocer cries out against the monopoly of whale oil; he is sent to the Bastille to improve his views of political economy. An architect's son won't take orders, in spite of his father's wish; he is Bastilled to give him time for reflection. The deputies from half a dozen big towns petition, grovelling on their knees in the royal presence, that their old franchises may no longer be set at nought. The King treats them kindly enough, and orders his Council to look into the matter; but, since no one but the *intendants* had a right to bring things before his Majesty for discussion (see a similar restriction in Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*), he sends them for a few weeks to the Bastille to show them that 'discipline' must be maintained. Even ambassadors are not safe, if they belong to little States. D'Alibert, sent to negotiate a marriage between the Duke of Savoy and a daughter of the Duke of Orleans, is clapped into prison for showing either too much or too little zeal; and so is the Elector of Brandenburg's envoy (Brandenburg then was not even Prussian) for mentioning to his master one of Louis's many love affairs. All this was in the grand style suited to the great Louis. Under his great-grandchild the thing naturally degenerated. Louis XV. let anybody and everybody reign for him; and towards the end of his life, under the rule of the infamous Du Barry, there was a plan reminding us of that which honorable M.P.'s used to act on when we middle-aged men were very little boys: I mean 'franking letters,' signing their names every morning, that is, in the corners of ever so many blank folded papers (envelopes as yet were not) which somebody, perhaps the butler, used as often as not to sell before post time. Just as we had our blank forms of letters for the post, prepaid by this device of franking, so the French had their blank forms of *lettres de cachet;* and these were always to be had for twenty-five louis. Anybody with 20*l.* in his pocket could buy the King's sign-manual, fill in the name of his enemy, and get him put away from among men. Well might the *Court of Aids*, in 1770, indignantly protest that nobody was safe, for 'nobody was great enough to be safe from the hatred of a minister, nor little enough to be below that of a tax-farmer's clerk.'

Under Louis XIV., as I said, things were managed more decently, though despotically. The Bastille was perhaps the only place to which Fouquet, the great-grandfather of all the 'masters of high finance,' could have been sent. All the courts were afraid of him; Corneille and La Fontaine, blinded by his liberality to men of letters, thought him innocent; many believed him the victim of Colbert's hatred; some thought that Louis was jealous of his magnificent *fêtes* and more than royal style of living; some even hinted that he had tried to win the affections of La Vallière by the offer of 120,000 crowns; but these Bastille archives prove that there is not a doubt of his guilt. Louis, a wonderful man of business, went over all the proofs which the Chamber of the Arsenal collected, and which show that Fouquet had reduced plundering the State to a system. He paid the state creditors, for instance, with paper, which they never could get cashed; and when their patience was exhausted he bought up these bonds for next to nothing, and paid himself in full out of the Treasury

One could almost wish that he had had the water torture before being sent for life to the fortress of Pignerol.

Fouquet's system led right on to the bankruptcy which was one main cause of the Revolution. And to stave off bankruptcy, *pour combler le deficit*, kings and ministers had recourse to strange expedients. Even Louis XIV. was sadly pinched for want of money; and, since alchemy was the order of the day, he caught a batch of alchemists and sent them to the Bastille to work under Government surveillance. They were allowed as much sulphur, antimony, arsenic, and anything else as they wanted, and they were expected to give gold in return. Hence one of the most notable discoveries of that time; of course the police found no gold, but they found (what they had long suspected) that these seekers for the philosopher's stone were poisoners, and that their customers were to be found in the very highest ranks of society. Arsenic, which is often said to kill by accumulation of many small doses, was incapable of detection in those days when *post-mortems* were unknown; and thus *poudre de succession* became a favorite way of getting rid of any one who stood between a man or woman and the estate or the human being whom they coveted. We have all heard of the Brinvilliers. Voisin was a plebeian imitator of hers, doing for the common people what the other did for the *noblesse*, to which she herself belonged. The humbler artist did her work in just as artistic style as did the marchioness. A butcher in St. Antoine 'administers correction' to his gad-about wife; she goes off straight to Voisin and quietly buys packets of powder, which make her in a few weeks a frolicsome widow. A carpenter, dying, leaves a little money; mother and son can't agree about it; the mother goes to Voisin and gets a powder, but before she has come for the next the son has been there too. Voisin keeps them both in hand, determined that whoever pays her highest shall win; the mother gains the day. Besides poisoning, Voisin was ready for every other kind of villany. She and a widwife named Lepère are stated to have procured abortion in 10,000 cases, and the number of new-born children burnt by Voisin in her magical rites is reckoned at 2,500. The whole story is so horrible that, were it not legally attested in these archives, one could not credit it; it is worse than the worst of the foul dreams of witches. The confessions of Voisin and her accomplices were made long before they were tortured, yet one would fain hope that some of the revolting details were due to a diseased imagination. Spiritualism is contemptible enough; we may be thankful that it is only contemptible when we read of the methods which these wretches used to call up the Devil and to win from him for their dupes 'the flying dollar,' which was no sooner spent than it found its way back into its owner's pocket. To drape a room in black cloth, and on a black altar, lighted with black candles, to slay a new-born babe, while a priest (for priests were found to lend themselves to the work) went through a vile travesty of the Mass, was one of the least horrible of the ceremonies; some are too bad even to hint at. It is a little consolation that Voisin, who had made 100,000 crowns, and was leaving France under a false name, was caught, tried, and at last burnt (Feb. 1680). She supped gaily the night before, and sang parodies on the Church hymns; 'gave her soul to the Devil in good style' (*gentiment*), as Madame de Sévigné has it.

But all Voisin's clients were not butchers' and carpenters' wives and lewd young women of the baser sort who had 'got into trouble.' Marie Mancini, Countess of Soissons, was convicted of having gone to her in order to get rid of La Vallière, her successful rival in Louis XIV.'s affections. There was no doubt about it; the proofs are on record. The order was issued to arrest the Countess, but Louis told the Duke of Bouillon to give her a hint, and she escaped. Nor was she the only one who escaped; for there was such an epidemic of poisoning that the magistrate de la Reynie hesitated to go on with his enquiries; he found they were likely to compromise very exalted personages indeed. In a very short time he had 147 prisoners on his hands, and he questions 'whether it is for God's glory and the King's interest, i.e. the interest of the State, or even of justice, to publish abroad such terrible and enormous crimes.' Writing to Louvois, the Prime Minister, in 1681, he says, 'But for the confessions of the criminals I

should scarcely be able to credit the existence of such a traffic in poisons. Poisoning is the common remedy for family troubles. Human life is put up to sale daily.' (One poisoner among the poor actually undertook the job for the trifling charge of 30 sous.) There was such a panic that people gave up using metal drinking-cups and took to glass; metal might be so prepared as to poison the drink poured into it. At a dinner every guest had his own silver plate, brought and carried home again by a confidential servant. The linen was washed at home and 'got up,' under the housewife's own eyes, for fear the master's shirts should be made shirts of Nessus. Letters were disinfected as if it had been time of plague; and ladies gave up accepting bouquets, because people had been known never to recover after smelling at a poisoned flower. Even Racine, the good and truly pious, the best character, perhaps, of all the writers who adorned that brilliant Court, was at one time suspected of being a poisoner. These archives show that enquiries were secretly set on foot about him, and that his innocence was indisputably proved. Indeed, among the motley crew who dabbled in poisons there was not a single literary man of the slightest pretensions to fame.

Voisin was burnt alive in February 1680. Madame de Carada, wife of a 'master of woods and forests,' had her hand cut off a year after. Between these two a good many met their just punishment; and then the trials suddenly ceased, and the *chambre ardente* left off its investigations. Louis made up his mind that de la Reynie was right, and that to go farther would bring a scandal on the whole nation. Other grand Court favorites besides the Countess of Soissons were compromised. Besides the villanous priests who were executed there were many other clergymen involved more or less deeply in the same impieties. The King, who, in spite of his free life, was, after his own fashion, a highly religious man, did not like to strengthen the hands of the enemies of Catholicism by publishing to the world the shame of its ministers. The guilty were allowed to escape into foreign parts, or to hide themselves in monasteries. Public opinion, too, went round in a moment; from being 'the fashion' poisoning became 'dreadful' in everybody's opinion; and there was really no need of further prosecutions, for society at once ostracised all the guilty, and even the suspected.

And so the Bastille ceased to be used for the only purpose for which the high-handed lawlessness of procedure by which it was filled could be deemed, if not laudable, yet pardonable. If anything could excuse such an arbitrary system it was the state of France just then. Underneath all the brilliance, and the polish, and the literary glory of the age of the Grand Monarque there was a mass of foul corruption which the ordinary historian never suspects, but of which these 'archives' paint all the revolting details. The ordinary tribunals were slow, and often powerless; it was necessary to strike sharply and at once. If Louis had confined himself to this, instead of seeking to make the Bastille a sort of reformatory for grown-up children of the higher classes, few would complain. No one pities the prisoners: the pity is that they could not have been legally, instead of illegally, dealt with. We too have had our panics, accompanied with more or less straining of the law; but this flying as a matter of course to arbitrary punishment, to the 'King's justice' instead of to judges' justice, is a sign of the difference between France and England at the opening of the eighteenth century. The one met the new age of thought free and aspiring, the other met it in fetters, of which it felt the ignominy, yet which it could not throw off. Hence during that eighteenth century France was steadily decaying, England as steadily gaining strength—that strength which enabled her to stand (yea, to thrive and grow) under the terrible strain of the long war.

The first revolution was a frantic effort on the nation's part to get rid of this decay. How far it succeeded, whether it succeeded at all, no one can yet say. But it was because institutions like the Bastille flourished, and were as a matter of course wantonly abused by vile creatures like those who surrounded Louis XV., that so violent and costly an effort for national health was needed.

The Bastille helped to bring about the Revolution. But that is no reason why 'the sovereign people' should be made

out such wonderful heroes for capturing it. They managed to cut the chains of the drawbridge, and then walked in. The story of their dead falling in heaps high enough for their surviving comrades to mount the wall is of course a 'myth.' So is all that was written at the time about the wretched state in which the prisoners used to be kept. There were generally a few Morins 'lost' in solitary confinement, whose lot no doubt was very hard, and out of whose sad circumstances the tales of the liberators regarding the seven whom they actually did release may have been evolved; but the great majority lived in very comfortable quarters, kept up their games in a way to excite the envy of outsiders, and fared sumptuously every day at the King's expense. It was not the regulations of the Bastille which did the mischief; it was the lawlessness of the mode of punishing. Had Louis XIV. been the wisest and best of despots the case would be just the same; your good despot is nearly as bad as a bad one, for you have no guarantee that he will not be succeeded by a bad one. Nay, his very goodness is mischievous, for it makes people submit unrepiningly to arbitrary conduct which they would not bear from a worse man. It is well for England that James II. was neither wise nor good. If he had been highly popular we might now have all been Papists. Because Louis XIV.'s popularity made Frenchmen (as a man's popularity always does make them) willingly blind to his arbitrariness, therefore the French Revolution came to rid the earth of the people who would traffic in blank *lettres de cachet*, and who made the closing scenes of Louis XV.'s reign so shameful that no efforts of his successor were able to set the fabric of monarchy up again.

Thank God, we have never had a Bastille; and this is one thing which has helped to keep classes from sundering as widely as they did in France. Here and there an English nobleman (far too many at certain times) has been wickedly foolish or basely tyrannical; but they never found ready to their hand (as the French *noblesse* did) an instrument which would lend itself alike to the pettiest revenge and to the most diabolical cruelty, and which that *noblesse*, unhappily for itself and for the nation, did not scruple to use for both purposes. — *Fraser's Magazine.*

SONGS OF THE SPRING DAYS AND NIGHTS.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

I.

A gentle wind of western birth,
From some far summer sea,
Wakes daisies in the wintry earth,
Wakes thoughts of hope in me.

The sun is low; the paths are wet,
And dance with frolic hail;
The trees, whose spring-time is not yet,
Swing sighing in the gale.

Young gleams of sunshine peep and play;
Thick vapors crowd between;
'Tis strange that on a coming day
The earth will all be green.

The north wind blows, and blasts, and raves,
And flaps his snowy wing:
Back! toss thy bergs on arctic waves,
Thou canst not stay our spring.

II.

Up comes the primrose, wondering;
The snowdrop droopeth by;
The holy spirit of the spring
Is working silently.

Sweet-breathing odors gently wile
Earth's other children out;
On nature's face a hopeful smile
Is flickering about.

When earth lay hard, unlovely, dull,
And life within her slept,
Above her heaven grew beautiful,
And forth her beauty crept.

And though tears fall, as fall they will,
Smiles wander into sighs,
Yet if the sun keep shining still,
Her perfect day will rise.

III.

The sky is smiling over me,
Hath smiled away the frost,
Clothed with young green the patient lea,
With buds the wood embossed.

The trees yet shut not out the sky,
It sees down to the flowers;
They lift their beauty fearlessly,
They hide in leafy bowers.

This day is yours, sweet birds; sing on;
The cold is all forgot;
Ye had a dream, but it is gone:
Pain that is past, is not.

Joy that was past, is come again;
And if the summer brings
New care, it is a loving pain,
That broods instead of sings.

IV.

Blow on me, wind, from west and south;
Sweet summer-spirit, blow!
Come like a kiss from dear child's mouth,
Who knows not what I know.

The earth's perfection cometh soon;
Ours lingereth alway:
We have a spring-time, have a moon,
No sunny summer-day.

Rose-sprinkled eve, gold-branded morn,
May still poor Nature's sighs;
To us a higher hope is born—
We rest in that we rise.

But at the last a sapphire day
All over us will bow;
And man's heart full of sunlight, say,
"Lord, 'tis Thy summer now."

I.

THE flush of green that dyed the day
Hath vanished in the moon;
The strengthened odors float and play
A soft unuttered tune.

The tideless sea lay in my view,
Once, under such a sky;
The moon hung half-way from the blue,
A globe to every eye.

Light-leaved acacias, by the door,
Stood up in balmy air,
Clusters of blossomed moonlight bore,
And breathed a perfume rare.

The gold-flakes of a southern sky
Fell flashing on the deep:
One scent of moist earth floating by
Had almost made me weep.

II.

Those gorgeous stars were not my own:
They made me alien go;
The mother o'er her head had thrown
A veil I did not know.

Those dusky fields that seaward range,
Behind, those moon-lit glades,
Were full of flowering grasses strange,
Not slender, spear-like blades.

I longed to see the starry host
Far off, in paler blue;
For grass to lie in and be lost,
And see them glimmer through.

The homely glories of my birth
Lay far across the foam:
Then came that odor from the earth—
I knew the world my home.

III.

The stars exult in darksome space;
Friendly is night to them;
From day's deep mine, with growing grace,
The night lifts every gem.

A thing for faith mid work and war,
The blinding day-flag furled,
To us, then, shines a distant star,
To God, a home-filled world.

"What boots it in this busy scene
For such a fancy grope?"
Revealing darkness comes between—
It dawns a star of hope;

Yet but a star with glimmer and glance
Down stairless deeps to shine:
A hope to our poor ignorance—
To God a truth divine.

IV.

The night is damp and warm and still,
And full of summer dreams;
The buds are bursting at their will,
And soft the half moon gleams.

My soul is cool, as bathed within
By dews that silent weep;
Like child that has confessed his sin,
And now will go to sleep.

A childhood new, Lord, thou dost set;
Each season for a sign;
Lest, old in this world, we forget
That we are young in Thine.

A child, Lord, make me ever more;
Let years fresh sonship bring,
Till, out of age's winter sore,
I pass into Thy spring.

Evening Hours.

HER DEAREST FOE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF THE "WOOING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE morning before Galbraith's departure the postman had only two letters for the Berlin Bazaar; one directed to "Sir Hugh Galbraith, Bart.;" the other to Miss Lee, in Tom Reed's well-known writing. It was not a lengthy epistle, nevertheless it evidently gave both pleasure and amusement, for Fanny's face was dimpled with smiles as she read. Mrs. Temple glanced at her kindly and sympathisingly, as she poured out the tea.

"I think, Fan, you have dropped something out of your letter," she said.

"Have I?" starting, and picking up a small note that had been enclosed in Tom's missive. "To be sure! He says it is for you."

Mrs. Temple took and opened it. It ran thus: "The day of miracles is not quite over yet! Trapes called here this morning, and absolutely repaid me a sovereign I had lent him last week, and which I had fondly hoped would have kept him at a distance for months. Though stunned, I remembered your desire for his address, and recovered sufficiently to procure it: 'J. Trapes, Esq., care of W. Bates, The Red Boar, King Street, Islington.' One word more: by no means communicate with this fellow except through myself or somebody equally devoted to your interest."

"This is very curious! It is a good omen," exclaimed Kate.

"What?" said Fanny.

Kate gave a short explanation, the shorter because she saw Fanny glance from time to time at her letter, which she evidently wished to re-peruse.

When breakfast was over, Kate went to their best sitting-room to lock away Mr. Trapes's address, with her evidence book, and a few other papers of importance; and after turning the key, stood a moment in thought. She did not know why she permitted the idea of this man to associate itself in her mind with Ford. She could not help believing that his tale of Ford's resemblance to some one who owed him money was a blind, and that Ford himself was the object of his search. What Ford's acquaintance with such a character had to do with her own history she could not tell. She fancied, if she could only see this Trapes, she might get some clue. Now his unexpected restoration of the sovereign looked like having extracted money from Ford! She must think it all over coolly and clearly. "I must not let imagination fool me; yet imagination is the pioneer of discovery." Here the sound of Galbraith's deep, harsh voice caught her ear. He was down in the hall at that early hour, speaking to Mills—asking for herself. "I am here," she said, coming to the open door of the drawing-room.

"I beg pardon for intruding on you at such an hour, Mrs. Temple," said Galbraith, turning to her; "but I have had a letter which I am very anxious to answer by to-night's post. May I once more trouble you to act as secretary? Your labors in that line are nearly over! Any hour before nine will do."

"I shall not be free before seven, and, as it seems a letter of importance, I had better not attempt it till I am safe from interruptions."

"Thank you, thank you!" returned Galbraith, earnestly. "I shall expect you, then, at seven." He paused a moment as if on the point of saying more; then bowed, and retreated upstairs.

Mrs. Temple was struck by the animation of his look and manner. "His letter is not a disagreeable one, I am quite sure," she thought. "It is quite as well he is going; this secretaryship would not raise me in the estimation of my fellow-townspeople, if it were known! What would not Lady Styles say? For-

tunately, poor Miles is deaf and incorruptible; and Sarah leaves so early, she sees nothing. I wonder, shall Hugh Galbraith and I ever meet again? That our courses will cross or clash I feel quite sure!"

So thinking, she went slowly into the shop and threw her attention into her business. Still, sudden, sharp conjectures respecting J. Trapes, Esq., would dart through her brain, and also respecting Hugh Galbraith's letter. It came so naturally to her to call him Hugh! In the various conversations in which she had urged his claims upon her husband, they had always spoken of him as "Hugh;" and now, had she not always been on guard when speaking to him, the name would certainly have escaped her. "I shall really be glad when he is gone, and the odd excitement of his presence removed;" so honestly thinking, she attended to the many demands of her customers, the day went quickly over, and seven o'clock came round.

For the first time Mrs. Temple had to pause and reason away a slight tinge of embarrassment before she presented herself for the performance of her task. "This is the fruit of Fanny's foolish talk," she thought, as she stood before her glass; "but I am no stupid schoolgirl, to be affected by it! Life has been too real for me not to have steadied my nerves beyond what the implied admiration of an accidental acquaintance could disturb," and, with a faint increase of color, a shade more of hauteur in her bearing, Mrs. Temple followed Mills, whom she had sent to inquire if Sir Hugh was ready.

He was, quite. The curtains were drawn, and the lamp lit; for, though daylight had not quite faded, there would not have been enough to finish a letter by.

Galbraith had put his writing materials in readiness on the table, and was leaning against the chimneypiece, holding an open letter, and evidently in a state of expectation. "You are really very good," he said, earnestly, coming forward to meet her, and placing a chair at the table.

His manner put Mrs. Temple at her ease. His business, whatever it was, appeared to occupy him, to the exclusion of any other idea; and Mrs. Temple mentally accused herself of conceit and stupidity for listening to Fanny's suggestions. She accordingly took the offered seat, and dipping her pen in the ink, looked up to Galbraith for the words.

He dictated slowly and thoughtfully, often looking at the letter in his hand: "Dear Sir,—I have yours of the —th. I regret to find you are out of town, and that you have been unwell. The price asked for the property I wish to buy back is much beyond its worth, quite a third more than my father sold it for. I am aware that it is of more value to me than to any other purchaser, but I am not at all inclined to pay a fancy price, and I know that in its present condition much of the land is scarcely worth two pounds an acre. You are quite right in trying to keep me out of sight, though I fear you are too well known as my solicitor. Could you not find some respectable local man who might act for you in ignorance of your client's name? If the upland called Langley Knolls, which is very good land, be included in the sale, or you can manage to get hold of it, I will go as far as ten thousand for the whole—as much under as you like; but I have this sum at hand, as you know, and I will not go beyond it."

At this point Mrs. Temple stopped short, and placing her elbow on the table, instinctively shaded her face from Galbraith by placing her hand over her eyes, for the words she had just written stirred her deeply. That ten thousand pounds—she knew exactly where it came from, how it was placed, and why it was available. Little more than a year ago it was hers, and she had her own plans respecting it; now she was writing directions for its disposal in a way that, whatever happened, would put a large portion of it out of her reach. And more, she felt a strange sensation of shame at the sort of treachery she was involuntarily practising; for, if she succeeded in making good her claim to the whole of Mr. Travers's property under the original will, Galbraith would be placed in a position which, from all she could observe of him, would be unspeakably degrading and distressing to his unyielding nature. So far her acquaintance with him had softened her towards her enemy that she could wish to spare him unnecessary humiliation, if she had ever, even in her angriest mood, wished it;

and now, to let him run blindly into the snare — was it honorable or right? "What can I do?" she thought.

But Galbraith had gone on dictating, and stopping to let her pen overtake his words, observed, with a little surprise, that she was not writing. His pause recalled her.

"Excuse me," she said, in a low voice, not venturing to look up; "but are you wise to allow an utter stranger to know so much of your affairs? If you leave us to-morrow, shall you not soon see your solicitor, and talk over your business? How do you know that I am not a friend of whoever wants an exorbitant price for this land, and will let him know who the purchaser really is? If there are any more very personal topics to come, had we not better stop here?"

Galbraith looked at her in great surprise. "Do you know the man who wants to sell?" he asked sharply.

"No, I do not; but—"

"You are not the material traitors are made of," said he, after an instant's pause and a searching gaze at the downcast face before him. "I have no secrets. I must write to Layton, for he is away at Scarborough. He has been ill, and has gone for change to his native place. You may write on with a safe conscience; I want to end it, for I am giving you a great deal of trouble."

Mrs. Temple was at the end of her resources, and silently, nervously resumed her pen as Galbraith continued to dictate.

"I am very glad you have found some traces of poor Travers's widow, and beg you will lose no time in following them up. I feel infinitely annoyed to think she is wandering about unprovided for—perhaps subsisting by doubtful means!"

"Have you that down?" asked Galbraith, who began to think Mrs. Temple was not quite up to her mark this evening.

She bent her head, and, with a cheek that first glowed and then turned very pale, wrote on with a beating heart. Traces of herself! What traces? She would make him talk, and so find out.

"Just add," continued Galbraith, "that I beg his attention to this. I should write to the partner about it, only I wish to keep the inquiry as quiet as possible."

Mrs. Temple wrote on in silence, trying, and successfully, to recover her composure and presence of mind. In a few moments she handed him the letter to read, which he did carefully, and then managed to scrawl his signature with his left hand. He returned it to her with an envelope, showed her the address on Mr. Payne's letter, and rang the bell. "Tell my man to post this at once, and that I want nothing more to-night," said he, when Mills appeared; and he proceeded to pace once or twice to and fro between Mrs. Temple and the door.

"Stay a little," he said as she made a movement to rise: "so far from having secrets, I feel inclined to tell you something of my history, such as it is; but first tell me, why did this letter disturb you?—for you *were* disturbed."

"Well—you see ten thousand pounds is such a quantity of money," said Mrs. Temple, settling herself again and shading her face with her hand; "at least it is to me; you are accustomed to large sums no doubt."

"By Jove, I am not! I have been a poor devil all my life till the other day."

"I should have thought you only knew one half of life, and that the half in which, as the children say, 'We go up, up, up,'" replied Mrs. Temple, looking at him with an encouraging smile.

"I have had considerable experience in being hard up," said Galbraith, who, in his desire to prolong this last interview, was ready to tell anything and everything that could detain his companion. "You must know that for years I considered myself heir to a rich cousin, who, when I was away in India, thought fit to marry a girl young enough to be his daughter, and low enough to be his housemaid! Not content with this piece of folly, he left her all his money—cutting me off without even the traditional shilling. I came back awfully disgusted, when, to my own and every one's surprise, another will turned up, making me the heir and cutting her off without the shilling. I suppose the old man had some reason that has never come out. Still, I do not think it was right to leave the woman who bore his name unprovided for. I wanted to make up the deficiency, but, by Jove! she would not accept a sous, declares number two will is a forgery, that she will have all or

nothing, and has disappeared. Now the information I wanted from Payne is about her. He thinks he is on her track, somewhere in Germany, he says," looking at the letter, "that there is a girl's school lately started at Wiesbaden by an English woman, a Mrs. Talboys—heard of it quite accidentally—and that she seems to answer the description of Mrs. Travers."

"Your story interests me," said Mrs. Temple, as he paused. She had quite recovered her self-possession and raised her eyes fully and calmly to his as he stood opposite to her, holding the back of a chair with his left hand. "And I hope all will come right," she added, with a meaning smile, which, looking as he was into her eyes, he did not heed.

"You see," he resumed, "one must always admire pluck in prince or plebeian; besides, she offered me a tolerable income out of the estate—but that might have been to keep me quiet."

"Was she pretty?" asked Kate, looking down again.

"That I cannot say; I never saw her. I believe she has red hair; so Ford told me."

"Did Ford say that?" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, with irrepressible indignation. Then checking herself, "I mean, it is surprising your cousin should have fancied so plain a person."

"And his landlady's daughter, by George!" said Galbraith, who had walked to the fire just to get his eyes away from the fascination of his companion's, and now laid hold of the chair-back again. "Now, poor Travers was rather a fastidious man, but I suppose she was determined to have him. It was a great catch for her, no doubt; still it is always revolting to see a girl sacrifice herself to age."

"I suppose it is," said Mrs. Temple, pushing back her chestnut-brown hair, which was often loosened by its own weight, with a natural, unconscious action, and then clasping her hands, leant them before her on the table, while she yielded to the temptation to plead her own cause to the enemy whose somewhat rugged, generous honesty appealed strongly to her sympathies, her fair face and soft earnest eyes uplifted to his with a sincere purpose that banished every shadow of embarrassment. "I suppose it is; but did it ever strike you what a terribly hard lot it is for a woman to be poor and alone? perhaps suddenly bereft of those who surrounded her youth with tenderness, if not with luxuries! I do not think any man can quite realise *how* terrible it is; but, if you could, you would understand what a temptation an honorable home and the protection of a kind, good, even though elderly, man offers—an irresistible temptation! And if a woman's heart is quite, quite free, believe me, warm, hearty gratitude is no bad substitute for love." She stopped a moment, a little ashamed of the emotion with which she had spoken, and added, in an altered tone, "So I imagine it is in my world. I do not pretend to understand the shibboleth of yours."

Galbraith's words did not come very readily, so absorbed was he by her look, her voice. "I understand *you*," he said at last; "and if you will not consider my interest impertinence, I should say your description is drawn from experience—your own marriage was something of this?"

"Something," she returned, looking down and arranging the paper and envelopes before her a little nervously.

"Well," returned Galbraith, closing his large, lean, sinewy, sunburnt hand tightly on the chair-back, "an elderly husband might be satisfied with gratitude and all that sort of thing, but, by heaven, I should not! I should want throb for throb as tender, if not as passionate, as the love I gave, or I would be inclined to cut my throat!"

Surprised at his tone, Mrs. Temple looked up and met his eyes all aglow with such passionate adoration that she grew paler, and her heart beat with undefined fear at the fire with which she had been playing. Here was something more than she had bargained for, or had ever before met. Moreover, whatever Hugh Galbraith's intellectual powers might be, he was evidently a man whose pertinacity and resolution were not to be trifled with. Had she created trouble for herself, and brought upon herself possibilities of insult far worse than anything she had yet sustained? could she at that moment have borrowed a conjuror's wand she would have instantly transported Galbraith to a London hotel safe out of her way; but, as she could

not, her best plan was to rally her forces and retreat in good order.

"It is growing late," she said, coldly. "I must wish you good-night."

"One moment," returned Galbraith, eagerly, his invention quickened by his ardent desire to keep her a little longer; "it is my last chance of having so good a secretary. May I ask you to write a few lines to Upton?"

"They will scarce be in time for the post."

"No matter, they will go to-morrow."

Mrs. Temple replied by taking some note-paper, and dipping her pen in the ink. Galbraith dictated a few incoherent ungrammatical lines, telling his friend of Lady Styles's visit and invitation, and adding his London address, requesting Upton to join him there.

"Is that all?" asked Mrs. Temple, writing on rapidly, anxious to end the interview.

"Yes." Her pen ran on: suddenly she half uttered a quickly suppressed "Oh!"

"What is the matter?" asked Galbraith, who was again pacing the room.

"Nothing; only I have stupidly made a blunder——" She stopped.

"Let me see," he said, snatching up the paper before she could prevent him. "You have signed your own name! Kate! I have always wanted to know your name. Kate! It's the best name of all—there is something sweet and frank about it. Kate!" With a quick, eager glance at her face, he pressed his lips greedily on the writing, and then, crushing the paper in his clenched hand, dashed down his arm to its length as if furious with himself.

Mrs. Temple changed color, but to deeper paleness; and rising quietly—swiftly, though without hurry—left the room. Galbraith stood still for a minute or two, and then burst into half-uttered curses on his own despicable want of self-control. He had betrayed himself, he had startled and offended the woman he passionately admired, yet could not ask to be his wife. He had altogether behaved like a weak, purposeless blockhead. He was glad he was going away; yet he would not like to sneak off like a poltroon, without making things right. What should he do?

The next morning before twelve the widow's tenant was ready to decamp.

"He is just going, 'm," said Mills, putting her head into the shop, "and he says he wants to speak to you."

"Go, Fanny," was Mrs. Temple's reply.

"Won't you? Well, I suppose I must."

The door of the dining-room was open, and as Fanny approached she could see Galbraith standing near the window.

"I wanted to shake hands with you before I left," said he, not without a little embarrassment; "you have all been very good to me. I was most fortunate in finding such care and help. If there is anything I can do for you at any time, Miss Lee, there's my card—you will be sure to hear of me at my club, and—where's Mrs. Temple? I want to bid her good-bye."

"She is busy; but I will tell her," and Fanny left the room, but soon returned. "She is very sorry, but she is particularly engaged. She desires her best wishes."

Galbraith stood a moment gazing at Fanny in deep thought. "I will not keep her an instant!" he exclaimed. "Go and ask her again. Make her come, like a good girl."

Very much surprised by this appeal, Fanny went; but on a fruitless errand.

"She can't come, indeed."

"I am exceedingly sorry that I gave you such useless trouble," said Galbraith, sternly. "Good-bye, Miss Lee! Stay—I had almost forgotten," and he took up a small morocco case he had placed upon the table. "Do me the favor to wear this sometimes in memory of your secretaryship. Good-bye," and he was gone.

"Well, I do declare it is a bracelet—a beautiful, solid gold bracelet!" exclaimed Fanny, eagerly peeping into the case. "Now this was intended for Kate; but she would not come. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"Just see what you have lost!" she cried, running into her friend, who had retreated to the parlor, leaving the shop to take care of itself for a few minutes, lest Galbraith, seeing her there, might persist in making his personal adieux. "Look! isn't that a lovely bracelet?"

"Did Hugh Galbraith give it you?" asked Mrs. Temple.

"Yes! that is what he wanted to see you so much for; he intended to give it to you."

"Impossible!" she returned, coloring deeply. "I do not think he would have ventured to offer *me* a present. Let me look at it, Fanny." It was more massive than pretty, and had a raised ornament in the centre which opened in the centre for hair or a miniature, and, holding it out to Fanny, Mrs. Temple pointed to the initials "F. L." inside. "It was meant for you," she said. "I thought he felt *I* was not a person he could offer presents to."

"Well, I am," said Fanny; "so he showed his sense! I tell you what, Kate—when you are really going in for your battle, we will sell this and pay some lawyer to plead against him! That is what Tom would call poetical justice."

"You little traitor!" cried Kate; "the rack would be too good for you."

Chapter XXVI.

It was a few days before Easter, when Galbraith found himself at L——s Hotel. The town was full and busy, yet he had never, even in the dreariest of outposts, felt so desolate as when he began "to take his walks abroad." Society he found, to a certain amount, at his club, but he was rather an uncommunicative man; he had never given or received much sympathy until accident had placed him within the influence of the first woman who had ever made a real impression upon him. Now he missed the quiet, home-like comfort and care which had surrounded him for the last two months. His full strength had not quite returned, though he found he could manage his own correspondence, now that the occupation of dictating had been robbed of all the charms which pervaded it at Pierstoffe.

Of course, as soon as his return to the haunts of civilisation became known, invitations poured in. His sisters were quite kind in their attentions, having found him much more endurable than he used to be.

"I really think Hugh has been more seriously injured than he believes," said Lady Lorrimer to her youngest sister, as they sat together after a friendly little dinner of about a dozen dear friends, which Galbraith had been persuaded to join. "He is as silent and morose as if he had lost a fortune instead of coming into one. Now, he was not like that last summer, when he first came back. He was wonderfully bright and amiable, for *him*. I really thought I had never seen any one so improved by good fortune before. Now he is worse than ever. He often does not seem to hear what you say."

"Deafness," said the Hon. Mrs. Harcourt, arranging the lace on her upper skirt, "often proceeds from concussion of the brain. Poor Hugh! some one really ought to induce him to make his will. The life of a hunting man is so precarious."

"Oh, he is exceedingly likely to follow us to the grave!" said Lady Lorrimer, sharply; "but I wish he would stand for Middleburgh. Lorrimer says there will be a vacancy before the session is over, and it would be well for him to represent what used to be a family borough. The more members of a family are in the House the better. In short, the tendencies of the present age are such, that, politically speaking, peers are nobodies."

"Of course he will stand!" cried Mrs. Harcourt, thinking of the possibilities of patronage and her own fledglings. "Has Lorrimer spoken to him?"

"Yes, and can get no decided answer—in fact, he thinks Hugh far from being himself. However, he has nearly arranged a rather extensive purchase of the property my father sold; and that is a step in the right direction."

Here a mutual dear friend, who thought a close confab between two sisters would not be the worse for an interruption, broke in with some queries touching their disposal of the Easter recess.

"We are going to Paris," returned Lady Lorrimer. "I rather wanted my brother to join us; but he is asked to join the Helmsford party, which is much better for him. Lady Elizabeth G——, and Miss Dashwood, and some very nice people will be there, and we are naturally anxious he should marry into a good set."

But Galbraith was not made of malleable materials, and quietly threw aside his sister's efforts to guide his career. She was by nature and adoption a manœuvrer—a politician, she would have called it. Having no children of her own, she bestowed her care and thoughts

er husband's party, and the unmar-
members of her own family.
ord Lorrimer was a Whig of the old
ol, and his wife, considerably his
or, and one of the most exclusive wo-
in London, affected a more advanced
ralism. She was always attempt-
to create a party, a *salon*, a *côterie*,
failed signally. It requires a woman
o ordinary calibre to construct such
oric out of the unsuitable elements
nglish social life, and the tattle of
sister and her familiars, with their
ns in tea-cups, and ministerial crises
never stirred the ministry, excit-
Galbraith's profoundest contempt.
ever, he was not deaf to the voice of
charmer, when the charm whispered
litical position, and to the sugges-
of Lord Lorrimer he did seriously
ne.

was the only line of thought in
h he found relief from a constant
ing sense of loss and disappointment
omething gone out of his life, that
as perpetually feeling after and long-
or. It was all the more idiotic on
art, he told himself, to allow such
ness to master him, as it was evi-
that Mrs. Temple, if she had any
ng towards him beyond profound in-
rence, had an unaccountable aver-

Why, he could not divine. Gal-
h was by no means inclined to over-
his own attractions; he was too
g a man to be conceited, and hon-
believed he was not the sort of fel-
women cared about—a conviction
h did not in the least disturb him.
he perhaps exaggerated to himself
dvantages which fortune had tar-
bestowed upon him, and was quite
to think himself acceptable to most
wered women on the score of posi-

Not that he resented this; it was
rdinary course of things, and Hugh
raith was not the sort of man to set
ideal standard, and fret himself be-
society fell below it. But in Mrs.
le he had met something different
all his previous experience. She
o frank and firm, so well bred in her
opposition or ready agreement; her
reserve was natural, unstudied, and
d with gleams of feeling and tender-
suggesting possibilities that made
raith's rather inexperienced heart
fast. Then, in his eyes, she was the most beautiful woman he had ever met—beautiful, with a rich, queen-like beauty, that touched the senses as well as the intellect—and as he recalled every look and gesture of hers in their last conversation, every varying modulation of her low, clear voice, he understood how men—aye, even men of his mature age—have lost or renounced everything for some fair-faced bit of humanity. But he, Hugh Galbraith, would not make a fool of himself about a woman of whose antecedents he knew nothing, and had no right to inquire, unless, indeed, he committed himself beyond retraction, and she was not a woman to be mocked by shows, without the reality of devotion; besides—and in this probably lay the secret of his prudence—she did not care a rap about him: perhaps she was attached to some other fellow! He could never forget the air of cold, self-possessed disapprobation with which she rose up and left the room when he kissed her name, showing none of the fluttered feeling, half fear, half pleasure with which the first approach of a lover is regarded. He had kept that note, with "Kate" hurriedly written at the foot of the page. He had taken it out of his desk several times with the intention of destroying it, but invariably restored it to its hiding-place, not always without committing the boyish folly of bestowing kisses upon the name, which he would fain have pressed upon the lips of the writer!

However, Galbraith fought gallantly against the terrible madness which had seized him. He rushed to and fro to his solicitor, to his club, to dinners and receptions—he tried hard to find some suitable woman to drive the unsuitable one out of his head. But the plan would not succeed.

Lady Elizabeth G——, whom he had found very nice, quite the correct article, in short, last season, now appeared an inane doll. The animation of some women, the quiet of others, all seemed alike unreal, forced, distasteful. Politics, and the preliminaries of his purchase, alone brought him relief and distraction.

"Mr. Ford was here yesterday," said Mr. Payne to him one morning he was calling at the office when he had been about three weeks in town. "He wished to ascertain if you had any tidings of Mr. Travers's widow. I simply said you had

not. If I remember right, we had a suspicion at the time the matter was fresh (suggested by the omission of Ford's name from Mr. Travers's last will, coupled with disinheriting his wife), that he might possibly have imagined there was some tie between his wife and his clerk which he did not approve. And though Ford tried to be very cool and business-like, I could see he was deeply interested in finding her whereabouts."

"Does he not know?" asked Galbraith, carelessly.

"No, I do not think he does."

."Well, I scarcely believe that. You are a shrewder man than I am, Mr. Payne, but I fancy I could make out if he was shamming. I should like to see this Ford. Have you his address?"

"I have."

"Give it to me, then. I want to talk to him. I always fancied he was in communication with the widow. What is he doing?"

"I think he has started as a stock-broker."

"I never could understand why he declined to remain as manager with me. I think I should have kept up the house if he had."

"He acted unwisely in my opinion. He is too quiet, too respectable a man for his present occupation. It requires a bolder, rougher, readier man. I do not mean to say there are no respectable men on the Stock Exchange, but they are not of Ford's type." The lawyer wrote down the address as he spoke, and handed it to Sir Hugh.

"Thank you. By the way, you have not heard anything more of the widow?"

"Nothing."

"I do not quite believe that report about the school. How did it originate? She can't be fit for such an undertaking."

"I beg your pardon; I believe she is a well-educated woman. The report originated thus: a nephew of mine, who is articled to me, was over in Germany a week or two ago, to bring home a sister of his who was at school at Wiesbaden, and he says the lady with whom his sister was at school complained to him of the competition which was increasing yearly; that only last autumn a young English widow had opened a new school, and succeeded in drawing away two pupils who ought to have come to her. My nephew, a shrewd young fellow, pricked up his ears at this, and made some inquiries, which informed him that the widow's name was Talboys, that she was tall, with reddish hair, and generally answered the description of Mrs. Travers."

"But why is she Mrs. Talboys—married again?"

"Possibly," returned the lawyer; "but more likely changed her name, if she wished to cut off all connection with her past life, and she would, for obvious reasons, choose a name that would not change initials."

"I don't see her object in changing her name. Why should she evade me? Concealment almost always means wrong-doing."

"Perhaps so. I do not like her vanishing in that way—looks like working a masked mine. But then she can do you no serious harm: that will cannot be contested; and if she has married privately, why, then, it will be evident that Mr. Travers had some reasons, of which we know nothing, for disposing of his property as he did."

"Did your nephew see this woman?"

"No; and it would have done no good if he had. He never saw Mrs. Travers."

"Are there no photographs of her anywhere?"

"I think not. All such things—her clothes, books, jewels, personalities of all kinds—she was entitled to remove, and did. It was from Mr. Wall (Mr. Travers's solicitor) that I first heard of her disappearance. He says she told him it was her intention to open a school in Germany, and I think he is rather offended by her concealing herself from him, for he seemed very friendly toward her. In fact, he resents your employing any firm but his own, having known you so long."

"That is absurd!" exclaimed Galbraith. "How could I put my affairs into the hands of my enemy's solicitor?"

"True, quite true; and a somewhat bitter enemy, from what I hear."

"Then Wall knows nothing of Mrs Travers?"

"Nothing."

"Who does?"

"Oh, a young fellow, connected with the press (I believe he writes for some

wretched Radical twopenny paper), called Reed. Ford knows his whereabouts."

Galbraith twisted his moustaches in deep, silent thought.

"By-the-way, Sir Hugh, I think we have found a tenant for your house in Hereford Square, if you are still determined to let it. But you may want it yourself; a wife and proper establishment are almost a necessity for a man of your fortune and position!"

A fixed, haughty stare, a sternly spoken "I wish it to be let," was the only reply Galbraith vouchsafed to this piece of presumption.

"Very well, Sir Hugh," returned Mr. Payne blandly, while he inwardly chafed at being put down in that way by the insolent soldier, whom twelve months ago he would not have trusted with a hundred pounds! After a little more talk, and a promise that the deed of sale should be ready, and the purchase completed by the following week, Sir Hugh Galbraith rose, wished his solicitor "good morning," and descended the stair. He paused on the door-step, and drawing forth the slip of paper on which Mr. Payne had written Ford's address, read it over, thought for an instant, and hailed a hansom. "To Size Lane," he exclaimed as he sprang in, and cabby, turning sharply round, directed his horse Citywards. Since Galbraith's return to England, and obtaining possession of the fortune he had so nearly lost, his feelings towards his cousin's objectionable wife had been considerably mollified, and Mrs. Temple's words had sunk deep into his heart. His original idea of a tawdry, handsome, pushing, unscrupulous, vulgar adventuress had, he knew not how, dissolved into the protrait of a quiet, simple, though not well-bred woman, only anxious to exist comfortably, but liable, from credulity or ignorance, to be the tool of some designing man. He regretted that he had been harsh. He suspected she had had hard times with old Travers; and if she had a weakness for some fellow of her own station, could he, Hugh, blame her? Not when he knew how hard a battle he had to fight with himself, though he had a force of all arms, in the shape of self-respect, reason, and resolution, which a poor half-educated timid woman could not be supposed to possess. "I wish I could find her, and know what she is doing. If she has fallen into the hands of a blackguard, it would never do to give him money through her."

"Here you are, Size Lane," cried the cabby, peering down through the square hole at top. "What number, sir?"

"No matter! I will get down here."

Mr. Ford's office was small, but smart and bright with highly polished mahogany, brass, and plate glass. The smell of fresh varnish had not quite vanished. Sir Hugh was asked to sit down while a clerk took in his card to the private room.

Presently a busy-looking man, with a parcel of papers, came out quickly, and Sir Hugh was asked to walk in. Tall, gaunt, erect, with his ordinary cold, stern expression, Galbraith entered, and found himself face to face with Ford, whom, if he had ever noticed in those distant days when he used occasionally to visit his cousin's place of business, he was inclined to dislike as a feline kind of man.

Ford was well and accurately dressed, and his room was duly furnished with all the appliances right and proper for the private room of a high-class business man, but he looked very pale, perhaps yellow would be more accurate, very dark and wrinkly about the eyes, while the eyes themselves were painfully glittering and restless.

"Good morning, Mr. Ford."

"Pray be seated, Sir Hugh," he returned, placing himself opposite, and arranging the blotting pad and paper before him with a nervous hurried movement.

"I have called upon you," said Galbraith, dashing into his subject unhesitatingly, "to ask if you can assist me in tracing Mrs. Travers? I understand you knew her and her family previous to her marriage, and were on terms of some intimacy even after she became your employer's wife."

Ford's pale cheek colored faintly, and he passed his hand over his mouth to hide the expression he felt come to it at this abrupt speech.

"It is probable," continued Galbraith, "that although you may not know where she is, you may be able to suggest a clue, from your knowledge of her character and habits.

Ford cleared his throat, and thought how he should answer. He was in a mood of bitterest resentment, a resent-

ment half love, half hate, against the object of his devotion. Yet he scarcely liked to lose his last chance with her by aiding her enemy in his search. "Before I make any reply," said he, "allow me to ask your object in seeking her? Having been honored by her friendship and confidence for some years, I should be extremely sorry to be the means of bringing any trouble or annoyance upon her."

"You do not suppose that I have such intentions towards the widow of my benefactor?" returned Galbraith. "My object is to find out her present position, and furnish her with the means of existing comfortably according to her original station. But I must see the woman before I make up my mind what to offer."

"I cannot help you, Sir Hugh! For some reason she has chosen to conceal her movements even from me."

"Who knows anything about her?"

"Mr. Reed, a rather self-sufficient young man, connected with the *Morning Thresher*."

"Have you any reason to think that she is married again?"

"No, certainly not!" with a start that overturned a ruler, and gave him occupation in picking it up.

"Do you believe she has gone abroad?"

"I do; I am sure of it."

"Why?"

"Because one of our—I mean your—clerks saw her in a cab with luggage, going towards London bridge, about a year ago, with this very Reed, just at the time you were put in formal possession; and I have never seen anything of her since."

"Who is the clerk?"

"Poole."

"Poole! Why he was one of the witnesses to the will?"

Ford bowed.

"And you have heard nothing of her since?"

"I will not say that," returned Ford, beginning to think he would like to get the management of this search into his own hands. "I sent a letter of friendly inquiry to her more than a month ago, through Mr. Reed, and not hearing in reply as soon as I expected, I called to ask if it had been sent. Reed assured me it had, and added that he felt certain Mrs. Travers would reply, but that she was much occupied, and would not have leisure just yet; finally she did write, during the Easter recess, which confirms the idea of a school at Wiesbaden."

"It does," said Galbraith thoughtfully. "Did she write fully? What did she say?"

"Not much, but she did mention that the undertaking in which she had embarked was so far prospering. Now the only undertaking she ever mentioned to me was a school."

"Then I am sure Payne's information is correct," exclaimed Galbraith, and forthwith repeated that gentleman's communication. Ford's eye's sparkled.

"There seems a strong probability here," he said. "Were I still in the employment of Travers and Co., I should volunteer to run over to Wiesbaden, and put the matter beyond dispute. As it is——"

"I could scarcely expect you to leave your business for mine," put in Sir Hugh. "But, Mr. Ford, I shall endeavor to communicate with Mrs. Travers through this Reed, and should I be successful, could I not send Poole to ascertain if Mrs. Talboys and Mrs. Travers are identical?"

"As you please, Sir Hugh," returned Ford stiffly, "but I need scarcely point out that Poole would be rather a rough ambassador for so delicate and difficult an errand."

"I do not see much difficulty or delicacy about it!" said Galbraith bluntly. "But I will see Reed if possible. Where is he to be found?"

"The *Morning Thresher* office, Wellington Street."

"Thank you," returned Galbraith, rising. "I shall call on my way back. Good morning;" and with a haughty bow he took his departure.

The *Morning Thresher* office was, as he remarked, in his westward route, and there he accordingly called, entering for the first time in his life one of the smaller thunder factories, whence issue the electric currents that link city to city, and unite men in the great commonwealth of thought.

A dingier, dirtier place Galbraith had seldom entered; there was a long deal counter, where grubby boys in shirt-sleeves were slapping up piles of papers together, and shoving them across to other grubby boys in jacket-sleeves. There was a generally ink-splashed

aspect about every one and everything, and when Galbraith asked for Mr. Reed, every one asked every one else if Mr. Reed was in, and finally a thin, pale, seedy young man, with inky fingers, opened a narrow door, much rubbed and marked by hands and shoulders, and ran up a crooked, dim, ladder-like stair. Coming quickly, clatteringly back, full tilt against the counter, he uttered the single word "Out," adding, with a sharp glance, "any message?" "My card," said Hugh Galbraith, writing in pencil after his name, "wishes particularly to see Mr. Reed, if he will make an appointment."

The young man took the card, read it, nodded, and darted up-stairs again.

Sir Hugh Galbraith, with a deeper feeling of disgust than ever against the offenders of the press, left the office, re-entered his cab, and drove away to the club.

It was now three o'clock, and the butterflies were beginning to come out; carriages were beginning to gather at the doors of Waterloo House, and Howell and James's. The steps of the National Gallery were sprinkled with gaily-attired vistors ascending and descending, for the R. A. Exhibition was open, and as Galbraith drove past he saw a well-dressed, good-looking young man, with a bouquet in his button-hole, and a grey kid-gloved hand resting on the door handle of an admirably-appointed brougham, while he laughed and talked with evident familiarity to a handsome woman, who sat arrayed in all her glory within.

Sir Hugh leant forward and gazed eagerly at him, then, throwing himself back with a sort of indignant astonishment, he exclaimed aloud—

"By Jove! it's Tom."

Chapter XXVII.

The first two or three weeks succeeding Hugh Galbraith's departure were very dull and uninteresting, as Fanny openly declared; but all her dexterity failed to draw any expression from her friend and partner, beyond an exclamation that she was very glad he was gone. Business was rather quiet too, and, in short, the friends had to pass through one of those dull periods—which will come now and then—when the wheels of life have slackened speed, or come to a standstill, till some unforeseen circumstance happens to screw them up to full working condition again.

Nevertheless, Kate Travers was conscious that she missed the exciting antagonism of Galbraith's presence, although sincerely thankful that he had departed without any attempt to express the admiration which he had been betrayed into displaying. In truth, she was vexed with herself for the part she had played, or rather into which she had drifted, with no specially-defined purpose.

When first she found her enemy within her gates, the temptation to revenge herself for his expressions of contempt towards her by proving that her attractions were not to be despised, was irresistible; but she never contemplated anything serious arising out of her little game. To charm her guest, while holding him in check by her own well-bred indifference and self-possession, was the utmost she aimed at; to make her mark, in short, so that, when the *dénouement* came, her husband's insolent kinsman should acknowledge that he had in every way met his match. She did not, however, calculate on the material with which she had to deal being different from what she expected. There was an odd sort of power in the very simplicity of Galbraith's character. His wants were few, but he knew what he wanted. He was by no means intellectual, according to Kate's standard, but then his decisions were never swayed and unsteadied by seeing two or three sides to a question. He was evidently a soldier by nature—prompt to deal with what he could see and grasp, and utterly intolerant of all opposition that might weaken or retard his plan of life's campaign, which, to do him justice, was never conceived without a certain regard to the rights of others as *he* saw them. He was an aristocrat without being a fine gentleman, and the full recognition of herself as a gentlewoman, which every word, and look, and tone of his accorded, was very conciliating. There was something, too, that appealed to the chivalry of her nature in the boyish transparency of his admiration, mute though it was. She would have blushed to have hurried him, by word or glance, into any avowal he would have regretted; but she was too thoughtful an observer not to see that he

was strong enough to be master of himself; and that if he could not quite conceal the feelings she inspired, neither would he be betrayed into expressing them when they could not be addressed to her as to a woman he would seek to wed. She felt certain of his respect, but she had been greatly startled by his momentary loss of self-control. The passion betrayed by his eyes—by his gesture—was a revelation of something that might be beyond her management—something that might give him more pain than she would like to inflict, even on her enemy, especially as it was her mission to rob him of his newly-found fortune. Not altogether! She would deal generously by Hugh Galbraith, and not let him know who dealt the blow till all was settled! So strong was her anticipation of triumph that she almost shrunk from thinking of the bitter mortification she was destined to heap upon him. "How desperately he will hate me!" she thought. "That cannot be helped; but I am very glad he is gone! After all, I may have to pass my life selling wools and canvas, while he may soar away to political regions, and add one more timber to the heads that shore up the obstructions of Toryism. Hugh Galbraith would be a grand acquisition to a party. His sense of discipline would keep him steady to any chief who on the whole carried out his views. He would never split straws, and he would be as true as steel! Won't he despise me when he knows I have passed myself off to him under false colors! Great, stupid, honest fellow! What do I care—he will never cross me again!"

From these vague reflections and dreams of possible triumph Kate was rather unpleasantly roused by news from Tom. "Gregory sails to-morrow," he wrote, "for the Cape and Natal. It is well we got his affidavit in time. It would have been better if we could have produced the man, should you ever be able to make out a case for counsel. I was rather startled by finding the enclosed card on my table a few days ago. I must not meet Galbraith! for I have a strong suspicion he saw me when I was last at Pierstoffe, and of course he would immediately guess the indentity of his fascinating landlady. I therefore wrote a polite note, stating that I was overwhelmed with work, but would be most happy to answer any written communication. High Presto! I received a short, sharp, decisive array of questions: but I enclose you the production. My answer distinctly says, 'I am Mrs. Travers's trusted friend, and I will neither write nor speak a syllable that can betray the incognito she chooses to preserve.' Ford called here since I wrote, but I did not see him. I feel greatly disgusted with everything to-day, especially myself. There is a report that Pennington is better, and may return to his duties here. Upon my soul I *cannot* rejoice, and yet he is such a good fellow!"

There was also a long epistle to Fanny, over which she looked a little grave. At tea she confessed she had a bad headache, and thought she would put on her hat and take a stroll along the North Parade.

"Do," said Mrs. Temple; "and as soon as I can leave I will come and join you."

It was Saturday evening, and it had been a busy day. Kate felt very tired, or rather weary; she had worked without spirit, and was in that sort of mood when even so slight a check as the not unforeseen departure of an unimportant witness appeared a mountain of misfortune.

Kate felt unusually bitter and implacable towards Galbraith. She had seen a paragraph in one of the London papers in which a report was noticed that Sir Hugh Galbraith of Kirby Grange would probably offer himself to the electors of Middleburgh, in the neighborhood of which he had nearly completed the purchase of a large property formerly belonging to his family, &c., &c. So! with her money he was building up a position of power and prominence, while she was spending her days in gathering up a bare means of existence from the obscure population of a little out-of-the-way corner. Was it to be always like this? Would the queen never have her own again? Was it her fate to be walked over? Where! where could she turn to find munitions of war, the evidence which she felt certain must exist, and which would furnish the basis of her operations? Where could she turn? Why was Tom so distrustful of that man Trapes? Tom was lukewarm, because he was unbeliev-

ing. She felt on fire with indignant impatience. Next week she would go up to town to make purchases for her shop, and then, Tom or no Tom, she would manage to see Trapes, and find out what connection existed between him and Ford.

But although she was feverish and depressed, Mrs. Temple's customers were not the worse or more impatiently served, and when at last she summoned the errand boy to put up the shutters the fair widow had done a good day's business, and felt she had earned an evening stroll.

The soft summer darkness of a May evening was beginning to fold its wings over sea and sky as she sallied forth, and drank in with an unutterable feeling of relief and refreshment the delicious balmy, briny air. She paused upon the slip to enjoy it to the full, when to her surprise she saw Fanny hastening towards her.

"Returning already?" exclaimed Mrs. Temple.

"I shall not, now you are here," said Fanny, who seemed ruffled; "but it's too bad; one cannot sit down in peace by the sad sea waves——"

"What has happened?"

"Oh, that goose, Turner, junior, came and sat down by me and made a scene."

"A scene? How?"

"Oh, he said . . . . great nonsense; that I was the ocean to the river of his thoughts; that I would yet regret my disregard of a blighted but devoted heart. That he knew he had rivals—a favored rival!—but that he would seek oblivion in the poisoned bowl of pleasure, and a lot more. He quite frightened me; but I fancied I perceived an odor of brandy-and-water about him, so I plucked up courage to say I was very sorry to vex him, but that I couldn't help being engaged, and that I was quite sure he would meet somebody he would like much better by-and-by. Then he jumped up and desired me not to speak in that way unless I wished to see him a mangled corse at my feet. I just said I wished nothing of the kind, and ran right away. Did you ever know anything so stupid and provoking?"

"It is, very," said Kate, sympathisingly. "But you know, Fanny, I always warned you not to trifle with that young man, and I think you have—a little."

"No, indeed, I have not. I never thought he was in earnest. I don't think he was now. I do not think he was sober. He will go away and forget all about it—only we will not tell Tom!"

"Yes, you had better; everything in the world comes out some time; and let Tom hear the first of everything from yourself, I would advise you."

Fanny passed her arm through her friend's, and they strolled on in silence. At last Fanny exclaimed, "I believe the world would be happier and better without men; don't you think so, Kate?"

"Certainly not, Fanny; and you would be the last to like such a world. Imagine the world without Tom!"

"Oh, I should have excepted him; but see what mischief and trouble Mr. Travers, and Sir Hugh Galbraith, and little Mr. Turner make."

"True enough—and Captain Gregory. Tom says he is obliged to go to sea again." Mrs. Temple recapitulated the contents of Tom's letter, and the friends strolled to and fro discussing it, and the possibility of Tom encountering Galbraith. "I trust they may not meet till the game is played out," said Mrs. Temple; "but I confess, Fanny, I feel greatly cast down. I do not catch a gleam of light on any side. Is it possible that I must live on always under this cloud, and never be able to assert myself? I confess that to drag out all my life in social obscurity never entered into my plans. Fan, do you think you could manage the shop for a week, if I find I want to stay so long when I go up to town? for I am determined to utilise my visit to London when I go."

"Of course I could manage it," cried Fanny, readily; "I am not half such an ignoramus as I was; and I have got over my dread of Lady Styles. Indeed, she does not bother me half so much as she did at first. You may go, dear; and you shall see what a heap of money I shall make in your absence. When shall you go?"

"Oh, in about a fortnight; that will give me time to have everything arranged by the time the season here really sets in."

Their talk flowed on, sometimes broken by pauses of thought, but always with a pleasant confidence and oneness of purpose.

"How beautiful the stars look," exclaimed Fanny, as they turned at last to go in. "I wonder if they are really worlds, and have people in them, and if they can look down and know what the people here are doing? How they could astonish us if they sent down electric information."

"I would ask what is the connection, if any, between Mr. Ford and that man Trapes; and you would inquire about Tom, I suppose?"

"No, I should not," cried Fanny; "it would be mean, and besides, I know he is all right. No; but I should like to know what Sir Hugh is about; broiling at some grand dinner, I daresay, looking as cross as the cats, and as solemn as an owl. Couldn't he look cross, Kate?"

"Stern and forbidding, not cross."

"I daresay he often wishes himself back at Pierstoffe, whatever he is doing."

Could Fanny's wish have been granted she would, no doubt, have been greatly surprised.

The purchase of the Galbraith property had been brought to a successful termination, and Sir Hugh determined to give himself a holiday from the crowd, the rush, the perpetual round of unimportant nothings which made up the sum of town life. He would away, and refresh himself by a breath of the free moorland breeze; a glimpse of the bold craggy cliffs with their border of ceaseless foam, and setting of wide, green-blue sea. So, desiring his servant to put up what was necessary for a few days, he started without beat of drum on this same Saturday for the Great Northern Station with the intention of catching a train that started about six, and got into Middleburgh—the nearest point to his destination he could reach by rail—about eleven.

On his arrival, however, he found the time-table had been altered, and the six o'clock train now started at 5.45. He was, therefore, just in time to be too late.

"What a — blank, blank — nuisance! When is the next train?"

"Seven, sir."

"And I suppose that creeps along all night?"

"It's a fast train as far as Stoneborough, sir; after that it stops at a goodish few stations."

"It's fast to Stoneborough, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

Galbraith stood a moment in thought, and then began to walk up and down thinking, while the words "fast to Stoneborough" seemed at once to embody all his wishes. It would be a far better, pleasanter place to spend Sunday in than London. There was a fine country round. He could get a trap and drive over to Weston and see Lady Styles. Pshaw! Why not to Pierstoffe and visit Mrs. Temple and pretty little Fanny? The idea presented itself with a flood of delight. To be once more in what had been the only homelike dwelling he had ever enjoyed! To hear Kate's low voice —to look into her eyes, and puzzle himself once more over the possible interpretation of their language, even though the solution was unflattering! To be near her once more; be the risk what it might, he would risk it. Besides, he had himself better in hand now; he would make it just a friendly visit, to show her he had not forgotten them—and—but could he trust his self-control? No matter whether he could or could not, *nothing* should keep him back from that hour of happiness, for which his soul thirsted!

If Mrs. Temple would only tell him her history, and that history contained no passage derogatory to character, nothing his wife would blush to own, why should he not marry her? Whatever her origin, she was a gentlewoman; and so was Miss Lee. But this was absurd. He was only going to pay a friendly visit and get over Sunday.

With the help of a cigar, a glass of brandy and soda, and a good deal of walking up and down, Galbraith passed the time of waiting, and started for Stoneborough about an hour before Fanny Lee hazarded the conjectures respecting him recorded above.

Sunday was a calm, grey day, more like autumn than spring; and after their early dinner Fanny undertook to give Mrs. Mills a nice long walk, for Mills' life was a little lonely. A walk with her mistress, or "Miss Fanny," was one of her treats; and the old lady was still strong and active. Mrs. Temple was glad to stay at home and alone. It was often a help to her to think things through—to reason herself out of her depressed moods—to

seek counsel with her own heart; and she was vexed with herself for the fretful unrest that had of late taken hold of her. Arming herself with a favorite volume of Carlyle's strange, weird eloquence, she sat down in a low chair by the open window and gazed out on the prettily-grouped flower-beds, sweet with mignonette and heliotrope and gay with verbenas. It was very still; so still that the soft dash of the waves, hushed by distance, came sleepily to her ear, and made her thoughts dreamy instead of distinct and consecutive.

"What an eternal effort life is," she thought; "a struggle for existence, and with existence; with material circumstances outside, and rebellion and treachery within!"

"All things have rest: why should we toil alone?
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings——"

The door opening suddenly startled her from her recollections of Tennyson. Sarah in a Sunday frock and smiling aspect appeared. "Here's the gentleman, ma'am," she said; whereupon Galbraith, hat in hand, walked in.

"Hugh Galbraith!" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, thrown too much off her guard by extreme surprise to notice her own speech, and holding out her hand before she had time to collect herself.

"Yes!" returned he, gathering it up into a tight, feverish grasp for an instant, and speaking quickly. "I am on my way to the North, stopping till to-morrow at Stoneborough; so I just drove over to ask how you and Miss Lee are—and——. How is Miss Lee?" Letting Mrs. Temple's hand go and taking a chair opposite to her, his usually sombre eyes all aglow, the lines of his somewhat harsh face softened and relaxed as he gazed once more upon the eyes, the lips, the brow, which he had never quite succeeded in banishing from his mental sight.

"She is quite well," said Mrs. Temple, smiling in spite of herself, though she was quite as much annoyed as she was amused by her enemy's unexpected reappearance.

"Is she at home?" asked Galbraith, who seemed deeply interested in Fanny's movements.

"No; she has gone to walk with Miss Mills."

"Oh, indeed!" with a hearty inward thanksgiving. "And I hope Mills is all right; she is a capital nurse!"

"Quite well, thank you." There was an awkward pause, which Mrs. Temple mercifully broke by asking politely,

"And you yourself, Sir Hugh Galbraith, I hope you are now quite restored? I see you have discarded your sling."

"Yes, thank you, I am quite recovered; but I do not feel the same in London as here. It's such a rackety, unnatural sort of place. I don't seem able to breathe there; so I am going down to Kirby Grange—an old place of mine, I think I mentioned to you. Haven't been there for years."

"I daresay the change will do you good," said Kate blandly, but coldly. "I see there is some mention of your standing for Middleburgh."

"Yes, if I give up the army. I must do something; and——"

Galbraith forgot what he was going to say, for Mrs. Temple had lifted up her eyes to his with an unusual amount of interest.

"And you will, of course, go into the House as an obstructive," said she with a smile, filling up his pause.

"Exactly," he returned. "I shall be very glad to act as a drag on the wheel, to keep the state machine from going too fast down hill."

"Or up hill," she added.

"I suppose Pierstoffe is going on just as usual?" resumed Galbraith, who found this effort to talk on indifferent topics desperately hard work.

"Just the same. We are anticipating a brilliant season, and Lady Styles informs me there is really a good set of people coming. Now a 'good set' for me, means people inclined to invest largely in Berlin wool and embroidery cotton, but I am afraid the possession of ready money somehow does not seem to exercise a refining influence."

Galbraith got up and walked to the window.

"How sweet and fresh your garden is. What a relief it is to be here again! Do you know, I never felt so comfortable and at home as in your house."

"I am pleased to hear it."

Another awkward pause, and he broke out with, "You remember that property you wrote about for me? Well, I have bought it, and am now on my way to have a look at it." As he said this their eyes met, and at the same moment the recollection of the episode which concluded their last interview flashed upon them both; the yearning, passionate look came back to Galbraith's eyes, and in spite of her cool self-possession Mrs. Temple's cheek grew crimson.

"I wanted to beg your pardon for that piece of presumption," exclaimed Galbraith, answering the blush, "and you would not see me! I know it was wrong; but, I declare to heaven, I could not help it!"

"Pray say no more," said Mrs. Temple, in a low tone, and rising with a vague notion of making her escape. "It was a piece of folly better forgotten. I will not remember it—pray put it out of your head!"

"I cannot!" returned Galbraith, unconsciously placing himself between her and the door—"I cannot! and your look of displeasure is always before me! Of course you were angry! but if you think I meant anything disrespectful, you are very much mistaken; my feelings for you are more like worship than disrespect!" and Galbraith pulled himself up with a short scornful laugh at his own imbecility in thus betraying himself to so indifferent a listener, and yet the surprise and embarrassment of the moment brought a varying color to Kate's cheek—a tremor to her voice—a something soft and deprecatory to her manner, that completed the spell. Galbraith did not exactly lose his head, but experienced the kind of intoxication which strong drink, rarely indulged in, exercises on a man of sound health and powerful frame, urging his brain to greater activity and his will to daring deeds, often resulting in success, such as he would never have attained in complete sobriety. He now stood still, his shoulder against the window-frame, all hesitation and reserve gone, his eyes fixed tenderly yet defiantly upon his companion.

"You astonish and distress me!" said Mrs. Temple, hesitatingly. "I beg you will not talk in such a strain! You must know"—gathering firmness as she proceeded—"you must know that such words from a man in your position to a woman in mine mean—well, certainly not respect! I wish you would still let me think well of you, and go away."

"Why do you refuse to hear me? What have I done to make you dislike me? The first moment I ever saw you, you looked as if you could murder me! I wish to heaven you would tell me your history! You might. I am certain there is nothing in it you need be ashamed of."

"This is, indeed, presuming too far! What right have you to ask such a question?" said Kate, turning very pale.

"The right that loving you as I never thought I could love, gives!" cried Galbraith, coming a step nearer. "Give me the right! Will you be my wife, Mrs. Temple?"

This point-blank question seemed suddenly to restore Kate's self-command. "No, Sir Hugh, I will not!" she replied, uncompromisingly, and there was a moment's silence, Galbraith looking fixedly at her.

"I suppose," he resumed, "I ought to be satisfied, and go away! I know that I am not a lovable sort of fellow; I don't believe any one ever cared a straw for me; but I should like to know your special objections!"

"I have no special objections. You have always behaved well and kindly while in my house," returned Kate, a little touched by his unexpected humility; "but I am the last woman in the world you ought to think of! Believe me this is a whim, for which, were I fool enough to accept you, you would soon think you had paid too high a price!"

"You are mistaken, Kate."

"I am not, Sir Hugh! Your voice said as much just now, when you asked me what *might* have been a fatal question for you! Besides, we are unlike in habits, opinions, and antecedents. Let us forget all about this temporary insanity"—smiling pleasantly, and trying to give a lighter tone to the conversation—"do not fancy you are not lovable because I do not love you in the way you want. I hate having to speak so ungraciously," interrupting herself with a sweet frankness terribly trying to her hearer. "You will find plenty of

women of your own grade who will love you—and make you very happy; and let us forget all about this!"

"You said that hearty gratitude was no bad substitute for love," said Galbraith, gloomily, walking slowly towards the door and back again. "Not that you would have anything to be grateful to me for; but you once married for a home! Am I such a disagreeable fellow that a miserable shop is preferable to a comfortable home if I shared it?"

"And *you* said, if I remember right, that if your wife did not love you as warmly as you loved her, you would put an end to yourself!"

"Better half a loaf than no bread!" exclaimed Galbraith. "Give me your friendship—your confidence, to begin with, and let me try to win the rest!"

"Pray, pray say no more!" said Kate, greatly surprised and moved at his perseverance. "You grieve me beyond measure. It is quite impossible that you and I ever could be anything to each other, even friends! Do leave me. I am not ungrateful for the feelings you express. I am so sorry to cause you pain; but, indeed, it is utterly impossible for us to be even friends."

She held out her hand to him, and, to his decided gratification, he observed her eyes were full of tears. However, he drew himself up a little stiffly.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Temple. It would be unmanly to intrude any longer upon you; though we must not be friends, I trust we shall never be enemies."

He took her hand as he spoke—at first gently, but with a tightening grasp, looking into her eyes, and then laying his other hand over the one he held.

"I hope not," she replied, falteringly; "but what will be, will be."

"I shall never be *your* enemy, at all events," continued Galbraith, still holding her hand; "so good-bye, Kate! I will do my best to forget you. Though you are the only woman in the world to me *now*, I will not be such a poltroon as to let you spoil my life!"

"God forbid!" said she. "I trust there is plenty of work, and love, and happiness before you! Life can give nothing better."

Galbraith made no reply. Pressing her hand hard, and releasing it so suddenly as to have almost the effect of throwing it from him, he turned and left the room. The next moment Kate heard the front door shut hastily.

The most extreme surprise—the most sincere regret—were Kate's only distinct sensations as she ran hastily to her own room to recover herself before Fanny's return.

She thought she could perceive that Galbraith had allowed himself to be hurried into one unguarded speech after another until he felt compelled to make all consistent by asking her to be his wife. She had certainly said or done nothing to lead him on, and he had seemed painfully in earnest. He would get over his fancy for her, of course. Men are, fortunately for themselves, seldom constant; but there was a certain intensity about Galbraith's nature that was likely to render all struggles severe to him. And then the future—what mortification it would be her lot to heap upon this man, who, whatever he might be, had certainly offered himself and his whole life to her! She absolutely contemplated the idea of her own possible success with a shudder. She had wished that his life should have plenty of love and happiness. Where was it to come from if she was to reduce him to poverty and to debt? for how could he ever refund the ten thousand pounds he had taken from her property? She was quite ready to deal generously by him; but how would he like to be always in her debt? And yet she must go on; she must disprove that will, be the consequence what it might. "How I wish Hugh Galbraith had never come here! How I wish he had been in England when I was married first! Had he known me all through he would not have despised me so much, and things might have come right;" but with this reflection came a sudden thought that made her heart beat for a moment—a consciousness that if she had known Hugh Galbraith before her marriage, neither poverty nor loneliness would have driven her to be Mr. Travers's wife. Not, she thought, that she felt any tendency to reciprocate his feelings, but the interview she had just had seemed to have revealed what love was—what it might be to herself—more than all the volumes of poetry and romance she had ever read. Well, that episode was over, and it was not likely

that Hugh Galbraith and herself should ever meet again. He would, no doubt, keep out of her way. If so, then why need he ever know that Kate Temple and Catherine Travers were identical? Then he need never be mortified by knowing he was under obligations to the woman who had refused him. And she need not be lowered in his estimation as having played the part of a traitor—written his letters, and let him confide in her and love her—she! his enemy.

"I daresay he will marry somebody soon, and then if it is some commonplace fine lady, how will it be for Hugh when the trouble comes? I really must ask Tom to give him some notice that I don't intend to keep quiet always, just to rouse him from his security—— Alas! what chance have I really of the success I dream about? According to Tom, none whatever. It is all very puzzling!"

Fanny's wonder and exclamations and conjectures may be imagined when she heard of Sir Hugh's visit. She bitterly regretted her own absence when she found that no satisfactory information was to be extracted from Mrs. Temple. "Had I been here I could have seen with half an eye what had brought him back."

After this somewhat painful break in the routine of her life Mrs. Temple and Fanny settled once more into the ordinary course of their existence, sold their goods, and balanced their books, undisturbed even by Turner Junior, who disappeared at intervals. Gossip said he had been seen at the Stoneborough races, and other scenes of wild dissipation. He was certainly absent during the Derby week, and Mrs. Turner reported the "governor" as "that cross" there was no doing anything with him.

Miss Fanny, too, had her sip at the bowl of pleasure (poison omitted). Kate and Tom Reed had contrived three glorious days for her in London. A married sister of Tom's had come up from Devonshire with her husband to see the horse show, and she was very pleased to have their pretty little relative (who cost them nothing) for a guest. She only knew that she was employed in some capacity by a Mrs. Temple, and shrewdly suspected she was to be Mrs. Tom Reed. But Tom, from having been the object of head-shakings and lugubrious prophecy, had progressed into "a fine young fellow that may be in Parliament one of these days," and with his choice no sister dared to interfere. So Fanny saw *the* play and the pictures, and had some charming *tête-à-tête* walks in the park, and so returned refreshed to her daily labor. Mrs. Temple had run up to town also, but only on business, and her visit was more wearisome than refreshing.

The Pierstoffe season had now set in, and the rooms erst occupied by Hugh Galbraith were tenated by an elderly couple, recommended by Lady Styles, who were very fidgety and exceedingly economical. Still Mrs. Temple preferred them to single gentlemen, whom from henceforth she renounced. And so a fine glowing July was drawing quickly—with the quickness of monotony—to its close, when one Wednesday evening, without notice of any kind, Tom Reed made his appearance.

His tidings shall be told in due order.

[To be continued.]

DEMONOLATRY, DEVIL-DANCING, AND DEMONIACAL POSSESSION.

BY ROBERT CHARLES CALDWELL.

THE main object which I have in view in writing this paper is to elicit information. I have examined several of the phases of modern devil-worship, but must confess that I am at present in a state of considerable perplexity. I dare say that I have seen almost as much of the *cultus* of evil spirits in the East as any living man has; but still, although I am far from being credulous, I should like to be convinced fully and finally of the unreality of several of the manifestations and phenomena which have come before my notice. The juggling of "spiritualists" never fascinated me. Home would have never been heard of if he had tried to match himself with Indian jugglers. Some four years ago I appreciated

the scornful wonderment of a Brahmin who exclaimed to me: "You English, what you call—'phlegmatic' people—people of 'common sense!' O Siva! I hear you think spirits talk in tables, and rap! When one wise man gets to be one fool, then he gets to be one very big fool!" I write this in preface, hoping that no reader will suppose, that whilst I am laying before him certain phases, too deep for me to fathom, of the influences of devil-worship on the minds of simple half-savage Asiatics, I am myself one who is ready to believe every profane and vain babbling of scientists falsely so called. I write of that I have seen. And I ask, calmly and advisedly, the strange, startling question: *Does Devil-possession, in the sense in which it is referred to in the New Testament, exist at this present time amongst the least civilized of the nations of the globe?* I have met several men of the widest learning, and deepest experience, who never would answer me fully and fairly and frankly this question. It is one of the easiest things in the world to sneer at the very mention of such a proposition. It is easy to say that the belief of old women being witches was a relic of barbarous times, which, as soon as civilization sprung up with its sweetness and light, was destroyed; and that thus, in a similar manner, any latter-day belief in devil-possession is out of date, and in the very nature of the case to be scouted by reasonable men. Yet, although I reiterate that mine is simply a perplexity, not a belief, from which I desire to be freed, I cannot help presuming that it is hardly fair to judge of peoples in their ignorant infancy of civilization by our own mature standard. England, even in the days when "witches" were burnt, was, in its enlightenment, a cycle ahead of many of those Oriental localities in which demonolatry is actively practised now.

At the outset of this inquiry a question arises which in itself is open to endless argument. What was the nature of demoniacal possession in the time of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? No doubt the simplest answer would be an absolute negation of the premiss, by affirming that there never was such a thing as devils entering into men—and indeed that devils themselves do not exist. Into such a realm of controversy it is impossible for me to follow the reasoner. I am a Christian in my fixed beliefs, and credit the plain sense of the sacred narrative. The God Incarnate cast out demons who seem to have done their best to become themselves incarnate. Evil spirits dwelt in the bodies of men, and exercised tyrannical influence over their victims. By the mouths of men they spoke, though with them they could not become corporate. They had the power of inflicting bodily punishment. They rent some; others they made to gnash with their teeth. They hurried them hither and thither. They bore them away from the society of their fellows. They hurled living beings headlong to self-destruction. In a word, they appear to have had a distinct spiritual personality. If I believe rightly, it was not merely hysteria, epilepsy, mania, or various kinds of raving madness that Christ cured; He "cast out" evil spirits which had "taken possession" of the bodies of men. These spirits were the emissaries of Satan: as God He had power over them, and prevailed. This appears to me to be part of a Gospel which is not against but beyond reason, and must as such be humbly received.

But let my view be ever so incorrect, it only partially affects my main argument. I contend that it appears that certain demonolators in the present day, as far as the outward evidence of their affliction goes, display as plain signs of demoniacal possession as ever were displayed eighteen hundreds years ago. I hold that—as far as sense can be trusted and history relied upon—several *peyâdis*, or devil-dancers, could be produced to-morrow in Southern India who, as far as can be ascertained, are as truly possessed of evil agencies as was the man who was forced by the fiends within him to howl that he was not himself, but that his name was "Legion." Not a few of the persons I refer to are, on ordinary occasions, calm. They have their avocations, and often pursue them diligently. Sometimes they have their wives and children; they possess their inherited hut, small plantain-garden, well, and score of palmyras. They eschew bhang as a rule, and the juice of the poppy, and arrack. They are quiet, sleepy men and women, who occupy much of their time in staring over the yellow drifting sands at the

regarded as such in New Testament times.

It is an extremely difficult thing for a European to witness a devil-dance. As a rule, he must go disguised, and he must be able to speak the language like a native, before he is likely to be admitted without suspicion into the charmed circle of fascinated devotees, each eager to press near the possessed priest, to ask him questions about the future whilst the divine afflatus is in its full force upon him. Let me try once more to bring the whole scene vividly before the reader.

Night, starry and beautiful, with a broad low moon seen through palms. A still, solemn night, with few sounds to mar the silence, save the deep, muffled boom of breakers bursting on the coast full eight miles distant. A lonely hut, a huge solitary banyan tree, grim and gloomy. All round spread interminable sands, the only vegetation on which is composed of lofty palmyras, and a few stunted thorn-trees and wild figs. In the midst of this wilderness rises, spectre-like, that aged enormous tree, the banyan, haunted by a most ruthless she-devil. Cholera is abroad in the land, and the natives know that it is *she* who has sent them the dreaded pestilence. The whole neighborhood wakes to the determination that the malignant power must be immediately propitiated in the most solemn and effectual manner. The appointed night arrives; out of village, and hamlet, and hut pours the wild crowd of men, and women, and children. In vain the Brahmins tinkle their bells at the neighboring temple; the people know what they want, and the deity which they must reverence as supreme just now. On flows the crowd to that gloomy island in the star-lit waste—that weird, hoary banyan. The circle is formed; the fire is lit; the offerings are got ready—goats and fowls, and rice and pulse and sugar, and ghee and honey, and white chaplets of oleander-blossoms and jasmine-buds. The tom-toms are beaten more loudly and rapidly, the hum of rustic converse is stilled, and a deep hush of awe-struck expectancy holds the motley assemblage. Now the low, rickety door of the hut is quickly dashed open. The devil-dancer staggers out. Between the hut and the ebon shadow of the sacred banyan lies a strip of moonlit sand; and as he passes this, the devotees can clearly see their priest. He is at all, haggard, pensive man, with deep-sunken eyes and matted hair. His forehead is smeared with ashes, and there are streaks of vermilion and saffron over his face. He wears a high conical cap, white, with a red tassel. A long white robe, or *angi*, shrouds him from neck to ankle. On it are worked, in red silk, representations of the goddess of small-pox, murder, and cholera. Round his ankles are massive silver bangles. In his right hand he holds a staff or spear, that jingles harshly every time the ground is struck by it. The same hand also holds a bow, which, when the strings are pulled or struck, emits a dull booming sound. In his left hand the devil-priest carries his sacrificial knife, shaped like a sickle, with quaint devices engraved on its blade. The dancer, with uncertain staggering motion, reels slowly into the centre of the crowd, and then seats himself. The assembled people show him the offerings they intend to present, but he appears wholly unconscious. He croons an Indian lay in a low, dreamy voice, with dropped eyelids and head sunken on his breast. He sways slowly to and fro, from side to side. Look! You can see his fingers twitch nervously.

His head begins to wag in a strange, uncanny fashion. His sides heave and quiver, and huge drops of perspiration exude from his skin. The tom-toms are beaten faster, the pipes and reeds wail out more loudly. There is a sudden yell, a stinging, stunning cry, an ear-piercing shriek, a hideous abominable gobble-gobble of hellish laughter, and the devil-dancer has sprung to his feet, with eyes protruding, mouth foaming, chest heaving, muscles quivering, and outstretched arms swollen and straining as if they were crucified! Now, ever and anon, the quick, sharp words are jerked out of the saliva-choked mouth —"I am God! I am the true God!" Then all around him, since he and no idol is regarded as the present deity, reeks the blood of sacrifice. The devotees crowd round to offer oblations and to solicit answers to their questions. "Shall I die of cholera during this visitation?" asks a grey-headed farmer of the neighborhood. "O God, bless this child, and heal it," cries a poor mother

to this present day has continued this extraordinary worship. Alcoholic liquor, in some form or other, and cheroots, have been periodically presented at the grave of Captain Pole, under that spreading tree and before that solitary hut on the sandy waste, in order that the spirit of the departed soldier might refain from wreaking vengeance on the simple rustics of the neighborhood. Near to this curious shrine are a number of small obelisks. The intention of these is well known. The devil-worshipper believes that the ghost of the dead man, or the local he or she devil, as it walks about, never touches the ground with its airy feet, and is therefore always on the move, seeking rest. These obelisks, therefore, please the spirits, who rest on the top of them and watch the dances in their honor, and see, with a grin of infernal satisfaction, the fowls which are being sacrificed to them have their throats cut, and go flapping and tumbling about comically in their death-throes!

The natives of Southern India believe that when any one meets with an untimely end, his soul wanders about near the locality of his death, and will make deadly mischief unless it is appeased and propitiated. This propitiation, think the simple folk, can only be effected by offering to it those things in sacrifice in which its possessor, whilst he was alive, delighted. But if, notwithstanding all precautions, an outburst of cholera, or small-pox, or other calamity overtakes the scene of the dead man's last moments, the misfortune is at once, as a matter of course, laid at the door of the wraith of the deceased. Something has angered it. It will not be laid. It must be a malignant devil, and nothing short of it. Beat the tom-tom louder! Let the fattest sheep be offered as a propitiation. Let the horns blare out as the priest reels about in the giddy dance, and gashes himself in his frenzy! More fire! Quicker music! Wilder bounds from the devil-dancer! Shrieks, and laughter, and sobs, and frantic shouts! And over the long, lone valley, and up the boulder-ed mountain-side, under the wan moon, thrills out, sad and savage and shrill, the wild, tremulous wailing of women and yells of maddened men.—"Ha, ha! I am God! God! The God is in me and speaks! Come, hasten, tell me all: I will solace you — cure you! God is in me, and I am God! Hack and slaughter! The blood of the sacrifice is sweet! Another fowl—another goat! Quick, I am athirst for blood! Obey your God!"—Such are the words which hoarsely burst from the frothy lips of the devil-dancer, as he bounds, and leaps, and gyrates, with short, sharp cries, and red eyes almost starting from their sockets. He *believes* he is possessed of the local demon, whom he continually treats just as if it were a divinity; and the people *believe* in his hallucination. They shudder, they bow, they pray, they worship. The devil-dancer is not drunk; he has eschewed arrack, and is not suffering from the effects of *Ganjâ*, *abin mayakkam*, as Pattiragiriyâr, the Tamil poet, calls it. He has not been seized with epilepsy: the sequel shows that. He is not attacked with a fit of hysteria, although within an hour after he has begun his dancing half of his audience are thoroughly hysterical. He can scarcely be mad, for the moment the dance is over he speaks sanely, and quietly, and calmly. What is it, then? You ask him. He simply answers, *Pêy ennei pidittatu, eiyâ* ("The Devil seized me, sir"). You ask the bystanders. They simply answer, *Pêy avanei pidittat 'âkum* ("The Devil must have seized him"). What is the most reasonable inference to draw from all this?

Of one thing I am assured—the devil-dancer never "shams" excitement. He appears to me deliberately to work himself up to a state of ecstasy—ἔκστασις—a "standing outside of oneself," in its primary sense. By a powerful act of volition, he almost wholly merges, so to speak, his individuality in that of the demon he worships, as that individuality shapes itself to his own mind. He calls out, "I am God," when, by virtue of his entire possession by the object of his adoration, he supposes himself to be commingled with the demon-divinity, his nature interfused by its nature. Calmly he laughs at the gashes which his own sacrificial knife makes on his body; calmly, I say, for in the midst of his most frantic frenzy he is savagely calm. Whether this be devil-possession or not, I cannot help remarking that it appears to me that it would certainly have been

old aunt, who can only think of what is past, forgetting the present."

Sir John Herschel valued these memorials, and they are carefully preserved in the family along with her letters. But Caroline Herschel would have been very much surprised, and not a little angry, if she could have foreseen that her letters and recollections would ever have been printed, or that a book about herself would ever have been put together.

Writing once to the wife of her nephew, Sir John Herschel, she says,—

"I have something to remark about what you call my letters, which were to be deposited in the letter-case. I was in hopes you would have thrown away such incoherent stuff, as I generally write in a hurry, when I am sick for want of knowing how it looks at home [as she always called England], and not let it rise up in judgment against my perhaps bad grammar and bad spelling, &c.; for to the very last I must feel myself walking on uncertain ground, having been obliged to learn too much, without anything thoroughly."

Entire unconsciousness of any worth or merit in herself was one of her remarkable characteristics.

She was endowed with a royal instinct for serving others to the utmost of her powers, doing this as a simple matter of course, feeling only that all she could do was much less than what was needed. This sense of shortcoming was a constant source of regret, and effectually checked all emotions of self-complacency. The one ruling idea that governed her whole life was to work wherever she was placed and to obey those in authority over her. The daughter of a soldier, the spirit of discipline was born with her.

Her obedience, however, was not from constraint, or a feeling of servitude,—she willingly offered herself for the service of those who had a claim upon her services, and her sympathy with whatever work she had in hand gave to all she did the freedom which works from love. From early childhood she took on herself the weight of the family cares and anxieties which she only dimly comprehended, but which she felt, because they troubled her parents. This love of being helpful gave a dignity to the heavy drudgery of being maid-of-all-work to the family. She always obediently did her best—even when, as she records, "she got many a whipping" for not being able to clean the knives and forks with brick-dust, or to wait at table so as to please the lordly eldest brother Jacob. She evidently had a contempt for him which she was too well trained in subordination to express, and a hearty detestation which is sufficiently conveyed to the reader without the help o words! But all the same; when, afte the father's death, he became head of th family, she never failed in paying hi due obedience; and when in later year after everything had been arranged fo her to accompany her beloved Willia to England, and Jacob was at the last a cidentally detained in another place, s mentions with regret having to dep without the formal consent of her eld brother.

It was her deep power of sympat with those she loved that weighed do the natural gladness of childhood. O can scarcely read without tears in on eyes, of the little act by which she w a smile from her mother at a mome when she was overwhelmed with the parting from her husband and sons, who had just left to join the army: the little Caroline seeing a neckerchief that her father had worn hang over a chair, took it, and putting one end in her mother's hand, took the other herself, and sat down at her feet. But the deep well-spring of love and self-devotion which lay in the heart of Caroline Herschel never went forth from its inmost depths, except towards her brother William. Her whole life and being were given to him, and throughout the record she gives of the period whilst they were together, he seems to have been entirely worthy of her love. The incidental light thrown upon his character by his sister's memoirs, reveals a nature so noble, that his grandest discoveries and great achievements in science, seem only the natural growth and outcome of the noble inner life from which they sprung.

The change from the life at Hanover to the life at Bath was like the transformation scene in a pantomime! The little maid-of-all-work, who had been allowed no education by her mother, lest it should unfit her for household duties,

had been permitted to receive a
ı in music from her father only
ɔn her mother was in a good humor
t of the way," was taken to Bath
old she was to prepare herself for
g part in public concerts and ora-
ɜ! She had lessons in music and
ıg twice a day, and was put under
ɜs Fleming, the famous dancing
ess," to be drilled to move like a
; she had ten guineas presented by
rother to buy a suitable dress; Mr.
er, the manager of the theatre, told
he was an ornament to the stage;
Marchioness of Lothian and other
ladies complimented her on pro-
cing her words like an English
ın!

ı a wonderfully short time she was
to take the leading parts in oratorios
concerts, and even received the offer
n engagement at the Birmingham
ival. But she refused to appear any-
e unless her brother William was the
uctor. She had no wish to be any-
for herself. All her life she had
in an atmosphere of music; her
r was a bandmaster, and a fine
ɔian; her brother William was an
ɛnt composer and musician, who if
.d not become an astronomer would
been remembered as a musician;
rother Alexander, who had come to
ınd with William, and who lived
him, was also an excellent musician.
Caroline Herschel had never before
ɾed any regular instruction; it was
pirit of willing obedience, and the
ɾrained habit of doing exactly as she
old, that enabled her to perform
seem almost like miracles.

ɾr life at Bath seems to have been
ıappy, in spite of housekeeping diffi-
s and the perplexing difference be-
housekeeping in Hanover and house-
ng in England, the extravagance
ıich distressed her sense of thrift;
here was more money to go upon,
er brother William was making a
ɜome income by his concerts and
ositions, as well as by teaching.

other transformation was, however,
ɾre. The love of music in William
ɔhel was only second to his love of
ɔe. He had already begun to in-
wonderful instruments for observing
ıeasuring the distances of stars, &c.;
and more time was gradually taken
from music to be devoted to astronomy. Caroline was quietly expected to assist him! She had to learn, as well as she could, the mysteries of logarithms, calculations how to compute distances and how to reduce sidereal time into mean time, and other things still more abstruse, which, to one unlearned, sound more like making incantations than anything else. Caroline Herschel learned to do all this, and more! In a letter, written long years after, she says, "My dear brother William was my only teacher, and we began generally with what we should have ended, he supposing I knew all that went before: and perhaps I might have done so once, but my memory he used to compare with sand, in which everything could be inscribed, but as easily effaced." It was only at odd times, and at meals, that she was able to obtain even this fragmentary instruction. She owns to never having been able to say the multiplication table, but carrying a copy in her pocket for reference. Her industry and truly German perseverance carried her through these seemingly impossible tasks. The second brother, Alexander Herschel, a man of rare gifts, both as a musician and mechanician, was a very efficient assistant to his brother, but he was not endowed with patience, and could not bear to be kept long confined to the same occupation. It was, therefore, to Caroline that her brother turned for help in the construction of the tools and woodwork for grinding and polishing lenses and mirrors, &c. It was she who made the pasteboard tube that was to hold the first large mirror, and the dexterity of her fingers, and the desire to be useful, which, as a little child, helped her to make "bags and sword-knots," made her now, as she expresses it, "almost as useful as a boy in the first year of his apprenticeship."

In all these things it was the loving sympathy with all his aspirations and efforts that gave a subtle virtue to the actual mechanical aid she afforded. She desired nothing for herself; she would be nothing of herself; all her life flowed into his life, nourishing it, and strengthening his heart under all disappointments and difficulties. She never tired, but kept pace with him in all his work, standing beside him day and night, both of them working as though bodily needs

or material comforts did not exist. She never failed him. After a time, when she was set "to mind the heavens," and began to taste the delights of discovery with her "Newtonian sweeper," she laid it aside, having time for no more than three or four opportunities to use it in the course of as many months, in order not to neglect her brother's work. This consisted chiefly in doing endless sums and acting as his secretary, noting down all he saw in his sweeps, standing by him through winter nights when the very ink froze in her pen. As before in music, so now in astronomy, she refused to be anything but her brother's helper. Throughout her life her one word was, "All I am, all I know, I owe to him. I am only the tool he fashioned. I did no more for him than a well-trained puppy-dog might have done." Long afterwards when, in very advanced life, she received the Gold Medal of the Royal Astronomical Society, and was elected an honorary member, she energetically deprecated all mention of herself, because whatever was said in praise of her took away what ought to be given to her brother.*

What Caroline Herschel felt and thought when her adored brother took a wife nobody ever heard or knew. She seems to have confided her feelings to her diaries alone, and those she destroyed.

It was a shock and a trial, sharper most likely than even that caused in after years by his death, because it was mingled with more purely personal jealousy and bitterness. What it must have been to see another woman promoted to have the sole right of caring for his comfort and of ministering to his wants, after the many years she had lived for nothing else, must have been terribly hard to bear. Even the fact that his wife brought him an ample fortune, setting him free from all need to beg from government for the small sums needed to carry on his work, was only an additional aggravation. How to keep down household expenses had been one of Caroline Herschel's hardest problems; and the little addition she had been to his expenditure—not ever more than seven or eigh a year—had been always a s regret, which no amount of w for him could make her feel tha earned.

And now he was going to be would need her care and thrift i and it was the woman whom preferred before her, who was the happiness of freeing him from all anxiety about money It was a very bitter trial, and she has not left on record any said, what she *did* is painfully s —she "gave up her place as ho er," and went to "lodge with S of her brother's workmen, whose to wait on her, she only reserved the right of access to the ro brother's house (which was the tory), and to the work-room. came to work every day, " home for her meals."

Doubtless she was not the on the three who was unhappy.

In a letter, long afterwards nephew, she mentions that w brother "was about to ente married state," he had wished her independent, which she refused, but requested him t some small salary for her as his This he did, and obtained th of fifty pounds a year. She prepared to live but to save o her relations at Hanover. Th tal mention of her numerous abode, give us a glimpse of c lodgings and of the long dis had to go in all weathers to an work, till health and strength under the additional strain. is not one word of complaint. tinued obdurate, accepting no the new comer. How and began to soften we are not t one of her letters in after li that when her salary "had *quarters in arrear*" her broth Herschel insisted that she sh from them the sum of ter quarter. The birth of her his early promise, so splendi of becoming in all respects w father, helped to heal and wounded heart. By degrees to love her brother's wife, a death she addresses her a

* The medal was awarded for her valuable work, "The Reduction and Arrangement, in the form of a Catalogue, in Zones, of all the Star Clusters in Nebulæ observed by Sir William Herschel in his Sweeps."

now feel you to be," and Caroline
el was a sister worth winning.
me years before her brother's
they became firm friends, and
er Lady Herschel was from home,
e went to be with her brother and
e care of him as of old; her
had never been remitted, the
as a bond between them that had
een loosened.

death of her beloved brother in
as a sorrow that dislocated the
der of her life. Broken as she
fatigue and overwork, she believ-
hoped she should not long sur-
im, and under the shock of her
grief she took a step which she
d only once, but that was always
vas obstinately bent on returning
over to reside for the rest of her
To make her determination irre-
, she made a gift of all she pos-
to her youngest brother Dietrich
omised to take up her abode
rth under his roof. Next to Wil-
e had been her favorite, and
f the motherliness of her nature
me out towards him; from the
e had nursed him as a baby in the
to the time when after he had run
om home, he had been found sick
stitute at a lodging in Wapping
en brought back to health by her
diet of roasted apples and barley
and when later, he had come to
roken in health, spirit, and for-
she had always been the one to
t and help him. He had possess-
h of the musical talents of the
and had given promise of becom-
eminent performer on the violin,
seems never to have done much
his sister clung to him, however,
lieved in him as a man capable of
g her on all matters of business.
trich she committed herself when
happiness and hope in life went
n her brother's grave.

ything seems to have been said
ne that was possible to induce her
ain in England with those who
her and knew her value, and
t the friends she had made in the
ic world, but all was in vain.
h came from Hanover to fetch
d she returned with him.

n the day of her departure to the
her death she never ceased to re-
gret what she had done, and, what was more, she owned her mistake. For fifty years she had lived in constant intercourse with men of the highest rank in science; she had spent her whole time in assisting and sharing in the grandest astronomical discoveries, not minding meaner things. In old age she returned to the city where she was born, expecting to find amongst the relations who had grown up in her absence, as many estimable persons as there were individuals. She found instead, that she was unfitted for their society as they were for hers. While she "had been minding the heavens," they had lived in narrow streets and in a narrow range of interests; she had revered and understood her brother's worth; they who had never known him, felt only a gratified vanity in owning so distinguished a relative. Shut up in a room whence she could not "see an entire constellation," nor scarcely a star; homesick, after the dear ones she had left; lonely among her stranger kinsfolk; pestered by the interference and pretentiousness of her brother Dietrich, whose faith in his sister's superiority had been altogether destroyed by the course she had taken in giving him all she possessed and making him her adviser, she found herself very unhappy indeed.

But more bitter than any personal disappointment was the consciousness which after a while made itself felt, that she had thrown up work while she had still the strength to do it; that she was letting talents which would have been useful to her brother's son rust in disuse. This was what gave bitterness to her regret; there is no remorse like that caused by the sense of talents unemployed. It was not the deficiencies or stupidities of those she had come to dwell amongst that caused Caroline Herschel to become bitter in her complaints, the fault lay in herself, and she knew it: she believed it was too late to return, and bent herself to endure and to await the end, which seemed as though it would never arrive. Lady Herschel, her nephew, and her nephew's wife, when he took one, kept up a close and affectionate correspondence.

She saw her nephew grow up to be worthy of his father, and his reputation to be as brilliant. Her nephew made seve-

ral journeys to see her, and brought with him his eldest son on one occasion.

She lived in great comfort, for the annuity by her brother of a hundred a year was affluence.

Celebrated men came to pay their respects to her.

Her own attainments and labors were recognised and honored.

She had troops of friends, from royalty downwards, who all delighted to show her honor.

Kindness and tenderness she received from them abundantly.

Amongst her own kindred there were those who loved her and showed her unremitting kindness when the days of darkness came, and her infirmities were heavier than she could bear; but the mistake she had made in quitting England remained a mistake to the end.

Her letters and journals depict her life with a simplicity and reality that no one on the outside could give; and if the readers of them feel some of the love and admiration with which they have inspired me, they will feel that in Caroline Lucretia Herschel they have found a friend.—*Temple Bar*

GERMAN HOME LIFE.

BY A LADY.

IX.—Marriage and Children.

Marriage is surely the golden key to the celestial portals of Liberty. Let us see how it has fared with our young friend since the frolic festival of the *Polterabend*. The marriage itself is, by comparison, but a tame affair. Wedding favors, marriage tours, best-man, bridesmaids, lockets, general regardlessness of expense, and *lune de miel*, sacred to seclusion and sentiment, are honored in the breach rather than in the observance; and where people have not large means, or at least cannot afford these luxuries without inconvenience, we may fairly applaud the practical common sense that decrees young people in love can be just as happy at home a month sooner as a month later. For the 'great' these post-nuptial extravagances are permissible, for the 'general' they are entirely out of the question. The bride, and not (as with us) the bridegroom, furnishes the house, plate, linen, and all that is requisite for the young couple to set up housekeeping. The gifts that flow in are, generally speaking, of the most moderate, not to say shabby, character; so that the burden and heat of the day fall upon the parents of the young lady; and if there should be half a dozen daughters, the consideration of ways and means is apt to be a rather serious one.

The knot tied, domestic life begins. To choose one's own dresses (subject to marital approval); to have one's coffee as strong as one likes; not to be stinted in sugar; and to go three times a week to the theatre, with appropriate *variations de toilette;* to make oneself perhaps renowned as a *Hausfrau*—who would not accept such a fate with the rapture good fortune proverbially excites? And yet—and yet there have been found uncomfortable souls to whom these delights have not sufficed. Of such misguided females let us keep silence; it is ever our duty to represent the best of its type.

'Entre l'arbre et l'écorce,' says the shrewd old French proverb, 'ne mettez pas le doigt!'

We, in England, are accustomed to think that, be her lord and master never so lordly and masterful, a woman reigns, as a rule, supreme in her own house; on matters of domestic detail, be he otherwise never so despotic, he will scarcely presume to speak, nor does his voice, loud enough, perhaps, otherwhere, often make itself heard on questions of household arrangement. Meddling men are altogether exceptional and irregular in English households.

The precise contrary obtains in Germany; the husband is the king, the wife merely the prime-minister. He sits in his arm-chair smoking perennial pipes, and auditing, with all the severity of a Lycurgus, the poor little woman's abject accounts. He knows all about the butter and dripping, swears at excess in

and Sauerkraut, is abusive as to
:yrannical as to candles and red-
gs, and terrible on eggs and bacon.
nan is no more mistress of her own
in Germany than you or I (despite
aureate) are masters of our fate.
simply an upper servant; nay, of
a gently born and gently bred lady
be said that the dull drudgery of
e is such as no *upper* servant would
e, such as would be scarcely tolera-
'The maid that does the meanest
' The maid can at least creep into
bscurity when her hours of work
an end; but the lady has to clothe
f in such raiment as her station is
sed to demand, and to leave weari-
f the flesh and vexation of spirit in
tchen with the pots and pans. The
n black silk (really an 'upper ser-
who consents to superintend the
is' gorgeous establishment, for the
:ate consideration of fifty pounds a
every thing found and no indeli-
:nquiries as to perquisites), would
to employ herself in the menial
:r common to many noble ladies in
any. Do I not, for instance, re-
er my neighbor, pretty little Baro-
——, like the maid in the nursery
, standing 'in the garden, hanging
ie clothes?' Have I not gazed
a tender admiration (of which to
lay she is unaware) at Frau von
's fair face, as I watched her from
ndow, ironing her husband's shirt-
all through a blazing afternoon,
now and again a diamond-drop
roll from her brow and fall, audi-
issing, on the iron? Have I not
with a sadness I dared not show,
ndefatigable Hauptmännin von
baking, boiling, stewing, pounding,
, weighing, peeling, with an energy
ositively paralysed me at my post
ervation? She would chaffer with
easants who brought butter and
:o the kitchen door, cheapening
already miraculously cheap offer-
she would scold the slavey (who,
know, is no slavey at all), tap her
:martly on the shoulders, and rap
oys over the knuckles, and never
r change or rest. Who ate all the
things she compounded? I sup-
er husband, a big burly man, with
face, and beery guttural voice. I
hear him snoring away all the early
part of the summer's afternoon (the windows were open towards the garden), when at four o'clock he would cast his *Schlafrock* and *Pantoffeln*, get himself into regimental clothes again, buckle in his big waist, and go swaggering down to his Club, ogling every girl and woman he met by the way. I saw the other day that he had been decorated with, I know not how many, stars and crosses, and had grown into a lieutenant-colonel, and I could not help wondering how it was with his poor little wife, who had been under fire so long; had marched and counter-marched, and come to the front like a gallant little volunteer, always obedient to the word of her superior officer, cheery and uncomplaining. Has she, too, got her slow promotion, and stept out of the ranks beyond the kitchen range, beyond the whole *batterie de cuisine*, with the order of merit on her faithful modest little breast? I doubt it. I daresay, if I could look in upon her now, she is still cuffing supplementary boys off to school, lest they should disturb the paternal post-prandial slumbers, and rating the slavey as energetically as ever.

In the households of military men, or in those of the *höhere Beamten*, the womankind gain little, comparatively little, by the promotion of their lords. No greater independence of action is granted them, no wider sphere or larger interests. Washing-days come round as before; the potatoes have to be peeled, the carrots scraped, and the slavey driven; the stockings to be knitted, the shirt-collars to be ironed, and the eternal locking and unlocking to go on, with very slight modifications, just as it did five, ten, twenty years ago. The master is decorated, he has new titles, becomes more expensive, generally ornamental, and sublime; he goes to the *Ministerium* or the *Kammer;* he sits upon the Bench, or he wrangles in Parliament, or he elaborates the *Kriegspiel;* he comes in contact with men of various shades and colors of opinion; at the club he reads the daily papers and learns how the world wags; he plays whist, goes to the theatre, and, if he have nothing to do, returns home again about nine o'clock. Having discussed, so far as was prudent, all political news at the club, he is hardly likely to begin on the state of the outer world, when he finds himself once more in the bosom of his

family. Besides, women don't read the newspapers; what is said and done in their infinitesimally small circle is more to them than all the huge disasters of humanity; the Kaffeeclack of more significance than Kings and Kaisers toppling to their ruin; the rumor of a scandal of greater interest than all the vast problems and conflicts of the social and moral universe. And so a little local talk is all that is likely to turn up, and, as it is very local indeed, and has been revolving for the last thirty years (on his) and the last twenty years (on her) part (for at five they both knew a fair amount of town-gossip), the conversation is not precisely of a nature to make them forget the time, or be heedless of the coals and candles.

We are accustomed to think of Germans that they are a domestic people. The truth is, that of domesticities there is enough and to spare, but of domestic life, as we understand it, little or nothing. Beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping under one roof, the sexes have little in common. The woman is a slave of the ring; for the wife the baking and brewing, for the husband the cakes and ale; for her the toiling and spinning, for him the beer and skittles; for her the sheep-walk of precedent and the stocking of virtue, for him the paradings and prancings; for her the nippings and screwings, for him the pipings and dancings; for her the dripping-jar and the meal-tub, for him stars and garters, and general gallooning, glitter, and sublimity.

In a comic paper there appeared the other day, amongst advertisements for things required, but scarcely likely to be met with—

'Wanted, a lady-help, with deft fingers, who can open oysters, peel walnuts and prawns, and make toast.'

Now what some English wag treats as an impossible production, German home-life offers wholesale to the spectator. The woman is *there* to pick the shrimps, shell the lobsters, and peel the potatoes, of her lord and master. What wonder, then, if he be lordly and masterful? His creature comforts are materially increased, and his pocket spared by the excellent existing arrangements. The *Hausfrau* saves him a servant; indeed, she saves him unknown quantities, by her thrift and labor. She has an interest in the firm, such as no paid hireling could have; she is to the manner born, and knows life under no other aspect; nor does she take it amiss that her sponsor swaggers and gambles with surplus coin that has been retrenched by the cheese-parings and flint-skinnings that habitually exercise her frugal mind.

After visits and finery (says Hazlitt) a married woman of the old school had nothing to do but to attend to her housewifery. She had no other resource, no other sense of power than to harangue and lord it over her domestics. Modern book education supplies the place of the old-fashioned kitchen persecution and eloquence. A well-bred woman now seldom goes into the kitchen to look after servants. Formerly what was called 'a good manager' ('she is a priceless *Hausfrau*,' writes Goethe of one of his fair friends to another), an exemplary mistress of a family did nothing but hunt them from morning till night, from one year's end to another, without leaving them a moment's rest, peace, or comfort. Now a servant is left to do her work without this suspicious tormenting interference and fault-finding at every step, and she does it all the better. A woman, from this habit, which at last became an uncontrollable passion, would scold her maids for fifty years together. Now the temptation to read the last new poem or novel, and the necessity of talking of it in the next company she goes into, prevent her, and the benefit to all parties is incalculable.*

That a woman should be her husband's helpmeet as well as his housekeeper; that the noblest union is not one of supreme authority and abject submission; that the wife should 'sway level to her husband's heart;' that she is there, not only to sew on his shirt-buttons and darn his socks, but also, if needs be, 'to warn, to comfort, and command;' that her household motions may be light and free, a spirit yet a woman too; and that she may, if she be so willed, come 'at the last to set herself to man, like perfect music unto noble words,' is a view of marriage too heretical for any orthodox German lady to entertain. The subjection of woman dates from the Creation, and no new-fangledness shall obliterate the precedent of Paradise.

I remember at an æsthetic tea a quiet and outwardly insignificant little person being called upon by our host (her husband a German gentleman of ancient lineage) to produce some translations which she had made from one or other

* Hazlitt's *Tabletalk*.

great poets. The verses were put
ıe hands of a certain Dr. R——, a
'hose highest ambition it was, *mira-*
'tu! to edge himself 'any way' into
r. He was a person of assured
ng and acknowledged merit, in his
articular circle; known as a blind
rvative, and as the recipient of se-
gold medals 'für Kunst und Wis-
.aft,' bestowed upon him by various
:iative potentates and powers for
ertions on their behalf. He was,
heless, only there on sufferance;
:olerated in consideration of pro-
re usefulness, and treated from that
of view, with a faint conciliatory
of shallow cordiality. He was as
ehaved as the rest of the company,
manners were not quite so easy as
; yet one felt vaguely that he was
t not of, the 'world' he aspired to
:nt.

: verses were read, and soon after-
the influential editor left the room.
e stir of relief buzzed through the
but an old *Hausfreund*, taking
host by the arm, led him apart.
have committed a mistake, *lieber*
d,' he said. 'Your wife may have
;, but in your place, I would not
her to have anything in common
'rer Art Leute (with that sort of
). They are only to be tolerated
count of their potential political
ness.' Of course, persons with a
ee are blandly permitted in Ger-
as 'Royal and noble authors' else-
are, to dabble feebly in literature,
ot to lose caste by the dabbling.
mania like another. But there is
:ral assumption in the world that
)led by generals' wives and coun-
' spouses, that literary fame in a
ı is, as Lord Macaulay says, 'A
h, and a proof that the person who
it is meanly born, and out of the
f good society.'

'oman of declared 'literary' pro-
ies must accept the fate thrust, *no-*
lens, upon her, and sit patiently in
ıter court of the Gentiles to which
indiscriminately relegated together
Arcadians, Bohemians, boon com-
ıs, and inferior persons generally.
f course, out of the question that
)uld be a good *Hausfrau*, or that
he has in the place of a mind can
en up to the minutiæ of the store-
room and exigencies of the larder. The fiat has gone forth, and she must console herself with the thought that there is justice in heaven. In the present instance it will be observed that the lady was in no wise consulted as to her views or feelings on the matter, and it is to be hoped that the blank expressive silence which fell upon the company on this unexpected revelation may, without the suggested marital coercion, have saved her from further follies of the kind.

I have seen English gentlemen, introduced, without due preparation, into strictly German circles, made miserable for a whole evening, and finally driven to the verge of distraction, by the gentle persistent attentions of the ladies of the house. When he realises that he is being waited upon by these fair damsels, the Englishman jumps wildly and apologetically from his chair, stammers confused and bashful excuses, clutches the cups and platters out of the ministering angel's hand, and subsides, red and ruffled, into his seat. He hopes it will not happen again; he devoutly trusts it is over. But, no; scarcely is his complexion recovering its normal hue, when another lovely being is 'staying him' with apples, bringing him butter in a lordly dish, or offering sausages at his shrine. Again he bounces out of his seat like an india-rubber ball, again clutches convulsively, apologises, confounds himself in horrible polyglot inarticulate excuses, and subsides exhausted into his chair. He looks round and sees that all the other men are being waited upon; he perceives that it is 'the custom of the country;' that it proceeds, not from the paucity of servants, but from a plenitude of female devotion. If servants were wanting, then surely the men would wait upon the ladies. He tells himself severely that when at Rome your behavior should be of the strictest Roman type; he reminds himself that the first condition of good breeding is, that you should implicitly conform to the usages of the society in which you find yourself; he will submit; but when the third and most beautiful daughter of the house presents him with *Häringsalat*, his feelings are altogether too much for him, and entirely overcome his good resolutions. He goes through the same frantic formula again, with the secret impression that he is making a most abject fool of him-

self, plunges wildly and despairingly at the comestibles, and subsides into a limp and melancholy condition. He is like a bull in a china-shop, the girls think and they hold firmly to the family crockery and the best glass. 'They are dreadfully restless, *die Engländer*,' said a young cousin to me; 'see how quiet and well-behaved our gentlemen are, and wait for their turn!' This was all the poor chivalrous young Briton got for his pains. Pains! they were tortures, agonies.

Elderly marriages are very rare in Germany, where a wholesome common-sense view of the relationship prevails, and designing elderly spinsters and dangerous elderly-juvenile bachelors are comparatively scarce in society. In Hungary, Roman Catholics and members of the Greek Church may marry at almost any age, males over fourteen, females over twelve; whereas Protestants may not marry until the respective ages of eighteen and fifteen. In Austria persons under twenty-four are minors, and must have the consent of parents to enter the marriage state. In Bavaria the laws vary considerably with the districts; in one the limit of valid marriage has been fixed at fourteen and twelve; in another at eighteen and fourteen; in a third at eighteen and fifteen. In Hesse Darmstadt the law of 1852 required that every man should have reached the age of twenty-five before he ventured on the rôle of a Benedick; but in 1868 the rule was modified, and marriage became legal at twenty-one years of age. Even when the legal age is attained, the consent of parents and guardians is indispensable. Runaway matches are, therefore, impossible, and much after misery is, no doubt, thus avoided; but none the less, strange complications, not here to be entered upon, sometimes arise.

Reference has already been made to the extraordinary apathy that prevails in matters sanitary throughout the Fatherland. The same obtuseness obtains with regard to all that concerns health, well-being, and happiness, if under happiness we include that first condition of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Not only does the physical education of their women tend in the wrong direction, but all that influences and determines marriage confirms and adds to foregone blunders.

In the upper classes marriage is determined, if not chiefly, yet perhaps decisively, by means. It is part of that peculiar prosaic, practical (and yet how fatally unpractical) programme which seems the law of the modern German nature—that money, if in a family, shall not be allowed to go out of it. Hence, both in the case of gold and lands, marriages and intermarriages go on generation after generation, the relationships growing ever nearer and nearer, more and more confused, and the results, as may be readily imagined, ever more and more disastrous. In no other country does one meet with the same number of goitrous throats, scarred necks, spinal diseases, hip diseases, bad teeth, and general defective bone-structure as in Germany.

No hesitation is felt in speaking openly on matters that one might, without hypocrisy, be justified in hiding under any available bushel. 'Who is that frightfully disfigured person?' asked my neighbor, a brilliant young lieutenant of hussars, at a family dinner. '*Ich leide sehr an Skrofeln*,' said the young lady in question on the other side of me, speaking in the same level, unemotional tone that she might have used in asking me to pass the salt. Alas! she had no need to tell the terrible tale; but in a week, neither more nor less, she was engaged to the critical lieutenant (he was over head and ears in debt), who, though he had not been too delicate to sneer at her defects, was not slow to discover that the *beaux yeux de sa cassette* made up for a want of eyelashes, and that sixty thousand thalers covered a multitude of sins.

In another family, where cousins had intermarried with cousins apparently since the Flood, the sole heir to a vast property was a delicate, spineless boy, a child whose bones had a cruel tendency to work through the skin, and so to slough away to the agony of the little sufferer. It was not possible that he should live, and when, after twelve years of terrible existence, death came, and mercifully set him free at last, the childless father, looking round, picked out another cousin, took her to wife, and lived to have three more children, whereof two were grievously afflicted in mind and body, but the third, a hectic boy, survived to inherit the estate.

In another family, where the estates

considerable, and where the same norial marriage customs between elatives had obtained (uncles marry ıieces in Germany), the representa- ıt last dwindled down to five. The nd heir blew his brains out; the ł daughter drowned herself; the daughter became a confirmed hy- ndriac; the second son, tormented ı terrible complaint (*Flechte*), akin e leprosy of the ancients, after ıg in all the waters that the wells rmany afforded, unable to find, even gion and good works, the consola- e sought, put an end to his misera- istence. Only the eldest daughter ıed; the estates went in the male nd devolved upon a distant cousin, e '*Namensvetter*,' she said; but the :eling prevailed: it was a pity to ıer fortune away from the name, hen the *Namensvetter* proposed he ıccepted. I saw her some years she was a widow, with one idiot

There seems to be a strange in- ility to all physical defects—to all ıg train of terrible consequences hese grievous inherited maladies with them, where interested mo- counsel a prudent shortness of

The geographical position of Ger- has hitherto been a bar to any ap- ble fusion of blood or mixture of in her population; the few French nglish who find themselves settled man towns are, for the most part, or to tempt the natives into matri- (remember that 'caution' of fifteen nd thalers).

commercial towns, where there is *Verkehr*, the money is chiefly in the of Jews; and a German Jew is bound to justify his origin. The -bags will be kept in the family. in smaller towns and villages, it is e custom, as with us, for the young to seek their fortune at a dis-

Heimweh, the *mal du pays* of the overcomes the wanderer who pass- n into the next state (as from De- re into Cornwall), and a dozen emedies are prescribed by the old for this troublesome form of dis- nder the influence of which the r not unfrequently takes to her nd seeks solace in gnawing an old *Weinekrust*), which she has brought he last loaf baked at home, and which is supposed to be an infallible remedy.

The frightful goîtres which one sees in the Tyrol, and which science attributes to drinking water that flows over Dolo- mitic rocks, and ignorance lays at the door of snow-water, whilst the heavy weights the peasants carry on their heads are supposed by others to develop this hideous form of throat disease, are per- haps due quite as much to the fact of the goîtrous marrying the goîtrous gazing upon the goîtrous, and liv- ing in a goîtrous atmosphere from time immemorial, as to any other remote causes assigned by science. It is no blemish or defect to eyes that are used to it; the man or girl who leaves the vil- lage will return to settle there, and marry the lover left behind, and so the ghastly disease is perpetuated, and general com- placency prevails.

The same may be said with regard to the awfully afflicted crétins, who startle and horrify one in all these mountain villages. Where nature is so beautiful and grand the shock is almost unendura- ble when the eye falls on a row, say, of three or four of these blurred, deformed, and degraded specimens of humanity sit- ting ranged upon a wall, their gnome- like figures, ungainly limbs, and awfully imbecile countenances striking dismay into your very soul; deficient as they are in understanding, they yet know how to beg; and will slip down from the wall with a weird agility for which you had not given them credit, and come cla- moring round the carriage with hideous gibberings and ghastly inarticulate utter- ances. The first time such a sight pre- sented itself to me, I turned away with a sense of sickening disgust. 'Fie!' said a pretty German friend; 'have they not as much right to God's dear sunshine as we?' The words were so gentle that for a moment I felt abashed; but the next common sense rejected the soft op timism. It was false sentiment after all; for the unhappy loathly creatures could have enjoyed 'God's dear sunshine' just as well where they would not have out- raged that reverence for the image of the Maker which causes us all instinctively to turn away from an animal out of which the god-like, the divine, has so aw- fully and so mysteriously disappeared. It seemed to me that the police, who

were employed in coercing us as to our *Pässe* and *Scheine*, would have been far better and more practically engaged if they had taken the helpless hideous gang of moppers and mowers under their charge, and conducted them to a place of safety remote from the king's highway. But such afflicted beings are a considerable source of income to their parents and guardians. A hasty impulse causes the traveller to plunge into his pocket for coin: a false benevolence, a sense of the awful infinite chasm between them and their surroundings, makes his strength and health and wandering so many reproaches to him; again, the desire to get rid of this awful blot on so fair a creation, an uneasiness at their very presence, produces willing specie from the depth of his garments: unless indeed he be of the placid frame of my pretty Bertha, who wished them to enjoy 'God's dear sunshine,' but did not further that inexpensive entertainment by any reckless profusion of coin.

Nor is it remarkable (though science disputes the influence of such painful phenomena on coming generations), that, with the sight of these poor afflicted beings ever before their eyes, and the knowledge that they are fertile sources of gain to their families, the inhabitants of these regions are equal to the occasion, and that the race does not die out nor the supply fail.

Let us return to the sheepfold of ordinary home life.

After a year's matrimony comes the customary baby.

A German baby is a piteous object; it is pinioned and bound up, like a mummy, in yards of bandages, which are unfolded once (at the outside twice) a day; it is never 'bathed,' but I suppose is sometimes washed after some occult manner. Its head is never touched with soap and water until it is eight or ten months old; when the thick skull-cap of encrusted dirt that it has by that time obtained is removed by the application of various unguents.

Many German ladies have assured me that the fine heads of hair one sees in Germany are entirely owing to this unsavory skull-cap. When, having some juvenile relatives staying with me, I insisted on their being 'tubbed,' all my female friends were shocked at my ignorance and wilfulness, and assured me that it was entirely owing to our barbaric bath system that the King of Hanover had lost his sight. 'My friends, we are not all blind,' I said; and then they were silenced, if not convinced.

To this terrible system of bandaging and carrying the child in a peculiar fashion wrapped in a mantle, that is partly slung round the hips of the bearer, something after the fashion prevailing amongst Indian squaws, may be attributed in a great degree the number of curved spines, crooked shoulders, and abnormal developments we meet with in Germany. Yet, strange to say, 'rickets,' a disease only known with us amongst the poor, who cannot afford the time themselves, or pay others to nurse their children properly, goes by the name of the *Englische Krankheit*.

The baby being born and swathed up, now gets a huge peasant girl *in loco parentis*. A mummy is not a thing to fondle, nor is a little stiff bundle of humanity (which you might stand up on end in the corner of the room without detriment to its sumptuary arrangements) an object on which to lavish caresses.

Thus the young mother is scarcely a mother at all, the maternal functions being delegated to another. The baby does not lie on the floor or crawl to the hearth-rug, crowing and kicking and curling its pink toes, trampling with its chubby legs, and fighting with its mottled arms, 'as one that beateth the air.' It does not swarm up and about its mother's neck and bosom, finding its little life and all its tiny pleasures in her arms; it does not fall at length into a slumber of rosy repletion, and with its mouth open snoosily satisfied, rejoice its mother's eyes for the beautiful little animal that it is.

No, it is out walking, tied to a feathe bed, and accompanied by a tall soldie the father of its poor little foster broth or sister, which is to grow up as it ca It comes in presently and is taken to i mamma to kiss; but its real mother, th mother that fosters and feeds it, so carries it away again, and resumes a the privileges of true maternity for th rest of the day. The lady might as we be its aunt. 'Only that, and nothi more.'

We have already glanced at the liv

of the little men and women that we have seen trotting to and fro between home and school. The charming institution of a 'nursery,' as we understand it, is scarcely known in Germany; certainly only known in the houses of the very rich. The children eat and drink in the common *Wohnstube* and swarm generally over the premises in their hours of freedom. There will, perhaps, be a dull and dismal apartment, called the *Kinderstube*, whither the stalwart *Amme* will retire to dangle-cub the last hope of the Katzekopfs; but all the comfortable nursery arrangements so dear to the heart of the British matron, the unflinching tubbings and scrubbings, and systematic undeviating regularity of all that can contribute to the comfort and cleanliness of child-life, are not to be thought of.

To the ordinary English mind, the idea of the *Hausmutter* is such as the charming German wood engravings so pleasantly convey. It is in this humble domestic attitude that the poets and painters of the Fatherland have sent her out into the world; as Schiller has represented her sitting amidst her sturdy *Knaben und Mädchen*, spinning and winning, filling and willing, with presses o'erflowing and stores ever-growing; the house-mother, a humble Western replica of Solomon's great Oriental picture. It is very right and wise that she should be thus depicted. The artistic spirit has seized the quaint homeliness, the pleasant busy-ness, the simple poetry, and wholesome prose of her existence. But who knows anything of the middle or upper class mothers of Germany? We have glanced in pity rather than in blame at the inability of most mothers to undertake the primary duty of maternity; but are not the duties which, instead of lasting over a few months, extend over long years, patiently and punctually performed by them? I have often gazed with wistful eyes at the plain plodding pathetic patience of such mothers. Maternal pelicans prevail largely all over the world; but the German mother does not only pluck the feathers from her breast, and stand an emblem of bleeding maternal piety before us. She does more. She —I know no other phrase that expresses what I mean— she 'effaces' herself.

She loses vanity, self-care, and all feminine weaknesses, for the sake of her offspring. The money saved does not go to buy her delicate laces wherewith to soften the cruel lines that time has drawn about her neck and brows; it is spent in fresh ball-dresses for her girls. No charming elderly coquetries make her picturesque or graceful. Bertha and Jertha want new hats; her gown is ill cut, her shoes are appalling, her trimmings are disastrous; she is altogether dowdy, dingy, and 'common'-looking, for the young people must have their day, and the general's temper is so short, she dare not ask him for more money; and, as for her, what does it matter? Who will look at her, or care what she wears? And in the same enduring mood she sits in ungraceful garments long hours at balls, or tramps after her offspring at picnics, bound ever to keep the betrothed vigilantly in her eye, knowing no rest, and expecting no thanks. Indeed, it is this simple unconscious selfishness that gives her a glory not otherwise her own, and makes the heart warm towards her plain hard face.

Such persevering, scrupulous economy commands our respect and admiration. A loving wife will bear her part cheerfully so long as the heat and the burden of the day be equally borne. No true woman will lament over the dinner of herbs so long as the love be there. But where the sacrifices are all on one side, and the indulgences all on the other; when the man presents a splendid front to the world, and the woman drudges away her days in sordid details, the spectator is apt to be wroth at the injustice of her situation, and to let his indignation vex him as a thing that is raw. For the country that invented the *Ewigweibliche*, this narrow view of 'woman's sphere' is, to say the least of it, a little paltry; and the quixotic spectator would prefer less magniloquent words, and more liberal deeds, in the place of them.

It has been made a matter of reproach to German women that they are, outside of their own personal affairs, incapable of enthusiasm. That they *are* capable of little ejaculatory shrieks and spasmodic adjectives is conceded, and how should more be expected or required of them? Ground down by sordid details, living as though perennial war-prices were an unalterable condition of things; inspired

: dreary 'carefulness about many ' that seems to her the normal law r being, how should the oppressed *frau* be very enthusiastic on large le questions? And when you add ıe prices to those of war, increased ever-increasing taxation, higher house , nipping economies, is it any wonder ıe iron of the *res angusta domi* enters) her soul, causing it to cleave to the ;t, and her body to the ground? ery item of household expenditure is :koned by the husband at its mini- um cost, and no margin is left for the :tle feminine fleshly weaknesses in the ıatter of humble charities or modest .nery. He knows so well the cost of :verything, reckoning it at its cheapest, :hat she' cannot (despite her culinary abilities) 'cook' her poor little house- hold accounts. Is this a state of things likely to take a woman out of herself, and make her enthusiastic for the glory of the Fatherland? She has given un- complainingly her husband, her sons, her brothers; and she has her reward in a united Germany, in gaps in the family circle, and black gowns on the family clothes-pegs. She trembles at wars and rumors of wars; what is material in her shrinks from further and crueller eco- nomies; what is spiritual trembles at the thought of fresh sacrifice, and weeps— weeps tears of blood, it may be, remem- bering past bereavements.

Yet, should you venture to let your pity become vocal, she will fly at your throat, true woman as she is, hug her chains the tighter, and call upon you loudly to witness the rapture of those huggings. You will be in the usual en- viable position of the unwary sympathiser who enters into matrimonial differences. The couple will reappear shortly enlaced lovingly in intertwining arms, and politely ignore your existence. Such is grati- tude; but I, who love those gentle Ger- man ladies, will not heed their cold look, if my words may haply, against their will, do them service. 'Entre l'arbre et l'écorce ne mettez pas le doigt!'

German physicians will tell you, with jeremiads prolonged and sonorous, that the women of their country—the women of the upper classes that is—are totally un- fitted for the fatigues and duties of ma- ternity. By inheritance, by education, by prejudice, by continued intermar- riages, by defective diet, poor nourish- ment, horror of exercise, hatred of fresh air and cold water, the German lady has persistently enervated herself from gene- ration to generation. 'Look at our pret- tiest girls,' cried an eminent physician to me; 'they are like those flowers that bloom their brief hour and fade, and fall, to make room for fresh blossoms, who, in turn, will bloom, fade, and fall also. They are all *bleichsüchtig*; they cannot fulfil the functions that nature intended every mother should fulfil — not one here or there, but all; they have no constitution, no stamina, no nerve, no physique, no *race*.' The type is indistinct and blurred, marred by certain constitutional defects that you point out to them in vain; there is a want of lime deposit in the bone system, hence the terrible teeth that mark a German woman's nationality nine time out of ten. How can they have '*pluck* and nerve, and sound firm flesh, stron muscle and healthy bone, if they ha no fresh air, no regular exercise, proper nourishment, and, above all, desire to change, alter, or amend t order of their unhealthy lives? For wi *them* the question of reform in matte hygienic principally lies; but they tur deaf ear to warning, think they are m comfortable *as* they are, and don't d guise the impatience they feel at our p fessional pratings.

'But perhaps it doesn't matter so v much, apart from individual comfo t; for look at your men, what a stal rt race they are.'

'That is true; the man's educati on helps him over the stumbling-block of inherited maladies; he nourishes hi n- self well, lives in the open air, and s- similates his food. For the rest, a ma 's neck and shoulders are not bared; a d if he loses his teeth, provident natu re hides the gaps by an opportune mou s- tache. 'No!' cried the hopeless Reform r, 'if ever Reform be feasible, it will be fea i- ble only through German women the n- selves, and no German woman will ev r see it, and to no other woman would th y for a moment consent to listen!'

I shall be asked, are German wome ? never pretty, then?

German girls are often charming pretty, with dazzling complexions, abu dant beautiful hair, and clear, love eyes; but the splendid matron, the soun

healthy, well-developed woman, who has lost no grain of beauty and gained a certain magnificent maturity, such as we see daily, with daughters who might well be her younger sisters, of such women the Fatherland has few specimens to show.

The 'pale unripened beauties of the North' do not ripen; they fade. 'The style is the man,' says Buffon; and what style is to literature, taste to dress, and refinement to manners, distinction is to beauty. There must be a certain line, certain proportion, a healthy development, a harmony, grace and strength, before we can acknowledge that a greater than the mere passing prettiness of youth, freshness, and good looks is there.

Polish, Hungarian, and Austrian women, whom we in a general inconclusive way are apt to class as Germans, are 'beautiful exceedingly;' but here we come upon another race, or rather such a fusion of other races as may help to contribute to the charming result. Polish ladies have a special vivid, delicate, spirited, haunting loveliness, with grace, distinction, and elegance in their limbs and features that is all their own; you cannot call them fragile, but they are of so fine a fibre, and so delicate a coloring, that they only just escape that apprehension. Of Polish and Hungarian *pur sang* there is little to be found; women of the latter race are of a more robust and substantial build, with dark hair and complexion, fine flashing eyes, and pronounced type; and who that remembers the women of Linz and Vienna will refuse them a first prize? They possess a special beauty of their own, a beauty which is rare in even the loveliest Englishwoman; rare indeed and exceptional everywhere else; a beauty that the artist eye appreciates with a feeling of delight. They have the most delicately articulated joints of any women in the world. The juncture of the hand and wrist, of foot and ankle, of the *nuque* with the back and shoulders, is what our neighbors would call 'adorable.' But, alas that it should be so! the full gracious figures—types at once of strength and elegance, the supple, slender waists, the dainty little wrists and hands, become all too soon hopelessly fat, from the persistent idleness and luxury of the nerveless unoccupied lives of these graceful ladies.

But marriage, interesting as it may be from a personal point of view, means more than this. It means, from the politico-economical standpoint, population, and Malthus notwithstanding, within certain limits, national prosperity. We have seen the lets and hindrances, the just causes and impediments, that make marriage in Germany a matter of difficulty; these are so manifold and multiform that it has become a jesting habit of speech to say, before the knot can be tied, a man must produce not only his baptism and confirmation *Scheine*, but vaccination, chicken-pox, nettle-rash, and every other sort of certificate, to prove that he has passed through those unavoidable forms of infantile suffering to which even sturdy German flesh is heir. In fact, the restrictions laid upon the holy estate are as numerous as though it were a state of vice, rather than a state of virtue.

The latest statistics tell us, that marriage, which is reckoned at thirty-nine per cent. in England, and at thirty per cent. in Ireland, only reaches nineteen per cent. in Germany, and some uneasiness is felt in the Fatherland at the manifest signs of a decreasing population.

The subject is one to claim the gravest consideration of her busy legislators. The hatred of compulsory conscription, a hatred which the late wars have now and again fanned almost into frenzy, produces a serious efflux of population. Hans Michel turns restive, escapes to convenient neutral ground, evades conscription, and in America or Australia is free to marry, to become a house-father and prosperous citizen. The returns of the last census show that, in Prussia proper, the decrease of population is little short of alarming.

Between 1861–64 there was an increase of 8,409; but between 1864–67 there was a decrease of 12,922, and between 1867–71 of 56,440. Allowing for the loss of life in the last two wars, and for the Prussian soldiers quartered in France at the time of the census, the loss of population in ten years amounts to 52,000. And as these figures are derived from authentic German sources, it is only fair to presume that they are, approximately, correct.

Having witnessed the obstructive regulations restricting persons from entering upon the married state, a certain

blank wonder falls on the mind of the outsider, when he recognises, on the other hand, the fact that the knot, so difficult to tie, can be loosed with extraordinary ease. The bonds that required fifteen thousand thalers before they could be recognised as authentic, the chains that called for such assiduity in forging, are slipped with the calmest and most careless ease, should any motive sufficiently strong arise to suggest the desirability of such slippings. There need be nothing very scandalous or exceptional in the case. Alexander unsheaths his sword; 'Our tempers are incompatible,' he says; a swirl, a swing, and a slash, and the Gordian knot is severed. Adelheid discovers an elective affinity with the sympathetic soul of her husband's *Jugendfreund*, whose manners and moustache are more congenial to her fastidious sensibilities than those of her lawful spouse. 'Bring the fateful scissors,' she sighs faintly, to the three old immemorial ladies in waiting; snip, snap, the uncongenial bonds are severed in a second! The matter creates gossip or rather confirms it, but can scarcely be said to provoke scandal; it is less than a nine days' wonder, indeed, it is no wonder at all, and a lenient society prudently abstains from judgment. It is said that divorce is now-a-days looked at askance from high places: the official tone of the Prussian Court being ostentatiously correct on matters domestic (witness the now historic 'Dear Augusta' telegrams); but the elasticity of German views on such points is not likely to be materially affected by a stern masquerade in the interests of morality, and socially the parties concerned suffer no injury whatever.

We have glanced in a former chapter at the extraordinary licence that illustrates German society of an earlier epoch. The histories and biographies of that and subsequent times are filled with unedifying examples; we see a king of Prussia with four 'legal' spouses, a preposterous formula of approbation and consent being wrung from each retiring lady in turn. Royal and Serene persons present a no more dignified aspect in matters matrimonial than the courtiers, statesmen, and whole cluster of irritable geniuses by whom they are surrounded. The husband faithful to one wife, and the wife faithful to one husband, are the exceptions, not the rule; no scruple was felt by an 'incompatible' pair in speaking freely of the desirability of a dissolution of partnership. Why they should have gone through successive marriage ceremonies is the chief mystery; but the honorable thing was to confide your *penchant* to the wife or husband of your bosom, receive his or her confidence in return, exchange benisons, and go on the flowery way of freedom rejoicing. The mark of such morals is stamped plainly on the very front of German society. The matter is generally felt to be one that concerns only the chief actors in it. You do not meddle when a man buys a house, lets a farm, changes his banker, or dissolves partnership; a sociable acceptance of accomplished facts, an abstention from any unnecessarily severe criticism, a stretching out of the elastic mantle of charity, which covereth a multitude of sins, is supposed to be the appropriate tone. Any other would savor of superfluous and malignant hypocrisy. You are not to judge, lest your turn come to be judged also; be cautious how you throw the invidious stone; besides, why disturb the merriment in hall, and dash the general beard-waggings by your stilted niceties of objection? Toleration is our first duty to our neighbor, and to *afficher* such super-squeamishness is simply to sin against good-fellowship. The mantle of Cato has fallen in vain on your censorious shoulders, and 'private judgment' cannot be allowed to meddle with private matters.

To persons who have lived long in Germany, the examples of spouses who have dissolved their union, and after years of estrangement have been remarried, cannot be altogether unfamilar. The writer remembers a case of two brothers marrying two sisters (they were from the German provinces of Russia), changing partners, and on death removing one of the husbands and one of the wives, the original pair (now widowed) were for the second time united in the holy bonds of matrimony. It is quite true that the case was exceptional, but it was told with infinite cackling delight and amusement by an admiring circle of indulgent friends.

In the family of the writer a great-uncle seemed to have reached the acme of

skilled practice in this matter of the dissolution of matrimony. He sat down every evening of his life to play a rubber of whist with his three divorced wives; they 'cut for partners, shuffled, and talked of tricks and honors' with all the gay philosophy of folks for whom words had no meaning, and facts no moral. No one bore animosity to anybody else; the three ladies had all tried their hand at it, but they had held bad cards; the luck was against them, and they each successively threw up the game and awoke to the conviction that their terrible old general (he was a Waterloo man) was much more practicable as a partner at the card-table than as a companion for life. It was merely a matter of mutual accommodation; there was no ill-will and no resentment; the arrangement was conducted in the most business-like and least emotional manner imaginable, and the result proved to be eminently satisfactory to all parties.

The subject of marriage cannot be dismissed without a brief glance at that supreme sham called the 'morganatic' marriage—a miserable shuffling compromise, supposed to have been invented for the preservation of youthful royalties from matrimonial indiscretions. Nine times out of ten a morganatic marriage means the left-handed infatuation of a grand-duke for a ballet-dancer, but not always; and the English mind is apt to feel intense disgust when an English duke's daughter marries a small Serenity, and is not allowed to go to court in her husband's name. Nor can we admire the position, when a remote prince of the blood, marrying a lady of most ancient lineage, brings the 'bar sinister' into the coat of arms of his children. No matter that the mother was noble; she ought to have been royal; fidelity, purity, and truth avail nothing, her children cannot inherit their father's styles and titles; other titles and styles must be invented for them. According to the gospel of heralds' offices, and the jargon of ceremonials, they are not officially recognisable. Neither is it a very pleasant spectacle when a poor young princelet, insignificant among insignificancies, marrying modestly, with his only available hand, the maiden of his choice, is snatched from the hearth that was bright, and the home that was vocal with shrill piping trebles, to give the legal dexter palm to the princess fate imposes on his obscure royalty. The sinister union is at an end; it is in vain that the illegal left hand is bedewed with loving faithful tears, and clasped with close clinging kisses; he waves it in the wild despair of final farewell, and the curtain falls on the poor little domestic drama, to rise on one where only right hands count, and hearts are not included in the bargain.

END OF 'GERMAN HOME LIFE.'

PAPAL CONCLAVES.

No elections, we imagine, have ever called into service so much subtlety, craft, and diplomacy as those which have made the Popes. As, however, it is now twenty-nine years since the occurrence of the last election, it may reasonably be suspected that the members of the Sacred College are not so well practised in the electioneering arts of the Conclave as those of past times, when two elections would take place in a year, and even four have been recorded as having taken place in eighteen months. Nevertheless distinguished Conclavists, as the electioneering agents of the Conclave are called, have drawn up treatises on the art of Pope-making—founded on and illustrated by their own experience—in which the theory of the tactics for managing Conclaves and electing Popes is minutely set forth, and which, we may be sure, are not wanting in the library of many a Roman cardinal. Originally, as is well known, the clergy and people united in the election of the Pope, until Nicholas II., in 1059, restricted the quality of elector to the body of cardinals, and Alexander III., in 1179, declared that a majority of two-thirds of their number should be necessary for the election of a Pope. The cardinals are of three orders—bishops, priests, and deacons. There are, as a rule, six bishops, fifty priests, and fourteen deacons. The whole number of the College of Cardinals ought not, according to a

Bull of Sixtus V., to exceed seventy, though the Bull has not been rightly observed; and indeed Paul IV. meditated increasing their number to a hundred. The custom of locking up the cardinals *cum clave*, from which the Conclave gets its name, dates from the long-contested election of Gregory X., and became law by a Bull of that Pope after his election to the Papacy in 1270.

The Conclave of Gregory X. lasted two years, during which time the Church of Rome was without an infallible head. Clement IV., the predecessor of Gregory, died at Viterbo, and the cardinals, not being able to agree upon the choice of a successor, were preparing to leave the town, when St. Buonaventura, the disciple of St. Francis of Assisi, persuaded the inhabitants to shut their gates, and not to let the cardinals go till a Pope was made. The people took the Saint's advice, and not only shut the gates of the town, but set a guard over the cardinals at the doors of the palace in which they met, and informed them that they could not even leave the palace until they had elected their Pope. However, even then the cardinals could come to no agreement; they went on from month to month and month to month still voting without producing the requisite majority, till one day the Cardinal del Porto exclaimed that the Holy Ghost could never come down and inspire their choice as long as they had a roof over their heads. The people of Viterbo took this profane joke seriously and unroofed the palace. This measure, again, was still ineffectual, and the cardinals, it seemed, would never have arrived at any determination had the device not been hit upon of diminishing the supplies of their tables. This measure succeeded. Hunger effected more than rain and wind had done, and Gregory X. was elected. Gregory X., on his election, issued the Bull that all future Popes should be elected in conclave—that is, by any assembly of cardinals locked up together and subject to specified restrictions as to diet and attendance until the election was over. Everybody shut up in the Conclave is a Conclavist, but all Conclavists are not voters. In fact, the word Conclavist is more especially applied to the attendants on the cardinals, who are of two kinds—those particularly attached to them, two attendants to each cardinal, and those who are the general functionaries of the Conclave, such as the physician, the notary, the prothonotary, the theologian, the confessor, the chaplain, and the secretary of the Conclave. The Conclavists attached to each cardinal are his private secretaries or agents, and as through them most of the intrigues and negotiations of the Conclave are carried on, a good, astute, wily, and cautious Conclavist is of invaluable assistance to his cardinal. It will thus be seen that if the body of the cardinals in conclave be sixty in number, the whole body of Conclavists who must remain shut up together till election will be close upon two hundred; and the inconvenience of such a life, especially at certain times of the year, must be very considerable. The Conclave is now ordinarily held in a wing of the Palace of the Vatican, which is arranged for this purpose in separate cells. Each cardinal has an apartment composed of two cells, one for himself and one for his Conclavists. Each cell is numbered, and the numbers of the cells are drawn for by lot by all the cardinals before entering into conclave. After this they furnish them as they please, and the furniture of the cell of the Pope elect belongs by custom to the first who can lay hands on it after his election, and therefore generally falls, of course, to his own Conclavists. The windows which may happen to be in each cell are walled up, and when the gate of the Conclave is closed, the Dean of the Conclave keeps its keys inside; and the Marshal of the Conclave, whose office is hereditary in the princely house of Savelli, keeps the keys without. At the gate of the Conclave, however, there is a wicket (*rota*) which is carefully watched by five Papal masters of the ceremonies, by the foreign ambassadors, and sometimes by delegates of the city of Rome. All the meals of the cardinals are passed throught this wicket, and communications from or to the cardinals pass likewise through this wicket, and are subjected to the scrutiny of its guardians, who stop all unlicensed communications. When the bell of the Capitol announces the death of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Cardinal Camerlingo goes to inspect the body of the Pope, and to take the fisherman's ring

from his finger, while the Dean of the Sacred College sends out the summonses for the Conclave. The Conclave does not begin till the obsequies of the late Pope are over—ten days after his decease—previously to which time, however, the cardinals meet in congregation and swear to observe the Pontifical institutions. On the tenth day after the decease of the Pope the cardinals hear High Mass at St. Peter's, and then go in procession to enter into conclave, singing the *Veni Creator*. They pass on their way through two lines of Roman people, who give them advice, or jokes, or threats, or prayers, according to the humor of the day. On the first day the cardinals have liberty to return home to dine, if they will; but at one o'clock the bell of the Conclave is rung, by orders of the Dean, for all visitors to depart; at two o'clock the second signal is given, and at three the great door is shut, not to be opened again till the Conclave is over, except that a cardinal who has not entered the Conclave may do so at any time. There is a way from the Conclave to the Capella Paolina, and in that chapel, on the morrow of the tenth day, the whole body of the Conclavists, or attendants of the cardinals, are passed in review previous to the Conclave. The cardinals must each dine alone in his own cell till the Pope is elected. There are three methods of election—election by compromise, by adoration, and by ballot. In the election by compromise the cardinals, if unable to agree, nominate one or more members of their body to designate the new Pope. Election by adoration or acclamation takes place when a number of the cardinals, amounting to two-thirds at least, acclaim the Pope without preliminary ballot. The ballot, however, is the method now regularly adopted, and the method of taking it has been fixed by Gregory XV. and Urban VIII. Two-thirds of the votes of the cardinals present are, as we have said, necessary for election, and the vote is secret. The act of voting is performed in the Capella Paolina, and the votes are taken twice a day. Each cardinal writes on a little table in the corner of the chapel the name of the Pope he would elect in a feigned hand in the centre of the voting-ticket. The voting-tickets are of an oblong form, prepared according to the directions of the Bull of Gregory XV. In the centre of it are the printed words "Eligo in summum Pontificium R^m^ D. nomine D. Cardin.," after which the voter inscribes the name of the Pope he would elect. The ticket is so made that the ends above and below these words can be folded down and sealed, leaving the centre inscription visible. In the upper fold the writer signs his name, and then seals down the fold with a small seal which each voter has expressly made for this purpose, and which he prevents others from seeing. Within the lower fold he writes a motto in Latin from the Bible and a number, and this he seals up likewise. The cardinal then folds the ticket in two without again sealing it and approaches the altar, on which is placed a chalice covered with a paten. At the foot of the altar the voter lifts up his hand and exhibits the ticket between his thumb and finger. He then kneels and prays for a moment, after which he takes oath that he is about to elect him whom, according to God, he thinks ought to be elected: he then puts the ticket on the paten and slips it from thence into the chalice, which he covers up. Then he makes anew a reverence before the altar and returns to his place. If the cardinal is infirm and cannot walk, one of the scrutators goes to his place to receive the ticket on the paten, after the cardinal has taken the prescribed oath. If he is sick in his cell three cardinals appointed for that purpose go to his cell with a closed box—like a money box—to receive his vote and bring it to the chapel. When all the cardinals have voted, the three scrutators, who are chosen by lot each day among the cardinals, carry the chalice covered with the paten to the middle of the chapel. They turn the voting-tickets out on the paten and count them and commence the scrutiny. The first scrutator takes a ticket and opens it, and reads in a low voice the name of the cardinal written thereon, and passes the ticket on to the second scrutator, who reads it in the same way and passes it on to the third. The third scrutator proclaims in a loud voice the name inscribed on each ticket as handed to him, and as he does this the cardinals, who are all seated in their places, with a printed list of all the members of the Sacred College

before them on paper ruled with red lines, score one by one the votes obtained by each cardinal, and the third scrutator files the tickets as he receives them on a string. If any cardinal has received two-thirds of the votes of those present in conclave, he is Pope. *Papa factus est.* If no one unites this number they pass immediately to the ballot of the *per accessum*, to the second turn of the ballot. In the ballot *per accessum* each cardinal has the faculty of voting anew for a different candidate from the one for whom he voted the first time, and for this purpose, by the aid of the number and his motto from the Bible, the scrutator examines his first ticket in order to see that he does not vote twice for the same cardinal. If in this second round of the ballot any cardinal gets a number of votes which are sufficient when added to the number he obtained in the first round to make up two-thirds, he is a Pope; and generally the Popes are elected in the second round. After each ineffectual scrutiny the voting-papers are burnt, and the populace of Rome have sometimes divined that the election of the Pope has been completed by the non-appearance of the smoke from the chimney of the Conclave, which they watch every day at the appointed hour of voting in the morning. But at last the Sacred College has decided. The Pope has been chosen. *Papam habemus; Papa factus est.* There he sits still among the cardinals, pale with emotion; those who are near him retire to a distance; all fall upon their knees, they arise and encircle him. The Dean and the senior cardinal priest approach him and ask if he accepts the dignity, and what name he will take. The Pope elect consents and gives out the name under which he will be known as Pope. He is led behind the altar, where Pontifical robes of white are in readiness, and the slippers embroidered with the cross of gold. He is placed in the chair of St. Peter. The Cardinal and Dean kneel and kiss his foot and his right hand; the Pope lifts them up and kisses them on both cheeks (*osculum pacis*). The other cardinals follow and chant "Ecce sacerdos magnus." This is the ceremony of the first adoration. After this the Dean, preceded by the sacristans and the cross, proceeds to the loggia of St. Peter and announces to the assembled people the name of their new Pope. "Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum, habemus Pontificem eminentissimum et reverendissimum Dominum—N.N. qui sibi nomen imposuit—M.M.," after which the cannons of the Castle of St. Angelo salute their new master, and the bells of Rome ring throughout the city, while the house of the new Pope is thrown open to feast all comers. The Pope is then anew placed on the altar, and the cardinals proceed to a second adoration, after which he is carried from the Capella Paolina to St. Peter's, and adored by the cardinals there a third time, and with the mitre on his head he gives benediction to the people. He then descends from the altar and is carried in a chair to the Vatican. In the evening the streets of the Papal capital are illuminated, and a display of fireworks inaugurates the new reign.

II.

As has been said, in no electioneering contests since the beginning of time has such subtlety and strategy and tactics been displayed as in the Conclaves.

The Court of Rome has always been considered an unrivalled school for fine diplomacy, and the wily old cardinal, with the bland exterior of the dove, has interiorly all the stealthy, gliding wisdom of the serpent. Nor have the contests for the Papacy and the Conclaves been always carried on in quiet fashion. Often in the middle of the night have the shouts and clamor of rival factions been heard by the guards without, as was especially the case in the election of Pius V. For crises grow up from time to time in the Conclave; each party is afraid that their adversaries will make the Pope without them, and they pass the night in watchfulness, suspicious of every movement on the part of their opponents. Treatises have, as has been said, been written by ancient Conclavists, such as Azzolino, Lottino, Gaultiero, on the art of managing Conclaves, and are excellent subjects for diplomatic study. The cardinals may be divided into four classes —(1) those recognised as *papabili* at present or for the future—that is, cardinals with a present or future chance of the Papacy; (2) the cardinals who are recognised as the heads of factions—the

cardinal nephews of the last Pope, and the cardinals of his creation, his creatures as they are called; (3) cardinal princes, or cardinals nearly allied to royal houses; (4) cardinals who are simple electors. The factions in the Conclave are made up of the factions of France, Spain, Italy, and Austria, the faction of the nephews and creatures of the deceased Pope, and the faction of neutral cardinals, who are independent. The factions of Spain, France, and Austria are necessarily not now so strongly marked as in former times, when these countries contended for the empire of Europe; nevertheless, in the case of a new election at the present time the Italian faction will undoubtedly play a great part. As for the faction of the nephews and creatures of the deceased Popes, this, too, is not of such importance as was once the case, since nepotism is no longer practised in the shameful fashion of former times; when it did exist its main object naturally was to get such a Pope elected as would not inquire too nicely into the affairs of the last Papacy, but allow all sinecures and favors and dignities to remain with those on whom they had been bestowed. This faction rarely made any effort to get a Pope elected from their own members, since the Sacred College made it almost an invariable rule to break with the system and connections of the late Pope, so that the papal bounties might be diverted into fresh channels. The aim of each cardinal naturally was, first, to get himself elected Pope if possible, and next, if that were not possible, to get such a Pope elected as would confer upon him the greatest amount of advantage with the least prospect of disfavor. What promises would a Borgia not be willing to make to the one lacking vote necessary for the assumption of the tiara?

When Spain and Austria had large possessions in Italy, the object of each Power was not only to have a Pope who should serve their own policy, but also to have one of feeble character, who would give them no trouble in the Peninsula in respect of their own dependencies there. France desired a Pope naturally of opposite leaning, yet without too much of that zeal of which M. de Talleyrand had a horror, so that she might escape as far as possible from Ultramontane influence. The chiefs of factions play a great *rôle* in the Conclave, their object being continually to keep their party together and to break up that of their adversary, so as to ensure the due number of votes to a candidate of their own nomination. Their usual plan is to keep artfully back the candidate whom they would fain impose upon the Conclave till the most opportune moment; therefore their first precautionary measure was to assure themselves of the exclusion of the candidate whom they would wish to keep out of the Papacy. For this reason the chief of a faction will often at first put up mere men of straw, who will not, he is sure, be elected, in order to get them to form what are called the "parties of exclusion," which are leagues against particular candidates. As it can reasonably be supposed, the parties into which the Conclave finds itself divided at starting have been prepared outside the Conclave. In former times the monarchs and princes of Europe tried every diplomatic manœuvre and art of seduction, with a liberal addition of gifts and promises, to win over a party of the cardinals to their side, so as to form a compact body on whom they could rely.

When the Conclave, nevertheless, has once met, however strictly the parties may at first hold together, yet the intensity of present hopes and fears has soon a dissolving effect, and a small incident in the Conclave will often assume a prodigious importance, and operate marvellously on the voting, while motives which were all-powerful without lose their force within the walls of the Conclave. In the seclusion and rigor of the Conclave life small grievances, the want of address of one cardinal or the neglect of another, a mere oversight or a trifling mistake, assume gigantic proportions; past favors and promises are forgotten in the absorption of the moment, and the candidate who was rejected yesterday may be accepted to-day by acclamation; for defection is often contagious in the Conclave, and a crowd of cardinals sufficient to form the necessary majority may be carried away by a sudden impulse. It has even happened that a body of cardinals would be carried away by such an impulse in the middle of the night and bring their Pope down to the chapel, and

that their brother cardinals, on hearing of the fact, would rush from their beds in their night-dresses in order not to be behindhand in adoring the new Pope.

In all these internal measures of the Conclave the Conclavists or attendants of each cardinal are of great use; they are ever on the watch, noting narrowly the movements, the interviews, the change of features, and the expressions of the opponents of their own cardinal, and not omitting to keep an eye on those of his own party. It is the business of the Conclavist to take note of every whisper and feel every breath of air in the Conclave, and report his observations to his master. But whatever is done, whether it be done by Conclavist, papable or other cardinal, should be done with perfect courtesy, both as regards friend and foe; nothing is more dangerous than to let your adversary think you despise him, for his increased enmity will double his activity, and you may, moreover, still have need to approach him in the way of compromise. If the conduct of the chief of a faction requires subtle circumspection, still more is this the case with the papable cardinal; his first care is not to expose himself at all, and therefore he puts himself forward as little as possible; he affects a modest and indifferent air. Patience is an indispensable virtue in such a candidate, which no discovery of treacherous dealing on the part of friends, nor any cause of irritation coming from his enemies, should disturb for an instant; he must learn to watch and to wait, and to endure without discouragement, and wear the same smile of content under the gaze of envious and prying eyes at every passing discomfiture. But from the chiefs of factions, if they would carry their own man to the Papacy, hardly less dexterity of conduct is expected. Above all and the chief of chiefs is the nephew of the last Pope; he has a difficult game to play. Accustomed to adulation, and often to a share of sovereign power, he must learn at once to dispense with all the homage and obsequiousness to which he has been habituated, and the first Conclave in which he sits will determine his future. He can trust to no one; he must himself sound the depth of the conscience of each cardinal. Of all those created during the late Pontificate he probably knows more than anybody else the reasons which decided their nomination to the cardinalate, their social and financial position and their intellectual worth, their family and social relations, their public and private characters, what prospects are to be looked for from their gratitude and the depth of their religious feeling. As for conversation, the chief of a faction will enter into that merely for the sake of discovering the secrets of others and disguising his own; silence is for him often more significant than words, and clumsy dissimulation is easily to be seen through. The first care of the chief of a faction, then, is to study his own party, after which he proceeds to study that of his adversaries. This man is to be avoided as dangerous; another may be won by fair words; another may be induced by promises to desert; another, perhaps fearful and undecided, may be marked out as likely to yield at the last moment. If he is briefly informed that the election of the Pope is about to take place, and is certain without him, he will be troubled all of a sudden, and will most probably vote with precipitation in the desired fashion. But as a rule, as we have said, the cardinal chief of a faction keeps back the name of the cardinal whom he especially desires to elect until the last moment. He begins by proposing one cardinal after another who have small chance of success, and then when the Conclave is tired out, when the chance of the required number of votes seems desperate, he puts forth his man and manages to set forth the superior qualities which he possesses over previous candidates; he distributes with sagacity and tact among his partisans the parts to be played in each, and puts forth all the resources at his command with energy and promptitude. All the previous candidates in such case will but have been mere experiments—straws tossed up to see which way the wind blows. However, to play this game without danger and with success it must be seen at once that the most artful diplomacy is necessary; the trick is a well-known one, and will be suspected without the exercise of supreme discretion, and in case of premature suspicion of his real game the vanity of the cardinals thus used as experiments will be wounded, and the activity

and mistrust of the opposite parties dangerously increased. Every evening each cardinal chief makes a sort of review of his partisans, and endeavors to appreciate from their reports, looks, and movements what is the present state of the atmosphere of the Conclave. Nothing, however small, but becomes a sign and index of the state of the Conclave mind in the judgment of a competent cardinal chief. Like the veteran leader of a herd of deer on the mountain-side, he scents the approach of danger in the slightest breeze, and an innocent, quite secondary question becomes for his purpose like one of the delicately prepared test-papers of the chemist; he makes use of it to sound the condition of the opinions about him. One of the most crafty devices invented in the management of the Conclave has been to force your man as a conjuror does a card on the choice of the opposite party, and get him to be proposed by them, as though he were the object of their own free choice. This has succeeded several times. The most effectual way of managing this is to contrive that the cardinal you wish to be named shall seem to be presented to the opposite party out of courtesy and not out of necessity. The Cardinal Farnese, who, though never Pope himself, made the Popes in five different Conclaves, and was a master in the art of managing Conclaves, contrived to force his favorite on the opposite chief in the Conclave which named Gregory XIII. precisely in the way we have suggested of a conjuror forcing his card. After various unsuccessful tentatives he proposed to the Cardinal Alessandrino that he should select the Pope out of three whom Farnese should name. Alessandrino, who was beginning to tire of Conclave confinement and solitary feeding, accepted the proposal, and Farnese named Buoncompagni and two others. As the two other cardinals named with Buoncompagni had much less chance of succeeding than Buoncompagni, Alessandrino chose him, and Buoncompagni became Pope under the title of Clement XIII. And Alessandrino seemed to have the merit of electing Farnese's own candidate. In such nice play as this it is clear that universal, unfailing politeness s your best ally. Even to your most inverate enemies be civil and polite to the last degree; you can thus always approach them and make one of them at any time. Above all, do not let even the least influential member of the Conclave see that you set small value on him; all violence, all signs of discontent at temporary defeat, all rudeness of attack, and all obstinacy must be carefully disregarded. Azzolini among other Conclaves cites two which he considers models of dexterous management; one was that of Gregory XIV. Azzolini draws from it the moral that if your adversaries keep on persisting in voting in a body for a man of bad antecedents, the way to frighten them off from their choice is to put forward a candidate of a worse character. They will hesitate at once in their votes, and fear will have more effect upon them than probity of purpose, and they will end by putting forward a better man. In the Conclave which named Gregory XIII. the Spanish cardinals kept on backing Cardinal Paleotto — a very dark horse indeed—till Cardinal Montalto backed the Cardinal of Verona, a still darker one, against them, and then the Spaniards abandoned their game on Paleotto. The other Conclave was that of Marcello II., but Marcello had the advantage of a little knot of firm friends. These collected together in secret with the list of all the cardinals in their hands; they discussed each cardinal one by one, considered his career, his present position, and how and by whom he could be won over. When every cardinal had been thoroughly discussed, and the ways of bringing him over, each member of this secret inner Conclave chose his own man to attack, and among them all they conducted affairs with such skill and secrecy that Marcello was elected. Azzolini considers this conclave a masterpiece.

III.

A thing of wiles and stratagems, we see, and of incalculable subtlety, is the Conclave; this, however, will be made still clearer by example. Let us take the case of the election of Eugene IV. which was an instance of how over-finessing may spoil the game of the whole body of cardinals at once.

Martin V., of whom the boys at Florence sung under his windows—

Papa Martino
Non vale un quattrino,

had died on February 20, 1430. All Italy was at war. The States of the Church were overrun with invading armies, and everywhere in Europe things were in a critical way. A Pope of energy, it was agreed on by the Sacred College, was required by events. A Roman party intrigued in favor of the Cardinal Colonna; a Venetian party intrigued in favor of the Cardinal del Porto; a Florentine party wanted the Cardinal Orsini; and the Spanish party wanted the Cardinal San Paolo. There was but one cardinal about whom all were agreed as utterly unfit for the Papacy, and this was the Cardinal Condolinieri. The Conclave met on this occasion in the convent of Santa Maria della Minerva; and the factions of Orsini and Colonna, of Florence and of Rome, since they could not agree upon the Pope to be elected, desired to gain time, in order to come to an arrangement. The Bulls, however, required that two ballots should be taken each day; and the cardinals, therefore, of each faction looked about for a man to whom they could give their votes for a few times without danger. Each faction, without the knowledge of the other, by a sort of unanimous spirit of contempt fixed upon the Cardinal Condolinieri, and Condolinieri was unanimously elected in the very first round of the ballot. Here were the artificers all caught in their own snare with a vengeance. Condolinieri became Pope Eugene IV. The election of Nicholas V. took place on the death of Eugene IV., on February 23, 1447. The Conclave was on that occasion prepared in the sleeping-chambers of the Dominican convent of Minerva. The cells of the cardinals were made, not of wood, but of cloth, and they were lit up with tapers. The cardinals were on this occasion only eighteen in number; twelve votes were therefore necessary for election. The Romans again desired for Pope the Cardinal Prosper Colonna. In the first turn of the ballot Prosper Colonna had ten votes, and his election seemed almost sure. On the second day of the Conclave the Cardinal still possessed his ten votes in the ballot of that day, but two more votes were wanted; if he could obtain them in a second turn of the ballot he was Pope. The French faction then got up and addressed the cardinals, exposing the critical state of Rome and the necessity of a speedy decision. "Since the Cardinal Colonna has ten votes, let us make him Pope. If but one cardinal rises to vote another will follow." After some hesitation Thomas de Sarzana, Cardinal of Bologna, who had already three votes given to him, got up to vote for Colonna. The Cardinal of Otranto stopped him, saying, "Wait; don't be in a hurry. We are doing a great thing; we see so little when we see quickly." The Cardinal of Aquileia cried out, in a rage, "What thou sayest is to prevent Colonna from winning." The Cardinal of Bologna said, "You are right, Cardinal of Otranto. I will vote for whom you please." "I will vote for you, then, Cardinal of Bologna," cried Otranto. "I will follow you," said the Cardinal of Aquileia. "And I, too," cried another, till eleven votes were counted, when the Cardinal of San Sisto arose and said, "And I, Thomas of Sarzana, make thee Pope on this day, which is the vigil of St. Thomas." The windows of the Conclave were then opened, and the Cardinal Colonna announced the new Pope to the multitude under the name of Nicholas V.

After the death of Nicholas V., in 1455, Calistus III. was Pope for two years, and died; and another Conclave was formed, which resulted in the election of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who took the title of Pius II. This Conclave met in the Apostolical Palace, near St. Peter's, where there were two blocks of buildings with chapels. In the one cells were made for the cardinals; in the other were constructed chambers for deliberation and for the ballot.

The cardinals in conclave amounted again to eighteen; the necessary majority was therefore twelve. The Cardinal de Rohan, the candidate of the French faction, on the second day obtained eleven votes. Efforts were made in the course of the following night to induce Piccolomini to vote for the Cardinal de Rohan; but he refused, and called together the Italian cardinals, and exhorted them to frustrate the machinations of the French party, upon which seven of the Italian cardinals at once offered him their votes. On the morrow it so happened that the Cardinal de

Rohan was himself a scrutator of the ballot, and as Piccolomini was descending from the altar after voting, the Cardinal de Rohan said to him, "Have you given me your vote?" "What matters it what such a worm as I do?" replied Piccolomini; and it was found on examination of the tickets that Piccolomini had nine votes and Rohan only six. Then came the time for the *per accessum*. The cardinals took their places in silence, watching each other with anxiety. Rohan crumpled the lace fringe of his rochet; Piccolomini made cocked hats of paper, fixing on the undecided cardinals looks in which were expressed an infinity of promises. Rodrigo Borgia replied to one of these looks, and got up and said, "*Cardinalem accedo*, I give you my vote;" and then dead silence and anxiety came again upon the assembly. Piccolomini had ten votes. Two cardinals, in order to prolong matters, got up and left the hall. But the ruse was of no avail; another cardinal rose and gave his vote to Piccolomini. But one more vote was wanting. The tension of expectation was universal when the Cardinal Colonna rose. Both Rohan and Bessarion pulled him by his robe to stay him--one on each side—but without avail, for Colonna cried out from his seat, "Et ego Senensem cardinalem accedo, papam facio!" ("And I too give my vote to the Cardinal of Sienna, and make him Pope!")

It was, however, in the middle and towards the end of the sixteenth century that the art of managing Conclaves was brought to the greatest pitch of perfection and art. Spain and Austria and France were then contending for the supremacy of Europe. The Farneses and the Medicis were disputing for preponderance in Italian affairs, and the College of Cardinals were so much increased in number by the nomination of successive Popes—one of whom, Clement VIII., created fifty cardinals—that sometimes the Conclave consisted of fifty or sixty members.

Moreover, from September 1590 to January 1592, for a space of sixteen months, the Conclave was almost *en permanence;* for the Sacred College was summoned together four times during that period, four Popes dying within its limits The first Pope elected during this time, Urban VII., was made Pope on September 15, and he died on the 27th of the same month. Gregory XIV. lived only ten months after his election. Innocent IX. was Pope but one month, while Clement VIII., the last elected of the four, lived fourteen years; after which Leo XI. was elected by the Conclave, and was Pope only twenty-one days.

Most of these conclaves were battles fought out with intense ardor on both sides; not only ruse and cunning and stratagems of every kind were brought into play, but force itself was occasionally made use of to drag along a recalcitrant cardinal. The chief actor in these Conclaves was Cardinal Montalto, the nephew of Sixtus V., and Montalto generally succeeded in getting his candidates seated in the Papal chair. A minute study of these Conclaves could not be made without diverging far and wide and diving deep into the troubled stream of European politics; but even a cursory inspection of them teaches one thing—that it is for the most part beyond the power of all calculation to divine beforehand who will be the Pope of a Conclave. If you put fifty eels into a basket, he would be a bold man who would wager on any particular eel getting a firm place on the top of his fellow. Indeed, for the most part the Pope who has been the least thought of before the Conclave has come out Pope after it.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

ENGAGED.

AH! woman! Miss! Madam!
Eve's daughter by Adam—
What pixies or fairies
Can match your vagaries?
When mischief's your mission,
Men rave of perdition:
If you fall to caressing,
The fools dream of blessing—
Thus I vow'd to eschew womankind.
But as strange luck would have it,
Ere I made affidavit,
With a smile debonnair,

One dark rose in her hair,
In tript cousin Carry,
Singing, 'Whom shall I marry?'
This girl, I may mention,
'Twas ne'er my intention
To seek for a wife:
But now, odds my life!
She looked so bewitching,
And her furbelow switching
Had caught by a nail—
Bird of paradise tail,
'Twas well that I knew my own mind.
There she stood, brave as Juno,
Jove's better half, you know,
While over all dangled,
With flounces entangled,
Mauve, magenta, or vert,
Her Swiss-muslin skirt—
What the plague should I do?
Couldn't say now, could you?
If I let her alone,
I were nether-millstone.
If I sprang to assist her,
Perchance I had kissed her!
I, her guardian, though young,
That were every way wrong.
I felt puzzled to make out my duty.
So I just lit a weed,
As a friend in my need;
Then, leisurely rising,
"It's really surprising
How you could be so rash,
With your panier and sash,
And soft 'Eau de Nil'—There!
You're once more free as air—
See, in swinging your hat,
You've knocked down my bat.
And look! here's your locket
Dropt into my pocket.
Now I'm off to play cricket,
Don't *you* bowl my wicket!"
Thus I parley'd with this queen of beauty.
A true woman, they say,
Must still have her way—
In chess, that brief tourney
Which hints at Life's journey.
The moves, as we know,
Alternately go;
So I waited to learn
What she'd play in return.
It was not long in coming;
'Twixt warbling and humming,
She pluckt from her girdle
What made my blood curdle,
And curtseying, said, "Pardi,
A proposal, dear guardy!"
Was I moonstruck, or merely enraged?
A square billet impress'd
With huge arms and a crest!
Yes, that wretch Baron Stoffer
Had made her an offer:
An old man, and funny,
Half a million of money.
Little doubt but he'd win her,
Whilst I—dawdling sinner!
I dashed down his letter,
My cigar fared no better—
Then my Carry's mien alter'd,
Lip trembled, voice faltered!—
Was it love in quaint fashion,
Chok'd her accents with passion?
"But, Dick!—can't we say, I'm engaged

Temple Bar.

MAZARIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MIRABEAU,' ETC.

THERE are not two biographers that agree as to the parentage of Cardinal Mazarin: a Jew, a fisherman, a banker, a Sicilian gentleman, have in turns been accredited with his progenitorship. It is generally understood, however, that his father was an artisan of Sicily, who, coming to Rome to seek his fortune, attracted the notice of the Constable Colonna. This nobleman appointed him to be his steward, and held him in such high favor that he gave him his niece and god-daughter Ortensia Bufalini in marriage.

Giulio Mazarini—such is the correct form of his name, and the one in which he always wrote it until his naturalisation in France—was born in the year 1602, while his mother was journeying in the Abruzzi. He was educated in the Roman College, which was under the control of the Jesuits, and rendered himself so remarkable by his talents that, when he was only sixteen, Grassi, the astronomer of the college, selected him to sustain public theses, in the presence of the cardinals and the most eminent literati, upon the great comet which appeared in that year; and he acquitted himself with an eloquence and strength

of argument which won universal applause. The sons of Colonna were the companions of his studies and his intimate associates. Strikingly handsome, gifted with a marvellous power of insinuation, and a natural aptitude for intrigue, received on terms of equality in the palace of his patron, he acquired at the same time the distinguished manners and the vices of the great. While yet a youth, he was a confirmed gambler. Fortune—some say finesse—usually favored him, and filled his pockets with gold; but sometimes a reverse turn of the wheel left him without a sou: "The free-handed has Heaven for his treasurer," was a favorite saying of his.

The young Colonnas being sent to Spain to complete their education, his parents, hoping to divert him from such evil courses and evil associates, solicited that he might accompany them; which he did, ostensibly in the capacity of a *valet de chambre*, but in reality as a companion; no menial offices were ever performed by him, he had separate apartments, and studied in the same college. In all learning and accomplishments he made rapid progress, and won the heart of every person with whom he associated. Upon his return to Rome he took the degree of doctor of laws.

But in 1624 we find him a captain in the Pontifical army stationed in the Valtelline, and employed in several political negotiations, his skill and address in the conduct of which won him the favor of Pope Urban.

"He was," says his biographer, Benedetti, "a veritable Proteus, speaking Spanish with the Spaniards, French with the French, and agreeable to all by his politeness and engaging manners; he seemed gifted with ubiquity; he was everywhere, according to the need of the service, at Turin, Venice, Milan, in the Valtelline."

But always observant, always studying the situation, always, as it were, instinctively divining the proper course; under the patronage of the powerful Cardinal Barberini, he played an important part in Italian politics.

In 1629 he was attached to the legation sent by Rome to mediate between France and Spain. The conference took place at Lyons, and it was here that he came to the turning-point of his career, his introduction to Cardinal Richelieu. "I have just been speaking to the greatest statesman I have ever seen!" Such was the great minister's emphatic declaration after his first interview with Giulio Mazarin. These words were probably a sincere tribute to an intellect whose subtle power he could peculiarly appreciate; but at the same time they expressed the satisfaction of the speaker in having found a valuable instrument for future use. There seems to have been an immediate *rapprochement* between these two men, who had something in common. Mazarin saw in Richelieu a patron who beyond all others could advance his fortunes, and by skilful flattery, to which no man was ever more susceptible than the Cardinal, at once won his favor; while Richelieu discovered in the young diplomatist a clever, unscrupulous adventurer, whose services might prove of incalculable value to him.

From that time Mazarin's French sympathies were gradually manifested. The treaty between France and Savoy (1630), which detached the latter from Spain, was the first result of these proclivities; after this he cajoled the Spaniards into restoring Pignerol on conditions, not fulfilled, of corresponding value on the other side. Upon his return to Rome he was accused of having betrayed the cause of Spain; but Cardinal Barberini defended him from all attacks, and Richelieu wrote the Pontiff a letter teeming with his praises, and soliciting that he should be appointed Nuncio to the Court of France. This recommendation was not complied with until 1634, although he was named Vice-Legate of Avignon two years previously. His mission was to demand the re-instalment of the Duc de Lorraine in his possessions.* Soon after his arrival in Paris he was attacked by a severe illness; Richelieu overwhelmed him with benefits and attentions, installed him in his own *château* at Ruel, solicited for him a cardinal's hat, and sent him as his own representative to the baptism of the Dauphin. The hat was refused, and Spain, which could not be blind to this diplomatic comedy, was so

* Orleans had, without the King's consent, secretly married his sister; for which an army was sent against him, and Nancy seized.

loud in her complaints that the Pope determined upon his recall.

Although his family now held a distinguished position in Rome—he himself had been created Monsignore—his mother being dead, his father had remarried into the noble house of Ursins, and his sisters had formed alliances almost equally distinguished—he resolved to renounce the service of the Papal Court, return to France, and place himself at the disposal of Richelieu. It was doubtless a prearranged affair; at all events, he was quite certain of being received with open arms; and it so happened that the Cardinal's *alter ego*, Père Joseph, died about this time, thus leaving the field entirely clear for the new favorite. In 1639 he was naturalised a French citizen, "on account of the praiseworthy and important services he had rendered in divers negotiations." From that time he was employed in various diplomatic affairs, and in 1642 was created Cardinal, the hat being placed upon his head by the King's own hands.

In the last month of that year died the great Richelieu. On his death-bed he strongly commended his *protégé* to the King; his commendation was not neglected—a circumstance as much owing to Mazarin having already secured the royal favor as to respect for the dead servant's request,—he was at once admitted to the council; and, as a further honor, was selected to stand godfather to the Dauphin, whose christening took place about this period.

The sinking state of Louis' health, and the extreme youth of his successor, turned all men's thoughts towards the inevitable regency, which lay between the Queen and the Duc d'Orléans: the respective claims of the two candidates divided the court into opposing parties. Although the servant of Richelieu, Mazarin had never taken part either against Anne of Austria or any of her favorites, and too wise to lean upon the arch-traitor Gaston, he now turned towards her, and used every means to win her confidence. This he compassed through her most trusted councillor, the Bishop of Beauvais, an imbecile old man, whom it cost him little pains to overreach. About the expiring monarch gathered the two cabals, with fluctuating hopes. Louis had never truly pardoned the Queen her supposed share in Chalais' conspiracy—never fully exonerated her from the dishonoring suspicions of the Buckingham affair; yet, whatever might have been his prejudices, he could scarcely have decided in favor of his infamous brother; and besides which, since the birth of her two sons, Anne had become highly popular. So at length, after long hesitation, he finally determined to appoint her regent after his death; but the opposite faction obtained for Orléans the presidency of the council, with the Prince de Condé for deputy; upon which Mazarin prevailed upon the King to appoint him second deputy. These restrictions upon her absolute authority were viewed by the Parlement, which was wholly devoted to her, with great disfavor, and from the moment that the decree was recorded upon its registers, it busied itself with the consideration of how it could be formally annulled. For some time the King fluctuated between life and death—one day he was seemingly *in extremis*, the next he was playing the guitar, and apparently in a fair way to recovery. News of his approaching end brought the exiles flocking into Paris; news of the favorable change drove them out again faster than they came. At length, on the 14th of May 1643, the long expected, hoped for event came to pass. Under the protection of the Duc de Beaufort, the young King and his mother started immediately from Saint-Germain, and proceeded to Paris, where they were received with the utmost enthusiasm. So overawed was the poltroon Orléans by these demonstrations, and by the attitude of the Parlement, that he voluntarily resigned all power into her hands. Mazarin, finding himself in the background, resorted to a ruse; he begged permission of the Queen to return to Italy, but mingled his request with the strongest protestations of devotion to her person. Greatly concerned, and taking his request in a literal sense, the Queen laid the matter before the Count de Brienne, who, having a better understanding of the Cardinal's motives, replied that if she offered to restore to his Eminence what he had lost by the annulling of the late King's will—namely, the deputy-deputy presidentship of the council, there was no doubt that he would gladly remain in her ser-

vice. She followed this counsel with the result foretold.

From that day Mazarin's star rose rapidly; he was appointed superintendent of the King's education, and began to gain that absolute ascendancy over the mind of Anne of Austria which terminated only with his life.

"His wit and gentleness," says Madame de Motteville, "pleased her from the first conversations she had with him, and frequently, speaking to those in whom she confided, she had testified that she was not displeased to see him in order that he might instruct her upon foreign affairs, of which he had a complete knowledge, and in which the late King employed him." After he had obtained an authority "which those who were believed to possess it entirely did not imagine that he dared even to think of, he became in a little time master of the council, and the Bishop of Beauvais diminished in power as his competitor augmented; his new Minister from that time used to come to the Queen in the evenings and have great conferences with her." *

Mazarin was now in the prime of life, strikingly handsome in person, graceful in demeanor, insinuating in manners, and court and city were soon rife with scandals upon this close intimacy.

Were we to implicitly accept the testimonies of Madame de Motteville and La Porte, we should content ourselves by ascribing every doubtful passage of the Queen's life to that excess of gallantry, which still stopped short of crime, that distinguished the Spanish manners of the period. But, valuable and authentic as are the memoirs bequeathed to us by those faithful servants, we must regard them, where their mistress is concerned, as partisan; they were both her devoted friends, and would certainly, even if they had had proofs of her guilt, which is by no means probable, have declined blackening to posterity the name of one whom they regarded as the most amiable and injured of women. Yet, notwithstanding, they have recorded many suspicious facts, and much indirect evidence, against her. Whether she merited the cruel doubts and persecutions with which the King her husband harassed her throughout his life, is a problem that it is not the object of this paper to solve. *If* we are to believe a certain passage in De Retz's 'Memoirs,' suppressed in the first editions, her guilt with Buckingham is beyond dispute. But if she were guilty, few could ever plead more excuses. Young, beautiful, reared in the most gallant and romantic court of Europe; marriedto a man whom, if half the scandals of the time be true, she could not but loathe as well as despise, and who from the first treated her with profound indifference; licentiousness all around her; tyrannised over by an imperious mother-in-law; her every action spied upon by the malignant eyes of Richelieu or his creatures, and subjected at times to indignities that would have debased the meanest scullion of her palace—strong, indeed, must have been the rectitude *or pride* of her nature did it pass immaculate through such circumstances and temptations. But these things belong to a period anterior to the events with which this article is concerned—it is simply the question of her relations with Mazarin that I propose to examine, and I will begin with an extract from De Brienne's 'Memoirs,' in reading which it must be borne in mind that he was a believer in the Queen's innocence. His mother, in a private interview, has informed her of the scandalous rumors which are rife in Paris:—

"When she had finished, the Queen, her eyes suffused with tears, replied to her: 'Why, my dear, hast thou not told me this sooner? *I confess to thee I love him, and, I may say, tenderly.* But the affection I bear him does not go so far as love, or if it does it is without my knowing it, my senses have no part in it; my mind alone is charmed by the beauty of his. Would that be criminal? If there is even in this love the shadow of a sin, I renounce it now before God and before the saints whose relics are in that oratory. I will speak to him henceforth, I assure thee, only of affairs of State, and *I will break off the conversation when he speaks to me of anything else.*' My mother, who was on her knees, took her hand and kissed it, and placed it near a reliquary which she had just taken from the altar. 'Swear to me, Madame,' said she, 'I beseech you, swear to me upon these holy relics, to keep for ever that which you have just promised God.' 'I swear it,' said the Queen, placing her hand upon the reliquary, 'and I pray God to punish me if I am conscious of the least evil.'"

"This is very strong," says Victor Cousin, in commenting upon this passage, "and would altogether persuade us if we did not remember that in 1637, leaving the communion table, Anne swore

* La Porte also speaks of these long *tête-à-têtes*.

upon the holy Eucharist, which she had just received, and upon the salvation of her soul, that she had not once written to Spain, while later she made confessions quite contrary to her first oaths." Here, at all events, we have a distinct confession of her love, and an admission that Mazarin did not always confine the conversation to State affairs. It was impossible for so acute an intellect as his to be ignorant of her disposition towards him, and it is almost equally impossible that so unscrupulous an adventurer, and one notorious for gallantry, should not have availed himself of her weakness to enhance his influence. Those who believe in the possibility of platonic affection under such circumstances are beyond the reach of argument.

The deaths of Richelieu and Louis the Thirteenth had opened the prisons and frontiers of France to all the great cardinal's enemies and to all the Queen's old adherents, who now swarmed upon the court like locusts, greedy to devour all favor. Chief among these was the Duc de Beaufort, son of the Duc de Vendôme, and grandson of Henry the Fourth, *le roi des halles*, as he was called, from his popularity among the market-women, whose manners and language it was his pleasure to imitate; the Duchesse de Chevreuse, the married widow of Albert de Luynes, the most intriguing and licentious woman of her age; Madame de Hauteville, whom Richelieu had banished because his royal master had looked upon her with eyes of favor; these, and many others, who called themselves the Queen's party, formed a cabal, which was nicknamed the *Importants*. Upon their arrival at court they had believe that hatred of her old enemy the Cardinal and the memory of old friendships would give them the first place in the Regent's confidence and counsels. At first there seemed every probability that their expectations would be realised; they were received with open arms, and Mazarin, who, unlike his predecessor, always temporised with an enemy, while secretly undermining their influence, openly courted their friendship. To Madame de Chevreuse he was most profuse in his offers of service; but she, over confident in her power, treated his advances with mockery and contempt, and resolved upon his destruction. One of the means adopted for this end was to repeat to the Queen the sayings of every scandalous tongue in Paris, hoping thereby to force her pride to his dismissal. This course produced the very opposite effect to what they had intended: it only strengthened the ties which united Anne and her Minister, and as their insolence increased so did her friendship for them cool. The arrogance of Beaufort exceeded all bounds, he abused and threatened the Cardinal and grossly insulted the Queen, and to bring affairs to a crisis, the cabal formed a plot for the Minister's assassination. The conspiracy was detected, and on the 2nd of September 1643 Beaufort was arrested, and Madame de Chevreuse and the other leaders of the *Importants* banished from the court and capital.

"It is in the last days of the month of August," says Cousin, "that we must place the certain date of the declared ascendancy, public and without rivals, of Mazarin over Anne of Austria. . . . Those attacks to which the Minister had just been exposed precipitated the victory of the happy Cardinal, and the day after the last nocturnal ambuscade in which he was to have perished, Mazarin was the absolute master of the heart of the Queen, and more powerful than Richelieu had been after the Day of Dupes.

"On the 19th of November she represented in council that in consequence of the indisposition of M. le Cardinal Mazarin, and of his being obliged, with great pain, to pass daily across the garden of the Palais Royal, and seeing that at all hours he had new affairs to communicate to her, she found it necessary to give him accommodation in the Palais Royal in order that she might conveniently converse with him upon affairs."*

From that time he was only an occasional visitor to his own magnificent residence.

"The National Library," to again quote Victor Cousin, "contains, enclosed in a chest, called the chest of St.-Esprit, numbered upon the back 117,826, divers papers relative to Mazarin, among which are some letters under this title, 'Lettres originales de la propre main de la Reyne Anne, mère du Roy Louis XIV., au Cardinal Mazarin.' The authenticity of these letters cannot be for a moment contested; we undoubtedly recognise in them the hand of Anne of Austria, her bad writing and bad orthography. There are eleven letters, all autograph. It seems that formerly

* The Princess Palatine, many years afterwards, used to point out the secret passage by which Mazarin gained access to the Queen's chamber.

must have been more, from the great
of time over which these letters extend,
1653 to 1658, and we know that during
five years the Queen and the Minister
several times separated, and would have
to write about. The first of these let-
s at the end of 1652 or the commence-
of 1653, when Mazarin with Louis the
eenth was with the army, and Anne of
ia remained in the centre of the gov-
ent, at Paris, Fontainebleau, or Com-
e. The intimate connection, commenced
middle of the year 1643, had already
d ten years at the commencement of
rrespondence; it had then lost its early
ty. On the other hand, Mazarin was all
ctorious over all his enemies both within
ithout; his dangers, which had animated
sustained the Queen, were dissipated.
as also obliged to express herself with
in circumspection, her couriers running
sk of being intercepted. In fine, ac-
g to the fashion of the age, she employ-
rgon only intelligible to Mazarin and
f, and of which the key has not been
, so that all which related to private
escapes us entirely, as there are also
which cannot be read. Notwithstand-
owever, the time, which would have
ned them, notwithstanding the circum-
s which restrain expression, notwith-
ng the mysterious cyphers in which
re veiled, the sentiments of Anne of
ia yet appear impressed with a pro-
tenderness. She sighs for Mazarin's
, and impatiently endures his absence.
are words which betray the trouble of
ind and almost of her senses. It seems,
most impossible to misunderstand the
ge of an affection very different to sim-
endship and an attachment purely po-
"

ave not space to present extracts
these eleven letters, which the
r may consult himself in the ap-
x, pp. 471–482, of Victor Cousin's
ame de Hautefort;' but will give
d a letter that speaks volumes, and
M. Valckenaer has subjoined to
Mémoires sur Madame de Sévigné,'
riginal of which he asserts to be in
ibliothéque Nationale.

"Saintes, June 1660.

ur letter has given me great joy. I do
ow if I shall be happy enough to make
lieve it, and if I could believe that one
letters would have pleased you as much
d have written it with a good heart, and
ue that to see the transports with which
ere received and read brought strongly
d another time of which I am almost al-
hinking. Although you may believe or
I assure you that all my life shall be
yed to testify to you that there never
friendship more true than mine, and if
not believe it, I hope in justice that
ll some day repent of having doubted
it; and if I could as easily make you see my heart as what I write upon this paper, I am assured you would be content, or you would be the most ungrateful man in the world, and that I do not believe."

The licentious press of the Fronde period teemed with scandals against the Queen and her favorite; several pamphlets more than hint that there had been a marriage between them, and one or two even go so far as to name the priest who performed the ceremony.* Michelet favors this supposition; nor does it appear at all improbable that Anne of Austria, who was much of a devotee, should have resorted to such a means of quieting her conscience, more especially as, according to all the memoirs of the period, she had more than once been taken to task by the religious sisterhoods whom she was constantly in the habit of visiting. It will be objected that Mazarin, being a churchman, could not marry, but it is extremely doubtful whether he was ever ordained a priest, at least he never officiated as one.

Whatever might have been the relations which subsisted between Queen and Minister, it is certain that his control over her, the young King, and the government of the nation, was, throughout his life, absolute. While he lived in the pomp and luxury of an Eastern potentate, Louis was kept in a state of absolute penury; he was suffered to grow out of his clothes, even the sheets upon his bed were in rags, and his carriages were mouldering with age. The civil wars which desolated the capital and many of the provinces for years were wholly directed against Mazarin, and these, together with all the odium which throughout that time the nation cast upon her, might have been suppressed by dismissing him from her councils. Of his brutal rudeness towards her during the latter years of his life, and even upon his death-bed, where a scene was enacted† which can bear but one ex-

* In 'La Suite de Silence au bout des Doights' occurs this passage: "Why so much blame the Queen for loving the Cardinal? Is she not obliged to do so if they are married, and Père Vincent has ratified and approved their marriage?"

† "Quelques jours avant sa mort elle (la reine), elle l'alla visiter pendant qu'il était au lit, et lui demanda comment il se trouvait.

planation, all contemporaries bear witness, and, to conclude with a most significant fact, although previously notorious as a man of intrigue, from the commencement of his close relations with Anne of Austria, not even the most scandalous pamphlet ever accused him of an amour.

With the overthrow of the *Importants* commenced that period which is known in French history as "the fair days of the Regency." Never, even during the reign of Richelieu, had France held so dominant a position in Europe. At Rocroi the young Condé had crushed the power of Spain, and, together with Turenne, marched from victory to victory, until the culmination at Lens and the peace of Münster. But while war raged without, all within was peace and tranquillity, taxes were repealed, largesses bestowed with a liberal hand, and the popularity of the Regent attained such a height that a courtier one day remarked that the whole French language was reduced to five words, "The Queen is so good!"

In the days of his advancement Mazarin had sought by clemency and a humility of demeanor to win popular approbation, and the change from the stern and pompous Richelieu was so striking that the very contrast secured his success. But from the fall of the *Importants* and the consolidation of his power all this was altered. He sent for his nephews and nieces from Rome and placed them in high positions about the court; he raised a guard for the protection of his person, and began to assume a style of regal splendor; he reduced the Council of State to two persons besides himself, the Prince de Condé, father of the great general, and the Duc d'Orléans, and between these he craftily sowed the seeds of dissension by opposing their interests; by the aid of cajolery, large promises, and small fulfilments, and a fostering of selfish jealousies, he contrived, for a time, to preserve perfect tranquillity and hold the balance between all parties. De Retz gives an admirable description of this state of things in the following paragraph:—

"Monsieur (Orléans) thought himself above taking warning; the Prince de Condé, attached to the court by his avarice, was willing to believe so likewise; the Duc d'Enghien was just at the age to fall asleep under the shadow of his laurels; the Duc de Longueville opened his eyes, but it was only to shut them again; the Duc de Vendôme considered himself too happy *only* to have been exiled; the Duc de Nemours was but a child; the Duc de Guise, newly come back from Brussels, was ruled by Madame de Pons, and believed that he ruled all the court; the Duc de Bouillon fancied every day that they would give him back Sedan; Turenne was more than satisfied to command the army in Germany; the Duc d'Épernon was enchanted to have got into his post and his government; Schomberg had been all his life inseparable from everything that was well with the court; Grammont was its slave, and Messieurs de Retz, de Vitri, and de Bassompierre, believed themselves to be absolutely in favor, because they were no longer either prisoners or exiles. The Parlement, delivered from the Cardinal de Richelieu, who had kept it at a very low ebb, imagined that the age of gold must be that of a minister who told them every day that the Queen would be guided only by their counsels."

But this contemptible and temporising policy could not succeed for ever. Posts promised to doubtful friends were treacherously bestowed to mollify certain enemies; no favor was granted without some pecuniary equivalent being wrung from the recipient; every man's pride was outraged by the sense of being befooled, and sullen murmurs swelled into howls of execration from every class of the community. There was no lion's hide beneath the fox's skin. Mazarin was a coward; when cunning failed him, he was lost and had to yield; he never dared to boldly dare his foes, and, conscious of his impotence, foes soon began to swarm around him in ever increasing numbers.

During "the fair days" Anne had emptied the treasury in bestowing largesses upon her friends; the effects of an empty exchequer soon began to be felt: magistrates, governors of towns and fortresses, officers, and even soldiers were unpaid, and but for loans from the

'Très-mal,' repondit-il, et, sans dire autre chose, il jéta ses couvertures, sortit sa jambe et sa cuisse nues hors du lit, et les montrant à la reine, qui en fut fort étonné, aussi bien que tous les spectateurs: 'Voyez, madame,' lui dit il, 'ces jambes qui ont perdu le répos en le donnant à la France!' En effet, sa jambe et sa cuisse étaient si décharnées, si livides et si couvertes de taches, que cela faisait pitié. La reine jeta un grand cri et se prit à pleurer."—'Memoires de Brienne.'

nders of the army it would have mpossible to have sustained the n raging. The finances were under perintendence of Emery, a name iis contemporaries have sent down sterity loaded with execrations. Rabutin describes him as "harsh, clever, intelligent in matters of s, ingenious in the creation of bsidies to provide for the expen- the war; he exercised a rigorous tion upon property of all kinds, s never tired of trampling upon jects of the King." He had a t task to perform, and he per- it iniquitously; he created new of the most extraordinary charac- h as the Comptroller of Faggots, iers of Wine of the King's Coun- and sold them to the highest ; he plundered the public funds, inted the most infamous monopo- public food. In 1548 there had ssed a law for limiting the growth capital within certain bounds, and é as it was called, he now revived, g from those who had built be- the prescribed limits a heavy redeem their property from de- n; the people rose in riot against rveyors, who could carry out rders only under the protection dy of troops. This oppression ceeded by another still worse—a d exorbitant tariff upon all arti- food brought into Paris. The out- he people aroused the spirit of lement, which had been crushed helieu and cajoled by Mazarin, efused to verify the edict with- tain modifications. Too timid to open rupture, Mazarin withdrew ff, but through his agent Emery a number of ancient imposts, although obsolete, having been ied by former Parlements, could ejected. Six new edicts, however, he King placed before Parlement opening of the year 1648 were so y opposed that Mazarin, in an of cowardly fear, yielded every- Perceiving its own power and kness of the Minister, the legisla- embly from that time took the and, disputing even the just and ble demands of the government; vincial Parlements followed the e of the metropolitan; De Retz was stirring the people to revolt, and, to culminate the confusion, the leader of the *Importants*, De Beaufort, was suffered to make his escape from Vincennes. Ere the disturbances assumed dangerous proportions, Mazarin, the Queen, together with the young King, contrived to get out of Paris and take shelter at Saint-Germain. As I have described the Fronde period in a previous article,* I shall pass it over here with brief notice; indeed, throughout that memorable struggle Mazarin was a passive rather than an active person, a quintain at which all parties tilted; De Retz was the real hero of the civil war, and after him Condé and Beaufort, Madame de Chevreuse and Madame de Longueville, played the principal parts. A full description of the innumerable and tortuous intrigues of this extraordinary revolt would fill a whole number of the magazine, would prove exceedingly dull to the general reader, and would throw very little additional light upon Mazarin's character; his policy throughout was but a repetition of that which had gone before—it was false, temporising, and cowardly. Three times was he obliged to quit Paris, and twice the kingdom, to save his life; once the Parlement declared him guilty of high treason, placed him beyond the pale of the law, and commanded all persons to put him to death wherever he might be found, offering one hundred and fifty thousand livres for his capture alive or dead. And yet, notwithstanding, upon his return from his third and last exile, on the 29th of March 1653, he was received with every mark of enthusiastic affection; the great nobles, many of whom had been his most virulent enemies, cast themselves at his feet, and jostled each other for the distinction of being first to crouch there; a grand festival was given in his honor at the Hôtel de Ville, and the multitude gathered about the building in crowds, and rent the air with acclamations whenever he appeared at the windows.

Such is the value of popular hate—and popular favor.

De Retz was in prison, Condé and Beaufort were in exile, the party of the Fronde was shattered, the populace were weary of civil strife, and Mazarin still

* See "De Retz," TEMPLE BAR, July 1873.

remained master of Queen and King. There is something marvellous in the tenacity with which through years of discord, hatred, rebellion, and exile, this man clung to power; France could no more shake him off than could Sinbad the Old Man of the Sea. "I and Time," was a favorite expression of his, and the two certainly wrought wonders for him. He lived down all hate and all enemies, and that with little or no assistance from the headman's axe, and passed the latter years of life in tranquillity, absolute authority, and a general toleration almost amounting to popularity. This it is which has given to posterity an exaggerated estimate of his talents. His rule from first to last was a vicious and unhappy one for France, the success which attended her arms was due to her great commanders, Condé and Turenne, and these were her only off-sets against the oppression, exaction, and the wretched condition of her people which marked the whole period of his administration. Nothing could be more deplorable than the management of the finances. What it was under Emery has been already referred to; Fouquet appropriated and squandered the national money with a magnificent generosity that half blinds us to his faults; it was reserved for the great Colbert to redeem the crimes and errors of his predecessors. While commerce was almost extinct, the people famishing, and justice dead, Mazarin had but one thought, the aggrandisement of his power, and the increase of his enormous wealth. "Sire," said Fouquet to the King, "the exchequer is empty; but his Eminence the Cardinal will lend you what you want." The magnificence of his state far surpassed that of royalty itself. When he left Paris for Spain to arrange the Treaty of the Pyrenees and the King's marriage, he took in his train sixty churchmen and nobles of the first rank, accompanied by their retinues; his household attendants were three hundred in number, besides a guard of three hundred foot and one hundred horse; his baggage was conveyed in eight waggons, each drawn by six horses; in addition to these were twenty-four mules, and a great number of led horses. His re-entrance into the capital with Louis and his bride is thus described in one of Madame Scarron's letters:—

"The household of Cardinal Mazarin was not the ugliest. It began with seventy-two baggage-mules, of which the first twenty-four had housings, simple enough; the others had more beautiful, finer, and more brilliant housings than the finest tapestries you have ever seen. The last were of red velvet with gold and silver embroidery, and silver bits and bells, all of such magnificence as caused great exclamations. Then passed twenty-four pages, and all the gentlemen and officers of his household; after that, twelve carriages with six horses each, and his guards. In short, his household was more than an hour in passing."

Although usually grasping and avaricious, Mazarin could be magnificent at times. It is related that at one of his great *fêtes* he led his guests through a suite of apartments, in which they were shown furniture, mirrors, cabinets, candelabras, plate, jewels, and other costly articles worth five hundred thousand francs, and that when they had done admiring these riches, he informed them that he intended to put them all into a lottery for which each person should be presented with a ticket.

The means by which he had accumulated his riches were various, and mostly base: sales of offices, fines, peculations, gambling, plunder of all kinds. Gambling was the all-pervading vice of the age, and the especial favorite of the Minister, who, probably, to draw men's minds from State affairs, carefully fostered and encouraged it at court. The King was early initiated into the custom, and staked and lost the little money he was allowed most royally in the Cardinal's or Madame de Soisson's *salons*. Every mansion was a gaming-house, where scores of thousands of francs were lost and won every few minutes. From the court the passion descended to the city, and spread universal corruption.

Nevertheless, Mazarin did much to soften and polish the manners of the nobility, rendered rude and savage by generations of civil war. He introduced a taste for music, and brought singers and operas from Italy. Until his time the royal orchestra was limited to violins; he brought into use various other instruments till then unknown in France. Dancing was also greatly cultivated, and the ballet, which assumed such magnificent proportions during Louis the Fourteenth's reign, became a principal entertainment in all the court festivities. In fine, he initiated all the

y, splendor, and refinement which ately degenerated into the sybarit- hat distinguished the second half e seventeenth century.

the meantime he carefully excluded young King from all State affairs, ning him to frivolous and vicious nits, keeping from him all good s, and diverting his mind from all es of an ennobling character, or n would instruct him in the art of rnment. In consequence of this ing, the future Augustus grew up ill educated. La Porte, who was King's personal attendant during his ood, has, in addition to this, brought ccusation against the Cardinal too ple to be repeated in these pages, eracity of which is seemingly con- d by the fact that, although banish- n account of the assertion during rin's lifetime, he was afterwards led and taken into favor, which d scarcely have come to pass had story been false. After all, there have been something truly great in s' nature that it could emerge so from such a training.

azarin had married one niece to the ce de Conti, and a second to the de Mercœur; two others, Marie Olympia Mancini, were unmarried; the Cardinal kept at court, and v constantly into the young mon- 's society. Madame de Motteville us, when Olympia first arrived in ce, she was remarkably plain, but as grew to womanhood a great improve- took place in her personal appear- . Her eyes were always fine, but being exceedingly thin, she became p; her color was high, but delicate; cheeks were dimpled; her hands feet small and exceedingly beauti- and she possessed wit, talents, and e. Such charms, thrown constantly s way, could not fail to make some ession upon the heart of a boy of nteen. They read, sat, talked, danced her, and Louis studied Italian for xpress purpose of conversing with n her own language. But the im- ion was not lasting; a rival, her sister, Marie, who has been describ- being positively ugly, after a time ed her place in the King's affec- ; and took a far firmer hold upon than Olympia had ever possessed. She reciprocated his tenderness with an all-absorbing passion. Madame de Motteville relates that Mazarin actually entertained the idea of raising his niece to the throne. "I very much fear," he said to the Queen one day, "that the King too greatly desires to espouse my niece." The Queen, who knew her Minister, comprehending that he desired what he feigned to fear, replied haughtily, "If the King were capable of such an indignity, I would put my second son at the head of the whole nation against the King and against you."

"Mazarin," writes Voltaire, "never pardoned, it is said, that response of the Queen, but he adopted the wise plan of thinking with her; he assumed honor and merit in opposing the passion of Louis the Fourteenth. His power had no need of a Queen of the blood for its support; he feared even the character of his niece; and he believed that he strengthened the power of his ministry by avoiding the dangerous glory of elevating his house to too great a height."

Mazarin now resolved to at once remove Marie from the court; upon his declaring this intention, and forbidding any further intercourse between her and the King, her grief and despair was so heart-rending that Louis offered to break off the marriage then negotiating with the Infanta, and make her his Queen. How admirably the wily Cardinal could act a noble and self-denying part, is manifest in the reply he made to this offer: "Having been chosen by the late King, your father, and since then by the Queen, your mother, to assist you by my councils, and having served you up to this moment with inviolable fidelity, far be it from me to misemploy the knowledge of your weakness which you have given me, and the authority in your dominions which you have bestowed upon me, and suffer you to do a thing so contrary to your dignity! I am the master of my niece, and would sooner stab her with my own hand than elevate her by so great a treachery." In two of his letters he threatened the King with resigning his office, and quitting France forever, unless he relinquished all thoughts of his niece. There are historical writers who have held these heroic effusions to be the expression of his rea sentiments, and have praised them accordingly; but such a judgment is in direct contradiction of the whole life of

the man. He who could systematically endeavor to debase a boy's mind, and to unfit a young monarch for all the duties of good government, *must* have been wholly destitute of the nobility of character pretended to in that speech and those epistles. Besides which, the concluding *gasconade* about stabbing his niece with his own hand is so opposed to his cold and timid nature, that it would alone suffice to throw discredit upon the whole. It all meant what Voltaire says it did—he found it wise to think with the Queen.

Orders were given that Marie should be placed in the convent to which poor Olympia had been already consigned. With tearful eyes the young Louis conducted her with his own hand to the carriage which was to take her away. "You weep, and yet you might command," were her parting words.

There had been several brides proposed for the young monarch—Henrietta of England, Marguerite of Savoy; but as both countries were desirous of cementing a peace, policy determined the Spanish alliance, and at the end of Feburary 1660, after several months of negotiations, the Treaty of the Pyrenees was signed, which gave France Alsace, Roussillon, and a large part of Flanders. "Mazarin has one fault," remarked Don Louis de Haro, the Spanish ambassador; "he suffers his design to cheat to be constantly apparent."

Although Louis was now twenty-two years of age, Mazarin still held absolute power over the State; the King presided over his councils, but his was but the shadow of authority; and those who would obtain favors from him must solicit them through the Cardinal. The Queen Mother was a mere cypher, who could obtain nothing for herself or her adherents without his permission. A painful and fatal disease, however, was hurrying him fast to the grave; anxious to conceal its ravages from strangers, when he received foreign ministers, he had his cheeks covered with rouge. Death found him seated in his chair, dressed in his full cardinal's robes, and his beard carefully trimmed, as if for a *levée;* he continued to sign despatches while his hand could grasp a pen; power passed away only with life. To the last he was consistent with his old hypocrisy; a few hours before his decease he sent a message to the Parlement, in which he declared that he died its very humble servant. The event took place on the 9th of March 1661.

The character of Mazarin is fully portrayed in the events of his life: how poor it appears beside the Satanic grandeur of his predecessor! it is all mean and mediocre. "Eight years of absolute and tranquil power from his return until his death were marked by no establishment, either glorious or useful," remarks Voltaire. With all his cunning and subtlety, his knowledge of human nature was very shallow. Judging from himself, he believed interest to be the ruling passion of all men, and seldom or never in his calculations made allowance for vanity, pride, self-love, and woman-love, which determine more than the half of human actions. Self-interest is the usual goal we propose upon starting, but we so often wander out of the straight road into enticing-looking by-paths, in the mazes of which we sometimes lose ourselves, and never find the way back. It is said that Mazarin completed Richelieu's work; truly he followed up the policy of his great predecessor as far as his own dissimilar nature would permit him; but the one was an oak that braved every tempest unflinchingly, the other a reed that bent before the storm, and, when it was past, rose up straight and supple as before. Richelieu was half lion, half fox; Mazarin was all fox and no lion. Richelieu had given an impetus to his work that carried it resistlessly on to its appointed end; he would have crushed the Frondè in fewer weeks than it existed years, and but for what he had done it would have assumed proportions terrible as the League, but he had crippled the hands which would have made it so, and his mighty genius asserted itself even in the grave.

Mazarin possessed one amiable virtue—clemency. His whole career is unmarked by one vindictive or sanguinary act; never had minister caused so little blood to flow by the axe, and never had minister enemies more numerous and bloodthirsty. This is rare and unique praise for a man of that age. But we must remember that the Italians were at least a century in advance of the French in civilisation. Let us not, however, begrudge him this virtue, for he had few others.—*Temple Bar.*

SOME PERSONAL TRAITS OF COMPOSERS.

: a time when art and literature are taking a stronger hold on all classes ciety, and are obtaining by degrees proper recognition and position, it ws naturally that a steadily increas- nterest is felt in the personal history reat artists and authors, and that le who delight in their work should also to know something of their their habits, and modes of work- In this there is nothing but what ost just and reasonable. Few men see a work of art without caring to r who or what like was the man that e it: few can resist the spell of sym- y that is exercised by the artist; the first consequence of yielding to harm is a very natural curiosity about rtist himself. No details of his life stes seem too trival to his devoted rers; his words, on small as well as portant occasions, are remembered; ooks, his actions, are observed and ully set down; and anecdotes, more ss authentic, are recorded to gratify appetite of the curious. Locks of air, his shoe-buckles, or lace-ruffles, treasured as though they retained portion of the personal charm of former wearer. That his portrait, s letters and manuscripts, should be ulously preserved is yet more natu- and from the latter, of course, a light is very frequently thrown upon works, as we before possessed and them. To understand an artist's acter cannot but help us to under- l his works more thoroughly than could be understood without some knowledge of himself: for, as no an action can be properly valued for or bad, unless we clearly see the ves which dictated it, so no work of an ever be truly appreciated except a clear comprehension of its author's ose. It is perhaps not too much y that the habits of life, the health, circumstances, and the *consequent* tem- ment of an author must surely influ- the tone and spirit of his *composi-* and stamp upon them the result of circumstances which have af- ed his own position. From a man living a life of retire- ment, of regular health and the con- stant worry of domestic troubles, and struck down in middle life by the ca- tastrophe of deafness; having but few, and perhaps not desiring to have many, friends,—from an artist so situated, who would expect the production of music of a generally gay and cheerful character. And, indeed, though relieved occasion- ally by strains of heavenly joy and bright- ness, the clouds of melancholy and gloomy grandeur are never broken for very long by such gleams of sunshine. The strongest characteristic, on the other hand, of Mendelssohn's music is the exact opposite of this: and we con- stantly perceive in it the counterpart of his bright, loving, and lovable nature, his buoyant spirits, seldom-failing gaiety, and even his occasional petulance, tem- pered as were those qualities by profound study and the methodical application of its results.

To such, therefore—and we believe they are the majority among lovers of art—as feel this desire to become ac- quainted with the peculiarities of cha- racter that mark the masters whose works they never read or hear without a new delight and enjoyment, a few facts relat- ing to their habits and mode of compo- sition will not be unwelcome.

The first masters, writing as they did for the service of the Church, drew their inspiration in the seclusion of the cloister, and gave appropriate music to the hymns in daily use, composed in seasons of fast- ing, prayer, and meditation. Beyond this, little is known of their habits.

Allegri, Anerio, Palestrina, Leo, Bai, and Durante, who founded Church-mu- sic and enriched its next succeeding era, are known to us by their works chiefly, and of their lives we have but few par- ticulars. It is impossible to separate our sense of the beauty and earnestness of Stradella's music from the memory of his romantic history, his devoted attach- ment, and tragic end. Being engaged in the service of the Republic of Venice to compose operas for the carnival, he achieved a great success, both with his compositions and his splendid voice. A Venetian noble, whose mistress was a passable singer, invited Stradella to give her some lessons; and between the mas-

ter and his lovely scholar there soon sprang up an affection which led eventually to their escaping together one night, and setting out for Rome. The noble, enraged beyond measure, immediately hired assassins to follow the fugitives and put them to death. The ruffians soon found Stradella at Rome, where he was on the point of giving an oratorio in the Church of St. Giovanni Laterano; and, as the story goes, waited through the performance for fitting opportunity for putting their purpose into execution, but were so melted by the wonderous beauty of Stradella's voice and music, that they relented; and, with many tears, confessed to him what had been their mission, and protested that they were incapable of the crime of robbing Italy and music of so great a genius. Warned by this adventure, the lovers fled to Turin, whither they were pursued by the implacable vengeance of the Venetian; and Stradella was attacked and wounded by three assassins. From these injuries he ultimately recovered, and perhaps thought himself safe from further danger; but the anger of his persecutor was not to be so easily appeased, and, shortly after, Stradella having taken his Ortensia to Genoa on an excursion, the pair were barbarously murdered in their apartments, about the year 1681. "So perished," says his biographer, "the most excellent musician of that day in all Italy."

In Germany, only three or four years later, was born the greatest of the next century of musicians, John Sebastian Bach, who wrote more, perhaps, than any other man of that or any age. The number of his works is prodigious; and yet he never wrote anything that he did not correct as often as he had to recopy it. Hence it is by no means uncommon to find copies of his compositions which differ very essentially from all the other known versions of the same. He seems to have spared no pains to render as absolutely perfect as he could all that flowed from his pen, voluminous and elaborate as it was. His great contemporary, Handel, though he frequently recurred to what he had written on previous occasions and for other purposes, and used over again subjects, and often whole movements of his own—or of others'—compositions for the work before him, was an exceedingly rapid writer. Pages of his original MSS. still show from top to foot the sand with which he dried them, proving that they were wet all over at the same time. His handwriting was sometimes very fine and delicate, the heads of the notes being no bigger than pin-points; while, at other times, it was massive and large, with heads like bullets to the crotchets. He too, like Bach, frequently reviewed and amended his work; he rewrote four times, for instance, the air "How beautiful" in the *Messiah*. At his death, few of his works were found as he had originally written them; scenes, and even bits of recitative were altered, scored through, or covered with pieces of paper, gummed on, and bearing a new version of the passages so concealed. In composing, he wrote with the greatest facility, beginning to set the words of an oratorio before he had received more than the first act of it. When engaged on the *Rinaldo* of Aaron Hill, Rossi, the translator of the libretto, was unable to do his part quickly enough to keep pace with Handel, who set his translation to music faster than he could write it down. "The Signor Handel," he says, "the Orpheus of our age, in setting to music this lay from Parnassus, has scarcely given me time enough to write it; and I have beheld, to my great astonishment, an entire opera harmonized to the last degree of perfection, in the short space of a fortnight, by this sublime genius. I pray you then, discreet reader, to receive my rapid work, and if it does not merit all your praises, at least do not refuse it your compassion,—I would rather say your justice,—remembering how short a time I have had to write it in."

Handel's celebrated countryman, Gluck, on the other hand, is said never to have put pen to paper until the whole work which he was about to write was completely finished and elaborated in his own mind. This is also the case with Monsieur Gounod, whose prodigious memory enables him to retain a whole opera in his head without making sketch or memorandum until every detail is in its place and ready for committing to paper. But to return to Gluck. "He has often told me," says M. Corenses "that he began by going mentally over each of his acts; afterwards he went over the entire

piece; that he always composed, imagining himself in the centre of the pit; and that, his piece thus combined and his airs characterized, he regarded the work as finished, although he had written nothing; but that this preparation usually cost him an entire year, and most frequently a serious illness. 'This,' said he, 'is what a great number of people call *making canzonets*.'" Miss Hawkins, in her *Anecdotes*, relates of Handel that, being asked about his ideas and feelings when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, he replied, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself." He would frequently burst into tears while writing, and is said to have been found by a visitor sobbing uncontrollably when in the act of setting the words "He was despised." Shield tells us "that his servant, who brought his coffee in the morning, often stood in silent astonishment to see his master's tears mixing in the ink, as he penned his divine notes." The story of Handel repeatedly leaving his guests at the dinner-table with the exclamation, "I have one *tought*," and repairing to another room to regale himself privately, ever and anon, with draughts of champagne from a dozen which he had received as a present, may probably be dismissed as unworthy of serious belief, opposed as it is to the genial and hearty disposition of the master, who would not be likely to keep to himself the enjoyment of any delicacy, especially when friends were dining at his table. That he was a large eater is highly probable, if we consider the heavy amount of both mental and bodily fatigue that he constantly endured, and which must have made a proportionate supply of food necessary, to keep up his health and energy to the normal pitch. When he became blind, he grew depressed and low-spirited, his appetite failed, and he not long after died.

Gluck, again,—of whom Handel said that he knew no more counterpoint "as mein cook,"—"in order to warm his imagination," says Carpani, "and to transport himself to Aulis or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with his piano before him, and a bottle of champagne on each side, he wrote in the open air his two *Iphigenias*, his *Orpheus*, and his other works." This reminds us of the famous *bon-mot* of the witty Sophie Arnould, who one evening, when Mlle. Laguerre, more than half drunk, was playing in *Iphigénie en Aulide* at the opera, said, "Tiens,—c'est *Iphigénie en champagne!*"

Sarti, on the contrary,—a composer born in 1729 at Faenza, in the States of the Church, as cultivated as he was charming in the suavity of his airs and his sentiment of scenic effect,—required a spacious, dark, dimly lighted room; and it was only in the most silent hours of the night that he could summon musical ideas. In this way he wrote *Medonte*, the rondo "Mia speranza," and his finest air, "La dolce compagna." Cimarosa was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he worked. It was thus that he composed his *Orazii* and his *Matrimonio Segreto*, for long the finest serious, and the first comic, opera of the Italian school. He would write in a single night the subjects of eight or ten charming pieces, which he afterwards finished in the midst of a circle of friends. It was after doing nothing for a fortnight, but walk about the environs of Prague, that the air "Pria che spunti" (*Matrimonio Segreto*), one of the loveliest ever penned by any composer, suddenly entered his mind, when he was not thinking of his opera.

Sacchini, the author of *Lucio Vero*, *Il Cid*, and a host of other works for the Church and for the stage, delighted when composing to have his mistress at his side, and his cats, of whom he was very fond, playing about him. Paisiello composed in bed. It was between the sheets that he planned his *Barbiere*, the *Molinara*, and many other *chefs d'œuvre* of ease and gracefulness. The same strange practice is ascribed to Brindley, the great but eccentric engineer. After reading the Bible, or a page of some holy father or classic author, Zingarelli would dictate, in a few hours, a whole act of *Pyrrhus*, or *Romeo and Juliet*. Anfossi had a brother of great promise who died young. His taste was to write surrounded by roast fowls and smoking sausages! As for Haydn, solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring which Frederick the Great had sent him, and which he considered necessary to inspire his imagination, he sat down, says Carpani, to his piano, and in a few moments

"soared among the angelic choirs." Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt; he lived entirely for his art, exempt from cares. A singular effect of this retired life was that he, who never left the small town belonging to his prince, was for a long time the only musical man in Europe who was ignorant of the celebrity of Joseph Haydn. As if fate, says Carpani, had decreed that everything ridiculous in music should originate in Paris, Haydn received from a celebrated amateur in that city a commission to compose a piece of vocal music: some select passages of Lulli and Rameau were sent with the letter as models. These he returned, replying with simplicity that "He was Haydn, and not Lulli, nor Rameau; and that if music after the manner of those great composers was desired, it should be demanded from them or their pupils: that, as for himself, he unfortunately could only write music after the manner of Haydn." "*Les choses ne se repètent pas*," says the proverb; but a very similar thing is said to have happened to Beethoven when in the latter part of his life he received a commission from an English amateur to compose something "in the style of his second symphony or his septett." Beethoven's answer—if he made one at all—was probably not so civil as Haydn's.

Haydn's life—continues Carpani—was uniform, and fully occupied. He rose early in the morning, dressed himself very neatly, and placed himself at a small table by the side of his piano, where the hour of dinner, then a very early affair, usually found him still seated. In the evening he went to the rehearsals, or to the opera, which was given four times a week in the prince's palace. Sometimes, but rarely, he devoted a morning to sport. The little time which he had to spare, was divided between his friends and Mdlle. Boselli. Such was the course of his life for more than thirty years, and this accounts for the astonishing number of his works. Like Haydn, Mozart most willingly devoted the morning to composition, from six or seven o'clock till ten, when he got up. After this, he did no more for the rest of the day, unless he had to finish a piece that was wanted. He always worked very irregularly. When an idea struck him he was not to be drawn from it. If taken away from the piano, he continued to compose in the midst of his friends, and passed whole nights pen in hand. At other times, he had such a disinclination to work that he could not complete a piece till the moment of its performance. In the well-known case of the famous sonata for piano and violin, which he wrote in hot haste at Vienna in 1784 for Mdlle. Strinasacchi, Mozart had time only to write out the violin part, and performed the work the next day without putting his own part on paper. The autograph manuscript—seventeen pages in length—is now in England and confirms the truth of the story. Mozart had before him the violin part, with the accompaniment staves below it, mostly blank, but with here and there a few bars to indicate a change of figure or modulation, &c. These occasional bits of accompaniment, like the violin part, are in pale ink. The remainder, which he filled in afterwards, is in black ink. Thus the original state of the paper can be clearly made out, and the feat appreciated. A similar story is told of himself by our lately-lost composer, Sterndale Bennett, who played his caprice for pianoforte and orchestra in London and at Leipzig, and sold it to the publishers at the latter place. "When he sent them the score, they found out that he had left out the pianoforte part, which in fact he had never written!" The overture to *Don Giovanni*, perhaps the best of Mozart's overtures, was only written the night before the first performance, and after the general rehearsal of the opera had taken place. About eleven o'clock Mozart retired to his room, begging his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him in order to keep him awake. She accordingly began to tell him fairy tales and funny stories, which made him laugh till the tears came into his eyes. The punch, however, made him so drowsy, that he could only go on while she continued to talk, and whenever she stopped he fell asleep. The efforts which he made to keep himself awake, together with the work in which he was engaged, so fatigued him, that he allowed himself to be persuaded at length by his wife to take some rest, on condition that she should wake him again in an hour's time. He slept so heavily that she suffered him to repose for two hours; at five o'clock she awoke him. He had

arranged that the copyists should come at seven; and, by the time they arrived, the overture was finished. They had, however, scarcely time to write out the orchestral parts before the performance, and the players had to execute it without a rehearsal. Some critics profess to point out in this overture the passages where Mozart fell asleep, and those where he suddenly woke again.

Beethoven used to sit for hours at the piano, improvising the thoughts which he afterwards jotted down on paper, and subsequently elaborated into the music with which he astonished the world. If he discovered that he had been overheard at such times,—as happened once when Cipriani Potter called upon the great composer, and was shown into an adjoining room,—he was incensed to the highest degree. In another mood, and especially after he had become deaf, while working out a subject in his mind, he would leave his house at night or in the early morning, and walk for many hours through the most remote and solitary places, through woods and by lakes and torrents, silent and abstracted. In this way he sometimes made the circuit of Vienna twice in a day, or, if he were at Baden, long excursions across the country. When engaged on his magnificent *Sonata Appassionata* he one day took a long walk with Ferdinand Ries, his pupil. They walked for hours, but during the whole time Beethoven spoke not a word, but kept humming, or rather howling, up and down the scale. It was the process of incubation. On reaching home, he seated himself at the piano without taking off his hat, and dashed into the splendid Finale of that noble work. Once there he remained for some time, totally regardless of the darkness, or the fact that he and Ries had had nothing to eat for hours. His appearance became perfectly well known to people of all classes, who exclaimed, "There is Beethoven," when they saw him; and it is related that once, when a troop of charcoal burners met him on a country path, they stood on one side, heavily laden as they were, to let him pass, for fear of troubling the great master's meditations. When composing in his own room at home, he would sometimes walk about in a reverie, pouring cold water over his hands alternately, from jug after jug, till the floor of the room was inundated, and the people came running upstairs to know the cause of the deluge. At his death he left, besides his finished works, a quantity of rough sketches, containing doubtless the germs of many more works, which never passed the stage in which they appear there. The first draughts of his well-known compositions show the successive alterations which their subjects suffered before they pleased him; and these form a most interesting study, as exposing his manner of working. One of his sketch-books has been published *in extenso*, and, besides a host of matters of minor interest, it contains three separate draughts, at length, of the finale of one of his Symphonies—a striking proof of the patience with which this great and fiery genius perfected his masterpieces. Even when completely finished, and perfected to his own satisfaction, his MSS. presented many difficulties to the reader. and his copyists and engravers are said to have had a hard time of it. In one of his letters, in which he gives his publishers the corrections of some proofs of a stringed quartett, he concludes by saying that "It is four o'clock. I must post this: and I am *quite hoarse with stamping and swearing!*"

The handwriting of Mendelssohn was beautifully neat, and his manner of correcting the proofs of his printed works excessively careful and painstaking. The same may be said of his very extensive correspondence. Few men, probably no composers, ever wrote more letters—they must have been a tremendous tax upon his time and patience—and yet the smallest note is as accurately expressed and carefully written as if it were a State paper. In composing he made few sketches, but built up the whole in his mind, and then, when writing down the score thus mentally prepared, rather invited his friends' conversation than otherwise. "Pray come in," said he on one such occasion, "I am merely copying." On the other hand, he was fastidious to a fault in allowing his music finally to leave his hands for the publisher. The beautiful Italian Symphony was kept back by him till his death, the *Walpurgisnight* nearly as long, and some of the finest numbers in *Elijah* and the *Hymn of Praise* were added after the first performance. No musician more thoroughly appreciated the maxim that

what is worth doing is worth doing well, or more consistently carried it into practice.

It was in a dream, or more properly speaking, a nightmare,—that Tartini composed his famous sonata for violin, called the *Trillo del Diavolo*. Rossini, if report may be believed, could not compose at any time so well as immediately after supper. When he was young, as the story goes, he was once writing an opera for the carnival of an Italian town; and the weather being bitterly cold, and his purse absolutely empty, he remained in bed, in order to keep himself warm while he wrote. Just as he was finishing a duet, the principal *morceau* in the opera, the paper slipped from his hands, and floated and fluttered under the bed. He reached out as far as he could without quitting the bed, first on one side and then on the other, but without being able to recover the piece. He therefore resigned himself to his fate, and wrote it over again. A friend came in presently, and hearing what had happened, fished up the first duet, which proved to be altogether different from the second version.

Meyerbeer's imagination was powerfully excited during thunderstorms; at such times he would retire to his room and write with freedom and spirit. Halévy, with more domestic tastes, when his inspiration failed him, would put a kettle on the fire; and as it simmered and boiled, his mind gradually recovered its usual activity, and his ideas flowed again in abundance. Auber loved being on horseback, and while the animal was galloping his thoughts came with facility and speed. Mozart confessed a similar thing. "It is when travelling in a carriage or walking after dinner," writes he to Baron V., "that my ideas flow best and most abundantly." Many persons of less eminence than Mozart or Auber have experienced the same effect from the motion of a hansom cab. But while Auber was happy on the gallop, Adolphe Adam, on the other hand, when at a loss for ideas, loved to bury himself, with his cats, under a thick quilt of eider-down.

Readers of Mr. Forster's biography of Charles Dickens will remember his nocturnal expeditions, and how, when putting together the plot of a story, he would pace the deserted streets of London at night for hours. Many a page of his novels, teeming with punch-bowls and joviality, was thus soberly imagined. On the other hand, Ben Jonson, according to an entry in his own manuscript journal, preserved at Dulwich College, wrote best when drunk:—"*Memorandum.* Upon the 20th of May the King (Heaven reward him!) sent me 100*l.* At that time I often went to the Devil Tavern, and before I had spent 40*l.* of it, wrote my *Alchymist*. . . . I laid the plot of my *Volpone*, and wrote most of it after a present of ten dozen of palm-sack from my very good Lord T——. That, I am positive, will live to posterity, and be acted, when I and envy be friends, with applause. . . . . *Memorandum.* The first speech in my *Catilina*, spoken by Sylla's ghost, was writ after I had parted with my friend at the Devil Tavern: I had drunk well that night, and *had brave notions*. There is one scene in that play which I think is flat. I resolve to drink no more water with my wine."

These few anecdotes might be perhaps multiplied indefinitely; but, as far as they go, they serve to illustrate sufficiently the various ways of working, purposely or accidentally adopted by composers, and show that ideas are not always to be found only by biting the end of the quill pen.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

A BIRTH-SONG.

(For Olivia Frances Madox Rossetti, born Sept. 20, 1875.)

OUT of the dark sweet sleep
Where no dreams laugh or weep
  Borne through bright gates of birth
Into the dim sweet light
Where day still dreams of night
  While heaven takes form on earth,

White rose of spirit and flesh, red lily of love,
What note of song have we
Fit for the birds and thee,
Fair nestling couched beneath the mother-dove?

Nay, in some more divine
Small speechless song of thine
Some news too good for words,
Heart-hushed and smiling, we
Might hope to have of thee,
The youngest of God's birds,
If thy sweet sense might mix itself with ours,
If ours might understand
The language of thy land,
Ere thine become the tongue of mortal hours,

Ere thy lips learn too soon
Their soft first human tune,
Sweet, but less sweet than now,
And thy raised eyes to read
Glad and good things indeed,
But none so sweet as thou:
Ere thought lift up their flower-soft lids to see
What life and love on earth
Bring thee for gifts at birth,
But none so good as thine who hast given us thee:

Now, ere thy sense forget
The heaven that fills it yet,
Now, sleeping or awake,
If thou couldst tell, or we
Ask and be heard of thee,
For love's undying sake,
From thy dumb lips divine and bright mute speech
Such news might touch our ear,
That then would burn to hear
Too high a message now for man's to reach.

Ere the gold hair of corn
Had withered wast thou born,
To make the good time glad;
The time that but last year
Fell colder than a tear
On hearts and hopes turned sad,
High hopes and hearts requickening in thy dawn,
Even theirs whose life-springs, child,
Filled thine with life and smiled,
But then wept blood for half their own withdrawn.*

If death and birth be one,
And set with rise of sun,
And truth with dreams divine,
Some word might come with thee
From over the still sea
Deep hid in shade or shine,

* Oliver Madox Brown died Nov. 5, 1874, in his twentieth year.

Crossed by the crossing sails of death and birth,
Word of some sweet new thing
Fit for such lips to bring,
Some word of love, some afterthought of earth.

If love be strong as death,
By what so natural breath
As thine could this be said?
By what so lovely way
Could love send word to say
He lives and is not dead?
Such word alone were fit for only thee,
If his and thine have met
Where spirits rise and set,
His whom we see not, thine whom scarce we see:

His there new-born, as thou
New-born among us now;
His, here so fruitful-souled,
Now veiled and silent here,
Now dumb as thou last year,
A ghost of one year old;
If lights that change their sphere in changing meet,
Some ray might his not give
To thine who wast to live,
And make thy present with his past life sweet?

Let dreams that laugh or weep,
All glad and sad dreams, sleep;
Truth more than dreams is dear.
Let thoughts that change and fly,
Sweet thoughts and swift, go by;
More than all thought is here.
More than all hope can forge or memory feign
The life that in our eyes,
Made out of love's life, lies,
And flower-like fed with love for sun and rain.

Twice royal in its root
The sweet small olive-shoot
Here set in sacred earth;
Twice dowered with glorious grace
From either heaven-born race
First blended in its birth;
Fair God or Genius of so fair an hour,
For love of either name
Twice crowned, with love and fame,
Guard and be gracious to the fair-named flower.

Oct. 19, 1875. A. C. SWINBURNE.

HON. REVERDY JOHNSON.

BY THE EDITOR.

MR. JOHNSON had already been fixed upon as one whose eminence at the bar and in politics entitled him to a place in the ECLECTIC portrait-gallery of contemporary celebrities, and the portrait which embellishes this number had already been placed in the engraver's hands, when the melancholy catastrophe occurred which it

is scarcely too much to say put the whole country into mourning. The portrait is not only timely, but has a special value in view of the fact that Mr. Johnson himself selected the photograph from which it was taken, but a few days before his death.

Reverdy Johnson was born at Annapolis, Md., on the 21st of May, 1796. His family on his father's side was of English descent, and on that of his mother French, and his ancestors were among the earliest settlers of Maryland—several of them holding prominent positions under the colonial government. His father, John Johnson, was an eminent lawyer, who, after serving in both houses of the General Assembly, was successively Attorney-General, one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals, and Chancellor of the State. His mother was a daughter of Reverdy Ghieslin, who was long known as Commissioner of the Land Office at Annapolis. Educated at St. John's College, in his native town, Reverdy Johnson entered the grammar school at six and left the institution at sixteen years of age. He immediately commenced reading law under the direction of his father, and was afterwards for a while a student in the office of the late Judge Stephen. He was admitted to the bar and began practice in Prince George's County, in the village of Upper Marlborough, in 1816, when only in his twentieth year. He was soon appointed by the Attorney-General his deputy for the judicial district, and performed the duties of that responsible office in the most creditable manner until November, 1817, when he removed to Baltimore and started on his career as a lawyer, which, for brilliancy and success, has seldom been equalled. Developing thus early that wonderful vigor of intellect and determination of character which so distinguished him, he at once took an excellent position, and, notwithstanding his youth, was soon recognized by lawyers and laymen as a man of unusual ability. In a short time he became the professional associate and intimate companion of Robert Goodloe Harper, Luther Martin, William Pinkney, Roger B. Taney, Wm. H. Winder, and others, who had already made the bar of Maryland famous. Laboring with untiring energy and earnestness of purpose, Mr. Johnson obtained a large practice, which, to the day of his death, was interrupted only by his various public services.

Soon after going to Baltimore he was appointed chief commissioner of insolvent debtors. In 1821 he was elected to the State Senate for a term of five years and re-elected for another term. After serving two years of the second term he resigned and devoted himself exclusively to his practice from that time to 1845, when he was elected to the Senate of the United States. There he soon took a conspicuous place among its leading members, composed though it was, at that time, of the ablest intellect from all parts of the country. In 1849 he resigned his seat in the Senate to accept the position of Attorney-General tendered him by President Taylor. On the accession of Mr. Fillmore he retired, and, resuming the practice of his profession, at once appeared in the foremost rank. He was retained in almost every important case in the courts of Maryland and in the Supreme Court. His advice and services were sought from distant States, and in 1854 he was employed by an English house to argue a case involving a claim of great magnitude against the United States Government before the joint English and American Commission then sitting in London. He was associated professionally in this matter with the present Lord Cairns, then in the House of Commons and a leading member of the Chancery Bar, and subsequently Lord Chancellor, under the Disraeli administration. During his sojourn in England, Mr. Johnson received much attention from the public men and members of the English Bar. Returning home he was unceasingly engaged with his practice, and took no active part in politics until the winter of 1860–61, when he was called upon by the exigencies of that memorable period. He was sent as one of the delegates from Maryland to the Peace Convention, which assembled at Washington. He avowed himself a Union man, and utterly repudiated the doctrine of Secession, believing it to be in violation of the letter of the Constitution, and inconsistent with the spirit and stability of our Government. He was, however, conspicuous in that Convention by his earnest and eloquent efforts to avert the threatening calamities of civil war by measures of compromise and conciliation.

When all hope of a peaceful settlement of sectional difficulties had vanished, Mr. Johnson advocated the preservation of the Union by the military power of the General Government.

In 1861 he was sent from Baltimore County to the House of Delegates. After the capture of New-Orleans he was sent to that city by President Lincoln as Special Commissioner to revise the decisions of the military commandant, General Butler, in regard to foreign governments. He deemed it necessary and proper to reverse all those decisions, and for the good effect of so doing he received the thanks of the Administration. In the winter of 1862–3 he was elected to the United States Senate, and in March, 1863, resumed his seat in that body, after an absence of fourteen years. He took a prominent part in the great debates on the Reconstruction policy of the Republican party, and was generally regarded as the leader on the Democratic side, though not always acting with that party. In 1868 he was appointed Minister to England, and during his stay there was the recipient of attentions never before paid to an American ambassador. A few months after his arrival he succeeded in negotiating a treaty for the settlement of the "Alabama claims." It was claimed by Mr. Johnson and his friends that this treaty obtained more than had ever been expected that the British Government would yield; but the Senate refused to ratify it, and in 1869 he returned to America and resumed his practice in Baltimore and Washington.

Notwithstanding his advanced age, Mr. Johnson pursued his professional business actively, participating in several highly important cases, and more than maintaining his old place at the bar. On the 10th of February he was in Annapolis for the purpose of arguing a case, and in the evening of that day dined with Governor Carroll. After dinner, feeling slightly indisposed, he retired to the library, and was there left in order that he might be invigorated by a short nap. An hour afterwards he was found in the footpath in front of the house, his skull fractured in two places and life extinct. His eyesight had been failing for some time, and it is supposed that on waking from his nap he stepped out for a short walk, stumbled against some obstacle and fell, striking his head against the sharp projecting corner of the wall, and dying there helpless and alone in his agony.

Mr. Johnson had already lived far beyond the allotted time of man, but his constitution was strong and his health vigorous, and the public felt that there was something peculiarly shocking in the fact that a career so long and useful had terminated in so melancholy a catastrophe.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By J. A. Doyle. (Freeman's Historical Course for Schools.) New-York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

For general popular reading, as well as for use in schools, this is the best compendious history of the United States that has yet been written. It has been something of a surprise to ourselves to be driven to this opinion, for where a history is so primarily and essentially political as that of the United States has been, a foreigner might well be excused if, in dealing with it, he fell into no palpable and manifest errors, and it could hardly be expected that he should so far free himself from the trammels of national and personal bias as to maintain the tone of impartial but sympathetic narrative. It is precisely on its political side, however, that Mr. Doyle's book compares most favorably with those which have preceded it in the same field. In no other work are the causes which created and shaped our national polity so clearly analyzed and explained, and in none are the development and metamorphoses of that polity traced with a firmer or more skilful hand. Having mastered the multitudinous details of the subject, the fact that he stands quite apart from those prejudices and prepossessions from which no American can wholly free himself, has been a great advantage to Mr. Doyle, giving him a breadth of view and a consistency of judgment which nothing short of the possession of the "historical consciousness" in a supreme degree would enable a native writer to attain. The danger which attends these chroniclers from the outside lest their record be a mere accumulation of the husks of history is obviated in Mr. Doyle's case by the keen and sympathetic interest which he has felt in his subject. His history is a view of the United States from

the outside, and is valuable largely *because* it is such a view; but it is the view of one who is neither prejudiced nor indifferent, and who has spared himself no pains in the endeavor to see things as they really are. At this Centennial time, when it may be supposed that, as a nation, we are seriously trying to take the measure of our past, a history like the present has a peculiar interest, as, since it comes from "foreign nations," it may also, as Bacon believed, represent the verdict of the "next ages."

Mr. Doyle begins his narrative with the discovery of America by Columbus, omitting all reference to the Northmen, though it is now pretty well established that they anticipated the great Genoese by some four or five centuries. His first chapter, giving an account of the geography and natives of the new continent, is admirably clear and satisfactory, and in its pregnant conciseness affords a good example of his method and style. We imagine there are few persons in school or out who will not get a better idea than they ever had before of the precise relative conditions of the Spanish, French, and English colonization of America from this and the two or three following chapters. The history of each colony is recounted separately up to the time of the Confederation; and this portion of the work is more detailed than the rest, the author rightly considering the colonial period as the time when the germs of our national character and polity were planted. The merely military events of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Civil War are touched upon very lightly; but the circumstances which led to them, and the results which followed upon them, are narrated quite fully, and, as we have already remarked, the political history is the strongest feature of the work. The narrative closes with the appointment (in January, 1866) of a committee of Congress to consider the question of reconstruction. "From that time," the author remarks, "the old struggle between North and and South may be looked on as having taken a new form, and American history as having entered on a new epoch."

The American publishers have added greatly to the usefulness of the work by inserting four maps, prepared by Prof. Francis A. Walker, illustrating the acquisition of territory and the increase and distribution of population.

SELECT BRITISH ESSAYISTS. The Spectator. Edited by John Habberton. New-York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

Mr. Habberton has taken upon himself the task—the importance of which has long been recognized by scholars—of selecting the most interesting and characteristic papers from the *Spectator, Guardian, Rambler, Idler, Tatler,* and other collections of the standard British essayists, and presenting them in such condensed and economical shape as to bring them within reach of the general reading public. For many years, few, except students and professional critics, have ventured upon the exploration of the complete collections of these essayists, and though the *Spectator* is still a book with which intelligent people are expected to have a general acquaintance, the *Tatler, Rambler, Idler,* and the rest, scarcely inferior in interest and value, have become little more than names. This is the more unfortunate, because some of the best literature of the last century is hidden away in these ponderous and neglected tomes, and because they furnish just the needed antidote to the somewhat frivolous and flimsy essay-writings of our own day.

The scope of Mr. Habberton's series comprises six volumes, of which the first is devoted to the *Spectator,* and contains portions of nearly a hundred papers, chiefly those of Addison and Steele. The selections are good, and fairly representative, though the lighter social and descriptive papers have been especially favored; but we think it was a mistake to abridge the papers themselves. The great charm of the *Spectator* essays lies not so much in their substance, arguments, or statements of fact as in the manner of treatment, the harmony of proportion, perfection of finish, and the elegance and purity of the style; and no abridgment, however skilful, could avoid obscuring or destroying these most distinctive qualities. We imagine that those who derive their knowledge of the *Spectator* exclusively from Mr. Habberton's little volume will find it difficult to understand why it is assigned so high a place among the classics of English literature; though even here its superiority to recent productions in the same field will make it a welcome addition to the resources of the general reader.

The book is issued in tasteful and convenient style, and the introductory essay and biographical sketches are useful and sensible; but we wish Mr. Habberton took a less jocular view of his work.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES. Edited by Col. T. W. Higginson. Vol. III. French Political Leaders, by Edward King. New-York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

There is more of personal observation and research, and less reliance upon the scissors, in this than in either of the previous volumes of the series of "Brief Biographies." Mr. King

has lived long in Paris, and in his capacity as newspaper correspondent has kept a close watch upon recent political movements in France. His sketches, therefore, are not only well-informed and apparently trustworthy in statement, but have a vividness of characterization which could not be attained by one whose knowledge of the subjects was derived exclusively from books. The portraits of Thiers, Gambetta, Jules Simon, M. Rouher, and other Parliamentary leaders, are evidently drawn from the life, and if somewhat sketchy in outline, give an idea of their personality much more likely to be retained by the reader than would a mere rehearsal of biographical facts.

The leaders selected by Mr. King as representative are twenty-three in number, and comprise, besides those already mentioned, Victor Hugo, Marshal MacMahon, Monseigneur Dupanloup, Jules Grévy, Edouard Laboulaye, Edgar Raoul Duval, the Duc de Broglie, the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, MM. Buffet and Dufaure, Emile Ollivier, Jules Favre, the Comte de Chambord, the Duc d'Aumale, the Comte de Paris, Ernest Picard, Henri Rochefort, Casimir Périer, and Jules Ferry. There is no attempt to distribute these "leaders" into artificial or factitious groups, but in a brief introduction prefixed to the sketches, Mr. King gives a lucid description of the various parties, sub-divisions of parties, and factions, comprised in the Assembly, and of their relations to each other.

Mr. King writes clearly, simply, and graphically, and Col. Higginson hardly overstates the usefulness of his work when he says that "no existing book, in any language, comes so near comprising just the information needed among us in regard to the present political leaders of France."

THE VEST-POCKET SERIES OF STANDARD AND POPULAR AUTHORS. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

The success of the "Little Classics" suggested this series, the object of which is to present in still smaller volumes—so small, indeed, that they can almost be hid away in a vest-pocket—the favorite productions of such "popular and standard authors" as Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, Howells, Bret Harte, and Thoreau. Eight volumes have been issued so far, containing "Snow-Bound," by Whittier; Longfellow's "Evangeline," and "Courtship of Miles Standish;" two volumes, comprising six essays, by Emerson; Tennyson's "Enoch Arden;" Mr. James T. Field's valuable memorial sketch of "Nathaniel Hawthorne;" and "A Day's Pleasure," by W. D. Howells.

The books are very dainty in style and general appearance, are well printed and bound in flexible cloth covers, and most of them are illustrated, and exceedingly well illustrated. They are just the thing to take along on a railway journey or summer ramble, and will be found of exactly the right dimensions for an evening's reading by the fireside.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

SEVERAL new hieroglyphic forms have been discovered by Dr. Birch among inscriptions in the collections of Mr. Robert Hay, of Linplum, who visited Egypt upwards of forty years ago.

MR. THOMAS KEBLE has placed in the hands of a relative of the Archbishop of Dublin the task of bringing together for publication and editing the scattered reviews and essays of his uncle, the late Rev. John Keble.

HEBER wrote his popular missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," at Wrexham, and it is stated that the printer who set it up in type, on the Saturday of its composition, for use on the following Sunday, is still living in that town.

THE whole of the main text of the fifth volume of the "History of the Norman Conquest" is now printed, and part of the Appendix, so that we may hope for an early publication of this final and most important volume of Mr. Freeman's great work.

THE "Evangeline" of Longfellow has been translated into Portuguese blank verse by Don Miguel Street d'Arriaga, a native of the Azores, and editor of the newspaper *Fayalense*. The manuscript translation has been sent to America, to be submitted to Mr. Longfellow.

MR. ROBERT BROWNING'S son, who took to painting two years ago by Mr. Millais's advice, has lately returned from Antwerp, where he has been studying under M. Heyermanns, with a half dozen large studies in oil, which are said to show astonishingly quick progress and considerable power.

MR. CHARLES KENT has just completed for publication the first volume of Lord Lytton's Dramatic Works for the Knebworth edition now being issued by Messrs. Routledge. Some delay has been occasioned by the discovery of a wholly unpublished play of Lord Lytton's which Mr. Kent will have the honor of thus posthumously publishing.

UNDER the title "Un Giornalista Originale," the *Voce Libera* quotes from the *Vaterland* the statement that the King of Birmah is at last

to have a journal; the king himself is to be the chief *rédacteur* and proprietor, and our royal colleague threatens with the penalty of death all his subjects who will not subscribe to his paper. The Birman journal is sure to have a large circulation.

MESSRS. MICHEL LEVY are about to publish a volume containing the Paris Letters contributed by Sainte-Beuve to the *Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse* in 1843. These letters are interesting as showing a greater tendency to mysticism or at least religious emotion than is apparent in the great critic's later works.

A RELIC of the conquest of Great Britain by the Romans has been brought before the Paris Académie des Inscriptions. A Latin inscription recording the triumph of the Emperor Claudius over the Britons and the taking of Caractacus has been found engraved on a stone in the wall of the ancient Cyzicus, in Asia Minor, and the copy brought to France. Claudius is here designated as *Vindex libertatis*.

FRIENDS and admirers of Charles Kingsley will be glad to hear of a new edition of "Alton Locke," with a prefatory memoir by Mr. Thomas Hughes, describing fully the sayings and doings of "Parson Lot" during the troubled period of 1848–56, in the events of which—the Chartist agitation and the great movement towards association — Kingsley took so noble a part. This edition will also contain a reprint of the pamphlet, "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," written at that time, and intimately connected with "Alton Locke" both in subject and treatment.

MRS. CHARLES KINGSLEY will shortly publish a memoir of her husband, together with large selections from his correspondence and other unpublished writings. Mrs. Kingsley is aided in her work by many friends intimately associated with her husband at different periods of his life, and we understand that she will avail herself of their words rather than her own in treating of much on which she could scarcely speak with impartiality. The book will be illustrated by *fac-similes* of Mr. Kingsley's sketches, views of Eversley Church and Rectory, and a steel engraved portrait.

A MOST valuable MS. has been discovered in the Azores. It refers to the colonisation, in the year 1500, of the northern part of America, by emigrants from Oporto, Aveiro, and the Island of Terceira. It was written by Francisco de Souza, in 1570. Barboza Machado states that it was lost during the great earthquake of Lisbon in 1755. This most important document is about to be published by an erudite Azorian gentleman, and will throw great light on the disputed question of the early discovery of America.

THE Portuguese Government has just acquired the valuable collection of manuscripts of the Count Laurenço. These documents all relate to the ancient history of the country. Among them are autograph letters of celebrated historic persons, such as Don Juan de Castro, Viceroy of the Portuguese Indies, Jeronimo Osorio, called the Cicero of Portugal, Alvaro de Castro, who fought the Moors under Ferdinand III., Stephen, son of Vasco de Gama, like his father a great navigator, and governor of the Portuguese Indies. The collection has been sold at a low valuation, as the proprietor preferred its remaining in his own country to its passing into the hands of strangers. The British Museum was very anxious to possess the collection.

THE Comédie Française has at length given to the world the long-promised "Register of La Grange." This work, which has been for some time in the archives of the theatre, supplies an exact account of the principal facts connected with the performances by the company of Molière, and is of value almost inestimable in aiding to form a judgment upon the state of the French stage during the age of Louis the Fourteenth. It forms a supplement to the registers of Hubert and La Thorellière, which alone were accessible to the early historians of the stage. Passages from it have already been given by M. Taschereau, but the entire work is now published for the first time. Its editor is M. Edouard Thierry.

SCIENCE AND ART.

A NEW RELATION BETWEEN ELECTRICITY AND LIGHT.—Faraday, who was acquainted with the method of studying the strains produced in transparent solids by means of polarized light, made many experiments in the hope of detecting some action on polarized light while passing through a medium in which dielectric induction exists. He was not, however, able to detect any action of this kind. Though his experiments were arranged in the way best adapted to discover effects of tension, he was unable to recognize any action on light due to static electric induction. Dr. Kerr, in a paper published in the November number of the *Philosophical Magazine*, describes experiments which he has recently made which show that electrification of a non-conductor when sufficiently powerful is accompanied by optical effect. A piece of polished plate-glass is selected,

three-quarters of an inch thick, six inches long, and two wide. Two holes are drilled into the block from its opposite ends, and approach within a quarter of an inch of each other; in these are inserted thick copper wires, sheathed—except at their extremities—in gutta-percha. The electrification is effected by means of a powerful Ruhmkorff's induction apparatus, the outer ends of the wires from the glass plate being screwed into the knobs of the secondary coil. When the plate of glass is intensely electrified and traversed by polarized light in a direction perpendicular to the lines of force, Dr. Kerr found that depolarizing action is exerted upon the light, giving an effect which is much more than merely sensible in a common polariscope. Electric force and optical effect increase together. The optical effect of a constant electric action takes a certain time to reach its full intensity, which it does by continuous increase from zero, and it falls again slowly to zero after the electric force has vanished. It was found further that the dielectrification of plate-glass is equivalent optically to a compression of the glass along the lines of electric force. Dielectrified glass acts upon transmitted light as a negative uniaxal crystal, with its axis parallel to the lines of force. Quartz (like glass) acts upon transmitted light as if compressed along the lines of force, while resin (unlike glass) acts as if extended along the lines of force. Dr. Kerr intends to examine the action of liquid dielectrics in the same way.

Spectrum Observations among the Stars.—M. D'Arrest, the Director of the Observatory at Copenhagen, writes that he continues to devote the powers of his large telescope to celestial spectroscopy. His "Durchmusterung" or spectroscopic examination of the stars in the northern heavens continues to increase the number of stellar spectra which belong to the third class in a far larger proportion than any other of Secchi's four divisions. The stars of this type afford remarkable objects for investigation, and are pretty numerously and uniformly distributed throughout the heavens. Only a few other spectra have striking similarities among themselves. In some, the position and the groups of dark absorption bands are, as Secchi and Vogel have stated, in complete accordance. Groups occur in which even the various intensities of the bright lines are sometimes alike; these lines being, in general, brightest near the red end, although frequently exhibiting uniform brightness throughout the spectrum. But there is a remarkable uniformity in all the spectra. Out of 11,000 stars whose light has been thus examined, only 80 spectra offer characteristics worthy of special mention, and only five new stars are found whose spectra belong to the fourth class. On the average, therefore, where there is one star of the third class for every 140 stars examined, there is but one star of the fourth class for every 1000; and this holds throughout for all stars brighter than the eighth magnitude. In bright stars of the third type, dark absorption bands have several times been perceived. Only once, says D'Arrest, has he found a star of the sixth magnitude with distinct bands, departing in this respect from the characteristics of both the third and the fourth types, in which case, however, a short examination revealed to him that he was examining the planet Uranus, and not a fixed star. Twice in the course of his sweeps among the stars has he thus, with his small instrument, spectroscopically discovered this planet.

Meteorology of the Arctic Regions.—In a paper read before the Deutsche Naturforschende Versammlung at Gratz recently, Herr Weyprecht gave a sketch of his proposal for the physical exploration of the Arctic area, premising that all the Arctic expeditions hitherto sent out by each nation have been merely international scrambles to try to push a little further into the ice than had hitherto been done. He criticises fairly enough the absence of systematic scientific method in the conduction of physical researches, and proposes that for the space of one year observatories for meteorology, terrestrial magnetism, etc., should be maintained at various points in the Arctic regions, and if possible near the South Pole also, with the view of instituting simultaneous observations for a definite period. The localities he proposes in the Arctic regions are Nova Zembla; Spitzbergen; Greenland (West or East, in about 77° N.); North-America, east of Behring's Straits, in 70° N.; and Siberia, at the mouth of the Lena. He announces that a countryman of his own, well known in connection with Arctic exploration, has guaranteed the funds for an Austrian station, while the co-operation of Russia is almost secured.

The Climate of the Poles, Past and Present.—A very valuable paper on this question has been contributed to the *Geological Magazine* by Prof. Nordenskiold, in which he says that we now possess fossil remains from the polar regions belonging to almost all the periods into which the geologist has divided the history of the earth. The Silurian fossils which McClintock brought home from the American Polar Archipelago, and the German naturalists from Novaja Semlja, as also some probably Devo-

nian remains of fish found by the Swedish expeditions on the coasts of Spitzbergen, are, however, too few in number, and belong to forms too far removed from those now living, to furnish any sure information relative to the climate in which they have lived. Immediately after the termination of the Devonian age, an extensive continent seems to have been formed in the polar basin north of Europe, and we still find in Beeren Island and Spitzbergen vast strata of slate, sandstone, and coal, belonging to that period, in which are imbedded abundant remains of a luxuriant vegetation, which, as well as several of the fossil plant-remains brought from the polar regions by the Swedish expeditions, have been examined and described by Prof. Heer, of Zürich. We here certainly meet with forms, vast *Sigillaria*, *Calamites*, and species of *Lepidodendra*, etc., which have no exactly corresponding representatives in the now existing plants. Colossal and luxuriant forms of vegetation, however, indicate a climate highly favorable to vegetable development. A careful examination of the petrifactions taken from these strata shows also so accurate an agreement with the fossil plants of the same period found in many parts of the continent of Central Europe, that we are obliged to conclude that at that time no appreciable difference of climate existed on the face of the earth, but that a uniform climate extremely favorable for vegetation—but not on that account necessarily tropical—prevailed from the Equator to the Poles.

GIVING MEDICINES TO THE MOTHER FOR THE SUCKLING INFANT.—Dr. Lewald has, says the *Lyon Medicale*, investigated the elimination by the milk of the mother of iron, bismuth, iodine and its compounds, arsenic, lead, zinc, antimony, mercury, alcohol, and several narcotics. His numerous experiments were made in the goat. A certain dose of the medicine was administered to the animal, after which the milk was examined. The principal conclusions which the author has arrived at are: 1. A larger quantity of iron can be administered to the infant through the mother's milk than by any other means. 2. Bismuth likewise is eliminated by the milk, but in very small quantity. 3. Iodine does not appear in the milk until ninety-six hours after taking it; the iodide of potassium, given in doses of forty grains *per diem*, appears four hours after ingestion, and continues to be eliminated for eleven days. 4. Arsenic appears in the milk at the end of seventeen hours, and its elimination had not ceased after sixty hours. 5. Though one of the most insoluble preparations, the oxide of zinc is nevertheless eliminated by the milk, and it is probable that this is also the case with the other preparations of zinc; fifteen grains of oxide of zinc were found in the milk at the end of from four to eight hours, and it disappears sooner than iron, because no trace of it could be discovered after fifteen or sixteen hours. 6. The elimination of antimony is an undeniable fact, and it is well to bear this in mind during the period of nursing; the same holds true in regard to mercurial preparations. 7. That alcohol and the narcotics are eliminated by the milk has not been demonstrated. Sulphate of quinine is eliminated very easily; a child suffering from intermittent fever was cured by administering quinine to the nurse.

THE MINOR PLANETS.—The alarmingly rapid rate at which small planets are now being discovered makes it increasingly difficult for observers to keep pace with the constant additions to the group; and it seems but too likely that, for want of sufficient observations, many of them will be lost almost as soon as found, a calamity which has already happened in several instances. Though constant employment in picking up these stray sheep would thus be provided for the discoverers of these minute bodies, the gain to science from this process of re-discovery would be but small, and it is therefore important for astronomers to make certain of keeping what they have got. With this object in view, Dr. Tietjen, the superintendent of the *Berliner Jahrbuch*, has commenced the issue of bimonthly circulars, in which the observations of small planets will be collected, and the corrections to the ephemerides obtained, so as to enable other observers to carry on the work without fruitless expenditure of time in the search for these faint objects among the multitude of telescopic stars.

URANUS.—Professor Newcomb, who is in charge of the great achromatic at the Washington Observatory, of 26 inches aperture, has made a special study of the satellites of this body during the early part of this year. He fully confirms Lassell's opinion that there are only four, the orbits of which he finds nearly circular and in the same plane. The brighter satellites, Oberon and Titania, appeared in this noble instrument about equal to fourth magnitude stars with the naked eye; the two inner ones he thinks the most difficult of well-known objects, but was surprised at the precision with which he could bisect them. They were pretty certainly discovered by Lassell, and have not been, he thinks, subsequently seen by any one except himself; they are claimed, however, by the Melbourne reflector. Sir W. Herschel's outer satellites he

pronounces non-existent. The feeble perturbation of these minute bodies by each other or by the far-distant sun in the immediate presence of their overpowering primary enables the mass of the latter to be ascertained with considerable exactness, and the Professor deduced a value of $\frac{1}{22800}$. The accurate focusing of the eye-piece was, however, disturbed by the differing color of the redly-illuminated micrometer webs and the greenish-yellow satellites, and this may somewhat affect the result. No markings were detected on the disc.

INFLUENCE OF NUTRITION ON FORM.—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Mr. T. Meehan remarked that the influence which nutrition, in its various phases, had on the forms and characters of plants was an interesting study; and in this connection he had placed on record in the proceedings of the Academy, that two species of *Euphorbia*, usually prostrate, assumed an erect growth when their nutrition was interfered with by an *Æcidium*—a small fungoid parasite. He had now to offer a similar fact in connection with the common purslane (*Portulaca oleracea*), one of the most prostrate of all procumbent plants, which, under similar circumstances, also became erect.

THE SUN'S ATMOSPHERE.—That the sun has an atmosphere as well as a photosphere has long been known; and that the surface is less bright at the edges than in the centre has been taken as a proof that the atmosphere is an absorbing atmosphere. Calculations on the amount of absorption, and its effect on our earth, were made by Laplace and other astronomers; and of late years the spectrum has been used in investigating the question. Mr. Langley, of the Allegheny Observatory, has just published the result of his steady observation of the phenomenon, and he states that the sun's atmosphere is a thin stratum, which cuts off one half of the heat which otherwise would reach us. Any diminution or increase in the absorption would affect us to an important extent. For example, if there were an increase of twenty-five per cent only, it would lower the mean surface temperature of our globe by one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The existence of living things on the earth thus appears to be dependent on the steadiness of the sun's atmosphere: let it become thicker or thinner, and we must be frozen to death or scorched to death. We know what arctic temperature is, and geologists as well as physicists are agreed that our earth has passed through at least one glacial epoch, and may we not assume that the sun's atmosphere has been the agent by which fluctuations of temperature were brought about in the past, and that similar fluctuations may await us in some far remote future? It is a subject for earnest consideration.

THE VELOCITY OF STORMS.—Professor Loomis says that the average velocity of storms on the Atlantic Ocean is nineteen miles an hour; but that over the American continent the rate is twenty-six miles an hour. He has in the ten years 1864–74 traced ten storms all across the Atlantic from America to Europe, and he believes there would be more if the means of tracing were more complete than they are at present. The average path of the storms in crossing from west to east has a tendency to bend northwards.

THE METEOROLOGICAL ASPECTS OF THE FLIGHT OF GRASSHOPPERS.—In some parts of the Southern States great flights of grasshoppers take place at certain seasons; and a curious fact has been recently observed in connection with their flight, which would seem to give them the power of forecasting the state of the weather. Mr. J. Wilson states that lately, on a cloudy afternoon, the insects were on the wing, high in the air, in countless multitudes. A party of several persons was riding in a carriage, and the question of probable rain was discussed. Suddenly the grasshoppers, with great unanimity, descended to the ground, the scene reminding one of a furious snowstorm. In two or three minutes no grasshopper could be seen in the air, and in a short time it commenced to rain. Soon after the rain ceased to fall the insects took flight again, but in the course of half an hour, without any particular indication of rain, they suddenly plunged to the earth again. Soon after this it rained again. This process was repeated three times on that afternoon, and each descent was followed by a fall of rain.

VARIETIES.

CHINESE CHILDREN.—There are many curious ceremonies and observances connected with a child's early years, which it would be impossible to describe in detail. The following are among the more noteworthy and important: When the baby is a month old, its head is shaved for the first time, and on this occasion a thank-offering is made to a certain goddess; at the end of the fourth month a family feast takes place, and the maternal grandmother is expected to make handsome presents, including a species of chair for the child's use; at the end of a year, there are more thank-offerings, more feasts, and more presents; still later on there is the quaint

ceremony of "passing through the door." These and similar family customs have constantly to be observed until the child "goes out of childhood," an event which takes place usually, though not necessarily, at the age of sixteen; at this period the child becomes an adult, and is expected to put away childish things. But although sons become men at this early age, they are by no means exempted from parental authority, for, unless they happen to be in the service of the State, when the emperor takes the place of their parents, they are bound to yield implicit obedience to their fathers as long as they live. The same rule, of course, will be understood to apply with even greater force in the case of daughters. This is the strict theory of Chinese customs, but the practice of every-day life is necessarily not quite consistent with it. In cases of extremely unfilial behavior, it sometimes, though not often, happens that parents cite their children before the magistrates and get them punished. Cases of parricide and matricide are treated in a very strange manner among the Chinese, for the murderers are not only beheaded, but cut up into little pieces; their houses are pulled down and the foundations dug up; punishment is even inflicted upon their neighbors, and the very officials are degraded on account of such horrible crimes having happened within their jurisdiction. In reference to some of the matters of which we have just been speaking, it will not be without interest to notice what is laid down in regard to the various stages of a man's life in the Book of Rites, a work which is held in the highest esteem by the Chinese. From birth till ten years old, it is said, man is called a child, and then begins to learn; till twenty he is called a youth, and is then capped; to thirty, he is in his manhood, and may marry; at forty, he is full of strength, and may enter the magistracy; at fifty, he becomes grey, and may serve in the high offices of State; at sixty, he becomes advanced in years, and may direct affairs; at seventy, he becomes an old man, and may retire from the cares of public life; at eighty and ninety, he becomes infirm and forgetful. Till seven, the child is an object of compassion, and both he and the man at seventy and eighty are not liable to punishment when guilty of crimes. When a man reaches a hundred years, then he must be fed.—*Sunday Magazine.*

TIMIDITY OF GREAT MEN.—Turenne, being asked whether he was frightened at the beginning of a battle, said, "Yes, I sometimes feel great nervous excitement, but there are many subaltern officers and soldiers who feel none whatever!" Condé was much agitated in his first campaign. "My body trembles," he said, "with the actions my soul meditates!" Frederic the Great, at Molwitz, gave but little promise of ever becoming a soldier. It is reported of one of the ablest friends of Washington that, in his first battle, his nerves quite gave way, and that he had to be held to his post by two soldiers; it was as if the hero's legs tried to carry him off in spite of himself. It is obvious to remark that distinguished men, whose nerves have thus completely broken down, may thank their stars for being distinguished. Much is forgiven them, for they did much service. Had they been common soldiers, they would have received as little indulgence for the automatic action of their feet, as the poor receive for the malady of kleptomania. There is, however, a special reason why allowance should be made for generals whose presence of mind has failed them. A private has only to shut his eyes to danger, and to confront it with that *chien de courage*, of which a great commander spoke with envious disparagement. But the skilled courage of a general is a virtue of a very different order. He must, as it were, have two selves. In deliberation, he must calculate the exact amount of danger to which he exposes his troops; and then, in action, the calculation must be erased from his mind. He must often say to himself, "Peace, peace," when he feels that there is no peace; and, by a sort of military faith, he must fight as seeing a safety which is invisible. It is true that Nelson exclaimed, "What is fear? I never saw fear." But, at the time, Nelson was young; and against his remark may be set the saying of Charles V., when he saw written on a tombstone, "Here lies a man who never knew fear!" "Then," observed the emperor, "he can never have snuffed a candle with his fingers"; or, as we should say, such a man can never have felt the first touch of the forceps of a dentist. Charles V., no doubt, spoke from a commander's point of view; and he may, like other commanders, have felt the difficulty of emulating the happy fearlessness of his soldiers.—*Fortnightly Review.*

AN ENGLISH ESTIMATE OF THE LATE WILLIAM B. ASTOR.—We rather wonder why one feels a slight contempt for a career like this—a contempt deepened rather than lessened by the charm which very great wealth, like very great power in any other shape, has for the imagination. Tried by all rules, William B. Astor was a very excellent citizen. Tried by the rules of political economy, he was a most excellent citizen—a man who, instead of wasting wealth upon himself, or hoarding it unused, or pauperizing his neighbors by lavish gifts, employed it in the most beneficial way

—devoting the whole, or nearly the whole, of his profits to reproductive undertakings, railways, mines, and, above all, useful buildings. Tried by a higher standard even, there was little to cavil at, for, as we have said, he probably accumulated money from a sense of duty which, however narrow, was sincere, and his personal character is believed to have been without a stain of any kind. He was bred and remained through life an unobtrusive member of the Episcopal Church, and never neglected any external duty of a church-member, giving up attendance only when his age made the ascent of the church-steps a suffering to him. If his will is found as respectable as his life, there is no fault in it on which a critic can take hold. And yet the instinctive feeling that this man on the whole lived a poor life must be the correct one. He had power in his hands, power of the most real and effective kind, and he did not care to use it; but while always increasing it, left it behind him for others to use or misuse, independent of his control. There is no reason why he should be blamed, any more than any English millionaire who, equally with him, buries his talent in a napkin; but one feels in his case an extra sense of disappointment, as if, living in such a country, with such a family history, he ought to have been more original, more splendidly generous, more of a recognizable benefactor to his kind. It is as if Napoleon in the fulness of power had used his whole strength to make himself a safe and decorous sovereign in some corner of his possessions—had made a warm cloak of his purple robe, and a handsome crutch of his scepter. A man is not bound to be lofty, if loftiness is not in him, but there is in the career of Mr. Astor, excellent person as he is always represented to have been, a want of the greatness which power like his would in some few natures have called forth. He did not even expand the somewhat confined and sordid American idea of living.—*The Spectator.*

Individual Inequalities. — All different individuals of every species, however like they may be in their first stages of life, become in the further course of their existence less like to one another. They deviate from one another in more or less important peculiarities, and this is a natural consequence of the different conditions under which the individuals live. There are no two single individuals of any species which can complete their life under exactly the same external circumstances. The vital conditions of nutrition, of moisture, air, light; further, the vital conditions of society, the inter-relations with surrounding individuals of the same or other species, are different in every individual being; and this difference first affects the functions, and later changes the form of every individual organism. If the children of a human family show, even at the beginning, certain individual inequalities which we may consider as the consequence of individual (indirect) adaptation, they will appear still more different at a later period of life when each child has passed through different experiences, and has adapted itself to different conditions of life. The original difference of the individual processes of development evidently becomes greater the longer the life lasts and the more various the external conditions which influence the separate individuals. This may be demonstrated in the simplest manner in man, as well as in domestic animals and cultivated plants, in which the vital conditions may be arbitrarily modified. Two brothers, of whom one is brought up as a workman and the other as a priest, develop quite differently in body as well as in mind; in like manner, two dogs of one and the same birth, of which one is trained as a sporting dog and the other chained up as a watch dog. The same observation may also readily be made as to organic individuals in a natural state. If, for instance, one carefully compares all the trees in a fir or beech forest, which consists of trees of a single species, one finds that among all the hundreds or thousands of trees, there are not two individual trees completely agreeing in size of trunk and other parts, in the number of branches, leaves, etc. Everywhere we find individual inequalities which, in part at least, are merely the consequences of the different conditions of life under which the trees have developed. It is true we can never say with certainty how much of this dissimilarity in all the individuals of every species may have originally been caused by indirect individual adaptation, and how much of it acquired under the influence of direct or universal adaptation.—*The History of Creation: from the German of Ernest Haeckel.*

LIFE.

Oh sadness of decay!
The autumn fields are grey,
  And long-forgotten is the hedge-row tune;
How sick the shattered fern,
How harsh the woods and stern,
  How pale and palsied is the afternoon!

Oh gladness of decay!
The wild buds store the May,
  The hushed lanes listen for the blackbird's song;
The dumb trees hoard their strength,
The shy fern peeps, at length
  Old Death is quickened, and the days are long.

H. D. R.

that view very large armies have already been created, and very large sums of money have been spent. Europe is thus converted into a vast camp, and in the midst of peace is subjected to no small part of the burden of war. Few words can be needed to show how much evil is thus inflicted on the world. The withdrawing of so many men from peaceful industry, while they are being trained as soldiers, and the unproductive expenditure incurred in these military preparations, must of necessity diminish the welfare and the comforts that can be enjoyed by the population of the nations which are pursuing this policy. Nor is the injury confined to them, the whole world must suffer from the check thus given to commerce, to the accumulation of wealth, and to the advance of civilisation. And no real advantage is gained at this heavy cost. As the system of arming almost the whole people is generally adopted, no nation is safer from its neighbors, or relatively stronger than it would be if all were content to abstain from these great warlike preparations. Still less does their existence tend to make the world safer from the calamities of war. On the contrary, as it is natural for a man who, with great labor and expense, has constructed some ingenious machine to desire to use it, so when nations have devoted much energy and much money to creating and perfecting immense armies, a disposition to employ them in war, the purpose for which they were designed, is almost sure to arise, and the permanence of peace is thus endangered.

This unfortunate state of things is the natural consequence of the wars of 1866 and 1870. The complete overthrow in so short a time, first of Austria and then of France, could not fail to create in other nations fears for their own safety, and a desire to copy in their armies the system by which such triumphs had been gained. Nor were they altogether wrong in seeking to do so. Too large a share in producing the triumphs of Prussia has indeed been attributed to her military system, and too little to the faults committed by the vanquished. In 1866 grievous mistakes are admitted to have been made by Austria; and in 1870 such was the contrast between the mismanagement and incompetence of the French Government and generals on the one side, and the energy and skill displayed by th mans on the other, that the result war would probably have been rev though each nation had retained it military laws and organisation, French had had administrators and rals like Moltke and Prince Cl while the interests of Germany had entrusted to such men as Lebœu Bazaine. Still, after making every ance of this kind, it is not to be dis that these wars have afforded clear of great merits in the system on the military power of Prussia was or ed. This applies more especially t part of the Prussian system which sists in retaining the recruits who ar ly join the army for a comparatively time in the ranks, and then allowing to pass into a reserve available a shortest notice to meet any change may threaten the State.

In adopting this part of the Pr military system, the continental n seem to have acted wisely. The pr how to provide effectually for the de of a nation at a moderate cost, has received no better solution than th of only keeping soldiers in actual s long enough to give them comple struction in their duties, and then di ing them to the ordinary occupatic civil life, subject to the obligation of ing back to their colors in time of But unfortunately the continental n have not copied only this part c Prussian system, they have also ad the policy of imposing the onerous gation of military service on the and enforcing it on a majority of the population as they rise to man There are strong reasons for bel this to have been a mistake. Adm freely that the conduct of Prussia become the new German Empire) d the last ten or twelve years make matter of only ordinary prudence neighbors to prepare to defend selves if necessary against an enor military power, wielded with consum skill, the question remains whether are taking the best course for thei safety by aiming at the formation of very numerous armies? The mi power of nations is not measured b number of men they can place under Even in ancient times it was perceive the command of money was an impc

element of strength in war, and it is far more so now. The cost as well as the power of all kinds of arms, and especially of artillery, and the expense of building ships of war and fortifications, have been enormously increased. Fresh demands for money are also arising from the application of the highest mechanical and chemical science to the purposes of war. New and fearful implements of destruction are being invented, and improved modes of using railways, traction engines, and electric telegraphs in the operations of armies are daily suggested. Already it is clear—and it will become more so—that in future wars, the nations which can thus most largely avail themselves for their armies of the assistance of science and mechanical skill will possess an immense advantage over others. Wealth therefore, with the command of material resources which it confers, together with the general diffusion of mechanical skill and industry among the people (of which it is at once the effect and the cause), must prove in the time to come a still more important element of military power in a nation than it has been found heretofore.

Such being the case, a nation is likely in the end to diminish rather than to increase its real military power by calling on the greater part of its male population to serve for a longer or shorter time in its armies, since by doing so it must reduce its means both of production and of accumulation. The taxes required to keep up gigantic armies must leave to the people less income from which savings can be made, while withdrawing so many hands from useful industry diminishes still more seriously the productive power of a nation. This diminution is greater than what is due to the mere number of men actually serving at a time in the ranks of the army. Allowance must also be made for the impaired efficiency for many kinds of civil industry of those who have been taken away from it to serve as soldiers just at the age when the habits are formed, and skill in the various arts of life is most easily acquired. Even if this interruption is only for a single year (and it is not usually limited to nearly so short a period), it must tend to reduce the value and efficiency in after life of all those destined to employments that demand a high standard of skill. When the cheapness of the Prussian army is extolled, it would be well to inquire whether a large deduction from its supposed advantage over our own in this respect must not be made, not only for that part of its cost, beyond what is paid from the treasury, which is unjustly thrown on the soldiers by compelling them to serve for less pay than their labor is worth, but also for the obstacle opposed to the improvement of industry by compulsory military service. During the last forty years Prussia, in spite of the remarkable industry and frugality of its people, and of the economy of its government, seems to have advanced more slowly in wealth and population than our own country, or than some of its neighbors. May not this be, in part at least, accounted for by the too great pressure of its army system on the 'springs of industry'? At all events, it is certain that the desire to escape from the obligation of military service has been the main cause of that strong tide of emigration which, though slackened for the moment by temporary circumstances, has for some time been setting strongly from Germany, draining it of a large number of the best of its young men, who might have found at home an ample field for useful employment, to the great advantage of their country.

By imposing generally on its male population the obligation of being trained to arms, a nation is, in fact, making a step backwards in civilisation. In explaining how the division of labor by increasing its efficiency has promoted the advance of wealth and civilisation, Adam Smith long ago remarked that the formation of standing armies was only an application of this principle, which has been so fruitful in the arts of peace, to the business of war. He has shown that among rude tribes every man must bear arms when required, and that when, instead of this, nations adopted the practice of trusting the duty of fighting for them to a comparatively small number of carefully trained soldiers, they both greatly increased their military power and diminished the cost of maintaining it.

A nation, by imposing the obligation of military service on the whole, or on the greater part, of its young men as they reach the military age, is only reverting in a modified form to the customs of barbarous times, which had been abandoned

as civilisation advanced. By doing so it forfeits the advantages which arise, as Adam Smith has pointed out, from applying the principle of the division of employments to war. When all the youth of a country are required to enter the army, the army must of necessity cease to be a profession, to which those who adopt it are exclusively devoted. They cannot even give to it so much of their time as to secure their attaining proficiency in the duties of a soldier. When the law creates a general obligation to serve in the army, it must either make the pressure of military service too severe to be borne, or else it must reduce the time that men are kept in the ranks so low that their training must be imperfect, since it is certain that first-rate soldiers cannot be formed without a training of some considerable duration. This was always true, and now modern improvements in arms, and in the art of war, have tended both to render more time necessary for the complete instruction of soldiers and also to give them, when they have obtained it, a more decided advantage than formerly over those less perfectly trained. We must expect, therefore, that it will be found in the time to come, even to a greater degree than in the past, that comparatively small numbers of really good soldiers are more than a match for far larger armies, composed of men perhaps as brave as themselves, but inferior in military training and discipline.

Nor should it be lost sight of that the number of troops which can be usefully employed in a given area is limited; when more are brought together they embarrass one another. And in proportion as the numbers of armies are increased, so are the difficulties of properly combining their movements, and providing for their commissariat and transport services. The operations of very large armies are apt to escape from the effective control of their commanders, thus adding to the part (always a large one) that fortune bears in deciding the events of war. Even the military genius and marvellous power of organisation of the first Napoleon failed to prevent disastrous mistakes in the management of such enormous hosts as he put in motion against Russia in 1812; while less extraordinary generals soon arrive at the limit of the amount of force they can wield with effect. Experience proves that armies may be embarrassed and really enfeebled by their excessive numbers, and that greater results may sometimes be obtained by a smaller force which, under the impulse of a single directing mind, can deliver its blows with rapidity and vigor where they are least expected. An army of moderate amount may in this way have an advantage over one so large as to be unwieldy, even though both should be equally well trained; if, in the larger army, the perfect training and equipment of the troop should have been in any degree sacrificed for the sake of increasing their numbers, there can be no doubt that the increase must have caused a loss instead of a gain of real military power.

There yet remains to be mentioned another strong objection to the policy of forming armies on the excessive scale now general on the Continent—namely, that by oppressing the people, and creating in them a sense of injustice, it is injurious to the authority and moral power of the Governments that adopt it. Gigantic armies, such as the European nations are now vying with each other in striving to raise, can only be kept up by the system of conscription, of which the extreme injustice seems to be very imperfectly understood. Nothing is more common than to hear it asserted that it is the duty of every man to take his share in defending his country, and that there is no injustice in a law which imposes this duty alike upon every man, and presses equally upon all. This argument is plausible, but fallacious, and is no defence of any of the systems of conscription adopted by European nations. Granting that a nation would be justified in making military service compulsory if this were really necessary for its safety, it is clear that this service ought to be paid for at its fair value. But such has not been the practice; soldiers obtained by conscription receive as a rule much less than the value of their labor. The pay of the Prussian soldiers is said to be so miserable that they could not live upon it with tolerable comfort, were it not for the assistance they usually receive from their families. Again, though it is claimed as a merit for the system of conscription that it presses equally on all, the fact is that the pressure is in the highest degree unequal. It is not true that anywhere all young men

who attain the military age and are physically fit are required without distinction to enter the army. Though the law may impose this obligation upon them, it never has been, and never can be, practically enforced. Every State in which the law of conscription exists has by some device mitigated the severity of the rule, and in general only a certain proportion of those liable have been actually called upon to serve, the selection being made by lot. Conscription so regulated is certainly not free from the vice of inequality, since it imposes a grievous hardship upon some men from which others are exempt. And the inequality is rendered only more galling by the fact that the exemptions are distributed by blind chance. A ballot determines who are, and who are not, to be soldiers, and according to what is regarded as the most perfect system of conscription, the selection thus made is final; those who are drawn for service not being allowed to seek for substitutes amongst those who have escaped. This regulation is held to be necessary to prevent rich men from eluding their fair share of service to their country; but its working is absurd, and alike injurious to the State and to the men themselves. Some men are fitted by nature for the life of soldiers —others detest it, and can never become good ones, though qualified to do excellent service to their country in peaceful pursuits. When chance alone determines the selection, some of the last class must often be chosen to serve in the army, and some of the first be left out. If those drawn for service were allowed to pay those who escaped to take their places as substitutes, this inconvenience would be in some degree avoided to the great advantage of all parties; but whether substitutes are permitted or not, it cannot be said that a law which imposes the obligation to serve on all the subjects of the State, but exempts from it a certain number selected by lot, is a system of equality.

And even if all young men were actually called upon to serve, this nominal equality would not prevent a real and cruel inequality in the hardship inflicted on different men by subjecting them to the same obligation. The peasant or unskilled laborer who is accustomed to a rough life, and whose fitness for his ordinary labors is not likely to be impaired by his being withdrawn from them for two or three years to serve in the ar would really suffer nothing (provided were properly paid while serving). the other hand, to many men of diffe habits, and of sensitive natures, the h ships of a soldier's life may be intol ble; and in the case of those inten for the learned professions, or for s branches of commerce and manufactu to take them away for the same time two or three years from what is to the business of their lives, may be spoil their whole career.

These considerations point to the c clusion that the continental nations h made a mistake in seeking to sec themselves against the enormous mili power of Germany, by copying its po of imposing generally on the rising n population the onerous obligation of s ing for a longer or a shorter time in army. They would have done m more wisely if, instead of this, they endeavored to form armies much numerous than those they now ain being enabled to embody, but as per as possible in organization, training, equipment. Such an army cannot formed in any country by means of a imposing the obligation of being trai as soldiers on all, or even a majority the young men of military age, s it is utterly impossible that so l a proportion of the population sh be kept under training long enc to make them perfect soldiers. order that the training given to sol may be complete, it is indispensable the number to whom it is given sh be limited, and also that by some mea other a selection should be made s to bring into the ranks of the army t who are fittest for it, and to leave those to whom military service woul distasteful, and who for that very re would be unlikely ever to become g soldiers. A restriction of the numbe an army is therefore a necessary co tion of its thorough efficiency; but would be quite consistent with adop what is really excellent in the Prus policy—the system of retaining sol during peace only long enough in a service to give them complete instruc in their duty, and then dismissing t to the ordinary business of civil life, ject to the obligation of coming l to their colors in time of need. In t

or four years (hardly in less if their training is to be perfect) recruits under good instruction may acquire a complete knowledge of their duty as soldiers, and as soon as they should be certified to have done so, they might be encouraged to retire into the reserve to return when wanted to the active army. Under this arrangement a nation might, in no great number of years, form a reserve of trained soldiers, available on short notice, which would render a comparatively small army in peace sufficient for the security of the State.

In this manner the European nations might provide for being able to bring into the field when wanted, armies more truly efficient than those of excessive numbers they are now striving to create; while at the same time by relieving their finances and their people from the heavy burden of the latter, they would promote the increase of wealth and population, the two great elements of military power. And to all these nations the relief they might thus obtain would be of the greatest importance. The actual state of their finances ought to be a subject of serious anxiety alike to Russia, to France, to Austria, and to Italy. In all these countries there is much need for reducing the weight of taxation, and also for applying more money than, with such enormous armies, they can spare, to much needed improvements of various kinds; and in all of them also the Government would gain in popularity and in strength by being enabled to mitigate the severity of the conscription, which has been well named 'the tribute of blood,' and is justly odious to the people. It is not to be hoped that any of these nations would at present venture to dispense with the system of raising their armies by conscription; but if the armies were smaller, not only would fewer men require to be raised, but it would also become possible to make the essential injustice of the system less felt by raising the pay of the soldiers to the ordinary rate of wages of unskilled laborers. If this were done and substitutes allowed, the practical hardship inflicted by the law of conscription would be greatly mitigated. It would be still further mitigated if such advantages were offered to trained soldiers for continuing in the reserve, that they might generally be willing to do so as long as they were *physically fit for* military duty. To conscription under such conditions there would be little practical objection; and it certainly is not without important advantages in the circumstances of some of the continental nations. The statesmen of Italy, for instance, seem to be right in believing that military service, enforced by conscription, affords them the most powerful instrument that could be employed for fusing together what were lately separate States, into a single, well-united nation, and for civilising the rude inhabitants of the most backward provinces. The army might be made a valuable school both for general and industrial instruction, while the labor of the soldiers might be turned to account in making roads and in other public works. But however true it may be that the system of conscription is in some respects, and in some cases, highly useful, it is not less true that it has been generally carried by the nations of Europe to a most injurious extent, and that they would gain much by reducing their demands on the people for military service.

To Russia and France more especially the advantage of such a change of policy would be incalculable. The slightest consideration of the circumstances of Russia is sufficient to show how entirely she is mistaking the true mode of increasing her power when she seeks to do so by keeping up so vast an army. Were she to be engaged in war, she has neither the money nor the other means required for employing with effect the two millions of soldiers that her armies on the war establishment are intended to furnish. And in peace, with so large a proportion of her territory still unimproved, and so much useful work delayed by the want of hands, to withdraw six or seven hundred thousand men from productive industry, is to throw away what ought to be the means of ensuring her rapid advance in greatness. If a part of the money spent in keeping up an army so much larger than she could use were devoted to extending and improving her railways, and other means of communication, she would probably be able, whenever she may be engaged in war, to bring to the scene of action a more numerous, as well as a more effective, force than she will succeed in making available by adhering to her present policy.

As to France, we may hope she is wise

enough not to cherish those purposes of vengeance, which the use by the Germans of their power as victors might naturally lead her to form; but she must earnestly desire to recover such strength and such a position, as not to be at the mercy of a power which, after severely exercising the hard rights of conquest, still maintains towards her an overbearing, if not a threatening attitude. But in order to recover her strength and her position, France, for a time at least, needs to reduce as low as possible the demands of the Government upon the nation for men and for money. By doing so she would much more quickly regain the power of defending herself from aggression than she can hope to do, if after the terrible losses she has sustained she calls upon the people to furnish conscripts enough to fill the ranks of an enormous army, and to bear taxes sufficient to pay for it. In former days, when it was Prussia that was trodden down without pity by triumphant France, this policy of husbanding her resources was that adopted by Prussia, not indeed by her free will, but with instructive success. In the treaty which closed the disastrous war of Jena, Prussia was compelled to bind herself not to keep up an army of more than 42,000 men. By imposing upon her this condition, her conqueror unconsciously did her a great service, as it obliged the Government for a time to moderate its demands upon the resources of the people, thus enabling the nation more speedily to recover its strength after its misfortunes. The condition they had been forced to agree to, suggested to the Prussian statesmen the plan of dismissing recruits as soon as they were trained into a reserve, in order to prepare the nation for another great struggle for independence; and there can be little doubt that the success of this scheme, by which Prussia was enabled to take so large a share in the uprising of Europe to throw off the French yoke in 1813, was greatly promoted by the limitation of the number of her army which had been imposed upon her with very different views by the first Napoleon. Now that France has in her turn suffered the calamities of a disastrous war, her statesmen might have drawn from this example a useful lesson that does not seem to have occurred to them. And if what France is seeking were not merely security from Germany, but vengeance also, this object would far more likely to be attained by the p licy which has been described than the steps that are being taken to incre her army. It is notorious that the G man people are becoming exceedingly i patient of the heavy burden of their m tary system, and what mainly contribu to make them submit to it, is that t measures in progress for creating so la an army in France lead them to belie in the continual assertions of their rule that France is determined to renew t war as soon as she feels herself stro enough. Were it not that this is believe it is most improbable that the seve strain of the German military syst would long be borne, even if the power the Government over the Parliam should be sufficient to prevent its bei abandoned at once. A military law, be ing so hardly on the population as t now in force, could hardly be maintain in the German Empire, and especially that part of it lately torn from France, it were known that in France itself t numbers of the army had been reduce and the oppressiveness of the conscr tion greatly mitigated.

Other important consequences in G many might also be looked for, if t change suggested were to take place in t policy of France. One fact that helps make the vast military power of Germa so formidable to her neighbors is, that is practically wielded almost without co trol by a single statesman, whose we known audacity and ambitious desire aggrandise the empire he has form render it impossible to conjecture f what purposes it may be used. But t unbounded authority exercised by t Chancellor of the German Empire re in no small degree upon the same appr hension of a new and deadly strug with France, which for the present i duces the German people to submit to t oppressive demands made upon them f military service. It is this apprehensi that keeps together in support of a syste of government almost arbitrary in character men of very various opinio including some of strong democratic i clinations. Were this bond of uni withdrawn, men so differing from ea other in their views would be likely so to break up into conflicting parties. A were the public attention set free fro

the engrossing subject of providing for the national defence from dangers supposed to be imminent, difficult domestic questions could hardly fail to arise, those more especially which relate to religion and are already so embarrassing, would probably become far more so. France, by her warlike preparations, is thus effectually playing the game of Prince Bismarck.

Turning, however, from these speculations, we would remark that it is the common interest of all the European nations, including Germany, that they should be relieved from the system which is now, as we have said, subjecting them in the midst of peace to a great part of the burdens of war. But much as it would be for the advantage of all countries to cease from wasting, in enormous military establishments, resources which, if differently applied, would add much to the welfare of their people, formidable obstacles stand in the way of so desirable a change. Though it is true that any nation which had the wisdom and courage to set the example of largely reducing the demands of its Government on the people for the army, would in a few years gain a great advantage in its relative position as regards real power over those that acted on the opposite principle; still it would be difficult to deny that in the first instance there would be at least some apparent danger in the experiment. The nation which first reduced its army among neighbors that continued to maintain a constant preparation for war, until it had had time to reap the benefit of the change, would seem to be left in a position of insecurity; and this is a hazard there is naturally an unwillingness to incur. Yet a general reduction of the continental armies could hardly be brought about by negotiations and agreement among the several Powers of Europe, since there is a just reluctance in every high-spirited nation to bind itself by engagements with others to keep its force within prescribed limits. Such engagements are so easily evaded that it is difficult to be sure that they will be fairly executed, while there is an obvious risk in one nation's giving to another a right to find fault with the arrangements it may deem it expedient to make for its own security.

In former times, any need for nations to keep themselves always ready for war was to a great extent obviated by the understanding, which prevailed among the European Powers, that they were all interested in maintaining the general peace, and that unjust aggression by any one of them woud provoke combined resistance from the others. While this understanding prevailed, the nations of Europe felt that they were sufficiently safe with armies very small in comparison with those they are now forming; thus the evil of excessive armaments was averted, while the general peace was maintained with very slight interruptions for more than thirty years after the close of the great revolutionary war in 1815. A new state of things has now arisen. Nations no longer rely with as much confidence as they did either upon being exempt from unjust aggression, or upon finding, if they should be exposed to it, effective support from others. Hence the eagerness they show to make preparations for bringing the largest possible armies quickly into the field in case of need. This is an unfortunate change for the world, and it has been brought about in no slight degree through the fault of this country. For a good many years it has been the popular doctrine among us, that the right policy for England is one of what is called 'non-intervention' in the affairs of the Continent. When, some five-and-forty years ago, 'non-intervention' began to be talked of as the rule we ought to follow, the words were used in a very different sense from that which has since been put upon them. It was non-intervention in the *internal* affairs of other States, which was then proclaimed as the policy of the Whig party. Its leaders justly held, in opposition to the system of the Holy Alliance, that every nation ought to be left free to determine its own form of government, and to manage its own internal affairs as it might judge best, and that any interference with this freedom by other nations was both unjust and impolitic. But in those days hardly any one ventured to assert that it would be wise for this country to stand quite aloof from the affairs of the Continent, and to look on with indifference if acts of injustice should be perpetrated, especially against any of the weaker nations. Non-intervention so understood would have been alike condemned by both of the two great parties

of the State, and was the very opposite of the policy which each pursued when entrusted with the administration of affairs. Under the one, Portugal was effectually protected from Spanish interference, and under the other, even at the imminent risk of war, and not without some actual use of force, the right of Belgium to separate herself from Holland, and establish a government of her own, was maintained by England in conjunction with France against Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The firmness in very critical circumstances shown by England on the last of these occasions saved Belgium from oppression, without producing a European war, maintained this country in the high position it had won, and for several years secured to the world the blessings of peace with a general sense of safety.

A different view of what is the interest and the duty of England in its relations with other States from that which was then acted upon has since prevailed. In 1864, an attack was made upon Denmark by Austria and Prussia, which has been condemned, with scarcely a dissenting voice, by all who were not parties to it, as most unjust and iniquitous. By the British Government it was emphatically disapproved, but, unfortunately, it was at the same time made manifest that no interference on its part beyond this expression of opinion need be apprehended. The language held in Parliament, not only by the Ministers of the Crown, but by the great majority of other statesmen, was to the effect that, although the attack of the German Powers upon Denmark was unjust, yet, as this country had no direct interest in the question, we ought to take no active steps to prevent it. Looking back at all the circumstances of the time, there seems no reason to doubt that it was in the power of England to have effectually protected Denmark without incurring any appreciable danger of being involved in war. If in a conciliatory tone, but still in such a manner as to show that it was in earnest, the British Government had intimated that it would not without opposition allow the commission of what it had declared to be a wrong, or any hostilities to be commenced against Denmark till the question that had arisen between that country and Germany had first been referred to arbitrators in accordance with the agreement come to by th European Powers in 1856, it is scarce possible that such an interposition cou have failed to arrest the contemplate aggression. Firmness like that displaye in behalf of Belgium thirty years earli would have been almost certain, in 186 again to prove successful in protectir a weak nation; while the danger to t faced in the last case would have bee trifling indeed as compared with th which in the first had been encountere without dismay. But an alteration, has been observed, had taken place i the views of our leading statesmen as the principles that ought to guide th conduct of England in her relations wit other nations, and it had been proclaime that the right policy for us to pursue w one of the strictest and coldest selfisl ness; that we ought never to incur eve the slightest hazard in order to prevent flagrant wrong from being done, unle our own interests were threatened by This was the doctrine laid down by th leaders of the Opposition not less distinc ly than by the Ministers in the discussio of 1864 on the affairs of Denmark. Th blamed the Government for having mi managed the negotiations, and for havir excited delusive hopes of assistance the Danes, but they fully adopted i opinion that British power ought not to l used to prevent an act of gross injusti and oppression when British interes were not directly affected.

Looking to the result, we may we doubt whether a policy of less ostent tious selfishness would not have prove better even for mere selfish objects. Wh it became clear that England would mal no effort, nor incur the very slightest ri to prevent it, the aggression we had d nounced as unjust was perpetrated; a Denmark, totally incapable of effecti resistance to such superior power as th brought against her, was shamefully d spoiled of territory to which Germa had not even a shadow of right, but which it took possession without th slightest regard to the wishes and fe ings of its inhabitants. This act creat throughout Europe an uneasy feeling to the future, and a belief that might, n right, was now to rule the world. N was it long before events proved th justice of the apprehensions excited what had occurred, and that serious co

sequences were to follow from the indifference with which England had allowed Denmark to be robbed of a part of her territory. The nations which had joined in this unrighteous proceeding soon quarrelled as to the disposal of the spoil. Austria and her allies among the smaller German states became, in their turn, the objects of an aggression scarcely less unprincipled than that to which they had just been parties, and speedily found themselves prostrate at the feet of Prussia, of which the dominion was in 1866 completely established in Germany. Directly flowing from these events next arose the war between Germany and France, with the utter overthrow of the last, and its dismemberment by the Treaty of Peace it was compelled to accept.

England has escaped being involved in these wars, nor has she suffered any direct and tangible loss from the startling changes they have caused in the States of Europe, but it would be a mistake to suppose that they have not seriously affected British interests. As a commercial nation, it can be no matter of indifference to us that so large a proportion of the labor and wealth of many of the nations that ought to be among our best customers should be withdrawn from the work of peaceful production to be wasted in keeping up great armies, and in making costly preparations for war. But what is a far worse evil is that the peace of the Continent is left resting upon a most precarious and unstable basis, with the prospect that if it should again be interrupted, we might be compelled either to acquiesce in arrangements detrimental to our national honor and security, or to interfere under all the disadvantages of being no longer able to exercise that moral power, or to reckon upon that support which the name of England used to command. To say nothing of those ominous clouds in the direction of Belgium which seem for the present to have passed away, the recent alarm as to another rupture between France and Germany shows but too clearly upon how precarious a footing the peace of the Continent now rests, and how seriously our own security might be compromised should it again be disturbed. Even the little that has been allowed to become known of the late discussions is sufficient to warrant our concluding that the question was seriously raised in Germany whether another quarrel should not be sought with France for the purpose of completing the unfinished work of the last war by finally and effectually destroying her military power. There is the strongest reason for believing that this would have been attempted with almost the certainty of success, but for the disapproval of the design intimated by Russia with the concurrence of our own Government. Those who most strenuously contend that the right policy for England is to abstain from all interference in continental affairs, and in the quarrels of other States, would hardly have witnessed without apprehension another successful invasion of France by Germany, followed, as we know it would have been, by measures for excluding France from the list of the military Powers of Europe. The danger to ourselves of the state of things that would have ensued is too clear to require to be explained; yet if Russia had remained passive we could have done little to avert it. When this danger arose, it found England possessing neither the moral nor the material power which in former times it would in such a case have been able to exercise. Its army was upon a footing which would have enabled it to give no military aid of any consequence to France if attacked, and since 1864 there remained to it little of its old moral power. There can be no doubt that the events and discussions of that year had greatly impaired the hold of this country upon the respect and confidence of other nations. Our own explanation of the principles on which we were to act had been accepted as correct, and it was assumed to be true that self-interest was the only rule of our conduct, and that we were not to be expected either to incur risk or to make exertions in order to maintain justice, or to ward off wrong from others. An old song says:—

> "I care for nobody; no, not I,
> Since nobody cares for me!"

and so when we had proclaimed that we cared for nobody, it naturally followed that nobody cared for us.

From these results of our recent policy, which we think we have been justified in describing as one of ostentatious selfishness, it may surely be inferred that a more generous one, besides being recom-

mended by higher considerations (to which we are persuaded that Englishmen are not really indifferent), would have been better for ourselves; and if so, it follows that we ought in future to act upon a different principle. It would be wise to show by our conduct that any nation which does a flagrant wrong to another must not rely upon our looking on with indifference, even though no British interest may be directly attacked, and that the power of this country (which it is a foolish mistake to suppose to be gone) will, in case of need, be exerted to resist oppression and injustice among nations. We are far from meaning that this country ought, in a spirit of knight-errantry, to set itself up as a general redresser of wrongs all over the world; but, without being guilty of this folly, there are cases which common sense will enable us easily to distinguish, in which, without making any undue demands upon its subjects, the British Goverment will best do its duty both to them and to the world by using the power Providence has placed in its hands to aid the cause of justice and humanity.

After all that has been said in disparagement of the wisdom of British statesmen of former days, among whom it was an accepted maxim that to maintain the balance of power in Europe ought to be the great object of our foreign policy, it may be questioned whether they were not more nearly right than those who have found fault with them. If they erred in following too slavishly traditionary opinions as to what was necessary to maintain the balance they regarded as so important, and in being too ready to be alarmed at whatever seemed to threaten its disturbance, it has been a still more dangerous mistake on the other side to assume that the interests and even the safety of England may not be seriously affected by allowing other nations to seek for aggrandisement by any means they may think fit to employ, without interference on our part. The Athenians could not be roused by their great orator to take sufficient heed in time to the increase of Macedonian power, but they found in the end that there had been but too much reason for the warnings they refused to listen to. The lesson ought not to be lost upon ourselves.

This lesson, rightly read, would not lead us to revert to the old system of trying to maintain the balance of power in Europe by treaties of alliance with some of the continental nations. Alliances with some nations imply more or less of hostility to others, and if the notions on this subject, entertained in the last century, had ever been carried into full effect, they would have divided Europe into two opposing confederacies. The true position for this country in ordinary times is that of being on friendly terms with all nations, but bound by special treaties of alliance to none, and being ready, not from mere interested motives, but as a duty, to use its influence and power on fitting occasions to check injustice and the oppression of the weaker states by their more powerful neighbors. By adopting this policy, though the mischief already done by an opposite one cannot now be cured, and time must elapse before the respect and confidence of other nations, which have been thrown away, can be regained, England might hope eventually to restore the former understanding among the Powers of Europe that none could be guilty of high-handed oppression on a weaker neighbor without having to encounter the combined opposition of the rest, which it would be unsafe to provoke. With the re-establishment of such an understanding we might hope to see a general reduction by the nations of Europe of the excessive armies they now maintain, to the common injury of all. England, both from her geographical position and from the power she possesses, if she chooses to exert it, is better able than any other of the European nations to take the lead in bringing about such an improvement in their relations with each other.—*Quarterly Review.*

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

THERE is perhaps no task more difficult for an English critic than that of apportioning its just place to the poetry of France. It is a curious fact, that of all the hasty judgments we are so apt to form, and of all the mistakes we are so

apt to make in respect to foreign nations, the most hasty judgments and the most inexcusable mistakes are those which we fall into about our nearest neighbors. Though we know her language better than any other foreign language, recognising it still as the easiest medium of intercourse with the Continent generally —though we see more of France, and are nearer to her than to any other foreign nation—there are no such obstinate fallacies, no such vigorous prejudices among us as those which survive all contradiction in respect to our traditionary enemy. It is true, indeed, that almost within our own recollection—and among the ignorant up to the present day—the same national prejudice, touched into sharper life by the spitefulness of near neighborhood, existed between England and Scotland, and with still stronger force between Ireland and the other members of the Britannic kingdom. Vicinity itself thus confers, instead of greater friendliness, a sharper sense of opposition. We make the defects, real or imaginary, of our neighbor a foil to our own excellences, and feel it a personal affront done to ourselves, when the delightful darkness of the background upon which our own virtues are so pleasantly relieved, is broken up by embarrassing facts and the charitable light of genuine information. In respect to France, there is in England a very widespread feeling, that in every quarrel in which she engages, in every difficulty that hampers her career, she must, as a foregone conclusion, be in the wrong. She is to us, among nations, the dog that has an ill name—the man that cannot look over the fence, though another may steal the horse. Germany, and even Italy (though she, being Latin, is suspicious also), may have a chance of being judged upon the facts of their story; but France we condemn at once, without the trouble of a trial. Every party effort with her is a conspiracy, every political combination an intrigue. Other nations we cannot pretend to much knowledge of; and perhaps only Mr. Grant Duff, or some other such omniscient personage, can venture to decide as to what is wise and what unwise in respect to a political move at Vienna, or even in Berlin. But of Paris we all know enough to know that everything is wrong. Even the small but eager class which, with all the fervor of partisanship, maintains even in England the glory of France against all assaults, does so with a violence which betrays its sense of weakness. Its very heat involves a distrust of its cause, and even of its own convictions. Whether France returns this feeling with any special warmth we are doubtful. The English name and fame attracts so little love on the Continent generally, that it is difficult to identify the spot where we are least beloved; and we do not think that we have been able to trace any darker shade of dislike in France than in other places. But to us our nearest neighbor is certainly the most generally disapproved, the least amiably regarded. The prejudice is not amiable, but we suppose it is natural enough.

French literature has in many of its branches entirely triumphed over this prejudice. We cannot refuse to give its due place to one of the richest and most varied developments of national genius which modern times have produced. In the one particular of poetry, however, we have need to divest ourselves as carefully as possible of every shade of prejudice—for the question is sufficiently difficult without any prepossession to fight against. We repeat the sentiment with which we began, that of all literary tasks for an English critic, that of giving to the poetry of France its just place is about the most difficult. Our own indifference to literary law, and the formal correctness both of expression and construction which are so important in France, build barriers between us which it is almost impossible to cross; and those special garments in which the French Muse delights to dress herself have no charm for us—rather the reverse. The monotonous regularity of the Alexandrine verse, the heavy and rigid cadence of the perpetual couplet, have upon ourselves individually a stupefying effect which it is almost impossible to surmount. The ear is so filled with the trick of sound, bewildering, deadening as the hammering of machinery, that it is only with a powerful effort that we are able to rouse ourselves to the sentiment which it conveys. From the beginning we find ourselves involved in a struggle to separate the meaning and poetic soul of the verse from its outward form—struggle which is as hard as all other struggles to keep body and soul apart and to understand the heavenly without

or in spite of, the earthly. Something of the same sentiment, in a reverse sense, affects us with some Italian verse, in which we are so apt to be carried away by the melody at once liquid and sonorous of the mere words, that the soul has a tendency to escape us in sheer delight of the ear, as with a piece of music. Some of our own poets—notably, for example, Shelley—have a similar effect upon us, the combination of words being so exquisite as to steal away our interest in the subject. But the effect of French poetical composition is to deaden the mind, not by satisfying, but by irritating the ear. The waves on the seashore are no doubt as regular in their ebb and flow as are all the other processes of nature; but how different from their wild, interrupted, and broken harmonies would be the regular and crisp accentuation of a succession of short waves always the same, balanced to a nicety, and ruled to one correct line by some authority more potent than that of Canute! Poetry, to our thinking, can triumph more easily over an imperfect medium, winning an additional charm from the very simplicity of her tools, than she can overcome the disadvantage of a too perfect tongue, a mode of expression which permits no self-forgetfulness. Thus the very qualities which make French prose so exquisite, and which give to French conversation a brilliancy and grace which no other language approaches, conspire to weaken their poetry, and repress the genius which would naturally express itself in that way. The French writer who makes *des vers* is at once distinguished, by the very term he employs to identify his work, from the poet in other languages. His lines, according as they approach perfection, become more and more like a succession of crystals, shining each with its own individual and carefully-polished facets. They form, if you will, a chaplet, a rosary, a necklace of pearls and diamonds beautifully linked into decorative but artificial unity, yet possessing no common life, forming no "thing of beauty," and capable of dropping into pieces at any moment. The sharp if often sweet, and sometimes resounding and sonorous ring with which one polished bead falls after another, as you drop them through your fingers, is opposed to all passionate expression, and admits of no absolute continuity. No man can be transported out of himself, can be carried away by that divine impulse which transforms language and rules it with absolute sway, so long as he has to pick his way daintily among the inexorable words which command his attention in the first place, and to which he is compelled to adapt his meaning, not them to it, but it to them. The French poet is thus more or less in the position of a librettist of the opera. Scarcely less tremendous than the bondage of the music to which that humblest of literary functionaries has to supply words of sentiment or passion, is the bondage of the *vers*. If in the fervor of his inspiration he breaks upon the serried lines, ventures a novel phrase, an unreceived metre, the Academy from Olympian heights frowns ruin upon the audacious rebel; and the most curious part of all is that he himself bows to this bondage, and that the laws of literature are perhaps the only laws, and the despotism of the Academy the only monarchy, against which France has never shown any symptoms of rebellious feeling.

There was a time when England also was bound in the terrible fetters of the *vers*—a time to which many still look as the golden age, the Augustan period of literature—and which was no doubt made illustrious by such names as those of Dryden and Pope, though it produced at the same time how many scrannel pipes once held for divine reeds of the gods and immortal instruments of music, which have long ago ceased to give out the smallest vibration! But against this bondage English genius rebelled conclusively and successfully, in an outburst of insurrection which carried all before it. This is the only insurrection which France has never attempted. The restraints which were intolerable to us have agreed with her natural instincts. Except, perhaps, in the person of Alfred de Musset, whom we shall consider hereafter, and whose bolder genius has made for itself a distinct place in French literature, and given to modern French poetry almost its only real grasp upon the contemporary mind of Europe, no Frenchman has lifted any standard of opposition to the prevailing rule. It has suited the national mind, in which there is so curious a mixture of license and submissiveness; and still more it has suited the genius of the lan-

guage which all Frenchmen have conjoined in elaborating, and of which they have made the most highly cultivated, exact, correct, and brilliant of European tongues. France has pointed and polished her language with the most laborious and the most loving care. Under the vigilant guardianship of her supreme literary authorities, it has grown into almost absolute, if, in the nature of things, somewhat artificial perfection. It is not enough for a French writer to have expressed noble sentiments in a beautiful way—it is not enough for him to convince the intelligence or to touch the heart. The one thing absolutely incumbent upon him, enforced by laws universally accepted, and penalties inexorably exacted, is that he shall be correct. Without this correctness, *point de salut* in Art.

From these rules much excellence results, but, we think, little poetry. We have rhetoric, often fine in its way, declamation, eloquence; but Poetry has to be the sacrifice, the victim whose immolation secures all this success. She, poor Muse, to whom "a sweet neglect" is more essential than to any less ethereal beauty, and whose "robes loosely flowing, hair as free," should, one would think, be protected by all the chivalry of the Arts, walks humble and confined in the classic robes which are shapen for her by authority; or feebly makes-believe to glory in them as if they were her natural choice, according to a well-established natural instinct. It is hard indeed for the learned and classical not to despise more or less the natural and untrained. Even Milton exhibits a certain half-adoring contempt for Shakespeare when he speaks of the "wood-notes wild" of that perverse and undisciplined writer, whose strains the most self-important of critics would scarcely venture nowadays to commend in such moderate measure. A hundred years ago Shakespeare was a barbarous writer to the French critics, as he was to their *dilettante* contemporaries in England. The latter have happily dropped out of all hearing; and France has learned, superficially at least, to know better, and is even somewhat ashamed now, like all incautious critics, of having thus committed herself. But she has never lost, and probably never will lose, her confidence in the justice of her own system. It suits her and the traditions of her fine language. Sharp-cutting logic, keen and sparkling as diamonds, fine antithesis, brilliant epigram, the keenest powers of reasoning, the warmest flow of eloquence are hers; but the language of epigram and antithesis is not the language of poetry. No country boasts a richer literature, but Poetry has never been the field of her greatest triumphs.

It is not necessary to go back to the period of Corneille and Racine, both of whom precede our date; nor even to that of Voltaire and Rousseau, which, though reaching down within its limits, yet are separated from the modern world in which we live by that tremendous barrier of the French Revolution, which changed everything. Notwithstanding the numerous fine *vers* which occur in his dramas, it is impossible to attribute the title of poet to a spirit so little conformed to all that we identify with the poetic temperament, as Voltaire; and though Rousseau is, on the other hand, in some respects the very exaggeration and extravagance of that temperament, the form of his writings does not allow us to place him on our list. It becomes, therefore, a somewhat difficult matter to choose from modern Frenchmen a representative of poetry. Alfred de Musset will, we have already said, come later, but he represents rather her unique rebel than the regular school of poetry in France. We should have preferred Victor Hugo, as the greater poet and man of larger genius, to Lamartine; but his career is still unaccomplished, a fact which is more to be regretted than rejoiced over, so far as his literary genius is concerned. And in his sphere Beranger is a greater artist, a truer poet than either; but that sphere is too limited, and his productions often too slight in workmanship and too ephemeral in subject, to give him full rank as the representative of Art of the highest order. Hs is a *chansonnier* pure and simple, not to be elevated to the classic dignity of a lyrical poet; and though he is sometimes almost worthy of a place by the side of Burns, the lower level of emotion the absence of passion, conspicuous in his charming verses, exclude him, not in degree, but in kind, from the highest sphere We may pause, however, here to remark that, however deficient in the highe qualities of poetry, France remains absolute mistress of the *chanson*. In Eng

land the song (except in some very rare cases) has dwindled downward into such imbecility, that bolder musicians have begun to intimate the possibility of dispensing with "words" altogether, and expressing their sentiments, so far as articulation is necessary, by the inane syllables of the Sol-fa system,—a tremendous irony, which, if it were intentional, would do more to demolish our lesser songsters than all the bans of literary criticism. The idea is barbarous; but it is partially justified by the nonsense verses which we constantly hear chanted forth in drawing-rooms, to the confusion of all sense and meaning. But the song in France has never dropped to this miserable level. The crisp, gay, sparkling verses—the graceful sentiment, a little artificial, and reminding the hearer, perhaps, of Watteau's wreathed lyres and quaint garden groups—the captivating peculiarity of the *refrain*—combine to give a certain identity to these charming trifles. They may have no high title to poetic merit, but still they vindicate the claim of the literary voice to have some share in all expression of feeling. It is impossible to treat them as mere "words for music," or to throw them aside for the barbarous jargon of the Sol-fa. But yet, though so much more perfect than anything we possess, this branch of poetic art does not reach the empyrean heights of Poetry; and Beranger, though the finest and most perfect of artists in his way, cannot be accepted as a fit impersonation of the Poet. We do not venture, in placing the name of Lamartine at the head of our page, to attempt to confer even upon him an equal rank to that of the Great Singers we have already discussed. All that we can say is, that he is the best modern representative of the higher art in his country on whom we can lay our hand; dignified by high meaning, at least, and endowed with many of those qualities which bulk most largely in the estimation of his race—graceful versification, correct and fine phraseology, and that curious, vague enthusiasm for nature—different as it is possible to imagine from the enthusiasm, for example, of Wordsworth or of our modern school of poets—which the French imagination loves. His life, too, is one in which it is impossible not to feel interest; and though there is much in it, especially towards the end, to rouse a painful pity, and that unwilling contempt which hurts the sensitive soul, there is also much to call forth our admiration and sympathy. At the greatest and most critical moment of his life the poet bore himself like a man, earning, or at least deserving, the gratitude of his country, and the respect and honor of all lookers-on.

Alphonse de Lamartine was born on the edge of the Revolution, in Mâcon, in the year 1790. Of a noble family, some members of which were touched by the revolutionary ferment of the time—moderately touched—uniting the grace of liberal opinions and patriotic zeal to the many other graces of their patrician state,—a union which, however, did not survive the hot days of the Terror. His grandfather was an old French seigneur, possessing many *terres* and chateaux in the regions round, and a family hotel at Mâcon, the metropolis of the district, whither he and many other noble personages of the country repaired in winter, in an age when Paris was not everything in France. M. de Lamartine had six children, equally divided—three sons and three daughters—five of whom, according to the extraordinary custom of the time, were born only to extinguish themselves for the sake of the family. The race, according to all its traditions, was destined to flourish and prolong itself only in the person of the eldest son; and the code of family honor enjoined upon the others a contented acquiescence in their sequestration from all independent life, unless that which could be found in the priesthood or the cloister. The daughters had all adopted a religious life, one of them, however, occupying the more brilliant position of a *chanoinesse;* but they were all driven back to the paternal roof by the Revolution. The second son became a priest, and eventually bishop, obeying the universal law of self-renunciation so curiously, and without outward murmur accepted by these young aristocrats. The third son, M. le Chevalier, was equally destined to annihilate himself for his race; but here a curious *contretemps* intervened to check the family plans. The eldest son, for whose sake and to keep whose fortune intact all these brothers and sisters had to sacrifice themselves, was himself required to complete

the sacrifice by giving up the bride he desired, her *dot* not being considered sufficient for the heir of the Lamartines. But some spark of originality existed in this half-revolutionised fine gentleman. To the consternation of everybody concerned, he declined marrying any one except the woman he loved; and lo! in the rigid house of the Lamartines, where every one up to this moment had obeyed his destiny without a murmur, the object of all these renunciations became the first rebel. "Il dit à son père, Il faut marier le chevalier." But the passage in which this extraordinary revolution within a revolution, this family *coup d'état*, is suggested, affords so perfect a sketch of the singular state of society then existing, that we need not apologise to the reader for quoting it entire:—

"My father was the youngest of this numerous family. At the age of sixteen he had entered the regiment in which his father had served before him. He was not intended to marry; it was the rule of the time. His lot was to grow old in the modest position of captain, which he attained at an early age; to pass his few months of leave now and then in his father's house; to gain, in the process of time, the Cross of Saint-Louis, which was the end of all ambitions to the provincial gentleman; then, when he grew old, endowed with a small pension from the State, or a still smaller revenue of his own, to vegetate in one of his brother's old chateaux, with rooms in the upper story; to superintend the garden, to shoot with the Curé, to look after the horses, to play with the children, to make up a party at whist or *tric-trac*, the born servant of everybody—a domestic slave, happy in being so, beloved and neglected by all; and thus to complete his life, unknown, without lands, without wife, without descendants, until the time when age and infirmities confined him to the bare room, on the walls of which his helmet and his old sword were hung, and that day on which everybody in the chateau should be told—M. le Chevalier is dead.

"My father was the Chevalier de Lamartine; and this was the life to which he was destined. No doubt his modest and respectful nature would have accepted it with sorrow, but without complaint. An unexpected circumstance, however, changed all at once these arrangements of fate. The eldest brother became hypochondriac. He said to his father, 'You must marry the Chevalier.' All the feelings of family, and the prejudices of habit, rose up in the heart of the old noble against this suggestion. Chevaliers are not intended for marriage. My father was consigned to his regiment. A step so strange, and which was especially repugnant to my grandmother, was put off from year to year. Marry the Chevalier! It was monstrous. On the other hand, to allow the family to die out, and the name to become extinct, was a crime against the race."

The Chevalier, however, over whose passive head so many discussions were going on, was not long of feeling the exciting influence of the new idea, and allowed thoughts to enter into his mind which, in other circumstances, he would have thrust away from him. One of his sisters was a member of a chapter of noble *chanoinesses*—a kind of *béguinage*, without labor or austerity, in which a select number of noble ladies, each in her "pretty house, surrounded by a little garden," were collected round the chapel in which they said their daily prayers. In winter these elegant nuns—if nuns they could be called—were allowed to pay visits as they pleased among their relatives and friends, and even when assembled in their chapter had evidently a very pretty society among themselves, many being young, and all *tant soit peu mondaine*, elegant, and fond of society. True, they were debarred all male visitors, but with one remarkable exception. The young *chanoinesses* were allowed to receive visits from their brothers, who were permitted to stay with them for a fixed number of days at each visit, and to be presented to their friends in the chapter. This "conciliated everything," as M. de Lamartine says; and thus in the most natural way a few genuine love-matches, rare enough now, still more rare then, were made up from time to time in the pretty half-monastic retirement where girls of fifteen still unprofessed lived under the genial charge of young women of twenty-five, dignified into "madame," by the vows of the order. M. le Chevalier de Lamartine went very often to visit his sister; perhaps it was the only way in which the pure romance of honest love could have had any existence in the case of a youth and maiden of rank in the France of that day; and here, accordingly, he found his bride. The little romance is charming; but scarcely less interesting is the arrested love-story of the heir. Long after, when M. le Chevalier was the only one married of his family, and the brothers and sisters had all grown old, the bride whom he found in the Chapter of Salles, makes a note in her diary descriptive of the head of the house, the elder brother, whose

determination not to marry had made her own marriage possible:

"M. de Lamartine, who was intended before the Revolution to be the sole possessor of all the great wealth of the family, loved Mademoiselle de Saint-Huruge, who was not considered sufficiently rich for him. He preferred to remain a bachelor rather than to have the vexation of marrying another. Mademoiselle is too old now to think of marriage. . . . She is good, gentle, pious, interesting. Her features show traces of past beauty, attractive but obscured by sadness. My brother-in-law and she meet every evening at Mâcon in the *salon* of the family, and appear to retain a pure and constant friendship for each other."

How quaint, how touching is this little picture! The great old room half lighted with blazing logs in the great chimney, faded tapestry, faded gilding, beautiful old politeness and manners that do not fade—and the old lovers, for each other's sake unmarried through half a century, meeting every evening with who can tell what exquisite old sentiment, gossamer link of tenderness unexpressed, between them! The society which made such a state of affairs possible, and the curious subjection of soul to the rules of that society, which made even a wealthy heir helpless under the decision of his family, is appalling to contemplate; but we do not know if the picture of an old man and wife snug and comfortable, would ever charm us as does this strange little vignette, so full of delicate suggestiveness. Anyhow, it is clear the second sons and daughters of French noble families, the chevaliers and *chanoinesses* of a former day, have little right to grumble at the Revolution.

There is nothing more attractive in all that Lamartine has left behind him than this record of the ancient world as it appeared across his own cradle. In no way could the curious difference between the old time and the new appear more distinctly. The poet makes himself a link between the generations by this perhaps too often repeated but always delightful story. His many autobiographical self-revelations—revelations which became not only tiresome but pitiful when they treated of the man in the midst of his career and afforded a medium for the pouring forth of much egotism and vanity—do not affect us at all in the same way when they concern the parents, the uncles and aunts, who formed a kind of family council over all the acts of the one male descendant who was to be their heir. The after-life of the poet contains nothing half so touching or so charming as those pictures of his early days which he delighted to make, and in which he is always so happy. We know no poetical biography more perfect than the chapters which describe his childhood at Milly, the little dreary French country-house, where the family established themselves after the terrors of the Revolution were over. This little *terre*, scarcely sufficient to maintain his family upon, was all that the proud and chivalrous chevalier would accept—the portion given to him on his marriage, according to old rule, instead of the equal share to which he had a right according to the new law. This somewhat Quixotic sense of honor, which was not shared by the other members of the family, was, one feels, somewhat hard upon his wife and children, who were thus exposed to the continual interference of his unmarried brothers and sisters, who were much richer than they, and fully disposed to exercise all their powers of animadversion, in self-repayment of the help they sometimes gave. Lamartine is never tired of describing Milly, the home of his youth and of his heart; and never was home painted with a more charming mixture of grace, and sentiment, and perfect homeliness. Happy above the lot of man has been that English Philistine, who first charmed the world by the profound remark that the French were so destitute of all home feeling as not even to possess in their language a word which expressed what we (superior beings as we are) meant by home. How often and with what wearisome repetition has this curious fallacy gone from mouth to mouth, in the face of a nation which never travels, never moves from its *foyer*, its *clocher*, its *chez soi*, when it can help it—whose peasants cling like limpets to their native soil—whose romancists are never tired of the cottage interior, the *vieux manoir délabré*—and whose writers generally never lose an opportunity to commend with more than patriotic ardor the one beloved local corner which bears to themselves the aspect of Paradise on earth!

Lamartine was very vain and very apt to magnify everything connected with

himself, but we doubt much whether any English writer would have had the courage to describe with equal frankness the circumstances and scenes of his childhood. The great bare *salon* of Milly, with an alcove at the end containing the bed of the mother and the cradles of the babies; the walls roughly plastered, with here and there a break through which the naked stone was visible; the tiles of the floor cracked in a thousand pieces by the feet of the dancers who, under the Revolution, used the room as a public ball-room; the raftered roof all blackened with smoke; the little garden where squares of vegetables were relieved only by lines of strawberries and pinks, —all these are set before us in the homeliest detail. Nor does the poet hesitate to sketch himself, sallying forth to the mountains in charge of the goats along with the other village boys, just such a little figure as Edouard Frère delights to paint — barefoot, bareheaded, in little coat of coarse blue cloth, with a wallet across his shoulder containing his homely dinner, "un gros morceau de pain noir mêlé de seigle, un fromage de chèvre, gros et dur comme un caillou." Nothing could be more charming than his description of the little goat-herd's day among the mountains, which is full of all those lights and shadows of sentiment, those aerial graces of mist and distance, with which his diffuse poetical narrative is always laden, yet never loses its connection with the central figure, the bare-footed boy among his village comrades—patrician-born if almost peasant-bred, with the far-off fragrance of a splendid court hanging about the room, to which he returns of nights, though the plaster is here and there broken on the walls, and the cracked tiles are innocent of any carpet. This mixture of poetic grace and romance with many sordid surroundings, the junction of high breeding and ancient race, and that delicate sense of *noblesse* which often gives so much charm to the character, with absolute poverty and privation, endured with smiling content, and even enjoyed, is always delightful to the sympathetic looker on.

The reader who has followed Lamartine through the 'Confidences' and 'Nouvelles Confidences,' out of which, unfortunately, he was always attempting to make more books and more money, may perhaps tire of the often-repeated description, the details so often begun *du capo*, the minute but always most loving touches by which he renews the portraiture of his home. For ourselves we avow we can swallow a great deal of this without murmur or objection; and we could scarcely suggest a more perfect if tranquil pleasure to those unacquainted with or forgetful of Lamartine's history, than may be found in the handsome and not too long volume—a mere piece of bookmaking, the harsh critic may say, the old recollections served up again—which, under the title of 'Mémoires Inédites,' has been published since his death;—or the companion book which he called 'Le Manuscrit de ma Mère, and himself published not long before the end of his life. The critic and the social philosopher may judge hardly such revelations to the public of the secrets of family life, but we doubt whether the profanation is in any way sufficient to counterbalance the advantages of so true and close and intimate a history. Whatever degree of genius may be allowed to him in his own field of poetry, no admirer will ever claim for Lamartine the glory of dramatic power. He is religious, descriptive, sentimental, tender, with a fine if vague sense of natural beauty; but he is never in the smallest degree dramatic. What nature, however, has not given him, memory and love have almost supplied; and the picture of Milly, and of the beautiful and tender woman who forms its centre, is such as few poets have been able to invent for us. We speak sometimes with a suppressed sneer of the Frenchmen's ideal, the *ma mère* of a sentiment which it is so easy to stigmatise as sentimentality. But such a figure as that of Madame de Lamartine, as exhibited to us in her own journal, as well as through her son's half-adoring sketches, is one which no lover of humanity would be content to let go. Simple but thoughtful—not intellectual, as we use the word full of prejudices, no doubt—the prejudices of rank, though her actual position was scarcely above that of a farmer's homely wife; beautiful in thought and feeling as well as in person—always refined, yet always natural—it is more easy

to fall into panegyric of such a woman than to judge her coldly. In every scene of her life she is set before us with a tender fulness of detail. We see her thanking God with overflowing heart for the unhoped-for happiness which she enjoys in her rude and poor home, with no society but that of the peasants of the village —she, a great lady, born in St. Cloud, and brought up the playfellow of princes; getting dejected when the hail dashes down, sweeping the year's revenue of young grapes off the vines, yet blaming herself for her want of trust in Providence; driving back all alone and sad, crying under her veil, when she has taken her boy to school, but glad he had not seen her go to revive his childish trouble; then at a later period lamenting with a real distress which looks whimsical enough to our eyes, and asking herself how, if they retire altogether to Milly as her husband thinks expedient, abandoning the lodging in Mâcon, she is to marry her girls? yet weeping with heart-breaking sympathy over the poor young fellow who loves Suzanne, and whom the uncles and aunts reject as not rich enough. The mother cries over him, though Suzanne does not mind very much. She grows old quietly before us, and plunges into the more serious cares which rise round a mother, after the sweet anxieties of her children's early days are over—and lies awake at nights, wondering with aching heart how her boy is to be extricated from his difficulties, his debts paid, his marriage brought about, and the young Englishwoman secured for him on whom he has set his heart; nay, even with a tender superfluity of love when she has read his verses, this dear lady hurries off to a bit of naked wall somewhere, to plant ivy with her own hands—"pour que mon fils ne mentît pas même dans ses vers, quand il decrivit Milly dans ses Harmonies." The last glimpse we have of her is perhaps the most touching of all—when she goes back at sixty to the *allée*, in the homely garden, where it was her daily habit to retire for thought every twilight in the happy days when she was so poor and her children young; and where all alone she can scarcely keep herself from gazing "là-bas sous les tilleuls pour voir si je n'y apercevrai pas les robes blanches de mes petites." This delightful picture, so womanly, so mother-like, so exquisite in all its soft details, is finer than all the many "Harmonies" which Lamartine gave to the world—it is the best poem he has left behind him.

It was thus, among so many homely surroundings, that the little barefooted goat-herd of Milly, proud young Burgundian *gentilhomme*, heir of many substantial *terres*, and much family pride and prestige, grew and matured on his native soil. The contrast and the mixture of lowliness and loftiness is such as we can scarcely conceive of in England, and it is very captivating to the imagination. During the brief preliminary reign of Louis XVIII., which ended in ignominious flight, when Napoleon escaped from Elba, the young Lamartine was taken by his father to court, like a true young hero of romance, and there presented to the old friends from whom the chevalier would ask nothing for himself, but to whom he commended his son, enrolling him in the king's body-guard. The brilliant and beautiful young Garde du Corps made, according to his own account, a sensation at court, where he shows himself to us, led by his handsome old patrician father, in all the bloom of his youth, and in all the enthusiasm of long-dormant loyalty, exactly as one of our favorite heroes appears in a novel. This did not, however, last long; but, short as was the period of his service, it was too long for the young poet, who mourns piteously over his hard fate in his youthful letters. "Che crea aveva fatto io al cielo per devenir una macchine militare," he cries, with comical despair, to one of his correspondents. But he did not continue a military machine. The return of the Bourbons did not tempt him to resume his musket, and he soon began to fix his hopes upon diplomacy. For a few years afterwards his course was erratic enough. He wandered hither and thither, from Milly to Mâcon, or to one of the houses of his uncles in the neighborhood, to his friends at Nice, the De Maistre family, or, above all, to Chambery, where he found his English bride. There were many difficulties in the way of obtaining employment for him, and in arranging his marriage, to which his family, on the one hand, and the lady's mother on the other, had decided objections. Though

he speaks throughout his 'Confidences' of this marriage in very lover-like terms, it is amusing to find the matter-of-fact prudence with which he discusses the subject at the moment when it was for him the most important of businesses. In one of the letters of this period, published since his death, we find him asking the good offices of his correspondent to discover for him, through means of friends she had in London, the particulars of the young Englishwoman's fortune, and verification of her pretensions. It was a good match, and "en fait de bons partis la célérité est d'une haute importance," he says, with comical good faith and seriousness. During the time of his uncertainty, when he waited in expectation of a letter from Paris, announcing an appointment worthy his acceptance on one hand, and for the consent of the parents on both sides to his marriage on the other, the young poet had his cares and troubles, and suffered much from the doubt, the suspense, and the vague unhappiness which they bring. He kept himself alive and moderately cheerful, however, by "Meditations," which passed from one hand to another; and while read by the young men of the day in studios and barracks, and by ladies in many a dainty boudoir, prepared for him a certain melancholy but elevated reputation, for the moment among private friends only, but ready to burst forth in all the explosive enthusiasm of youth, so soon as these delicate and visionary strophes should be given to the world. It is scarcely possible to overestimate the importance of this mode of preparing the public mind for a new fame. We have in our own time seen instances in which it has triumphed over many disadvantages, and secured a most superior and intellectual audience, proud of their own discovery of a man of genius before he manifested himself to the world.

At last fortune favored the poet, raining all her gifts upon him at once. In the year 1820, when he was nearly thirty, after years of suspense, his friends at Paris procured for him an appointment as secretary to the French embassy at Naples, and at the same moment the obstacles in the way of his marriage were happily overcome, and he left France in haste for his new duties, carrying with him his bride. At precisely the same time, the day before his departure, his first volume of 'Meditations' saw the light. All the things he had desired were thus showered upon him at once. So far as our purpose is concerned, the publication of his first volume was the most momentous of these three incidents. His diplomatic career lasted only until 1830, and was not of profound importance in his history; and his marriage, though apparently happy and prosperous, calls for no particular notice here; but his poems made the young man, about whom many people were already interested and curious, at once into a notability, and gained him a place in the heart of his nation, then in all the fervor of a new tide of intellectual life. The Empire, with all its victories, following close upon the Revolution with all its terrors, had not only diverted the mind, and for the moment arrested the literature of France, but had given that much-tried country so much to do, so many excitements of a more violent kind, that poetry had found little possibility of a quiet hearing. Such few voices as had pressed through the tumult were not of a kind to make a very profound impression, and they were chiefly listened to at all as expressing the sentiment of the moment. The prison songs of André Chénier, the emigrant's song of Chateaubriand, bring before us rather a painful sense of the circumstances that inspired them than any thrill of poetical enthusiasm; and the one wild utterance of the Revolution age, the fiery strain composed on one fierce note, of Rouget de l'Isle, is still more emphatically the creation, as it became the inspiration, of passionate popular feeling—a war-cry rather than a poem. The Bourbons, however unwelcome their reign or unsatisfactory their principles in a political point of view, did France the good service of bringing back the ordinary after the fiery and long-continued reign of the extraordinary. The natural conditions of life returned, bringing with them the intellectual energy and literary art for which France has always been distinguished. The reader is aware how great an outburst of new life in this channel distinguished the first half of this century. The revival affected not only the producers of literature but

udience. Not only was the voice cipated and the pen, but the ear of stener, so long deafened with echoes tle, grew eager for the softer sounds, ore attractive harmonies, the varied uman voices of peace.

d perhaps the very extravagance violence of the past age gave a r charm to the sentimental sweet- the tranquil tone of feeling, the s and hills and valleys, the mists and perspectives of poetry such as rtine's. In the reaction from a vio- practical influence such as forces ind to deal with things rather than hts, sentiment has perhaps its best tunity, just as the retired warrior nes the gentlest of neighbors, the placid and patient of cultivators, ing campaigns by cabbages, after odel of Cincinnatus, with an ease ontent which is much less easy to to after the excitement, the wear ear of other professions. France, dingly, always accessible on that f her mind, so to speak, and weary citement, took hold with genuine ion and interest of the young Bur- an. That was one of the moments, en recurring, when all the world was , and when the entire generation e to a sense of its intellectual privi- and superiority as one man, feeling itself the power to do something than had ever yet been done, and ming new poets, new romancists, new historians and philosophers, as ods come for the salvation of the . Perhaps our worst quality now t so much that genius is wanting as e have lost this universal spring of fulness, and are, though we suppose is the same proportion of young as usual, a middle-aged period. gland we have had no fit of intel- l youthfulness and eagerness since ays when Wordsworth, and Cole- and Scott, and Byron were in full amongst us. Neither has France oung since the period when Victor and Lamartine began their career. had this unspeakable advantage in favor. The enthusiasm of their ation warmed and inspired them; felt their foreheads strike against ies, and believed in the aureole of which every worshipper attributed m. It seems very likely, according to all evidence, that poetry requires this sublime self-confidence either supernaturally sustained from within, as in the case of Wordsworth—or fed by enthusiasm from without, as with the Frenchman. Lamartine probably drew this support of the poetic soul from both sources; but that he had the most flattering receptions from the public *d'élite* which he specially addressed, there seems to be no manner of doubt.

He left Paris, he tells, on the day after his book was published, partly moved no doubt by necessity, but partly one feels sure by a trick of that amusing and open-hearted vanity which a Frenchman makes no such attempt as an Englishman would do to conceal. "The only tidings," he says, "of my fate which I received, was a word from M. Gosselin [his publisher] on the morning of my departure, announcing that his office was thronged by a crowd of the best classes in search of copies; and a note from the oracle the Prince de Talleyrand to his friend the sister of the famous Prince Poniatowsky, which she forwarded to me at eight o'clock in the morning, and in which the great diplomast informed her that he had spent the whole night in reading to me, and that at last the soul had its poet." "L'âme avait enfin son poëte!" what praise more delightful could be breathed into the ear of the young sentimentalist! "Je n'aspirais pas au génie, l'âme me suffisait:" he adds, with much *attendrissement* and rapture as may be imagined, "tous mes pauvres vers n'etaient que des soupirs!"

The character of these 'Meditations,' 'Harmonies,' 'Recueillements,' the appropriate names which he gives to his various collections of poems, may be gleaned at once by their titles. It is somewhat difficult to follow through many editions which have changed the arrangement and succession of the different poems, the actual verses which first saw the day; but they are all so similar in character that we can not do the poet wrong by instancing at hazard the first that catch the eye. "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude," "Hymne du Soir dans les Temples," "Pensée des Morts," "L'Infini dans les Cieux," "Hymne de la Douleur," "Jehovah; ou l'idée de Dieu," —so run the strains. Vague piety of an elevated but very general kind, vague

ntiment, melancholy, and sadness; ague descriptions of landscape, of rivers, f the sun, the sky, and the mountains,— are to be found in all, always gracefully, often melodiously expressed—sometimes resounding with the accumulation of epithets which suit declamation better than poetry; sometimes dropping into a murmurous sweet monotony, which, barring that the effort is produced by words instead of notes, resembles more (we are conscious of the apparent bull) a song without words than a succession of articulate verses. It is impossible to discover in them much thought; but they are profoundly and tenderly reflective, and express what is recognised as thought by the majority of ordinary readers. Reflective, retrospective, full of the gentle sadness which is produced by recollections which are melancholy without being bitter—by the memory of the distant dead, whose loss has ceased to be a weighty and present grief—and by that consciousness of the transitory character of life, and peace, and happiness, and everything that man esteems, which is not pressed close by immediate neglect or dismay. They are of the class of poetry which delights youth at that stage when it loves to be made sad, and which affords to women and lonely persons a means of expressing the vague and causeless despondencies of a silent existence.

This is not the highest aim of poetry, but we are not sure that it is not one of its most beneficial uses. The active mind and passionate soul have need of stronger fare; but so long as human nature is framed as it is, the majority must always be subject to the languors and undefined dissatisfactions which result from nothing tangible in our lives, but are the very breath of a higher being—the proofs of an obscured divinity of origin which interferes with the content and comfort of the race more, perhaps, than they heighten its enjoyments. The "thoughts which lie too deep for tears" of Wordsworth, are too profound, too broad for the musing melancholy which invades so many gentle souls in times of loneliness—in those moments when there is nothing positive to complain of, but life runs low, and everything is obscured with veils and mists of melancholy. To ...ood the poetic strain which breathes softly but sadly the universal despondencies of earth—generalising its less weighty miseries into one vague plaint, sweet and always soft like the waves on the beach when the sea is calm, and only a reminiscence of past storm is in the measured break and ripple—is beyond description welcome. The surcharged heart, heavy with it knows not what, finds relief. It finds brotherhood, sympathy, comprehension—it even feels in its own languors, its own gentle discontent, a trace of something sublime—a superiority to the common mass which is, in itself, infinitely consoling. We have but little poetry in England which takes the same place with the same dignity. Pleasures of Memory, and Pleasures of Hope, and Pleasures of Imagination, have all dropped out of recollection, though possibly in their day they filled this place, and supplied this perennial want of the mind. But Lamartine does it with more variety, with more dignity, and absolute certainty that this is the true use of poetry. And so far he is right. It is, if not its single and absolute end, at least one of its most serviceable uses. And the audience to which such a poet appeals is more numerous and perhaps more important than any other. He misses the highest and the lowest, whose tastes curiously enough often agree—the lower level requiring for excitement those lofty and primitive passions which the highest finds its enjoyment in, because they are the highest impulses of which humanity is capable. But all the vast mass of the middle, the centre of humanity, the hearts that feel without having any necessity to penetrate to the depths of feeling; the minds which think without being impelled much beyond the surface; the gentle and *sensible* (to use that word in its French, not its English, meaning) intelligences, which are open to all poetic influences not too high for them—taking the highest indeed on trust, because they are told to do so, but finding a real and refined enjoyment in the poetry of reflection and sentiment which is within their personal grasp,—is his natural kingdom. This is the world which Lamartine addressed, and where he was received with cordial yet tearful acclamations; he was "le poëte de l'âme." Could there be for his audience any description more touching, or mo

:d to penetrate directly to the heart? Talleyrand should be the author of :le is one of the quaintest of circum-:s. The reader might perhaps be ed to ask whether he had a soul at at cleverest of all possible diplo-s. But Lamartine does not seem to ɔeen troubled by any such doubt; l it is wonderful to see with what :he mind accepts the oracular sen- of a man who acknowledges its xcellences, and predicts its success. me wise, and I will allow you to be lge" (of wisdom), says a clever h proverb. The poet, in this in-:, seems to have been moved by a ıatural feeling to the point of de-ng his first great applauder as an :le."

all these volumes, however, full as ıre of the personality of the writer, ɔf his private recollections and s of mind, there is no attempt to dy in any living type of character eories of existence, or such counsel had to bestow upon his poetical nce. So far as he had a hero at all, rtine was his own hero. The dra- faculty is almost altogether wanting m. Before the period of his first ıe he had attempted a Biblical ı, bearing the title of 'Saul,' a frag- of which was afterwards published; o far had he gone in his undertak-ıat he read the drama to the great Talma, hoping no less for it than ɜsion to the classic stage of the ɜais. "Talma was full of enthusiasm ıe poetry, the style, and the fine ef- which result from the conception e piece," he writes. "As I went on visted himself about in his easy-, and said, 'There is tragedy in this. stonishing. I should never have be-l it!' He told me—and, better still, .lowed me to see—that the part of tempted him greatly. He repeated ɜ a score of times that no lines so had ever been read to him; that I ı poet, and perhaps the only one ex-;; that the *Moïse* of M. de Chateau-d was fine, but that mine tran-led it." This was very fine talk; t did not open the difficult doors of Frangais; and the young artist s to have succumbed at once, and to thought nothing more about it, with extraordinary facility of youth which is set upon one thing to-day, and to-morrow has forgotten its very existence. If we may judge of 'Saul' from the 'Fragment Biblique,' which we find in Lamartine's later volumes, it will be difficult to believe in Talma's admiration. This, as far as we can judge, was the only time that he attempted the drama. Even earlier, however, than 'Saul,' the incident which forms the groundwork of the tales of 'Graziella' and 'Raphael' had occurred in the young poet's own life; and nothing could have served the occasion better, or called forth his genius so well as the romance which no natural modesty prompted him to keep secret, in all its delightful mixture of reality and fiction—the 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' of which a greater poet and mightier genius did not disdain the charm.

It is only just to Lamartine, however, to say that his graceful but languishing and sentimental tales are more prepossessing to the reader, and call forth in a much lesser degree the natural opposition which is roused in everybody's mind by highly-pitched egotism and vanity, than those of Goethe. 'Graziella,' in particular, is a beautiful little idyl, perfectly pure, picturesque, and touching. The Italian girl herself has something of the charm which we have already remarked in Lamartine's early sketches of his own childhood. She is represented in all the homely circumstances of her lot, without any attempt to make an impossible young lady out of the humble Procitana. This error, which is one into which English romancers continually fall, does not seem to affect the Frenchman, though whether this may be a consequence of the democratical atmosphere of his nation, or arises merely from his higher artistic susceptibility, it is difficult to tell. Whatever the cause may be, however, Graziella is as complete a fisher-girl as the little Lamartine was a goat-herd among his native hills. Neither her costume nor her habits of life are sacrificed to the elevation and refinement necessary to a heroine. To be sure, the costume of a fisher-lass from Procida is less objectionable in romance than the homely gown of an English country girl; but the poet ventures almost to the edge of ridicule when he represents his Graziella trying on the costume of civilization, and pinching her

larger beauty into the French corsets and silk gown, which in her ignorance she thought likely to please him. Altogether this poetic little tale is, we think, the finest thing Lamartine has done. It is a portion of his 'Confidences;' he is the hero, the god of the little southern world, into which he threw himself with all the enthusiasm of youth. Of all his landscapes, except the home scenery of Milly, there is none of which he has so taken in the peculiar and pervading charm. The sunny yet dangerous sea, the lovely isles, the hill terraces, with their wonderful Elysian points of vision, the subtle sweetness of the air, the mingling of sky and water, with all their ineffable tones of light and color, have been nowhere more perfectly represented; and if the passion and despair of the young Neapolitan may be excessive, they are made possible by her country, by the softening effects of that seductive air, and by the extreme youth of the heroine. Very different is the sickly and unnatural effect of the companion story 'Raphael,' the scene of which is laid in the town, and on the lake, of Aix in Savoy, and in which the sentimental passion of the two lovers becomes nauseous to the reader in its very commencement, and is infinitely more objectionable in its ostentatious purity than any ordinary tale of passion. The hero of 'Graziella' is young and guileless, half unaware of, and more than half partaking, the innocent frenzy which he awakens; but Raphael is a miserable poor creature, good for nothing but to lie at his mistress' feet, to listen to her movements through the door that divides them, to rave about her perfections and his love. The sickly caresses—the long silent raptures in which the two gaze into each other's eyes—the still more sickly ravings of their love, which has no pleasant beginning, no dramatic working up towards a climax, but jumps into languishing completeness at once—all breathe an unhealthy, artificial, enervating atmosphere, pernicious to the last degree for any young mind which could be charmed by it, and not far from disgusting to the maturer reader. In both these productions, the poet, as we have said, is his own hero. The incidents are professedly true; and the author gives himself credit throughout his autobiographical works for having passed through all the tumults and agitations of these exhibitions of would-be passion. We say would-be, for there is not in reality any passion in them. Nothing of the fiery directness of overwhelming emotion is in either narrative. Raphael, in particular, is slowly piled up with a leisurely gloating over the mental fondnesses and fine sentiments of the languishing pair, which stops all feeling of indulgence; and when the sentimental lover, wrapped up in thoughts of his Julia, accepts from his mother the price of her trees and hurries away, under pretence of sickness, to Aix, to indulge his maudlin passion by another meeting, the reader loses all patience with so miserable a hero. But to the poet it seems quite reasonable and natural, not to say angelic, of the mother, to make any sacrifice to satisfy the necessities of her son's heart, and quite consistent with the son's honor and poetic nobility of soul to leave all the duties of life behind him, and moon his life away dancing attendance upon his sickly love, "collant ses lèvres à ses beaux pieds," and raving and being raved at with weak and wordy adoration.

In the other narratives of the 'Confidences,' such, for instance, as the tale called 'Fior d'Aliza,' the poet is not the hero but the sympathising friend of the chief sufferers, with some gain in point of modesty, but not much in point of art. All for love, in a sense which goes altogether beyond our robuster meaning, is his perpetual motto. The world appears to him only as a place in which two young persons may bill and coo, turning all its beautiful and noble scenery into a succession of nests for the inevitable turtle-doves. In all this, let us do him justice, there is nothing licentious or immoral. When there may happen to occur a love which cannot end in marriage, it is almost ostentatiously demonstrated to be a union of the heart only; and it is on the whole a pure idyl which Lamartine loves. The most that can be said of him is, that he indulges freely in the amiable indecency, chiefly concerned with babies and their mothers, which Continental manners permit and authorize. He is fond of nursery exhibitions, of sucklings and their play; but only the prudish English taste perhaps will object

to this, such improprieties being considered in other regions virtuous, nay, religious. This defect, and an undue exhibition of the delights of wedded and lawful love, are almost all the moral sins of which we can accuse him; and there are even among ourselves, no doubt, a host of virtuous critics to whom the fact of wedlock makes everything correct and legitimate. This is not the kind of weakness, however, which we naturally expect from a Frenchman.

The kindred works written in verse instead of in poetical prose, which are of congenial character to the tales of the 'Confidences,' can not be said to add much to Lamartine's reputation. The story of 'Jocelyn,' the best known of these larger works, is one prolonged "meditation" interspersed with a few incidents, rather than a dramatic poem, though the tale it tells has chances strange enough to bring out character, had the vague young hero possessed any. The story is supposed to be taken from a manuscript found in the house of a village *curé* after his death, and was in reality, we are informed, an account of the actual adventures of a parish priest well known to the poet. The habit of founding works of art upon incidents of real life is an almost infallible sign of a second-rate genius, though it is an expedient which all the world loves to attribute to every imaginative writer. Following this very commonplace suggestion, Lamartine constantly takes credit to himself for being merely the narrator of actual events, with what truth we are unable to decide. The very name of the *curé* thus plucked out of his privacy and made into a poem is, we think, indicated in the 'Confidences.' Such an effort, however, to make fact stand in the place of Art, is seldom successful; and that man would be wise indeed who could discern any individual features in the colorless apparition of Jocelyn. He is a type of generosity, love, self-sacrifice, and impressionable feeling, but not in the smallest degree a recognisable man. The poet, in a *Postscriptum* which now prefaces the work, denies the imputation of having intended to write "a plea against the celibacy of the clergy, an attack upon religion." The idea of making, as he says, "of a poem a controversy in verse, for or against any question of discipline," had, he declares, never entered his head; though it cannot be denied that the accusation seems justified, at least by the character of the tale. The young Jocelyn, overhearing the lamentations of his mother—such lamentations as no doubt Lamartine heard not unfrequently at home—over the defective *dot* which kept her daughter from marrying, makes an instant sacrifice of his own dawning youth and aspirations, and dedicates himself to the priesthood in order thus to endow his sister with the entire possessions of the family. No idea that this was anything but a perfectly noble and manly act crosses the mind of either poet or hero. We then follow him to the seminary, where, with much painful repression of his feelings, he goes through his preliminary studies. These, however, are interrupted by the Revolution; his home is broken up, and he himself, hunted to the hills, finds refuge in a cavern from the pursuit of his enemies. Here he ministers to another less happy refugee, who dies in his arms, leaving to his charge a stripling called the son, but in reality the daughter of the dead man, Laurence, who succeeds for a long time in deceiving her sole protector in respect to her sex. From the moment of her appearance thus, his cave becomes dear and beautiful to the young student, who, without knowing why, is immediately transported into the mysterious happiness of a first love. After he discovers her secret, the young man realizes the meaning of this new world in which he feels himself to be living, and for two years the lovers live an idyllic life of purity yet mutual fondness, adoring each other with all the frankness of youth, yet living like a pair of angels in their cave. This happiness is interrupted by a sudden appeal from the peasant who has all along protected Jocelyn, calling him to visit in prison a banished bishop on the very eve of the guillotine. Tearing himself from the side of his love at the bidding of duty, the young man goes reluctantly down the mountain-side to the prison at Grenoble to visit his bishop. Here, however, he meets with a trial so immense that flesh and blood is incapable of supporting it. The bishop, dying, insists on making the unhappy neophyte a priest, in order that he himself may be enabled to confess and leave the world with all

the sacraments of the Church. Jocelyn, remembering his love, resists. He does all that he can to escape from this terrible dilemma, but in vain; and at last finds himself with despair receiving the undesired consecration, which makes Laurence henceforth impossible to him. The tremendous interview they have at the top of their hill and on the threshold of their cave before they part forever is the climax of the story. Jocelyn returns in moody anguish to his seminary. No consciousness of having done well, no hope of reconciling himself to the dreary future, supports him. In losing Laurence he loses everything. The next and only remaining change in his life is his transfer from the seminary to the mountain parish of Valneige, where he spends the rest of his days in the depths of poverty, goodness, and self-absorption. Here, as in the first awakening of his unsuspected love for Laurence, which he supposes to be affectionate friendship for a boy confided to his care, there are charming touches of natural feeling, and of that rural life which is the truest thing in Lamartine's experience. But neither the occupations of his profession and the interests of the little rural community round him, nor the calming influences of time, do anything for Jocelyn; and his melancholy existence culminates when he is hastily sent for to see a dying traveller in a neighboring village, and there finds his lost love, whose confession he receives, and to whom he administers the last sacraments. When he has buried Laurence, he has no more to do in life, and dies in his humble *presbytère*, leaving behind him the sentimental record long drawn out of balked love, and wasted life, and melancholy beyond all hope.

Such is the story, weak, sweet, maudlin, and superhuman. It caught the public attention forcibly, we are told, at the moment of its production, and has attained a more or less secure place among French classics. "Jocelyn is the one of my works," Lamartine himself tells us, "which has procured for me the most intimate and numerous communications with unknown persons of all ages and countries." Notwithstanding, however, this popular testimony, it is almost impossible to imagine anything more hectic and unnatural, more opposed to the conditions of practicable existence, than this long monologue, this song upon one note. There have been poetical heroes before now to whom love has been the one thing worth living for; and, indeed, a visionary passion balked of all fulfilment has taken a larger place in poetry than perhaps any other manifestation of human feeling. It is the very soul, for instance, of the noble poetry of Italy; but we need not say how different is the poor and false ideal afforded us in 'Jocelyn' from anything that could be suggested even by the shadow of that high and inspiring passion. Lamartine's hero is as incapable of thinking of anything else, or of rising above his immediate personal recollections and hankerings for the thing forbidden, as he is of resisting the pressure of circumstances which steal his happiness from him. He has neither manhood enough to face the raving and cursing ecclesiastic in his prison and preserve his liberty, nor, when that liberty is gone, to accept the consequences. Neither the strength to hold fast, nor the strength to give up, is in him. Such a frail and weak character is a favorite of fiction, where all its vacillations do excellent service in bringing out the varying shades of human weakness; but this does not seem to have been in the slightest degree Lamartine's intention. On the contrary, it is an ideal figure which he means to set before us, a being superior to the common rules of humanity, a saint and martyr, the very emblem and impersonation of poetical self-sacrifice. We can not find a line to show that the poet himself felt anything to be wanting in the type he chooses of perfect love and suffering; and though the reader is more impatient than sympathetic, the writer has always the air of being perfectly satisfied with his own creation, and convinced that he has set forth in it a high and most attractive ideal. Laurence is still more shadowy than her priest-lover; and but for the intense happiness which we are told she is capable of conferring by her presence, her looks, and her caresses, is the mere symbol of a woman without any character at all. In short, the reader feels that this ideal pair are very badly used by their Maker, who makes them suffer an infinity of vague torture without any compensation for it, any sense

of duty to support them, any nobility of resignation to reconcile their lives to ordinary existence. What is called self-renunciation thus becomes a mere forced and involuntary endurance, against which they struggle all their lives; while the happiness to which they aspire is degraded into a monotonous rapture of touch and clasp and caress; not passion, but maudlin fondness; not despair, but maudlin lamentations over what they would but cannot possess.

The second poem which the author, with some vague plan in his head, of which he does not reveal the *fin mot*, meant to form part of a series of which 'Jocelyn' was the first—also finds its centre of interest in the same blazing, hot Love which is the only power worth noticing in the universe, according to Lamartine. We do not pretend to say what the connection betwen the two may be. At first glance we might suppose that one of them represents that "love which never had an earthly close," which s alway so captivating to th e imagination —and the other, Love satisfied and triumphant forcing its way through all obstacles. This transparent contrast and connection, however, is destroyed by the fact that the 'Chute d'un Ange' closes in still more dismal despair and misery than anything that happens to Jocelyn; and that the muddle of torture, like the muddle of bliss, comes about apparently without any moral cause whatever, from circumstances over which neither the poet nor his hero has any control. What moral meaning there is in it, or rather is intended to be in it, is beyond our power to discover. It is a puzzle upon which the ingenuity of some critic at leisure might occupy itself, were the question worth the trouble. The story is, however, solemnly introduced to us as coming from the lips of a prophet-hermit of Lebanon, who dies as soon as he has accomplished the recital. The angel whose fall is the subject of the tale belongs to those primitive times when the sons of God made alliances with the daughters of men, at the curious cost, according to Lamartine, of living nine lives (an unlucky number) upon earth before they could once more attain their native heaven. The treatment of the fallen angel is original at least, if nothing more. When he drops suddenly into manhood, moved by the hot and generous purpose of saving his human love (who knows nothing of him) from the hands of giants, he brings with him no reminiscences of his better state, no traditions of heaven or heavenly knowledge, but becomes a savage man, without even the power of speech, knowing nothing about himself, and unable to communicate with the primitive people about him. This transformation is so complete, that even when taught by Daïdha, the object of his affections, to speak, and raised by his love for her to a certain humanity, no sort of recollection ever seems to come back to him; and the only purpose for which he is brought upon this earth seems again to be mere billing and cooing, accomplished under the most tragic risks, and with hideous interruptions of suffering, over which the couple, increased by the addition of twin babies of portentous appetite, have many extraordinary triumphs, emerging again constantly on the other side of the cloud into a sickly paradise of embraces, sucklings, and such like conjugal and nursery blisses. What is meant by the very earthly Olympus of primeval giant gods into which they are carried, or by the final mysterious conclusion in the desert, when Daïdha dies cursing, for the death of her children, the husband who has resigned heaven for her, we are unable to tell; neither can we feel that this climax demonstrates the emptiness of human good as shown in the desolate ending as much of the happy and fortunate as of the disappointed lover, though probably this is what the poet meant. The angel-father breaks into blasphemy when he sees his edifice of happiness fall to pieces round him, and makes a last pyrotechnic attempt to consume himself along with his dead wife and children; but even when he comes to this conclusion, nothing beyond despair at the loss of his happiness seems to enter his mind—he has no consciousness of his voluntary descent into mortality—no apparent knowledge of himself as being more than a man. The whole effect is *manqué* by this curious failure on the part of the poet even to identify his own conception: he would seem either to have forgotten it altogether, or to have felt himself unable to grasp the idea of a loftier nature than that of humanity, or to think of an angel as anything beyond the handsome youth with flowing hair which

painters have taken as the type of heavenly existence. Thus, once more, everything that is desirable in life comes to be represented by kisses and languishing looks, by the mutual self-absorption of two beings, who find a somewhat monotonous heaven in each other's arms, and around whom the world may tremble or be convulsed, and all the race of man disappear, without even awakening them from their private raptures. All this, however, let the reader remember, is combined with the most perfect virtue. It is connubiality rendered improper, and domesticity made indecent; but there is no idea of evil in the whole matter; it is virtue, only too sweet, too fond, too loving—maudlin and nasty if you please, but virtue all the same.

We are glad to be able to retire out of this sickly sweetness to the better atmosphere of the fugitive poems, those 'Meditations' and 'Harmonies,' which, if never reaching the highest level of poetry, are still expressive of many of the gentler feelings of the heart, its languors and sadness, its tender recollections, and that vague melancholy which, there can be little doubt, gives so much of its charm to nature. In this point of view, as a reflective and descriptive poet, giving a harmonious medium of expression to many a gentle, voiceless soul, Lamartine will probably long retain his place in the estimation of his countrymen. His longer poems are, we trust, as dead by this time as they deserve to be, and we feel a personal necessity to remove the sickly odor which they leave behind them by one more return to the native soil which gave him strength, and filled him with an inspiration more wholesome and sweet than sentiment. Here is Milly once more, the beloved home, with all its gentle habits and daily life—but this time in melodious verse, which we venture to put into a very literal English version:—

Then come in turn the many cares of day—
To reap the fields, the gathered grain to lay
On the heaped carts, before the rain-cloud rent
By sudden lightning from its gloom has sent
Quick-falling floods to swell the ripened ear,
Or stain with white decay its golden cheer;
Gather the fruit that falls from trees bereft;
Call back the bees to homes this morning left;
The laden branch weighed down with wealth sustain;
Clear the choked runlet from its sandy stain.
Then tend the poor, who, stretching empty hands,
Asking for pence or bread in God's name stands;
Or widows, who, from souls untouched by fears,
Alms of the heart, asks tears to swell her tears;
Or hopeful counsel on the unthrifty shed,
Give orphan work, and to the sick a bed:
Then 'neath the trees at noon a pause is made—
Masters and servants, talking in the shade
Of wind that rises, of bright skies that pale,
Of the thick clouds that fall in whitening hail,
The boughs by caterpillars eaten black,
The ragged brier that tears the scythe's edge back.
Then come the children: 'midst them, in her place,
The mother teaches of God's name and grace;
Or half-spelt words are murmured, homelier lore,
Or numbers, finger-counted o'er and o'er;
Or trains them, thread from lint or wool to win,
Or weave their garments from the thread they spin.

Thus toil on toil from hour to hour goes on,
Till gently, lo! the working time is done:
The full day softly falls; eve comes, and we
Beside the door sit on the fallen tree,
And watch the great wain heaped with odorous grass,
The gleaners following where its slow wheels pass;
The herdsman leading back from field and wood
The heavy-uddered goats; in grateful mood,
Charged with the gifts the kindly vale bestowed,
The beggar passing bowed beneath his load.
Behind the hill, in mists of gold, the sun
With love we watch go down, his journey done;
And as his great round, dropping, drowned in shade,
Broideries of gold or sombre furrows made,
We fix the fortunes of the coming morn,
If to dim skies or radiant brightness born.
Thus to the Christian eye life's darkening eve
Promise of bright days after death can give.
The Angelus sounds soft when fails the light,
Convoking spirits blest to bless the night.
All darkens with the sky: the soul is still,
The memories of the dead come back at will;
We think of friends whose eyes have long foregone
In the eternal day both moon and sun.
With sadness in our hearts' still depths we trace
Whence they have gone, the ever-empty place;
And to fill up the void o'er which we grieve,
A sigh, a tear, within its depths we leave.

At length when stars are trembling overhead,
Returning to our hearth we talk, we read,—
One of those legacies sublime and dear
By the great dead left to their followers here—
Men who like lights across the ages shine,—
Homer or Fenelon; or, more divine,
That book where secrets all of earth and heaven
In two great words—Hope! Charity!—are given.
And sometimes, too, to make the night more sweet,

:kness bright with song, our lips repeat
of some great singer that could win
harmèd notes from lutes of seraphim,
g dear truth with numbers sweet, and
vords
age such as nature's self affords.

mber, gentle issue of toil's sighs,
the hour weighs down our weary eyes;
; 'twas wont in Rachel's primal days,
usehold gathers for the evening praise.
:e more pure, more sweet the worship
;iven,
l's voice rises with our prayers to
ieaven—
l voice touched to a tenderer tone
sence of that God with whom alone
ls, invoking blessing on the night;
ı a song of Zion rising light
ch is choral answer; gentle note
ıer—from the father's manly throat
er sound; old voices shrill and spare,
epherds' rough from strife of wind and
ir,
eavy burden hum the chant divine,
ith the leading voice, clear, infantine,
st like trouble and serenity—
ır of peace within a stormy day—
ı would say, as voice on voices broke,
s who questioned while an angel spoke.

; is finely touched, and with real ten-
is of feeling. It is part of the poem
d "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la
le," and was suggested, the poet
s, by a pretty group formed of his
r, his young wife, *her* mother and
ild, seated in a summer landscape
:o the old house which had shel-
ıis infancy. In this kind of gentle
whether it be prose or poetry, he
ond rivalry. When all other inspi-
fails, the inspiration of home never
ıim. Whatever he may be else-
. at Milly he is ever a true poet. This
ıighest praise we can give to Lamar-
His longer poems are monotonous
loying; his poetical romances of a
ish and unwholesome sweetness.
n his native soil, in the homely
of his mother, all objectionable
ies disappear. He loves the skies
overarch that dear bit of country;
es the hills and the fields because
urround that centre of all associa-
and in his companionship with
: he is always tender and natural,
n exaggerated, and scarcely ever
d. His shorter strains are full of
esh atmosphere of the country he
; and the sentiment of pensive
ıgs and still nights, soft-breathing,
stars and darkness, is to be found
where in the gentle melodious verse; not lofty or all absorbing like the Nature-worship of Wordsworth, but more within the range of the ordinary mind, and quite as genuine and true. Had he been content with this, and not aspired to represent passion of which he knew nothing, his fame would have been more real and more lasting. He was such a poet as the quieter intellectualist, the pensive thinker loves. He could not touch the greater springs of human feeling; but he could so play upon the milder stops of that great instinct as to fill his audience with a soft enthusiasm. Some of his prose works reach to a profounder influence; and those readers who remember, when it came out, the 'History of the Girondists,' will not refuse to the poet a certain power of moving and exciting the mind: but this work and the many others which preceded and followed it, have little to do with our argument. They are poetical and exaggerated prose, and have no claim to the higher title of poetry.

In the midst of his manifold productions, however, there happened to Lamartine such a chance as befalls few poets. He had it in his power once in his life to do something greater than the greatest lyric, more noble than any *vers*. At the crisis of the Revolution of 1848, chance (to use the word without irreverence) thrust him and no other into the place of master, and held him for one supreme moment alone between France and anarchy—between, we might almost say, the world and a second terrible Revolution. And there the sentimentalist proved himself a man; he confronted raving Paris, and subdued it. The old noble French blood in his veins rose to the greatness of the crisis. With a pardonable thrill of pride in the position, so strange to a writer and man of thought, into which without any action of his own he found himself forced, he describes how he faced the tremendous mob of Paris for seventy hours, almost without repose, without sleep or food, when there was no other man in France bold enough or wise enough to take that supreme part; and ended by guiding that most aimless of revolutions to a peaceful conclusion, for the moment at least. It was not Lamartine's fault that the Empire came after him. Long before the day of the Empire had come he had fallen from his momentary elevation, and lost all influence over his country. But his

downfall cannot efface the fact that he did actually reign, and reign beneficently, subduing and controlling the excited nation, saving men's lives and the balance of society. We know no other poet who has had such a chance afforded him, and few men who have acquitted themselves so well in one of the most difficult and dangerous positions which it is possible for a man to hold.

The end of his life, which was spent obscurely, faded away amid many clouds; and it is better that we should not attempt to enter into that record of perpetual debt and shifting impecuniosity. The nation itself came, we think more than once, to the rescue of the poet; and he went on until his very end publishing and republishing, following reminiscence with reminiscence, in a feverish strain for money, which it is painful to contemplate. The causes of this we need not enter into; but, well endowed as his family had left him, sole heir of all the uncles and aunts who had sat heavily upon his early life, he died poor and deprived of almost everything. When a man has to come pitifully before the world and explain how, to retain Milly, he sells another bit of himself, another volume of 'Confidences,' to the eager bookseller—making, one feels, capital of the very sympathy excited—the situation is too painful and humbling to be dwelt upon. Lamartine's sun went down amid those clouds. But the man is dead, and his generation are disappearing off the scene, and France has perhaps more debts to him than she has ever been able to pay. He never led her intentionally astray, from one end of his career to the other. If his adoration of love is sometimes sickly, and his sentimentality maudlin, and the ideal world he framed a narrow and poor world, filled with but one monotonous strain of weak passion—it is at the same time a pure love which he idolizes, a virtuous ideal, which, according to his lights, he endeavors to set forth. And in his fugitive pieces there dwells often the very sweetness of the woods and fields—a homely gentle atmosphere of moral quiet and beauty. It is for these, and not for the exaggerated poetical maundering of his larger poems, that his name will be remembered in the world.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

BY LADY BARKER.

ALGOA BAY, *Oct. 23d*, 1875.

Two days ago we steamed out of Table Bay, on just such a grey, drizzling afternoon as that on which we entered it. But the weather cleared directly we got out to sea, and since then it has carried us along as though we had been on a pleasant summer cruise. All yesterday we were coasting along the low downs which edge the dangerous seaboard for miles upon miles. From the deck of the "Edinburgh Castle" the effect is monotonous enough, although just now everything is brightly green, and with their long riband fringe of white breaker-foam glinting in the spring sunshine, the stretch of undulating hillocks looked its best. This part of the coast is well lighted, and it was always a matter of felicitation at night, when every eighty miles or so the guiding ray of a lighthouse shone out in the soft gloom of a starlight night. One of these lonely towers stands more than 800 feet above the sea level, and warns ships off the terrible Agulhas Bank.

We have dropped our anchor this fresh, bright morning, a mile or so from the shore on which Port Elizabeth stands. Algoa Bay is not much of a shelter, and it is always a chance whether a sudden "south-easter" may not come tearing down upon the shipping, necessitating a sudden tripping of anchors and running out to sea, to avoid the fate which we see staring us warningly in the face in the shape of the gaunt bare ribs or rusty cylinders of sundry castaway vessels. To-day the weather is on its good behavior. The "south-easter" rests on its "airy nest,"

"As still as a brooding dove,"

and sun and sea are doing their best to show off the queer little straggling town, creeping up the low sandy hills that lie before us. I am assured that Port Eliza-

beth is a flourishing mercantile place. From the deck of our ship I can't at all perceive that it is flourishing, or doing any thing except basking in the pleasant sunshine. But when I go on shore an hour or two later, I am shown a store which takes away my breath, and before whose miscellaneous contents the stoutest-hearted female shopper must needs *baisser son pavillon.* Everything looked in this vast emporium as neat and orderly as possible; and though the building was twice as big as the largest co-operative store in London, there was no hurry or confusion. Thimbles and ploughs, eau-de-cologne and mangles, American stoves, cotton dresses of astounding patterns to suit the taste of Dutch ladies, harmoniums and flat-irons—all stood peaceably side by side together; but these were all unconsidered trifles beside the more serious business of the establishment, which was wool,—wool in every shape, and stage, and bale. In this department, however, although for the sake of the dear old New Zealand days my heart warms at the sight of the huge packages, I was not supposed to take any interest. So we pass quickly out into the street again, get into a large open carriage driven by a black coachman, and make the best of our way up to a villa on the slope of the sandy hill. Once I am away from the majestic influence of that store, the original feeling of Port Elizabeth being rather a dreary place comes back upon me. But we drive all about—to the Park, which may be said to be in its swaddling clothes *as* a park; and to the Botanic Gardens, where the culture of foreign and colonial flowers and shrubs is carried on, under the chronic difficulties of too much sun and wind, and too little water. Everywhere there is building going on: very modest building, it is true, with rough-and-ready masonry or timber, and roofs of zinc painted in strips of light color; but everywhere there are signs of progress and growth. People look bored, but healthy; and it does not surprise me in the least to hear, that though there are a good many inhabitants there is not much society. A pretty little luncheon and a pleasant hour's chat in a cool, shady drawing-room, with plenty of new books, and music, and flowers, gave me another agreeable memory to carry back on board the ship; which, by the way, seemed strangely silent and deserted when we returned, for most of our fellow-passengers had disembarked here, on their way to different parts of the interior.

As I saunter up and down the clean, smart-looking deck of what has been our pleasant floating home during these four past weeks, I suddenly perceive a short, squat pyramid on the shore, standing out oddly enough among the low-roofed houses. If it had only been red, instead of grey, it mght have passed for the model of the label on Bass' beer bottles; but even as it is, I feel convinced that there is a story connected with it. And so it proves; for this ugly, most unsentimental-looking bit of masonry was built long ago by a former Governor, as a record of the virtues and perfections of his dead wife, whom, among other lavish epithets of praise, he declares to have been "the most perfect of women." Anyhow, there it stands, on what was once a lonely strip of sand and sea, a memorial—if one can only believe the stone story, now nearly a hundred years old—of a great love and a great sorrow; and one can envy the one, and pity the other, just as much when looking at this queer, unsightly monument, as when one stands on the pure marble threshold of the exquisite Taj Mahal, at Agra, and reads that it, too, in all its grace and beauty, was reared "in memory of an undying love."

Although the day has been warm and balmy, the evening air strikes chill and raw; and our last evening on board the dear old ship has to be spent under shelter, for it is too cold to sit on deck. With the first hours of daylight next morning we have to be up and packing, for by ten o'clock we must be on board the "Florence," a small yacht-like coasting steamer, which can go much closer in to the sand-banked harbors, scooped by the action of the rivers all along the coast. It is with a very heavy heart that I, for one, say good-bye to the "Edinburgh Castle," where I have passed so many happy hours and made some such pleasant acquaintances. A ship is a very forcing-house of friendship; and no one who has not taken a voyage can realize how rapidly an acquaintance grows and ripens into a friend, under the lovely influences of sea and sky. We have all been so happy together; everything has been so comfortable, everybody so kind, that one

would indeed be cold-hearted if, when the last moment of our halcyon voyage arrived, it could bring with it anything short of a regret. With the same chivalrous goodness and courtesy which has taken thought for the comfort of our every movement since we left Dartmouth, our captain insists on seeing us safely on board the "Florence" (what a toy-boat she looks after our stately ship!), and satisfies himself that we can be settled comfortably once more in our doll's-house of a new cabin. Then there comes a reluctant good-bye to him and all our kind care-takers of the "Edinburgh Castle;" and the last glimpse we catch of her—for the "Florence" darts out of the bay like a swallow in a hurry—is dipping her ensign in courteous farewell to us.

In less than twenty-four hours we had reached another little port some 150 miles or so up the coast, called East London. Here the harbor is again only an open roadstead, and hardly any vessel drawing more than four or five feet of water can get in at all near the shore, for between us and it is a bar of shifting sand, washed down day by day by the strong current of the river Buffalo. All the cargo has to be transferred to lighters, and a little tug-steamer hastens backwards and forwards with messages of entreaty to these said lighters to come out and take away their loads. We had dropped our anchor by daylight, yet at ten o'clock scarcely a boat had made its appearance alongside, and every one was fuming and fretting at the delay and consequent waste of fine weather and daylight. That is to say, it was a fine, bright day overhead, with sunshine and sparkle all round, but the heavy roll of the sea never ceased for a moment. From one side to the other, until her ports touched the water, backwards and forwards, with slow monotonous heaving, our little vessel swayed with the swaying rollers, until everybody on board felt sick and sorry. "This is comparatively a calm day," I was told: "you can't possibly imagine from this what rolling really is." But I *can* imagine quite easily, and do not at all desire a closer acquaintance with this restless Indian Ocean. Breakfast is a moment of penance: little G— is absolutely fainting from agonies of seasickness, though he had borne all our South Atlantic tossings with perfect equanimity, and it is with real joy that I hear the lifeboat is alongside, and the kind-hearted captain of the "Florence" (*how* kind sailors are!) offers to take nurse, babies, and me on shore, so as to escape some eight or ten hours of this agonizing rolling.

In happy unconsciousness of what landing at East London even in a lifeboat meant when a bar had to be crossed, we were all tumbled and bundled more or less unceremoniously into the great roomy boat, and were immediately taken in tow by the busy little tug. For half a mile or more we made good progress in her wake, being in a position to set at nought the threatening water mountains which came tumbling in furious haste from seawards. It was not until we seemed close to the shore and all our troubles over that the tug was obliged to cast us off owing to the rapidly shoaling water, and we prepared to make the best of our own way in. Bad was that best indeed, though the peril came and went so quickly that it is but a confused impression which I retain of what seemed to me a really terrible moment. One instant I heard felicitations exchanged beween our captain, who sits protectingly close to me, with poor little fainting G— who lies like death in my arms, and the captain of the life-boat. The next moment, in spite of the sudden panic and presence of danger, I could laugh to hear the latter sing out in sharp tones of terror and dismay, "Ah, you would, would you?" coupled with rapid orders to the stout rowers, and shouts to us of "Look out!" And I *do* look out, to see on one side sand which the retreating wave has sucked dry, and in which the boat seems trying to bury herself as though she were a snail; on the other hand there towers above us a huge green wave, white crested and curled, which is rushing at us like a devouring monster. If that billow breaks into the boat we shall surely be all washed out of her; and I glanced, as I thought for the last time, at the pale nurse on whose lap lay the baby placidly sucking his bottle. I see a couple of sailors lay hold of her and child with one hand each, whilst with the other they cling desperately to the thwarts. A stout seafaring man flings the whole weight of his ponderous pilot-coated body upon G— and me. I hear shouts and a roar of water, and lo! we are washed

up alongside of the rude landing-
,—still *in* the boat indeed, but wet
ightened to the last degree. Looking
on it all, I can distinctly remember
t was not the sight of the overhang-
ave which cost me my deadliest pang
:kening fright, but the glimpse I
ıt of the shining, cruel-looking sand
ıg us in so silently and gradually.
ere all trembling so much that it
:d as impossible to stand upright on
ırth as on the tossing waters, and it
ith reeling, drunken-looking steps,
ve rolled and staggered through the
sand-street until we reached the
r of an exceedingly dirty hotel.
thing in it required courage to
, and it was with many qualms that I
ited limp little G— on a filthy sofa.
:ver, the mistress of the house look-
:an, and so did the cups and saucers
ıickly produced, and by the time
ıd finished a capital breakfast we
ıll quite in good spirits again, and
ırpened up as to be able to "mock
ves" of our past perils and present
nforts. Outside there were strange,
ıful shrubs in flower, tame pigeons
cooing and bowing in at the door,
bove all there was an enchanting
ıess and balminess in the sunny air.
ıbout an hour "Capting Florence,"
– styles our new commander, calls
s, and takes us out sight-seeing.
and foremost, across the river to
pidly growing railway lines, where
nd new locomotive was hissing
with full steam up. Here we were
ınd welcomed by the energetic
ntendent of this iron road, and to
tense delight, after exhibiting to
ıat a long distance into the interior
ıe had to go, and how fast it was
g on, considering the difficulties in
ay of doing anything in South
., from washing a pocket handker-
ıp to laying down a railway, he pro-
that we should get *on* the engine
) as far as the line was open for
ng like safe travelling. Never was
ı delightful five minutes as those
n whizzing along through the park-
)untry, and cutting fast through the
ıly air! In vain did I smell that
rge skirts were getting dreadfully
, in vain did I see most uncertain
rail before me,—it was all too per-
enchanting to care for danger or
disgrace, and I could have found it in my heart to echo G—'s plaintive cry for "more" when we came to the end and had to get off. But it consoled us a little to watch the stone-breaking machine crunching up small rocks as though they had been lumps of sugar, and after looking at that we set off for the unfinished station, and could take in, even in its present skeleton state, how commodious and handsome it will all be some day. You are all so accustomed to be whisked about the civilized world when and where you choose, that it is difficult to make you understand the enormous boon the first line of railway is to a new country; not only for the convenience of travellers, but for the transport of goods, the setting free of hundreds of cattle and horses and drivers,—all sorely needed for other purposes,—and the fast following effects of opening up the resources of the back districts. In these regions labor is the great difficulty, and one needs to hold both patience and temper fast with both one's hands when watching either Kafir or Coolie at work. The white man can not or will not do much with his hands out here, so the navvies are slim, lazy-looking blacks, who jabber and grunt and sigh a good deal more than they work.

It is a fortunate circumstance that the delicious air keeps us all in a chronic state of hunger, for it appears in South Africa that one is expected to eat every half hour or so. And, shamed I am to confess, we *do* eat, and eat with a good appetite too, a delicious luncheon at the superintendent's, albeit it followed closely on the heels of our enormous breakfast at the dirty hotel. Such a pretty little bachelor's box as it was! so cool and quiet and neat, built somewhat after the fashion of the Pompeian houses, with a small square garden full of orange trees in the centre, and the house running round this opening in four corridors. After luncheon a couple of nice light Cape carts came to the door, and we set off to see a beautiful garden, whose owner had all a Dutchman's passion for flowers. There was fruit as well as flowers. Pineapples and jasmine, straw berries and honeysuckle grew side by side, with bordering orange trees, feathery bamboos, and sheltering gum trees. In the midst of the garden stood a sort of

double platform, up whose steep ladder we all climbed. From this one got a good idea of the slightly undulating land all about, waving down with solidified billows to where the deep blue waters sparkled and rolled restlessly beyond the white line of waves ever breaking on the bar.

I miss animal life sadly in these parts. The dogs I see about the streets are few in number, and miserably currish specimens of their kind. "Good dogs don't answer out here," I am told: that is to say, they get a peculiar sort of distemper, or ticks bite them and they get weak from loss of blood, or become degenerate in some way. The horses and cattle are small and poor-looking, and hard-worked, very dear to buy and very difficult to keep and to feed. I don't even see many cats, and a pet bird is a rarity. However, as we stood on the breezy platform I saw a most beautiful wild bird fly over the rose hedge just below us. It was about as big as a crow, but with a strange irridescent plumage. When it flitted into the sunshine its back and wings shone like a rainbow, and the next moment it looked perfectly black and velvety in the shade; now a turquoise blue tint comes out on its spreading wings, and a slant in the sunshine turns the blue into a chrysoprase green. Nobody could tell me its name; our Dutch host spoke exactly like Hans Breitmann, and declared it was a "bid of a crow," and so we had to leave it and the platform, and come down to more roses and tea. There was yet so much to be seen and to be done that we could not stay long, and, laden with magnificent fragrant bouquets of *gloire de Dijon* roses and honey-suckle, and divers strange and lovely flowers, we drove off again in our Cape carts. I observed that instead of saying "woa" or checking the horses in any way by the reins, the driver always whistles to them, a long, low whistle, and they stand quite still directly. We bumped up and down over extraordinarily rough places, and finally slid down a steep cutting to the brink of the river Buffalo, which we ferried across, all standing, on a big wooden punt or rather pontoon.

A hundred yards or so of rapid driving then took us to a sort of wharf projecting into the river, where the important-looking little tug awaited us; and no sooner were we all safely on board—rather a large party by this time, for we had gone on picking up stragglers ever since we started, only three in number, from the hotel—than she sputtered and fizzed herself off up stream. By this time it was the afternoon, and I almost despair of making you see the woodland beauty of that broad mere; fringed down to the water's edge on one side with shrubs and tangle of roses and woodbine, with ferns and every lovely green creeping thing. That was on the bank which was sheltered from the high winds; the other hillside showed the contrast, for there, though green indeed, only a few feathery tufts of pliant shrubs had survived the force of some of these south-eastern gales. We paddled steadily along in mid stream, and from the bridge (where little G— and I had begged "Capting Florence" to let us stand) one could see the double of each leaf and tendril and passing cloud mirrored, sharp and clear, in the crystalline water. The lengthening shadows from rock and fallen crag were, in some places, flung quite across our little boat; and so through the soft lovely air flooded with brightest sunshine we made our way past Pic-nic Creek, where another stream joined the Buffalo, and makes miniature green islands and harbors at its mouth, up as far as the river was navigable for even so small a steamer as ours. Every one was sorry when it became time to turn, but there was no choice; the sunburnt, good-looking young captain of the tug held up a warning hand, and round we went with a side sweep, under the shadows, into the sunlight, down the middle of the stream, all too soon to please us.

Before we left East London, however, there was one more great work to be glanced at; and accordingly we paid a hasty visit to the office of the superintendent of the new harbor works, and saw plans and drawings of what will indeed be a magnificent achievement when carried out. Yard by yard, with patient under-sea sweeping, all that waste of sand brought down by the Buffalo is being cleared away. Yard by yard two massive arms of solidest masonry are stretching themselves out beyond those cruel breakers. The river is being forced into so narrow a channel that the wash

of the water must needs carry the sand far out to sea in future, and scatter it in soundings where it cannot accumulate into such a barrier as that which now exists. Lighthouses will guard this safe entrance into a tranquil anchorage, and so at some not too far distant day, there is good hope that East London may be one of the most valuable harbors on this vast coast; and when her railway has even reached the point to which it is at present projected, nearly 200 miles away, it will indeed be a thriving place. Even now there is a greater air of movement and life and progress about the little sea-port, what with the railway and the harbor works, than any other place I have yet seen; and each great undertaking is in the hands of men of first-rate ability and experience, who are as persevering as they are energetic. After looking well over these most interesting plans, there was nothing left for us to do except to make a sudden raid on the hotel, pick up our shawls and bags, pay a most moderate bill of 7s. 6d. for breakfast for three people, luncheon for two, and the use of a room all day, piteously entreat the mistress of the inn to sell us half a bottle of milk for G—'s breakfast to-morrow, as he can't drink the preserved milk, and so back again on board the tug. The difficulty about milk and butter is the first trouble which besets a family travelling in these parts. Everywhere milk is scarce and poor, and the butter such as no charwoman would touch in England. In vain does one behold from the sea thousands of acres of what looks like undulating green pasturage, and inland the same waving green hillocks stretch as far as the eye can reach; there is never sheep or cow to be seen, and one hears that all that grass is sour, or that there is no water, or that there is a great deal of sickness about among the animals in that locality. Whatever the cause, the result is the same,—namely, that one has to go down on one's knees for a teacupful of milk, which is but poor, thin stuff, at its best, and that Irish salt butter out of a tub is a costly delicacy.

Having secured this precious quarter of a bottle of milk, for which I was really as grateful as though it had been the Koh-i-noor, we hastened back to the wharf and got on board the little tug again. "Now for the bridge," cry G— and I; for has not "Capting Florence" promised us a splendid but safe tossing across the bar? And faithfully he and the bar and the boat keep their word, for we are in no danger it seems, and yet we appear to leap like a racehorse across the strip of sand, receiving a staggering buffet, first on one paddle-wheel and then on the other, from the angry guardian breakers which seem sworn foes of boats and passengers. Again and again are we knocked aside by huge billows, as though the poor little tug were a walnut shell again and again do we recover ourselves and blunder bravely on, sometimes with but one paddle in the water, sometimes burying our bowsprit in a big green wave too high to climb, and dashing right through it, just as if we shut our eyes and went at everything. The spray flies high over our heads; G— and I are drenched over and over again, but we shake the sparkling water off our coats, for all the world like Newfoundland dogs, and are all right again in a moment. "Is that the very last?" asks G— sorrowfully, as we take our last breaker like a five-barred gate, flying, and find ourselves safe and sound, but quivering a good deal, in what seems comparatively smooth water. Is it smooth though? Look at the "Florence" and all the other vessels still at it, see-saw, backwards and forwards, roll, roll, roll. How thankful we all are to have escaped a long day of that sickening monotonous motion! But there is the getting on board to be accomplished, for the brave little tug dare not come too near to her big sister steamboat, or she would roll over on her. So we signal for a boat, and quickly the largest which the "Florence" possesses is launched and manned; no easy task in such a sea, but accomplished in smart and seaman-like fashion. The sides of the tug are low, so it is not very difficult to scramble and tumble into the boat which is laden to the water's edge by new passengers from East London, and their luggage. When, however, we have reached the rolling "Florence" it is no easy matter to get out of the said boat and on board. There is a ladder let down indeed from the "Florence's" side but how are we to use it when one moment half a dozen rings are buried deep in the sea, and the next instant ship and

ladder and all have rolled right away from us? It has to be done, however; and what a tower of strength and encouragement does "Capting Florence" prove himself at this juncture! We are all to sit perfectly still, no one is to move until their name is called, and then they are to come unhesitatingly and do exactly what they are told.

"Pass up the baby," is the first order which I hear given; and that astonishing baby is "passed up" accordingly. I use the word "astonishing" advisedly, for never was an infant so bundled about, uncomplainingly: he is just as often upside down as not; he is generally handed from one quarter-master to another by the gathers of his little blue frock; seas break over his cradle on deck: but nothing disturbs him. He grins and sleeps, and pulls at his bottle through everything, and gets fatter and browner and more impudent every day. On this occasion, when—after rivalling Leotard's most daring feats on the trapèze, in my scramble up the side of a vessel which was lurching *away* from me—I at last reached the deck, I found the ship's carpenter nursing the baby, who had seized the poor man's beard firmly with one hand, and with the finger and thumb of the other he was attempting to pick out one of his merry blue eyes. "Avast there!" cries the long-suffering sailor, and gladly relinquishes the mischievous bundle to me.

Up with the anchor, and off we go once more, into the gathering darkness of what turns out to be a wet and windy night. Next day the weather had recovered its temper, and I was called up on deck directly after breakfast, to see the "Gates of St. John;" a really fine pass on the coast, where the river Umzimoubu rushes through great granite cliffs to the sea. If the exact truth is to be told, I must confess I am a little disappointed with this coast scenery. I have heard so much of its beauty, and as yet, though I have seen it under exceptionally favorable conditions of calm weather, which has allowed us to stand in very close to shore, I have not seen anything really fine until these "gates" came in view. It has all been monotonous undulating downs, here and there dotted with trees, and in some places the ravines are filled with what we used to call in New Zealand "bush"—*i.e.*, miscellaneous greenery. Here and there a bold cliff or tumbled pile of red sandstone makes a land-mark for the passing ships, but otherwise the uniformity is great indeed. The ordinary weather along this coast is something frightful, and the great reputation of our little "Florence" is built on the method in which she rides, dry and safe, among the stormy waters like a duck. Now that we are close to "Fair Natal" the country opens out and improves in beauty. There are still the same sloping, falling green downs, but higher downs rise behind them, and again beyond are blue and purple hills. Here and there, too, are cluster of fat, dumpy haystacks to be seen, which in reality are no haystacks at all, but Kafir kraals. Just before we pass the cliff and river which marks where No Man's Land ends and Natal begins, these little "locations" are more frequently to be observed; though what the inhabitants subsist on is a marvel to me, for we are only a mile or so from shore, and all the seeing power of all the field-glasses on board fails to discover a solitary animal. We can see lots of babies crowding about the hole which serves as door to a Kafir hut, and they are all as fat as little pigs, but what do they live on? Butter-milk I am told,—that is to say sour milk, for the true Kafir palate does not appreciate fresh, sweet milk,—and a sort of porridge made of "mealies." In my ignorance I used to think "mealies" was a coined word for potatoes, but it really signifies maize or Indian corn which is rudely crushed, and seems the staple food of man and beast.

In the mean time we are speeding on gaily over the bright waters, never very calm along this shore. Presently we come to a spot clearly marked by some odd-colored tumbled-down rocks and the remains of a great iron butt, where more than a hundred years ago the "Grosvenor," a splendid clipper ship, was wrecked. The men nearly all perished, or were made away with; but a few women were got on shore, and carried off as prizes to the kraals of the Kafir *Inkosi*, or chieftains. What sort of husbands these stalwart warriors made to their reluctant brides, tradition does not say; but it is a fact that nearly all their children were born mad, and

their descendants are many of them lunatics or idiots up to the present time. As the afternoon draws on, a chill mist creeps over the hills, and provokingly blots out the coast, which gets more beautiful every league we go. I wanted to remain up and see the light on the bluff just outside Port D'Urban, but a heavy shower drove me down to my wee cabin before ten o'clock. Soon after midnight, the rattling of the anchor chains, and the sudden change of motion from pitching and jumping to the old monotonous roll, told us that we were once more outside a bar, with a heavy sea on, and that there we must remain until the tug came to fetch us. But, alas! the tug had to make short work of it next morning, on account of the unaccommodating state of the tide; and all our hopes of breakfasting on shore were dashed by the hasty announcement at five A.M., that the tug was alongside, the mails were rapidly being put on board of her, and that she could not wait for passengers or anything else, because ten minutes later there would not be water enough to float her over the bar.

"When shall *we* be able to get over the bar?" I asked dolefully. "Not until the afternoon," was the prompt and uncompromising reply, delivered through my keyhole by the authority in charge of us: and he proved to be quite right. But I am bound to say the time passed more quickly than we dared to hope or expect, for an hour later a bold little fishing boat made her way through the breakers and across the bar, in the teeth of wind and rain, bringing F— on board. He has been out here these eight months, and looks a walking advertisement of the climate and temperature of our new home, so absolutely healthy is his appearance. He is very cheery about liking the place, and particularly insists on the blooming faces and sturdy limbs I shall see belonging to the young Natalians. Altogether he appears thoroughly happy and contented, liking his work, his position, everything and everybody, which is all extremely satisfactory to hear. There is so much to tell, and so much to be told, that, as G— declares, "it is afternoon directly," and the signal flags being up, we trip our anchor once more, and rush at the bar, two quartermasters and an officer at the wheel, the pilot and captain on the bridge, a hands on deck and on the alert, fc always, under the most favorable circum stances, the next five minutes hold peril in every second. "Stand by fo spray!" sings out somebody; and we d stand by, luckily for ourselves, fc "spray" means the top of two or thre waves. The dear little "Florence" is a plucky as she is pretty, and appears t shut her eyes and lower her head, and g *at* the bar. Scrape, scrape, scrape "We've stuck!" "No, we haven't! "Helm hard down!" "Over!" And s we are: among the breakers it is tru knocked first to one side and then t the other, buffeted here and there; bu we keep right on, and a few more turn of the screw takes us into calm wate under the green hills of the bluff. Th breakers are behind us, we have twent fathom of water under our keel. Th voyage is ended and over. The captai takes off his straw hat, to mop his curl head. Everybody's face loses the ex pression of anxiety and rigidity it ha worn these past ten minutes, and boat swarm round the ship like locusts. Th baby is passed over the ship's side for th last time, having been well kissed an petted and praised by every one as h was handed from one to the other, an we row swiftly away to the low sand shore of the "Point."

Only a few warehouses, or rather shed of warehouses, are to be seen; and rude sort of railway station, which ap pears to afford indiscriminate shelter t boats as well as to engines. There ar leisurely trains which saunter into th town of D'Urban, a mile and a half awa every half-hour or so, but one of thes "crawlers" had just started. The su was very hot, and we voyagers were a sadly weary and headachy. But the bes of the Colonies is the prompt, self-sacri ficing kindness of old-comers to new comers. Some gentleman had drive down in his own nice comfortable pony carriage, and without a moment's hesita tion he insists on our all getting into i and making the best of our way to ou hotel. It is too good an offer to be re fused, for the sun is hot, and the babie are tired to death; so we start, slowl enough, to plough our way through heav sand up to the axles. If the tide ha been out, we could have driven quickl

along the hard dry sand; but we comfort ourselves by remembering that there had been water enough on the bar, and make the best of our way through clouds of impalpable dust, to a better road, of which a couple of hundred yards lands us at our hotel. It looks bare and unfurnished enough in all conscience, but it is a new place, and must be furnished by degrees. At all events it is tolerably clean and quiet, and we can wash our sunburnt faces and hands; and, as nurse says, "turn ourselves round."

Coolies swarm in every direction; picturesque fruit and fish-sellers throng the verandah of the kitchen, a little way off; and everything looks bright and green and fresh, having been well washed by the recent rains. There is still however several feet of dust in the streets, for they are *made* of dust; and my own private impression is that all the water in the harbor would not suffice to lay the dust of D'Urban for more than half an hour. With the restlessness of people who have been cooped up on board ship for a month, we insist, the moment it is cool enough, on being taken out for a walk. Fortunately the public gardens are close at hand, and we amuse ourselves very well in them for an hour or two; but we are all thoroughly tired and worn out, and glad to get to bed, even in gaunt narrow rooms, on hard pallets.

The two following days were spent in looking after and collecting our cumbrous array of boxes and baskets. Tin baths, wicker chairs and baskets,—all had to be counted and recounted until one got weary of the word "luggage;" but that is the penalty of dragging babies about the world. In the intervals of the serious business of tracing number five, and running number ten to earth in the corner of a warehouse, I made pleasant acquaintances, and received kindest words and notes of welcome from unknown friends. All this warm-hearted, unconventional kindness goes far to make the stranger forget his "own people and his father's house," and feel at once at home amid strange and unfamiliar scenes. After all, "home" is portable, luckily; and a welcoming smile and hand-clasp acts as a spell to create it in any place. We also managed after business hours, when it was of no use making expeditions to wharf or custom-house after recusant carpet bags, to drive to the Botanic Gardens. They are large and well kept, but seem principally devoted to shrubs. I was assured that this is the worst time of year for flowers, as the plants have not yet recovered the winter drought. A dry winter and wet summer is the correct atmospheric fashion here. In winter, everything is brown, and dusty, and dried up; in summer, green, and fragrant, and well watered. The gardens are in good order, and I rather regretted not being able to examine them more thoroughly. Another afternoon we drove to the "Berea," a sort of suburban Richmond; where the rich, semi-tropical vegetation is cleared away in patches, and villas with pretty pleasure-grounds are springing up in every direction. The road winds up the luxuriantly-clothed slopes, with every here and there lovely sea-views of the harbor, with the purple lights of the Indian Ocean stretching away beyond. Every villa must have an enchanting prospect from its front door; and one can quite understand how alluring to the merchants and men of business in D'Urban must be the idea of getting away after office hours, and sleeping on such high ground in so fresh and healthy an atmosphere. And here I must say that we Maritzburgians (I am only one in perspective) wage a constant and deadly warfare with the D'Urbanites on the score of the health and convenience of our respective cities. *We* are about 2,000 feet above the sea, and fifty-two miles inland; so we talk in a pitying tone of the poor D'Urbanites as dwellers in a very hot and unhealthy place. "Relaxing" is the word we apply to their climate, when we want to be particularly nasty; and they retaliate by reminding us that they are ever so much older than we are (which is an advantage in a colony), and that they are on the coast, and can grow all manner of nice things which we can not compass; to say nothing of their climate being more equable than ours, and their thunderstorms, although longer in duration, mere flashes in the pan compared to what we in our amphitheatre of hills have to undergo at the hands of the electric current. We never can find an answer to that taunt; and if the D'Urbanites only follow up their victory by allusions

to their abounding bananas and other fruits, their vicintiy to the shipping, and consequent facility of getting almost anything quite easily, we are completely silenced, and it is a wonder if we retain presence of mind enough to murmur "flies." On the score of dust we are about equal; but I must in fairness confess that D'Urban is a more lively and better-looking town than Maritzburg, when you are in it, though the effect from a distance is not so good. It is very odd, how unevenly the necessaries of existence are distributed in this country. Here, at D'Urban, anything hard in the way of stone is a treasure—everything is soft and pliable; sand and finest shingle, so fine as to be a mere dust, is all the available material for road-making. I am told that later on I shall find that a cart-load of sand in Maritzburg is indeed a rare and costly thing; *there* we are all rock—a sort of flaky, slaty rock underlying every place.

Our last day, or rather half-day in D'Urban, was very full of sight-seeing and work. F— was extremely anxious for me to see the sun rise from the signal station on the Bluff; and accordingly he, G—, and I started with the earliest dawn. We drove through the sand again, in a hired and springless Cape cart, down to the point, got into the port captain's boat, and rowed across to a little strip of sand at the foot of a winding path, cut out of the dense vegetation which makes the bluff such a refreshingly green headland to eyes of wave-worn voyagers. A stalwart Kafir carried our picnic basket with tea, and milk, bread, butter, and eggs, up the hill; and it was delightful to follow the windings of the path through beautiful bushes bearing strange and lovely flowers, and knit together in a green tangle by the tendrils of a convolvulus clematis, or sort of wild passion-flower, whose blossoms were opening to the fresh morning air. It was a cool but misty morning, and though we got to our destination in ample time, there was never any sunrise at all to be seen. In fact, the sun declined to get up the whole day, so far as I know; for the sea looked gray and solemn and sleepy, and the land kept its drowsy mantle of haze over its flat shore, which haze thickened and deepened into a Scotch mist as the morning wore on. We returned by the leisurel railway—a railway so calm and statel in its method of progression that it is nc at all unusual to see a passenger ste calmly out of it when it is at its fulle speed of crawl, and wave his hand to h companions as he disappears down th by-path leading to his little home. Th passengers are conveyed at a unifor rate of sixpence a head, which si pence is collected promiscuously by small boy at odd moments during th journey. There are no nice distinctio of class either, for we all travel amicabl together in compartments which are judicious mixture of a third-class ca riage and a cattle truck. Of cour wood is the only fuel used, and that b sparingly, for it is exceedingly costl There was still much to be done by th afternoon, many visitors to receive, not to write, and packages to arrange, f our traveling of these 52 miles spreac itself over a good many hours, as yc will see. Think of the five o'cloc Brighton express, and then think of ou journey—the extremes of speed an slowness. Well, about three o'clock th Government mule wagon came to th door. It may truly and literally be d scribed as "stopping the way," for n only is the wagon itself a huge an cumbrous machine, but it is drawn b eight mules, in pairs, and driven by couple of black drivers. I say driven b a couple of drivers, because the dri ing was evidently an affair of c partnership: one held the reins—suc elaborate reins as they were, a confus tangle of leather—and the other had th care of two or three whips of differi lengths. The drivers were both j black: not Kafirs, but Cape blacks, d scendants of the old slaves taken by th Dutch. They appeared to be gre friends these two, and took earnest cou sel together at every rut and drain a steep pinch of the road, which stretch away over hill and dale before us, broad red track with high green hedg on either hand. Although the rain h not yet fallen long or heavily, the ditch were all running freely with red, mud water, and the dust had already beg to cake itself into a sticky paste of r clay. The wagon was shut in by cu tains at the back and sides, and cou hold eight passengers easily. Luckily f

the poor mules, however, we were only five grown-up people, including the drivers. The road was extremely pretty, and the town looked very picturesque as we gradually rose above it and looked down on it and the harbor together. On a fine, clear afternoon it would have been still nicer, although I was much congratulated on account of the absence of its alternative—dust. Still it was possible to have too much of a good thing, and by the time we reached Pine Town, only 14 miles away, the roads had begun to tell on the poor mules, and the chilly damp of the closing evening made us all only too thankful to get under the shelter of a roadside inn (or hotel as they are called here), which was snug and bright and comfortable enough to be a credit to any colony.

It seemed the most natural thing in the world to be told that this inn was not only a favorite place for people to come out to from D'Urban in fine weather, to spend their Sunday or Sunday holiday (there is a pretty little church in the village hard by), but also that it was quite *de rigeur* for all honeymoons to be spent amid its pretty scenery.

A steady downpour of rain all through the night made our early start next day an affair of doubt and discouragement and dismal prophecy; but we persevered, and accomplished another long stage through a cold, persistent drizzle, before reaching an inn, where we enjoyed simply the best breakfast I ever tasted, —or at all events the best I have had in Natal.

The mules also were unharnessed, and after taking each a good roll on the damp grass, turned out in the drizzling rain for rest and nibble until their more substantial repast was ready. The rain cleared up from time to time, but an occasional heavy shower warned us that the weather was still sulky. It was in much better heart and spirits, however, that we made a second start, about eleven o'clock, and struggled on through heavy roads up and down weary hills, slipping here, sliding there, and threatening to stick everywhere. Our next stage was to a place where the only available shelter was a filthy inn, at which we lingered as short a time as practicable—only long enough, in fact, to feed the mules—and then, with every prospect of a finer afternoon, set out once more on the longest and last stage of our journey. All the way the road has been very beautiful, in spite of the shrouding mist; especially at the Inchanga Pass, where, round the shoulder of the hill, as fair a prospect of curved green hills, dotted with clusters of timber exactly like an English park, of distant ranges rising in softly-rounded outlines, with deep violet shadows in the clefts and pale green lights on the slopes, stretches before you as the heart of painter could desire. Nestling out of sight, amid this rich pasture-land, are the kraals of a large Kafir location, and no one can say that these, the children of the soil, have not secured one of the most favored spots. To me it looked like a fair mirage. I am already sick of seeing all this lovely country lying around, and yet of being told that food and fuel are almost at famine prices. People say, "Oh, but you should see it in winter! *Now* it is green, and there is plenty of feed on it; but three months ago no grass-eating creature could have picked up a living on all the country side. It is all as brown and bare as parchment for half the year. *This* is the spring." Can you not imagine how provoking it is to hear such statements made by settlers who know the place only too well, and so find out that all this radiant beauty which greets the traveler's eye is illusive; for in many places there are miles and miles without a drop of water for flocks or herds, consequently there is no means of transport for all this fuel until the days of railways? Besides which, through Natal lies the great highway to the Diamond Fields; the Transvaal, and the Free States, and all the opening-up country beyond; which makes it more profitable to drive a wagon than to till a farm. So every beast with four legs is wanted to drag building materials or provisions. The supply of beef becomes daily more precarious and costly, for the oxen are all trek-ing, and one hears of nothing but diseases among animals. "Horse-sickness," pleuro-pneumonia, fowl-sickness (I feel it an impertinence for the poultry to presume to be ill), and even dogs set up a peculiar and fatal sort of distemper among themselves.

But to return to the last hours of our journey. The mules struggle bravely

along, though their ears are beginning to flap about anyway, instead of being held straight and sharply pricked forward, and the encouraging cries of "Pull up, Capting!" "Now then, Blue-Bok, hi!" become more and more frequent. The driver in charge of the whips is less nice in his choice of a scourge with which to urge on the patient animals, and whacks them soundly with whatever comes first. The children have long ago wearied of the confinement and darkness of the back seats of the hooded vehicle. We are all black and blue from falling in and out of deep holes hidden by mud, which occur at every yard; but still our flagging spirits keep pretty good, for our little Table Mountain has been left be hind; whilst before us, leaning up in on corner of an amphitheatre of hills, ar the trees which mark where Maritzbur nestles. The mules see it too, and, snif ing their stables afar off, jog along faste Only one more rise to pull up: we tur a little off the high road, and there ami a young plantation of trees, with rose and honeysuckle and passion flowe climbing up the posts of the wide veran da, and a fair and enchanting prospe lying at our feet, stands our new hom with its broad red-tiled roof stretchin out a friendly welcome to the tired, be lated travelers.—*Evening Hours.*

THE CATHOLIC PERIL IN AMERICA.

BY FRANCIS E. ABBOTT.

How the renewed aggressiveness of the Papal Imperialism is to affect the future of the United States, is a question of vital concern to their citizens; and it is of this country that I am to speak. Hitherto the clergy of the Catholic Church have forborne to raise the question of jurisdiction in any open manner here; they are wisely biding their time, being content for the present with the fact of rapid and enormous growth in numbers, wealth, and power. This masterly inactivity has deceived, and still deceives, great multitudes of educated Americans, who feel the natural aversion which culture always tends to create against "agitation" of all sorts, and who flatter themselves, like the cheerful antediluvians said to have been warned by Noah of the coming Deluge, that "there is not going to be much of a shower." They rely too much on the general influences of civilization and political freedom as antidotes for Catholic fanaticism; they credulously or indolently accept the smooth professions of American Catholic orators, who are very glib in the use of popular catchwords, but who are easily understood by any one competent to rate at its actual value the "freedom," "education," and so forth, offered by the Roman Church.

It is my duty to give such statistical information respecting the Catholic Church in the United States as I have been able to collect. It is no easy matte to obtain full and trustworthy religiou statistics of any kind; there are to many motives for exaggeration or unde statement in sectarian reports, and th United States census reports are ex ceedingly meagre. Nevertheless, the fo lowing facts, taken from the census re ports of 1850, 1860, and 1870, are a trustworthy as they are important.

First may be considered the growth i wealth of the Roman Catholic Churc in the United States, as compared wit that of the whole country, and of th leading Protestant denominations.

In 1850 the total property valuation c the United States, according to the censu report of that year, was $7,135,780,228 in 1860 it was $16,159,616,068; in 187 it was $30,068,518,507. That is to sa the aggregate wealth of the country in creased about 125 per cent. from 1850 t 1860, and about 86 per cent. from 186 to 1870.

The total property valuation of th Roman Catholic Church in the Unite States in 1850 was $9,256,758; in 186 it was $26,774,119; in 1870 it wa $60,985,565. That is to say, the aggre gate wealth of the Catholic Church in creased about 189 per cent. from 1850 t 1860, and about 128 per cent. from 186 to 1870.

While, therefore, in the first of thes two decades, the wealth of the whol

country gained 125 per cent., the wealth of the Catholic Church gained 189 per cent.; and while, in the second decade, the wealth of the whole country gained 86 per cent., the wealth of the Catholic Church gained 128 per cent. Whatever causes may have contributed to this significant result, it is certain that among the chief of them must be reckoned exemption from just taxation, extraordinary shrewdness of financial management, and fraudulent collusion with dishonest politicians.

Further, the relative growth of Protestantism and Catholicism in point of wealth, must by no means be overlooked. In 1850, when the Catholics had $9,256,758 of church property, the Baptists had $11,020,855; the Episcopalians, $11,375,010; the Methodists, $14,822,870; the Presbyterians, $14,543,789. In 1870, when the Catholics had $60,985,566, the Baptists had $39,229,221; the Episcopalians, $36,514,449; the Methodists, $69,854,121; the Presbyterians, $47,828,732. Thus the Catholics had in 1870 already distanced all their Protestant competitors with the single exception of the Methodists, and they will soon distance the latter, too (if they have not already done so), provided the past is a satisfactory index of the future. For, while in the twenty years from 1850 to 1870 the Methodists, whose astonishing growth is the standing boast of the Evangelical Protestants of this country, made a gain of 371 per cent. in the value of their church property, the Catholics made in the same twenty years a corresponding gain of 558 per cent. At this rate the Roman Catholic Church will have outstripped, at no remote day, the Methodists and all the other Protestant sects combined, in the race for wealth.

No satisfactory information, however, is furnished by the census reports respecting the growth either of the Catholic Church or of the Protestant sects in point of numbers, for they give in each case only the "church accommodations" or "sittings" which by no means indicate the number of worshippers. The total number of sittings, Catholic and Protestant together, was only 21,665,062 in 1870, when the total population of the United States was 38,558,371; that is, considering the actual size of church congregations, fully one-half of the whole population, and in all probability much more, seldom or never go to church at all. In most Protestant churches in this country a great many seats are usually unoccupied, and the number of sittings is largely in excess of the numbers of the congregations. In most Catholic churches, however, the reverse is true, the seats being usually all taken and the aisles often filled, while the same seat is usually occupied by several different persons in the three or four different congregations which fill the church on Sunday at successive services. So far, however, as the number of sittings alone is concerned, significant results may be easily deduced from the following table constructed upon the data of the census:—

No. of Sittings.	1850.	1860.	1870.
Protestant....	13,567,002	17,724,314	19,674,548
Catholic.....	667,823	1,404,437	1,990,514
Total....	14,234,825	19,128,751	21,665,062

A little calculation, based on these figures, will show that, during the decade 1850–1860, there was an increase of 30 per cent. for the Protestants and 110 per cent. for the Catholics; and that, in the decade 1860–1870, there was an increase of 11 per cent. for the Protestants and nearly 42 per cent. for the Catholics. Notwithstanding the absolute diminution of these rates of increase in the second decade, the relative superiority of the Catholics remained about the same.

The number of church buildings owned by the Catholics in 1850 was 1,222; in 1860, 2,550; in 1870, 3,806. The total number of their ecclesiastical, charitable, and educational organizations in 1870 was 4,127. This is all the information of importance which I have been able to derive from the census reports.

In the silence of the census as to the absolute number of Roman Catholics in this country, all estimates are to be received with caution. Gibson's *Ecclesiastical Almanac* for 1869 states the increase of Protestants (in the loose sense of that word) to have been from 21,000,000 to 27,000,000 between the years 1859 and 1868, and that of Catholics from 2,500,000 to 5,000,000; in the former case an increase of 29 per cent. in nine years, and in the latter case an increase of 100 per cent. in the same period. At this rate of

increase the number of Catholics in the United States at present can not be far from 9,000,000, and by the end of the century will exceed that of the total non-Catholic population. Certain it is that the Catholics have been boasting for many years that they will elect their own President in the year 1900. The third revised edition of Professor Schem's "Statistics of the World for 1875" estimates the number of our Catholic population as 6,000,000. The *American Annual Cyclopædia* for 1875 estimates it as more than 6,000,000, and states that the Roman Catholic Church in the United States has 1 cardinal, 8 archbishops, 54 bishops, 4,873 priests, 4,731 churches, 1,902 chapels, 68 colleges, and 511 academies.

How the Catholics themselves arrive at an estimate of their own numbers in the United States, and how plausible a ground it gives to their confident anticipation of eventual supremacy, appears from the statements of the New-York *Catholic World*, the leading periodical of the Church published in America. The Catholic rule is to allow an average of 2,000 people (men, women, and children) to each parish priest—a rule which is claimed to be proved correct by experience. Allowing 4,500 to be the number of such priests, the Catholic population would be 9,000,000, and I am inclined to consider this a pretty good guess, in the absence of exact census returns. This is the remarkable account of the progess of the Church. In 1776 the Catholics numbered about 25,000; in 1789 they were 30,000, in a population of about 3,000,000, or one one-hundredth of the whole; in 1808 they were 100,000, in a population of 6,500,000, or one sixty-fifth of the whole; in 1830 they were 450,000, in a total of 13,000,000, or one twenty-ninth of the whole; in 1840 they were 960,000, in a total of 17,070,000, or one eighteenth of the whole; in 1850 they were 2,150,000, in a total of 23,191,000, or one eleventh of the whole; in 1860 they were 4,400,000, in a total of 31,000,000, or one seventh of the whole; in 1870 they were 8,500,000, in a total of some 40,000,000, or over a fifth of the whole. For a period of forty years—from 1830 to 1870—Catholics thus more than doubled their number every decade, while the general population increased at the rate of about 35 per cent. The explanation of this wonderful fact is to be found in the vast immigration from Ireland and other Catholic countries—Ireland alone sending to these shores over 2,000,000 of emigrants from 1830 to 1870. These statements give the Catholic view of the subject—my author ity being the *Catholic World*, as epitomized by Father Stack in *Harpers' Weekly* for July 3, 1875.

Notwithstanding this wonderful growth of the Roman Church in numbers, as compared with that of the general population and the various Protestant sects the Catholics themselves, while pointing exultingly to the rapid progress of the Church, at the same time deplore a great and constant defection of Catholic-born children from the faith of their parents. In a letter written in 1836 to the Central Council for the Propagation of the Faith at Lyons, Bishop England, of Charleston South-Carolina, communicated the following statements relative to the condition of the Church in the United States:—

"I have long been under the impression that not only in Europe, but even in the United States, very delusive fancies have been entertained of the progress of the Catholic Church in our Union, and even many mistakes as to the means most conducive to its propagation. I have no doubt upon my mind that within fifty years *millions* have been lost to the Catholic Church in the United States. . . . Nothing can be more plain than that, instead of an increase of the members *naturally* belonging to the Catholic Church in the United States, there has been actually a serious loss. . . . I do not mean to say that the number of Catholics is this day less than it was fifty years ago, nor as small as it was five years since: but I do assert that the loss of members to the Catholic Church has been exceedingly great, when we take into account the Catholic population at the time of the American Revolution, the acquisition of territory previously occupied by Catholics, the arrivals of Catholic emigrants and the conversions to the Catholic religion."

Estimating the number of Catholics in the United States at that time (1836) at 1,200,000, the Bishop goes through some calculations, and adds:—

"If I say, upon the foregoing data, that we ought, if there were no loss, to have five millions of Catholics, and that we have less than a million and a quarter, there must be a loss of three millions and three quarters; and the persons so lost are found amongst the various sects to the amount of thrice the number of the Catholic population of the whole country."

In the same strain the New-York *Irish*

World of July 25, 1874, published a very long and elaborate article to prove that 18,000,000 of Catholics have thus been lost to the Church. It says:—

"What ought to be the Catholic population of the United States to-day? To this we answer that the *natural product* of Catholic immigration to this country, from its first settlement to this day, without counting in one solitary convert, ought to be 28,000,000. The Catholic population is, in fact, but 10,000,000. Ecclesiastical statisticians put the figures all the way from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000. Hardly any of them go above the latter figure. We are convinced, however, there are 10,000,000 who were baptized Catholics. But even at this there are 18,000,000 lost to the Church; that is, there are 18,000,000 more of the population of the United States who, either by immediate birth or by right of descent from first settlers, ought to be professed Catholics, but who are now to be found in the ranks of Protestantism or Nothingarianism."

It is not necessary to accept the figures of the *Irish World* as even approximately accurate; in fact, they are deserving of little consideration, when we find that, out of the total white population of 3,172,461 in the original thirteen colonies at the close of the Revolutionary war, 1,903,200 are claimed as "Celtic (Irish, Scotch, Welsh, French, etc.)" Nevertheless, amazing as has been the growth of the Catholic Church in this country, there cannot be the least doubt that its present membership would be very much larger than it is, had its rate of increase not been constantly diminished by a steady stream of deserters from the rising generations. Bishop England and the *Irish World* make no mistake in emphasizing this fact as of supreme importance to the future destiny of the Church. It is a fact which the *Irish World* labors to account for by "Ireland's subjection to England;" but the prelates, priests, and intelligent laity of the Church perfectly comprehend the true cause of it. They know that the great defection of Catholic children from the Catholic faith is caused by their constant contact with decatholicizing influences in a predominantly non-Catholic community—an "evil" which they are powerless to prevent; they know that these influences necessarily act upon the children with greater or less effect in the free public schools; they know that, unless they can succeed in isolating the children of Catholics from the children of non-Catholics, and subjecting them to exclusively Catholic influences in their tender and impressible years, the hold of the Church upon their obedience must and does grow very feeble, and is soon lost in a great many cases; they know that the general effect of our public school system, though no effort at proselytism is permitted, is to quicken the intellect of the children so far as to render them indocile under a *régime* of authoritative faith. They have therefore adopted the fixed policy of aiming at the total destruction of our public school system, at least as now conducted. Those who wish to read an elaborate, able, and fanatical condensation of the Catholic view of this question will find it in "Public School Education," a duodecimo volume of over four hundred pages, written by the Rev. Michael Müller, and published by D. and J. Sadlier, of New-York. The policy of the American bishops in this matter is simply the practical application and vigorous enforcement of the principles of the Encyclical and Syllabus; and there is no possibility of its being changed till these manifestoes are recalled.

The attack began with complaints of the use of the Protestant Bible, read "without note or comment," in the schools. There is inherent justice in this complaint, and I must concede that, in protesting against taxation for the support of evangelical or semi-evangelical schools, the Catholics command the sympathy of all who believe in secular instruction alone in State schools. But they do not stop there; they really want, not that the Bible should be excluded, but that it should be supplemented by Catholic interpreters and Catholic surroundings; they will be satisfied with nothing short of putting the whole school system under the practical control of the Catholic clergy, or of partitioning out the school funds among the various denominations, or of excusing the Catholic laity from all taxation for school purposes. What they have set their faces against is State education in any shape; Protestant schools are bad enough, but secular or "godless" schools are, in their eyes, still worse. But the whole fabric of our educational, nay, of our national, system rests on the clear right of the State to educate its voters, in sheer self-defence against internal dissolution through illiteracy and its universally concomitant crime and pauperism. Wherever

universal suffrage prevails universal education must also prevail, as the indispensable means of securing that universal intelligence without which no free commonwealth is possible; in fact, the principle of "compulsory" (or, better, *guaranteed*) education, is more and more evidently needed to attain the desired object.

In Cincinnati, during the winter of 1869–1870, the action of the Board of Education in explicitly prohibiting Bible-reading in the schools of that city led to long litigation, and ultimately, in December, 1872, to the sanction of their action by the Supreme Court of Ohio. In this case (a full and interesting report of which can be obtained from Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati), the Catholics were more or less implicated. I quote from the argument of George R. Sage, Esq., before the Superior Court:—

"From the year 1829 to the year 1842, the Bible, without note or comment, was read in the schools, no one objecting. There were then no Catholic parochial schools. The Bishop of the Catholic Church—he who is now Archbishop—was for some time a member of the Board of Examiners, and active in support of the schools. In 1842 the first intimation of an objection was made. It was not to the reading of the Bible, but that Catholic children were required to read the 'Protestant Bible and Testament.' The Board promptly and unanimously conceded everything suggested by the objection. From that time until the year 1852, no further objection was made. The Bible was read, and the schools prospered. In 1852 the next move was made. Almost simultaneously a similar movement in the interest of the Catholic Church was made throughout the country. It is said that this was in accordance with the action of a secret conclave of the authorities of that Church held in the city of Baltimore. Whether such was the fact is not material. A Catholic member of the Board, in the interest of the Catholic Church, presented a series of resolutions, admitting the necessity of reading the Bible in the schools, and authorising the introduction of the translation approved by the Catholics, and that approved by the Jews, and their use by those preferring them. The Board, upon assurance that its action would be satisfactory, enacted a rule granting all that the resolutions called for. The next year the Catholic parochial schools were established, and the whole power of the Catholic Church was arrayed against the public schools. The Board, in its annual report for that year, announced that they were 'constrained to infer that no union of action or system is intended or desired by the assailants of the public schools upon any terms but such as are incompatible with the principles and usages which thus far have sustained the free schools of this country.'"

It is not easy, in reading this reco of the tortuous policy pursued by t Church, to be satisfied with the degree good faith which it manifested. Its d mands to-day are inconsistent with publ schools of any kind which are practical uncontrolled by itself, as is evident fro Archbishop Purcell's communication the Cincinnati Board, on September 1 1869:—

"The entire government of public schoo in which Catholic youth are educated cann be given over to the civil power. We, Catholics, cannot approve of that system education for youth which is apart from i struction in the Catholic faith and the teachi of the Church. If the School Board can of anything in conformity with these principl as has been done in England, France, Canad Prussia, and other countries, where the rigl of conscience in the matter of education ha been fully recognized, I am prepared to gi it respectful consideration.—JOHN B. PU CELL, *Archbishop of Cincinnati.*"

Not to multiply quotations unnece sarily, I will only add the following r markably bold and explicit passage frc the Lenten Pastoral of Bishop Gilmou of Cleveland, Ohio, in 1873:—

"At present [note the implication of tl *at present*] we have nothing to hope from t State. Yet we must not therefore cease to sist upon our rights, and, if needs be, at t polls demand them. Were Catholics ali and united on the school question,—were th to demand from every man who asks th vote a pledge that he would vote for our ju share of the school fund,—legislators wou learn to respect the Catholic vote, and give our just rights. . . . But in the meantime wh are we to do? Fold our arms and sit idl Let our children grow up in ignorance, and be beaten in the race of life? Send them the public schools, where not only their fa will be endangered, but their virtues expose No, a hundred times no! We must bu Catholic schools everywhere, and at whatev cost support and lift them up till they s equal to the best. It is our solemn injuncti and most positive command that every chur in the diocese have its schools. Where congregation cannot at once build both chur and school, let them build the school-hou and wait for the church. There is little da ger of the old losing their faith, but there every danger that the young will. On t school question there can be and there mu be no division. Either we are Catholics we are not. If we are Catholics, we mu leave after us a Catholic youth. And expe ence has clearly proved this cannot be do unless the children are early taught and da taught that they are Catholics. We must n sleep while our enemies are working. M must we forget that the public schools are ganized and managed for and in the intere

committed their robberies, nor their insatiate party remained in power. In this manner, the Catholic Church, accepting largesses of money which it well knew to be stolen property, built up its costly parochial schools for the better training of its children in the elements of morals. If it should be held to be directly implicated in the thefts by which it so largely profited, and to be consequently unfitted for giving instruction in any morals but those of the pickpocket, it might protest against the severity of such judgment, but would find it extraordinarily difficult to dispute its justice. So far as they shared in this public iniquity, the Protestants and Hebrews also must share in the public disgrace; but the chief offenders have the chief title to the unenviable distinction it confers. There is little cause for surprise, if the astonishing growth of the Catholic Church, and its relentless hostility to thoroughly honest education as given in the public schools, have excited grave disquietude in the minds of all American citizens who do not favor a general corruption of public morals.

Perceiving, then, how easy it is in this country for an unprincipled minority to acquire controlling power, and how ready the Catholic Church is to aid and abet their plots for its own sinister purposes, and how mischievously it is already using its great political influence to compass the destruction of our only real safeguard, the public school system, every intelligent and sincere friend of free institutions must deplore the garrulous fatuity which so loudly and frequently urges that because the Catholics are only a minority they are not to-day dangerous. Is it so new a thing for a minority to govern? Did not a minority of 300,000 slaveholders conquer the whole United States, compelling us, for many decades, to obey their own imperious will? Did not a ridiculously small minority, the Tammany Ring, conquer the city and State of New-York, ruling and robbing without check, because they were cunning and organized, while the great public were stupid, indifferent, and disunited? What gigantic and persistent efforts were necessary to break the sceptre of this half-dozen of treasury-pilferers, and how small has been the success of those who tried to punish the robbers and recover the plunder! Minority, indeed! But has not the world been ruled by minorities from time immemorial? The Catholic party is certainly a minority, nevertheless it is to-day winning victory after victory over the great helpless majority, and will continue to do so, fastening itself on the neck of the nation, like the Old Man of the Sea on the neck of Sindbad the Sailor, unless the majority have sense enough to open their eyes and enact the measures necessary for the preservation of their liberties. The elements of its power are chiefly these:—

The Roman Catholic Church is a *universal, political power, foreign nowhere, but everywhere at home*—a Theocratic Imperialism of the most absolute character, both spiritual and temporal—a system of government claiming and exercising the most despotic authority over the action of every one of its subjects, in political just as much as in private concerns. It commands the conscience and the suffrage of every Catholic citizen in support of every measure which it judges advantageous to its own interests, and thus lays an iron hand on the very roots of all political power. It wields this power solely with an eye to its own aggrandizement, and aims at a universal dominion, which is hostile to every fundamental principle of the United States Constitution and of modern civilization.

In America, where everything is done by voluntary association, and where Protestant organizations are forced to enter into competition with the Catholic Church, the superior efficiency of the latter as an organization is indicated unmistakably in the statistics of their relative growth given above. There is no "canon law," technically considered, which is recognized by the civil courts of the United States; and the priests enjoy none of the protection against the arbitrary authority of their bishops which the "canon law" itself confers. This is a so-called "missionary country," in which the dioceses, however, are governed by canonical bishops, not by vicars apostolic; and the sixty-four bishops constitute a close corporation, with absolute power over the priests, who are thus mere slaves of episcopal domination. Further, the title to the entire Church property of each diocese is vested in the bishop in fee simple; and the laity are

thus as powerless as the priests against him. Lastly, the Catholic press is as completely under episcopal control as the priesthood and the laity. This absolute concentration of all substantial power, alike over pulpit, property, and press, makes the bishops the most thoroughly despotic body in the land, and gives them a degree of power greater than they possess in any other country. The appointment of Cardinal McCloskey has completed the structure of Catholic ecclesiastical absolutism, against which there is no powerful barrier except the general protective influences of free political and educational institutions. Whether this protection will prove adequate or not, or whether it must be supplemented by positive restrictive legislation, is a question for the future to decide. Unfortunately, the case is complicated by the existence of a rival, but much feebler spirit of propagandism among Protestant sects, which dangerously retards the establishment of that absolute separation of Church and State which is the vital principle of American republicanism.

Again, the wealth of the Catholic Church, which is the great weapon of its ambition, is accumulating, as I have already shown, far more rapidly than the general wealth of the country. By their individual tenure of all Church property, the bishops are enabled to manage it as they please; and they are shrewd enough to invest it as much as possible in real estate, holding it untaxed in consequence of the policy of exemption by which the States are preparing a bitter future for themselves, and leaving it to rise in value by the labors of the outside world. In addition to the constant contributions they collect in small sums from servant girls and other poor Catholics, they thus contrive to levy taxes on the general community, and put their hands into the pocket of every business man in the nation. History and experience go for nothing with the preoccupied and apathetic public, who submit to all this in the half-defined but insane notion that somehow or other the laws of nature are not the same here as in the Old World. Meanwhile the process continues, and the Roman Catholic Church is fast becoming the richest corporation in the land, with all its despotic money power in the hands of an episcopal "Roman Ring," who use it in making it greater and more effective still for the overthrow of free institutions.

But greater than all these sources of strength put together, is the weakness of the public conscience and the unsuspiciousness of the public intelligence. The people have too long submitted, half angrily, half lazily, to the control of caucus managers, petty rings, and utterly selfish politicians, who are all ready to make any sacrifice for immediate partisan success, and therefore to make any bargain, however corrupt, with those who hold the balance of power. Here is the unguarded point in the defences of the public freedom. It is this moral and mental weakness of the people themselves, their blindness to the duty of the hour or their criminal negligence in performing it, which makes the Catholic minority so dangerous to the country.

Such are the chief elements of power, though many more might be enumerated, possessed by the Roman Catholic Church in its assault on the public schools, and (through them) all free institutions. But the real peril lies less in the present actual extent of this power than in the character of the reaction excited by its direct assault on the system of State education. Catholic ambition is rousing Protestant Evangelical ambition to new and dangerous manifestations; and between these rivalries of religious fanaticism, each party aiming at political power, I believe that the institutions of the Republic are certain to be subjected to a strain severer than any they have hitherto experienced. There are three leading forms assumed by the distinctively Protestant reaction against Catholic assaults on the public school system:—

1. A movement to surrender State education altogether, and to fall back on a system of denominational schools. This movement, which adopts the Catholic premise that doctrinal religious education is paramount in importance to all other, and which has been to some extent carried out by the establishment of Church schools of various Protestant sects, has not been a very influential one hitherto. But its ideas have been stated with great force in the New-York *Tribune* of December 9, 1875, by the Rev.

John Miller, in a letter headed "State Schools a Mistake."

2. A movement to defend State education is now conducted, including reading of the Bible "without note or comment," and also Protestant hymns and prayers. This movement represents the fixed determination of the vast majority of Evangelical Protestants, as proved by the almost unanimous declarations of their ecclesiastical assemblages; although some influential journals whose orthodoxy is very imperfect—as, for instance, the New-York *Christian Union* and *Independent*—are in favor of secular schools.

3. A movement to fortify the existing advantages of Evangelical Protestantism, both in the political and educational institutions of the nation, by securing the adoption of a doctrinal amendment of the United States Constitution, incorporating into its preamble a distinct national recognition of Protestant Christianity. This movement, of which I shall speak again, is numerically weak, but represents the logical necessity to which the Evangelical party will be driven by events, if the agitation of the Catholic question continues.

These are the three phases of Protestant reaction, as such, against the aggressive activity of the Roman Catholic Church. Of course there are a great many individual members of the Protestant sects who favor the principle of absolutely secular education in our public schools, and who will fail to act with their fellow-believers at the ballot-box. But, on the other hand, a great many persons who are totally disconnected with any Protestant sect, will be sure to vote in support of the Evangelical policy, whether from social, business, political, or other interested motives. Notwithstanding the wild and sanguine hopes of many liberals, and notwithstanding the loose boastfulness of superficial and flippant writers for the daily press, no intelligent observer can seriously doubt that the vast preponderance of political power is at present on the side of Evangelical Protestantism, whenever it chooses to assert itself at the polls; or that its strength lies chiefly in its rapidly consolidating organization, its wealth, its social supremacy, and its power to gratify or defeat political aspirations; or that its strength is relatively decreasing every day under the opposite encroachments of "Romanism and Infidelity" on its domain; or that the instinct of self-preservation, together with the natural conservatism of all power and wealth, will drive it to give desperate battle in defence of its existing privileges rather than submit to deprivation of them by either of the foes that hem it in. While the great struggle over the slavery question continued, public attention was withdrawn from religious issues to a large extent. But now there is no longer any question of universal, absorbing interest before the people which can be compared for a moment with the question—*What shall be the permanent religious character of American civilization?* Every indication of the deeper currents of thought and feeling points to an approaching contest of unprecedented proportions in working out a practical solution of this mighty problem; and, roughly outlined, three great religious parties are now in the field, destined each to play a momentous part in the immediate future. The Centennial Year of the national existence marks the beginning of a political epoch, of unknown duration, in which religion is evidently to take the lead of all public issues; and these three parties are slowly gathering themselves together for a struggle that must be forever memorable in the history of the race.

The first of these parties—the Roman Catholic Church—I have already sufficiently described as it exists in the United States. Its power has been sufficiently proved by the fact that it has deliberately selected the field of battle for the first great shock of arms—namely, the public school system. It has also selected its own time, and made the first attack in force, and compelled its antagonists to assume the defensive attitude.

The second of the three parties is the Protestant Evangelical party, not compacted into one powerful organization like the Catholic Church, but composed of several great sects, and a swarm of minor ones, and weakened by mutual jealousies, discordant interests, and rival ambitions. But, politically considered, it is very likely to unite on some definite measure which shall be "unsectarian" as to its own component factions, yet "sectarian" as to both Catholics and "infidels," whom it dreads and hates as

heartily as it does the Catholics. It has taken up the phrase, "non-sectarian schools," as its watchword; but by this it means the schools as now conducted, with Protestant prayers, hymns, and scriptures. The studied ambiguity f this phrase—which, properly interpreted, would satisfy the friends of positive or secular education, is one of the dangerous elements of the situation. That the present school system is rendered in the large and true sense sectarian by the support of Protestant worship, would be stoutly denied by the vast majority of Protestant Evangelicals; but they are prepared to fight to the death in defence of this strictly sectarian worship, as the flag of Protestantism floating over the public schools. This was a leading issue in the Ohio campaign during the summer and autumn of 1875; and it promises to be a leading issue in the Presidential campaign of 1876. It is only by keeping the ambiguity of the word "sectarian" in mind that recent events can be understood in their full significance.

On September 29, at Des Moines, Iowa, President Grant made at the Reunion of the Army of the Tennessee, one of the most important speeches ever delivered in this country, for it marked the definite introduction of the school question into national politics. Taking his cue from this speech, the Hon. James G. Blaine, late Speaker of the House of Represenatives, and a well-known aspirant for the Presidency, wrote a private letter to an Ohio friend, under date of October 20th, proposing a form of amendment to the Constitution. This letter was not published till more than a month later, when it made a great sensation; and on December 14th, Mr. Blaine formally proposed his amendment in the House, with slight modifications, as follows:—

"No State shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; and no money raised by taxation in any State for the support of public schools, or derived from any public fund therefor or any public lands devoted thereto, shall ever be under the control of any religious sect; and no money or lands so devoted shall be divided among religious sects or denominations."

This amendment is a direct blow aimed at the Roman Catholic Church in the interest of Evangelical Protestantism; for, if passed, it will defeat the Catholic effort to get control of or else divide the school funds, and at the same time will leave the Protestants in undisturbed mastery of the schools themselves. Mr. Blaine's proposition is a pretty evident bid for the support of the Evangelical party in the approaching political contest. But the President, in his annual message to Congress, dated December 7th, had already recommended measures still more sweeping, which have astounded the country by their boldness, and perplexed all parties alike. They include, among other things, the taxation of all Church property (with "possibly" the exception of Church edifices), the establishment of compulsory education so far as to make illiteracy a cause of disenfranchisement after 1890, and the formal declaration that Church and State shall be forever separate and distinct. With reference to the schools, I quote his language:—

"As the primary step, therefore, to our advancement in all that has marked our progress in the past century, I suggest for your earnest consideration, and most earnestly recommend it, that a Constitutional Amendment be submitted to the legislatures of the several States for ratification, making it the duty of the several States to establish, and forever maintain, free public schools adequate to the education of all the children in the rudimentary branches within their respective limits, irrespective of sex, color, birthplace, or religion, forbidding the teaching in said schools of religious, atheistic, or Pagan tenets, and prohibiting the granting of any school funds or school taxes, or any part thereof, either by legislative, municipal, or other authority, for the benefit, or in aid, directly or indirectly, of any religious sect or denomination, or in aid, or for the benefit of any other object of any nature or kind whatever."

It is at present uncertain whether the President means to include Protestant worship under "teaching religious tenets;" but the courts could hardly construe the phrase so strictly. His language, like Mr. Blaine's, is open to more than a single construction; and it would hardly be just to insist on any particular one. Unfortunately ambiguous phraseology is no new thing in American politics. But the flood-gates are opened, and the public must be prepared for a deluge of propositions to amend the Constitution. It is a grave and anxious time for patriots. The school question is now fairly up for discussion and decision, and the form it has inevitably taken—

that of a constitutional amendment—cannot fail to call public attention to another proposed amendment, which has been lying for years like a lighted slow-match near a powder magazine.

The Protestant Evangelical party are evidently determined not to consent to the thorough secularization of the school system; they are doggedly resolved to keep the Bible in the schools. Starting with this foregone conclusion, there is an extreme left wing of the party which discerns the defective legal guarantees for the perpetuation of religious worship in the schools, and is shrewd enough to see that there is no way to perpetuate it without some formal recognition of Protestant Christianity in the fundamental law of the land. Every great question, like the slavery question, must be finally settled in this country by a constitutional amendment. To "defend the existing Christian features of the government" (for, notwithstanding the theoretical separation of Church and State, we have many such "survivals" of a pre-national period), these long-headed men, with the enthusiasm which is easily generated by clear conviction in logical minds, declare the absolute necessity to their cause of some adequate change in the Constitution, which is, thanks to the wisdom of its heterodox framers, a purely secular document from beginning to end, and contains not a clause or word by which, in the United States Courts, the "Christian features" alluded to could possibly be defended against a strong effort for their abolition. Consequently they propose to amend the preamble of the Constitution, which is its enacting clause, so as "suitably to express our national recognition of Almighty God as the author of national existence and the source of all power and authority in civil government, of Jesus Christ as the Ruler of nations, and of the Bible as the fountain of law, and the supreme rule for the conduct of nations."

"The birth of the movement for this purpose," says the Rev. David MacAllister, one of the leaders of it, "may be dated from the 4th day of February, 1863." Its first convention was held at Xenia, Ohio; and a similar convention, without any knowledge of the other, was held at Sparta, Illinois, on February 6th of the same year. Since then, numerous conventions have been held in different parts of the country on behalf of the movement, and have been usually largely attended and widely reported. United States Senators, Governors, Judges of the Supreme Courts of the United States and of many States and Territories, presidents and professors of colleges, bishops and clergymen of many denominations, and numerous dignitaries of all sorts, have been found to lend the sanction of their names to these conventions and the object for which they are held. A weekly journal is published in Philadelphia as the organ of the movement, called the *Christian Statesman*, and edited by the Rev. T. P. Stevenson, an able and earnest man. A National Reform Association is about to be incorporated for the more effectual prosecution of the cause. Public petitions for this "Christian Amendment," as it has been appropriately designated by those who perceive that its real object is to make Christianity the established religion of the United States, have long been circulating for signatures; and it has been declared that 2,000,000 signatures are to be collected and presented to Congress in its support by the next 4th of July. That this movement is a thoroughly vital one, and certain sooner or later to create a fanatical enthusiasm of a very dangerous character, I became more than ever profoundly convinced on attending the national convention of these men at Cincinnati in 1872. It is a movement strong with all the strength of fixed moral purpose and of logic applied unanswerably to the universally accepted premises of the Evangelical Protestant faith; and now that the time is evidently drawing near for amending the Constitution with reference to the religious issue, those who are determined to keep the banner of Protestant Christianity flying over the public schools will soon come to see that they cannot ultimately succeed except through the success of this Christian Amendment. All that is wanting is to "fire the Evangelical heart:" and if the aggressiveness of Rome cannot do this, nothing can. President Grant's proposed amendment is not enough; Mr. Blaine's is not enough; nothing but this thorough-going Christian Amendment will impregnably fortify the Bible in the schools. The brain and the soul of the

Protestant party are in this body
remists—this squad of determined
rs of the Cross, who have carried
ndauntedly their weary thirteen
warfare in the face of indifference
pposition, and now see the decisive
approaching. I know the tone of
ıe moral enthusiasm, as every one
who ever heard Garrison and Phil-
ınd their followers in the anti-
y warfare; and it is a perilous
for liberty when a manifest spirit
hat of the "original abolitionists"
e enlisted in the cause of a Christian
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defeat all such changes, and to
forward to a higher, fuller, and
realisation, the national ideal of a
secular government, is the one object of the third great party of which I spoke. By this term I mean the vast unorganized body of all those who accept in its fulness the conception of a State absolutely emancipated from all ecclesiastical dictation or influence, and who intelligently defend the total separation of State and Church. Many such may be found, doubtless, among the nominal Protestants—a few among the nominal Catholics; but the great majority are unconnected with ecclesiastical organizations. In this age of slowly disintegrating beliefs, the positive conception of a purely secular or civil State finds a hearty welcome in many minds which are not yet wholly rid of all contradictory conceptions; the contradictions, however, may be unconsciously harbored and practically inoperative, so far as conduct is concerned. All such are Liberals, in the broad sense I intend; and the true Liberal party must be held to include all citizens who comprehend and embrace the principle of absolutely secular government, whatever their opinions may be in religious matters.

Now this great third party, being unorganized, is of yet undetermined strength. For the first time in our national history, questions are arising for solution at the polls which will reveal its actual numbers and power. But their political programme, enumerating the points on which reform is actually required in order to render the State totally secular in its administration as well as in its theory, has been drawn up as follows in the so-called "Demands of Liberalism":—

"1. We demand that churches and other ecclesiastical property shall no longer be exempt from just taxation.

"2. We demand that the employment of chaplains in Congress, in State Legislatures, in the navy and militia, and in prisons, asylums, and all other institutions supported by public money, shall be discontinued.

"3. We demand that all public appropriations for educational and charitable institutions of a sectarian character shall cease.

"4. We demand that all religious services now sustained by the government shall be abolished; and especially that the use of the Bible in the public schools, whether ostensibly as a text-book or avowedly as a book of religious worship, shall be prohibited.

"5. We demand that the appointment, by the President of the United States or by the Governors of the various States, of all religious festivals and fasts shall wholly cease.

"6. We demand that the judicial oath in the courts and in all other departments of the government shall be abolished, and that simple affirmation under the pains and penalties of perjury shall be established in its stead.

"7. We demand that all laws directly or indirectly enforcing the observance of Sunday as the Sabbath shall be repealed.

"8. We demand that all laws looking to the enforcement of 'Christian' morality shall be abrogated, and that all laws shall be conformed to the requirements of natural morality, equal rights, and impartial liberty.

"9. We demand that not only in the Constitutions of the United States and of the several States, but also in the practical administration of the same, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes shall prove necessary to this end shall be consistently, unflinchingly, and promptly made."

These "Demands of Liberalism," originally published in the *Index* (a weekly journal now printed in Boston), on April 6, 1872, have been copied and scattered all over the country through other publications. Early in 1873, "Liberal Leagues" began to be organized on them as a basis of action, and now number at least thirty, and probably more; but they have accomplished little in the way of tangible results. In fact, the time is hardly yet arrived for opportunities of efficient action.

Although the actual organization of this party is as yet inconsiderable, no thoughtful man will from this circumstance draw any augury as to its future; he will rather study closely the principles it represents, and its necessary relation to the issues which, as I have shown, are already compelling the attention of President, Congress, and people. It is absolutely impossible that the religious agitation into which the Catholic attack on the schools has precipitated the people of the United States, should long continue, without calling out from an immense party some powerful affirmation of the fundamental principle which is expressed in the first of the above resolutions. I believe that this party will speedily be a majority of the whole people. Even the Protestant Evangelical party are accustomed to accept this principle verbally; what is wanted is to convince them of the necessity of its thorough practical application.

Two representative gatherings are to be held in Philadelphia, at the great Centennial Exposition of 1876, which will bring out in bold, dramatic, and almost startling opposition the antagonistic ideas now agitating the nation. The advocates of the Christian Amendment of the Constitution have called a great convention in support of that ominous measure, and will appeal to the now rapidly reviving bigotry of the Protestant party to take the only step which can perpetuate their present power. The advocates of the "Demands of Liberalism" and the "Religious Freedom Amendment," have also called a convention in support of the movement for thorough secularization of the State, and will appeal to the enlightened patriotism of all American citizens to carry out the measures which may be necessary to that great end. The one convention would undo the work of the forefathers, and prevail upon the children to abandon for ever the great principle of the divorce of Church and State, by which the Republic has thus far prospered, in order to restore the antiquated mischief of a State taking its laws from the Church. The other convention would fulfil and perfect the forefathers' work, and prevail upon the children to complete the structure they have inherited, by carrying the same great principle to its consummation in a State whose fundamental law shall be the natural reason and conscience of the people, without a vestige of supernaturalism in its government or administration. In the vast crowd of other interests and excitements, both these conventions may pass comparatively without notice at the time; but the future student of history may yet point back to them as the negative and positive electrodes of a great battery of moral forces, and note here the first spark of a discharge destined to shake a continent to its foundations.—*Fortnightly Review.*

MODERN BRITISH POETRY.

BY W. M. ROSSETTI.

WITHIN the last few months a highly remarkable volume of poems has been in the hands of many readers. It is published by Messrs. Longmans and Co., and bears the following title:—*Poems by William Bell Scott: Ballads, Studies from Nature, Sonnets, &c.: Illustrated by* 17 *Etchings by the Author and L. Alma Tadema*. I propose to consider this volume, not solely or so much on its own showing, and by way of analysing its precise constituent parts, but rather in connection with the general course of British poetry for the last half century. The field of survey is an extensive one, and my observations on it must come into small compass; much therefore that might very fittingly find place here will necessarily drop out of sight, and only a few salient points remain.

Barely more than fifty years ago, in 1824, Lord Byron died, his death following after that of Keats in 1821, and of Shelley in 1822. Thus was extinguished by far the greatest and most luminous pharos of poesy which had lighted England since the time (at any rate) of Milton; a triple pharos which required successive puffs from the icy mouth of Death before it wholly ceased to burn. Death, with inexorable pertinacity, blew the one light out after the other, pausing only just so long as might suffice to begin demonstrating the fervor and splendor of each several flame, by the obscurity which ensued when "the jaws of darkness had devoured it up." This date of the death of Byron marks therefore my present point of departure.

Byron was dead; but poetic writers much older than himself, or than the still more youthful Shelley and Keats, survived: Blake, Crabbe, Rogers, Wordsworth, Southey, Landor, Walter Scott, Coleridge, Moore, Campbell. Others still might be named; but these are more than enough to remind us that the period to which that most illustrious triad had belonged was rich, even apart from them, in all elements and all forms of poetry. It might indeed be hardly too much to say that the vivid intellectual incitement which marked the close of the eighteenth century, and which in France took the political or social direction, and inspired the great Revolution, wrought not less really, nor perhaps less beneficially, in England also, and, through our writers, breathed into poetry a new and fruitful life. In France no such phenomenon was witnessed; but in Germany the great names of Schiller and of Göthe—not to cite any others—attest some community of influence.

Of four of the British poets just specified, I need say little more: three of them count for not much in themselves, and for still less in the general current of mind which has continued to shape the channels of poetry in more recent years. Rogers had a thin line or rill of poetic faculty flowing through a meadow of culture, and half stagnating in a swamp of conventionalism. Southey was a laborious *littérateur*, in whom poetry was a practice and an ambition rather than a gift. Moore has his place among graceful lyrical executants, but hardly among authentic poets, whether lyrists or otherwise. Walter Scott, far the greatest of the four, potent in romance, whether verse or prose served for medium, had already ceased to write poems long before the death of Byron. To the others on our roll a few words must be given.

Blake was an old man in 1824, and to the general public of poetic readers he was then, and remained till recently, simply unknown: he has now emerged into full light, and we are astonished to reflect that here was a giant stalking and working among pygmies, and not so much as known to be towering above them from the waist upwards. The quality of his work which has most impressed other minds is its oracular primitiveness—that simplicity, as of the first origin of things, that forms a new revelation as each fresh generation begins in infancy: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise." Some echo of this quality, and of Blake's poetic manner as a whole, may be found in Mr. Scott's exquisitely pure-toned little lyric named *In the valley*. Crabbe, as a caustic and partly humoristic contemplator of the common

in life, maintains a firm position, intellectually bracing to succeeding writers; but his style became old-fashioned under his own hand, and has hardly been aimed at since. The one notable exception to this rule is the excellent poem by Mr. Allingham, *Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland*—which is indeed only partially on the same model of style as Crabbe, but sufficiently so to be named in this connection. Wordsworth we are wont to regard as the poet of Nature; and certain it is that, about a quarter of a century ago, after a long period of widespread ridicule, exceptional praise, and active debate, this great poet bade fair to be accepted as the very highest and most permanent of the puissant band to which he had belonged—the mere fever of Byronism having by that time abated, the influence of Keats having already had a season of fertility, and that of Shelley being still a little remote and undefined. Prominent thinkers and accredited critics then preached Wordsworth abroad with unremitting zeal, and doubtless his total influence has been wide and deep: yet after a time it has been found that his power was more individual and special than some enthusiasts supposed—an influence warm with life to his own work, but not unmixed with chilliness and restriction for the work of others. "Sermons in stones" may be exceedingly moving, so long as we lend ear to the stones themselves; but if we try to resolve them into their elements, to be reconstituted for ulterior use, we find stones and sermons, neither of them highly apt at germinating a novel life. Mr. Scott, it may here be observed, expresses, in three sonnets, a very temperate yet not exactly a derogatory, estimate of Wordsworth's place in the poetic art. Landor, amid a generation of personal poets, was mainly a literary poet; a literary poet of a very high order, in whom much could be studied and reapplied. He lent, however, no essentially new impulse: only finished models of how classical or other elevated subject-matter could be treated artistically. Coleridge has had a very marked influence, partly through the imaginative character of his best writings, stimulating, and suggesting more than they realised, partly through the lovely harmony and the very free manipulation of his verse: he has been the patron of many excursions of the invention, and many tentative acts of rhythm. Campbell's influence has been almost directly antagonistic to that of Coleridge. For many years after the death of Byron, Campbell was not only a highly reputed but even a famous poet, and his example was always one of correctness, and of moderation approaching timidity. "No experiment, no hyperbole, no flashes of energy setting self-control at defiance, no essays of imagination which may transgress or be construed into fantasticality. The old models of style are right, and can be adapted to our requirements as modern and living poets, if only we will discriminate, reflect, and polish." Such was the practical teaching of Campbell, who survived most of the poets of his great era: it told as much against the innovating simplicity and introspective elevation of Wordsworth as against the fascination of Coleridge, or the sublimated allurements—passionate, intellectual, or sensuous—of Byron, Shelley, and Keats.

Two poets of the same generation might still be mentioned who had a considerable ascendency over their younger contemporaries or immediate successors; two of lower rank, but not perhaps of less direct and readily traceable influence—Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt. Lamb's poems are indeed of no great account in themselves, but his vigorous and subtle panegyric of the Elizabethan dramatists sank deep into many ardent and productive minds, and had an unmistakable effect upon our earliest poetry of the current half-century. Not less masterful was his humor—quaint, devious, crotchety, and humane—which prompted or loosened many tongues in emulation. Leigh Hunt, as a liberal thinker, an apostle of the kindly and bright side of life, and a deft though too finikin and fulsome executant, was also not without his following: the warmth of a coterie gave him refuge from blustering abuse out of doors. The influence of these two writers, but especially of Lamb in both his main aspects, and also very markedly of Keats, may, I think, be traced in the most original, forcible, and curious poetic mind that blossomed out in the new generation which first succeeded that of Byron and his fellow-workers—Thomas Hood. We discern in Hood a many-sided poetic capacity; imagination and fancy of his own, readily moulded into divers forms according to the model, of recent or of remoter date, that

he set to himself for the nonce; and an incomparable and irrepressible faculty of "whim and oddity" which inspired or animated his verse—sometimes threading it like a laughing and sparkling runnel, and sometimes also, one must admit, showing like an ugly patch, or vexing one like the wrong sauce poured over choice viands. A perpetual joker is an oppressive person, especially if his jocularity takes the turn of punning: he is almost certain to be not only oppressive, but in some degree vulgar. A certain obese satisfaction, a *bourgeois* commonness of view and of aim, pertain to the man whose spiritual ear for ever catches, and whose gullet re-echoes, a chuckle in nature and in life. This constant jocularity—not often wholly absent even from his most grave and touching pieces—is at once the great gift and the great failing of Hood. He lulls you with a strain of delightful sweetness, and then suddenly tickles you: you laugh, for you can't help it, but you feel provoked, before the laugh is over, both with yourself and with your titillator.

The date of the earliest poem in Mr. W. B. Scott's volume is 1831 (the still earlier date of 1826 appended to another poem, a sonnet, being evidently not the year of *composition*). The poem of 1831 is entitled, *To the Memory of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. It was published a year or two afterwards in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, and shows us at once what was about the leading poetical influence that wrought upon the author's mind at the opening of manhood. In this ode Shelley is contemplated as a great poet-prophet, one who foresaw the sublimities of the future, and fore-acted them in the theatre of his own heart and mind. If Mr. Scott still retained this conception of Shelley, he would not be uncompanioned at the present day; it is indeed quintessentially the right one, and no man need be ashamed of entertaining it, unless he is of that unenviable class who own and who parade

> "A heart grown cold, a head grown grey, in vain."

However, Mr. Scott's preface intimates a considerable change of feeling. "Shelley's too easily uttered metaphysics," he says, "and jejune theories political and moral, derived from and representative of the great French Revolution withits three watchwords continually outraged, will never again be lauded in exactly the same manner." Perhaps not: and perhaps also Shelley's metaphysics and theories will receive, or are even now receiving, the yet more signal laudation of permeating the ideas and practice of society, and the historical evolution of the race. It will, no doubt, be long ere they animate another human being to such exaltation of intellect and purpose as found embodiment in Shelley himself; for that, we may have to await the unbinding of Prometheus. This same ode to Shelley (wherein, by the way, the poet is mistakenly addressed as "Alastor," which is not truly the name of the hero of Shelley's poem so entitled, but designates an Evil Genius) includes a tribute to the memory also of Keats. He, we see by this and other indications, was likewise one of the early gods of Mr. Scott's Parnassus. His influence may be descried here and there in the volume; although it is clear that those qualities of lusciousness of natural beauty, and adolescent impulsiveness of desire, which were so peculiarly characteristic of Keats, never bore the same sway over our author as the Shelleyan attributes —ardor of rapt imagination and a craving for the unknown.

This craving is one of the most manifest fountain-heads of Mr. Scott's poetry. It has evidently been a part of his life. In the course of years he may have come to hold more firmly than in youth the conviction that the unknown is the unknowable, and that many of the interpretations men have put upon it, or the hopes and faiths they have built on it, are but devices for hoodwinking their own eyes to the fact of their utter ignorance—shadows which the dim lumour of their mind projects, and which testify to nothing solid beyond, only to the nebular and irresolvable density of the atmosphere athwart which that lumour has to pass. The craving for the unknown naturally goes through various stages, very impressively exemplified in Mr. Scott's poems. There is first craving, accompanied by aspiration and effort; there is a desire for solution, and an attempt to believe that the solution is found. In some minds this attempt succeeds or persists, and conviction, or distinct faith, ensues. To others no such result is possible; discouragement and disappointment supervene. But it is only the weaker minds that remain finally

despondent. The sterner and more productive spirit rises resilient from its fall. Baffled and repelled, it is not wholly vanquished, still less unnerved. It can still say: "I am, after all, myself; though greatly unknown to myself, and amid a whole universe of the unknown and unknowable. My faculties are my own—they shall find their appropriate sphere. My perceptions are my own—to these millions of millions of perceptibles respond, and will continue to respond. My courage is my own—it shall not fail. The primal origin, the ultimate issue, of things, are not for me—not now, and perhaps not ever. My destiny is not mine—it shall take care of itself." To this resolute frame of mind—unsatisfied, not wholly dissatisfied—many men can attain, by stress of fact, by force of character. They attain it, because no better may be, and life has its practical demands, not to be evaded. It is more rare to find a genuinely poetic mind—and such Mr. Scott undoubtedly possesses—in the same mood; and even rarer to find this mood still and inseparably combined with a vital interest in the problems which the intellect has nevertheless long relinquished as insoluble. As problems they are given up, for no process of reasoning makes any impression upon them; they have even ceased to be actively problematic. They are dumb sphinxes; oracles which, having, from "the *first* syllable of recorded time," never uttered sound, have divested oracularity. But, as objects of contemplation, they yet remain glorious and beautiful; admitted at last to be unfathomable, they have in no wise become unmeaning; they contain most of the past and much of the future history of man, for the human mind is ever teeming with these conceptions—if not as their source, at least as their medium. I am of course not here debating whether any such views of these abstruse matters are right or wrong: I am only endeavoring to exhibit the intellectual relation to them of the poet under review. Mr. Scott, then, appears to have pondered, from the commencement of his poetic career, over the deepest mysteries of life, death, and immortality, of matter and spirit, of revelation and religion, of ethnic and Christian dogma; to have pondered, and to have reached no absolute affirmative conviction; to have settled down, reluctantly but firmly, into some negations, margined by admitted uncertainties; and nevertheless to have preserved unimpaired his interest in these vast questions, no longer as matter for speculation or decision, but as supreme factors in the world of thought, and as the grandest of motive powers for human action and effort. His is a hand, as one might say, which has tried at unravelling a web that proved wholly defiant of his efforts; but he observes none the less with perennial pleasure the tints of the few ravelled threads which he had picked, and his mental eye recomposes their pattern with satisfaction. In especial, the Christian faith dominates our author's thought: if he offers no worship at the altar, he haunts the vestibule and paces the isles. A monk, hermit, or cenobite, more than any other man, attracts him; a devout believer in the devil, whether exorcist or sorcerer, needs no further passport to his mental hospitality. The bread and salt are at once produced, and companionably partaken of, and the bond of union is cemented once for all. This is the more remarkable because indications are not wanting of a strong anti-Catholic bias in Mr. Scott. He sincerely glories in the Protestant assault upon Catholicism, as in the belligerency of free thought against all the Churches, and no less of naked human reason against theosophy itself: and yet a Christian is his kin in a degree which no Greek, Hindoo, or Turk can rival, and a monk of the Thebaid in a degree which no evangelical pastor or missionary Scripture-reader can pretend to. He acknowledges in Christianity the greatest spiritual force which the world has yet witnessed, the nucleus of our modern or humanitarian civilisation, the largest and most august mould into which the mind of man has poured whatsoever it owns or images forth of the divine. In one of his sonnets, named *Faith*, belonging to the series entitled *Outside the Temple*, there is an exceedingly grand line,

> "And the world listens yet through all her dead,"

which powerfully expresses Mr. Scott's essential view and essential meaning in these matters. He is deeply impressed with the Christian idea, because he has a strong sense of the history of the race. The sonnet is a very fine one; and although, taken by itself, it might convey an

exaggerated notion of the author's opinions in religion, I quote it here entire, as the only specimen from the volume which my limits of space allow:

"'Follow me,' Jesus said: and they uprose:
Peter and Andrew rose and followed him,
Followed him even to heaven, through death most grim,
And through a long hard life—without repose
Save in the grand ideal of its close.
'Take up your cross, and come with me,' He said:
And the world listens yet through all her dead,
And still would answer, had we faith like those.
But who can light again such beacon-fire?
With gladsome haste and with rejoicing souls
How would men gird themselves for the emprise!
Leaving their black boats by the dead lake's mire,
Leaving their slimy nets by the cold shoals,
Leaving their old oars, nor once turn their eyes."

For the rest, the poet's personal standpoint has to be taken into account. We see in him the man at once of Scottish nationality and of northern imagination. For ecclesiastical mummery or popish browbeating he has a great contempt, the "dour" antipathy of the hereditary Calvinist; while for anything wild, weird, and uncultured, for intellect and aspiration in the uncouthest guise, for self-devotion running into any extravagance of self-sacrifice or self-abasement, for fury of zeal or fierceness of spiritual conflict, he has the energetic fellow-feeling of a Scandinavian or Teutonic nature. To him not the gallant troubador but the semi-savage scald is the genuine poetic figure: the learned theologian counts for nothing in religion, but the recluse student for something, and the frenzied ascetic for much. Not indeed that he *approves* this ascetic. He turns towards him the chiller lobe of his brain, and the warmer corner of his heart. He scrutinizes him, as it were, through a nineteenth-century spy-glass, and sees in him an antic figure worthy of not a little sarcasm: but all the while he feels him to be a much-bedevilled purgatorial brother, whom he proceeds to describe to us in detail, and with unconcealable sympathy.

Many of Mr. Scott's poems might be cited as exhibiting this remarkable mixture of an outside and an inside view of religion; the external observation of the philosopher, who is not committed to believing in that which he sets forth, and the internal perception of what the devotional feeling may be for the devotee himself. I specify the principal examples. *St. Margaret*, a poem describing the last hours of the cloistered saint, small in dimensions, but in emotion and fashioning one of the greatest things in the volume. *Anthony*, a strange narrative, grotesque and grim, of the religion of fear—the hero being an anchorite of the dark ages, with his temptations, terrors, and final backsliding. The series of sonnets already referred to, named *Outside the Temple*, in which the various phases of the author's mind, as affected by these momentous questions, are subtly and movingly shadowed forth—not in a sermonizing nor yet a lecturing tone, not more for iconoclasm than for edification, but with poetical amplitude of conception and sensitiveness of touch: they are indeed capable of making a deep impression, and of finding a very large circle of readers. The blank-verse *Monody* ("On the death of a young Friend," as it used to be entitled). *The Venerable Bede in the Nineteenth Century*, founded on some rhetorical flourishes of adjuration in which Cardinal Wiseman once indulged, and which Mr. Scott, by an ingenious intellectual prolusion, turns to the disparagement of the modern Cardinal, and at the same time to the exaltation of the noble spirit of faith and work in which the recluse religious scholar of old lived and died. The solemn blank-verse address *To the Sphinx, considered as the Symbol of Religious Mystery.** *The Music of the Spheres*, first published in 1838 under the title *Hades, or the Transit;* an ideal poem in a semi-narrative form, suggesting the not humanly conceivable state of consciousness in which the souls of a Mussulman, a Christian, and a Jew, may all three equally exist after the death of the body—though indeed even this vague presentment of the subject would seem to go beyond the real intention of the author, who probably does not mean to lay it down as an infallible certainty that the souls would have any self-conscious existence at all. Finally, the simply forcible set of ballads, *Four Acts of St. Cuthbert*, in which the

* *Religious Liberty*, as printed in Mr. Scott's volume, seems to be an error of the press—a rather unfortunate one.

direct account of the facts, as devoutly viewed by a contemporary, is not diluted by any sort of running comment from the poet himself. The most elaborate expression which Mr. Scott's speculative opinions ever received—though these may perhaps be gathered with as much completeness and effect from the sonnets *Outside the Temple*—is to be found in a poem not here reprinted. This was published in a volume by itself in 1846, named *The Year of the World, a Philosophical Poem on Redemption from the Fall.* It never obtained many readers; but, of the few whom it did secure, several will no doubt agree in a certain feeling of regret which I entertain in finding it excluded from the present collection. *The Year of the World* shows that one of Shelley's dominant ideas—that of the perfectibility of human nature—was still in 1846 sufficiently compatible with Mr. Scott's creed and aspirations; and it may in various respects claim rank among the best poems extant in which serious speculation has taken on a not incongruous garb of imaginative form.

Of the poets I have already mentioned, all belonging to a generation preceding Mr. Scott's, those whose influence is to some extent perceptible in his writings are Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge: not certainly that any one of the three has regulated his conceptions, or stamped his style decisively, but we can trace, in one place or another, the intellectual stress and the formative vestige of these powerful and undying spirits. I shall next proceed to take count of some other poets more nearly alongside of Mr. Scott in point of date. As we have seen, the earliest poem by the latter, as reproduced in the present volume, belongs to the year 1831. For 1832 (or 1831, for the text and the index differ on this point) there is a captivating little poem in octosyllabic metre, named *Midnight*, which holds you as with the very finger of fantasy, half indicative, half ominous; also an ode *To the Memory of John Keats*, and *A Fable*, symbolizing the unequal fates of the true poetic or inventive explorer, and the spurious one. For 1833, *The Incantation of Hervor*; and, about the same time, *The Dance of Death*, an irregular narrative poem, recounting the sudden end of a certain "Clerk Hubert." For 1837, *The Music of the Spheres*, already mentioned. The *Four Acts of St. Cuthbert* may be rather earlier, or rather later, than this. The next date which we find clearly indicated is 1847, to the verses, *I go to be cured at Avilion*, which relate to a picture of King Arthur painted by Mr. Scott himself. I need not particularize any more recent dates. One of the author's early poems not here reproduced is that named at first *Rosabel*, and afterwards *Mary Anne*, narrating the successive stages in the career of a bright country-girl who perishes an unfriended outcast of the town. This (which dates, I suppose, at least as far back as 1840) may not improbably be one of those compositions, adverted to in the preface, "whose subjects or motives have been adopted by later poets, and realized in a more poetical or completer manner." However this may be, I am sorry to miss *Mary Anne*, which is indisputably a prominent example of the writer's genius. It haunts the memory, by virtue especially of its sternly pitying realism: the poet feels so deeply how much there is on which tender sympathy and commiseration may be expended, and how hopeless their bestowal remains, how dark and fateful the doom which he is watching.

Towards 1831, when Mr. Scott was a beginner, one of the influences most observable on the surface of poetical literature was that of Mrs. Hemans, who, publishing first, at an almost childish age, in 1809, continued writing up to her death in 1835. The warmth of romantic and domestic sentiment is no less manifest in Mrs. Hemans than the moral and religious propriety; but the combination is at best a tepid one, grateful and fragrant to readily believing and easily satisfied readers, but incapable of affecting those stronger minds which, having a poetic fertility of their own, can alone be relied upon for carrying on the true work of poetry from generation to generation. Another poetess, active and conspicuous at the same period, was Miss Landon, who died in 1838. She had, perhaps, a more decided gift than Mrs. Hemans; but her sentiment took a hectic cast, with a kind of feminine Byronism, and her poetry can hardly be said to survive now, save as a literary reminiscence of elderly people. In 1822 Beddoes published his *Bride's Tragedy*, followed in 1850, after the author's death, by the printing of *Death's Jest-Book*: both of them dramas in an Eliza-

bethan mould of imagination and language, with a singular degree of poetic exaltation, which cannot, however, blind the reader to structural weakness, and a most arbitrary use of the author's powers. The year 1824 produced another of the few dramatic works of the age having inherent vitality—the *Joseph and his Brethren* of Mr. Charles Wells, to which some attention has at last been secured by the article Mr. Swinburne published in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*. The treatment of the episode of Potiphar's wife, Phraxanor, reveals a lofty dramatic instinct, and potential high art; and the language is generally stately, uniting a large and fundamental simplicity to frugal but effective elaboration. Yet another dramatist appeared in 1827, Sir Henry Taylor, whose *Isaac Commenus*, then published, preceded by seven years the fuller exhibition of his powers furnished by *Philip van Artevelde*. Taylor is, of all the poets of our time, the one perhaps who may most properly be termed eclectic. He does not found himself upon any past writer or period; but shows, in his composed vigor and overruling fineness of sense and taste, the results of much selective and impartial study of many models.

In 1830 was published the first volume of the leading master of the time, Tennyson. The influence of this great artist has been immense. He has carried perfection of verbal form and metrical structure to its uttermost; and has attained so precise a balance between thought and expression, has thrown so much suggestion into his music, and so rich a thrill of harmony into his inventions and his imagery, that, if we regard fineness of execution alone, we might almost say that the predecessors of Tennyson, as an entire class, look somewhat crude and offhand in comparison. But this would be more a literary than a genuinely critical judgment. The perfection of a lyric by Shelley, for instance, is not quite the same as the perfection of a lyric by Tennyson: the former is less exact, and more impulsive—less intended, and more inspired less provable, not a jot less absolute—more intrinsic, less extrinsic. We inspect it less, and recognize it equally. From the special nature of his excellences, the influence of Tennyson has been to cultivate executants, not to nerve inventors to courageous attempts: he has fostered literary poetry, but not promoted—save in his own most admirable performances—the interests of personal poetry. Just as the fame of Tennyson was getting well established, another poetical meteor crossed the horizon—Philip James Bailey, with his *Festus*. This was in 1833; and probably no poet of the current half century has excited a more positive enthusiasm, has enlisted more zealous faith or kindled loftier hopes, than Bailey. At the present day *Festus* is little read. It has indeed become a portentous bulk of words; the author having been so ill-advised as to swell out the always inflated dimensions of his book by adding to them huge accretions of other matter that ought either not to have been published at all, or at any rate to have been retained (as some of it at first did appear) in a separate form of publication. The immense ambition of the author of *Festus* is a striking phenomenon. He undertook before the age of twenty this vast elemental drama, in which the first speaker is God, and the last scene the end of the world. *Festus* has a somewhat Swedenborgian tone of theology; it is also conspicuously Swedenborgian in its enormous sweep and the diluvial overflow of its pages. It is the poem of magnitude, and has many truly great tones and utterances amid the unmeasured swirl and rumble of its march. I have called Mr. Bailey a poetical meteor; it may be feared that at the present day many count him a mere poetical *ignis-fatuus*, but this is, I think, much less than justice to a man of exalted faculty and memorable handiwork. Unfortunately there is a limit to the reading powers of readers; and the poets who will not restrict their writing powers proportionally have to pay the forfeit.

Browning's first avowed poem, *Paracelsus*, appeared in 1835: it had been preceded by the anonymous *Pauline* in 1833. Mr. Browning's has been well termed by Mr. Buxton Forman (and not improbably by others) "psychological poetry;" and the critic has forcibly pointed out the great importance of the monologue in the form of our poet's work. One of the first things that you appreciate in Browning is his many-sidedness; passion, imagination, mental and moral analysis, knowledge of life, pictorial and

turesque *coleur locale*, the devious references of a scholar and a student of sorts of things past and present, make a most extraordinary personality, whether individual or literary. Perhaps the mainspring of his whole performance is intellectual keenness; the insight to discern and discriminate, the equally patient, tenacious, and eager energy in scrutinizing. His mind flows into every cranny of his subject, and he presents it to the reader, concrete in itself, and informed besides with new vitality from the mental processes which replenish its forms. It might be compared to one of those anatomical or microscopical preparations into which some coloring matter has been poured, so as to exhibit all its otherwise undefined veining. One can easily understand that the great danger of such a poet lies in his very subtlety. In manipulating his subject-matter, he teases and tangles it; in addressing the reader, he plies him confusingly—not perhaps confusedly—with thought upon thought, suggestion after suggestion, and side-light traversing side-light. Between the date of his semi-dramatic poem *Paracelsus*, and of his first stage-play *Strafford*, 1840, another dramatist of mark appeared—Mr. Horne; whose *Cosmo d' Medici* and *Death of Marlowe*, both of the Elizabethan type, came out in 1837, followed in 1843 by the sonorous epic strains of *Orion*. Miss Barrett (Mrs. Browning) produced in 1838 her first volume, *The Seraphim and other Poems*. This great-souled woman and sibylline poetess may possibly, in a remote future, be found to have scored our poetic literature more deeply than any contemporary—more so even than those few who are beyond dispute or cavil her superiors in the art. Mrs. Browning had passionate sentiment, the acutest and the noblest sympathies, an intellect equally subtle and intense, a marvellous thrill of expressional and musical power: she had besides an inclination to grapple with the problems of her time, which gives an exceptional weight and force to her performances. Above all, she was a woman, one unrivalled in richness and elevation of poetic gift among all English or all modern poetesses; and it is difficult to say what amount of importance may not at some coming time attach to her in this character.

Such is the laurelled band who may be regarded as more especially the contemporaries of Mr. Scott in the period of his chief poetic activity and development:—Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, Beddoes, Charles Wells, Henry Taylor, Tennyson, Bailey, Browning, Horne, Mrs. Browning. He does not resemble any one of them; and the only two to whom he may be said to have a certain relation, of scope or execution, are Bailey and Tennyson. To Bailey he has a sort of substantial affinity—mainly because the minds of both reach out by a natural and irrepressible tendency to the highest things in the world of thought and contemplation. Of course, however, there is a radical difference in the speculative goal which the two authors have respectively reached: and they differ *toto cælo* in actual handiwork,—Mr. Scott having written only one long poem, *The Year of the World*, and even this being a specimen of condensation rather than expansion, and his general method being remarkably terse, and full of the reserve, not the expenditure of force. He utters pregnant words, in the tone almost of a taciturn man: no poet could be less chargeable with glib fluency, none finds less difficulty in leaving off when once he has had his say. Mostly he presents in direct portrayal whatever he has to express: faithful herein to his character as a painter, though not indulging in any excess of pictorial detail or adjunct. He brings the thing saliently before the mental eye, and leaves it to convey its inner meaning through its vivid appeal to the perceptions. As for Tennyson, there is scarcely anything of that great writer in the matter or manner of Mr. Scott. All we can say is that, with comparatively little aim at extreme polish of diction or rounded elaboration of form, there is nevertheless a certain overshadowing here, as elsewhere, of the Tennysonian cycle of style, and a moderate proportion of poems in the same general line of work as those descriptive narratives, idyllically realistic of which Tennyson has given highly finished examples. Such are *Green Cherries*, *An Artist's Birthplace* and *Sunday Morning Alone*. This last might be cited as combining observably three of the main currents of Mr. Scott's power as a thinker and a poet: the mystic or abstract, the sense of historic development, and the attention, at once intimate

and independent, to the practical aspects of everyday life. Of these Mr. Scott always speaks as if he were in them, yet not exactly of them. He bears his share in them, but regards them from a station a little apart. They may invest the spirit, but are dropped if they threaten to encumber it.

Since the period of poetry which we have just been considering, of which the nucleus may be assigned to the years 1830 to 1835, and which we may designate the Tennyson-Bailey-Browning period, no markedly new phase had to be recorded until the advent of the so-called Spasmodic School, constituted chiefly by Mr. Alexander Smith and Mr. Dobell. The last named was first in the field with his poem named *The Roman*, which, however has little to do with anything that could be called spasmodic: it was published in 1850. In 1852, heralded by clamorous horn-blowings from Mr. George Gilfillan, appeared the *Life-Drama* of Alexander Smith; and in 1854 the most considerable outcome of the school, the *Balder* of Mr. Dobell, of which only the opening portion has been published. All these works assumed the dramatic form, but without any of that solid substratum of personal character, of moving incident, of climax, and of interaction of motive, passion, and contingency, which can alone turn a poem in dialogue into a genuine drama. The nick-name of the "Spasmodic School" is not exceedingly appropriate, but it is convenient, and may be used here partly on that account and partly as recalling to memory the book in which it was first (I think) adopted—the amusing travestie *Firmilian* by Professor Aytoun, to which so many of us have been indebted for a most hearty laugh. Among those who laughed were no doubt several who had no wish to see the present extinction of the Spasmodic School; but extinguished it was, to all practical purposes—its weak points had been too neatly punctured and too ludicrously burlesqued by *Firmilian*. It is apparent that Mr. Bailey had a good deal to do with the genesis of the Spasmodic School; *Festus*, with its yearnings of unsubstantial passion, and of thought adventuring into boundless space, and boxing the compass of speculation, must have pioneered Smith into the staggering fervors of the *Life-Drama*, and Dobell into the magniloquent hysteria of *Balder*.

Let us not, however, do injustice to either of these capable and aspiring men; each of them lofty in heart and mind, and with a true poetical inspiration. The *Life-Drama*, written by an inexperienced Scottish youth, drudging in the work of a manufactory, revealed to us nothing new—nothing that we did not know as trite, or disregard as extravagant; but it contained numerous passages of energetic and glowing poetry, and presented many vivid images. *Balder* exhibited to us a strenuous intellect painfully on the stretch, projecting itself with excessive effort, and lapsing into morbidity through self-scrutiny and self-assertion; but it is the work of a potent master of verse, a highly trained artist, and a thoroughly serious thinker. Some other productions of Dobell show the same faculties with equal eminence, and little of the like alloy. The great defect of both these writers is that, in their most distinctive works, they did not know where to draw in or wind up. They did not sufficiently appreciate their real relation to the reading public. Their idea was to ride the high horse of poetry, prancing and curveting; while simpler-minded spectators found the whole exhibition a parade, and, after no long interval of expectancy, resented it as an interruption and an imposture. In this they were far from being wholly right; but there is little that can surprise one in such a result.

The Spasmodic School had its day—a short one—and is now relegated to more than its due dimness of eclipse. Meanwhile other writers had been springing up, who constitute at the present time a living and dominant force in our poetic development. The reader will easily understand why I speak with great reserve on this topic: the names of two of the writers referred to will speak for themselves on that point. Mr. Dante Rossetti began publishing poems in 1850—*The Blessed Damosel*, and others which reappeared with many more in his volume printed in 1870; in 1861 had been issued his translations from the *Early Italian Poets*. Miss Christina Rossetti can also be traced in published type as far back as 1850; her first volume, headed by the poem of *Goblin Market*, came out in 1862, and her second, with *The*

Prince's Progress, in 1866. Mr. Morris began in 1858 with *The Defence of Guinevere and other Poems*, followed in 1867 by *The Life and Death of Jason*, and in 1868 by the first part of *The Earthly Paradise*. Mr. Swinburne published his dramas of *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamond* in 1860, *Atalanta in Calydon* in 1865, the *Poems and Ballads* in 1866.

To these succeeded other volumes, of which the last was *Erechtheus* in 1876. I abstain from obtruding on the reader any critical estimate of these four poets: of the former two for an obvious reason, and of the latter two because it would appear to me out of place and out of scale to comment on them, while silence is preserved as to the other pair. There need however be no impropriety in my reminding the reader of the great influence that these four authors (or more especially three of them, omitting the poetess) have exercised over the poetic standard and drift of our time—an influence chiefly manifest on the surface since the appearance of Mr. Swinburne's two volumes of 1865 and 1866; no impropriety also in my bespeaking attention to the various dates which I have quoted. These show that if (as has been often alleged) there is any solidarity between the poetic work of Dante Rossetti, of Morris, and of Swinburne, and if volumes by Morris and Swinburne were in the hands of readers before any volume by Rossetti, this was nevertheless an introversion of the real order of date, and therefore of poetic precursorship and impulsion; a fact indeed abundantly well-known to those readers, among others, who have perused Mr. Swinburne's own recent volume of republished prose Essays. It may here be observed that Mr. Scott inscribes his volume to these three poets, saying, in the course of his dedicatory sonnet,

> "Which was the earliest? Methinks 'twas he
> Who from the southern laurels fresh leaves brought."

—*i.e.* Dante Rossetti. Now "methinks" may be as handy an archaism as the well-worn "I ween," which has filled up so many a verse, and furnished so many a rhyme; but, if the insertion of that word in the sonnet should suggest that Mr. Scott is really in any doubt as to whether Rossetti was or was not an earlier writer of poetry, and an earlier appreciator of Mr. Scott himself, than Swinburne and Morris, then the only inference would be that our author has a lax memory for dates.

In speaking of Mr. Scott as a poet, we should not lose sight of the fact (already glanced at here) that he is a painter as well; a painter by profession, a poet by bent of mind, and by frequent yet still subsidiary practice. Some of his smaller poems are on subjects immediately connected with fine art; one of the most significant of these being the sonnet *To the Artists called P. R. B.*, 1857. There is also the deeply impressive *Requiem* for the author's greatly gifted brother, the painter David Scott (who died in March 1849); and again a sonnet *To my brother, on publishing his Memoir*. Another class of compositions is in the character of ballads—very unlike the old English or Scottish Ballads, and yet intellectually related to them by a certain genuine heredity. One of these—probably also one of the latest-written poems in the volume—is *The Witches' Ballad*, a very striking jet of grotesque imagination, strangely realistic, strangely suggestive. Mr. Scott has undoubtedly been an independent, an original poet, moving along a track of his own, not affecting discipleship nor courting association—and yet so far in harmony with the larger forces of thought in his time that he is found, now his poems are collected, to have been working more than once in a like line with other poets, his coevals or juniors. In such instances, his own work has been done with vigorous singleness of mind and hand. His great aim always is to fix and define an idea, and present a determined and significant image; to evolve poetical matter poetically. To *express* it poetically is his aim, and also one in which he continually succeeds by native gift, and lofty, stately, or incisive style. Musical or noble verses, and full-breathed dignified periods, abound in his writings. On the other hand, to finish for the sake of literary perfection—to polish so as to charm the reader, and defy critical dissection or demur—this has clearly not been any special object to him. Such being the fact, it is remarkable that one of the forms of verse in which Mr.

Scott succeeds best is that form which most urgently demands perfection of execution—the sonnet. This we may probably attribute to two causes: the recent date of several of the finest sonnets, and the writer's perception that in these he was hardly at liberty to tolerate loose texture, or leave ragged edges.

Here I must end this rather scrambling attempt to indicate what phases British poetry has been passing through in the half century since the death of Byron; and how one of our poets worthy of honor, Mr. William Bell Scott, has comported himself as successor, colleague, and predecessor, of various others eminent in the same art. I will only add a few words to point out that I have purposely—in order to husband my space—omitted all mention of American poets; among whom Edgar Poe, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, and more recently Whitman and Joaquin Miller, have more particularly borne their active part in determining or modifying the poetical development of the times. I will also, in scanty justice to the men themselves, and with some feeling of national pride in so long a list of poetical writers more or less good—and some of them are truly very good indeed—add in conclusion the names, if *but* the names, of some other authors belonging to the period we have been considering. Even these are far indeed from being all that might legitimately be mentioned: I set them down without the least endeavor to assess their merits—or in some cases perchance their demerits. In the earlier years, or broadly speaking in the time between the death of Byron and the advent of Tennyson, there were Allan Cunningham, James Montgomery, James Hogg, Bryan Proctor, Motherwell, Hamilton, Reynolds, Praed, Sheridan Knowles. In the Tennysonian time, Macaulay, Ebenezer Elliott, George Darley, Bulwer Lytton, Keble, Westland Marston, Barham, Monckton Milnes, Ebenezer Jones, Linton, Patmore, Kingsley, Aubrey de Vere, Clough, Barnes, Matthew Arnold. In recent years—or say roughly from 1850 onwards—George Meredith, Frederick Locker, Robert Lytton, J. H. Newman, Garnett, George Macdonald, Gerald Massey, Richards, Myers, Alfred Austin, Woolner, Robert Buchanan, Rhoades, Miss Ingelow, Mrs. Lewes, Mrs. Webster, Simcox, W. S. Gilbert, Dommett, Nichol, Hake, O'Shaughnessy, Philip Marston, John Payne, Marzials, Ross, Neil, Gosse, James Thomson.

"High spirits call
The future from its cradle, and the past
Out of its grave, and make the present last
In thoughts and joys which sleep but cannot die."

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

HUMOR.

A FASHION has sprung up of late years of regarding the sense of humor as one of the cardinal virtues. It naturally follows that everybody supposes that he possesses the quality himself, and that his neighbors do not. It is indeed rarer to meet man, woman, or child who will confess to any deficiency in humor than to a want of logic. Many people will confess that they are indolent, superstitious, unjust, fond of money, of good living, or of flattery: women will make a boast of cowardice and men of coarseness; but nobody ever admits that he or she can't see a joke or take an argument. If people were to be taken at their own valuation, logical acumen and a keen perception of the humorous would be the two most universal qualities in the world. Nothing, on the other hand, is more common than the most sweeping condemnation of other men or races. It wants a surgical operation, says the familiar phrase, to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman. The French, says the ordinary Briton, have no sense of humor; the Germans are too elephantine, too metaphysical, too sentimental, or too what you will, to perceive humor; the Irish are witty if you please, but wit is the antithesis of humor; the Americans have a kind of cynical irony which with them passes for humor, but it has not the true kindly genial flavor of the English article; and even amongst this favored race how many possess the genuine faculty? All women notoriously hate humor; and the audience of the true humorist is limited even amongst males. Every humorist—except the sacred ex-

ceptions—is called a cynic. He disgusts three hearers for one whom he pleases. If you doubt it, try the ironical method with a popular audience or in a newspaper article. You will soon discover that the lady who was seriously shocked when Sydney Smith proposed to take off his flesh and sit in his bones, or the Irish bishop who thought some statements in "Gulliver" incredible, possessed about the average sensibility. The most dangerous of all figures of speech is the ironical. Half your hearers think that you are laughing at virtue, and the other half have a puzzled impression that you are laughing at themselves. If you would succeed with a large audience, you may be dull, or bombastic, or sentimental, or flimsy, or muddled: but a touch of humor is the one deadly sin. And yet, we all swear that we love humor above all things. We enjoy Shakespeare's humor; but he has been dead a long time, and the bravest of men does not dare to say what he really thinks about the national poet; we are fond of Charles Lamb, but Lamb's writings were caviare to the public whilst he lived, and only made their way by slow degrees and the efforts of a select circle of admirers; we read Mark Twain and Artemus Ward, and perhaps to a calm observer that is the most conclusive proof of all that we have very little notion of what true humor means.

And yet everybody has shrunk like a coward at one time or another from the awful imputation—You have no sense of humor. This phrase has become a common-place: it is a kind of threat held *in terrorem* over the head of everybody who dares to differ from any accepted opinion. As soon as we see the remark coming we cower and tremble; we force ourselves into the outward and visible signs of enjoyment; we are as much ashamed of ourselves as a young gentleman convicted of not knowing the difference between Madeira and Marsala; we feel as if we had been guilty of a breach of good manners. An absence of this peculiar taste is taken to be one of those congenital weaknesses which are not precisely vices, but which we are nevertheless more anxious to conceal than if they were actually immoral. For a good deal of this weakness I believe that we must blame the one great British humorist who still survives, I mean Mr. Carlyle. His humor is so genuine and keen and his personality so vigorous that he has fairly bullied us into accepting this view of the immeasurable value of humor in the world. We have not yet all admitted the doctrine of hero-worship; but we feel that the man without humor is more decidedly unpardonable than the valet who does not appreciate his master's humor. To say anything against humor considered as an intellectual virtue, is therefore to oppose the overwhelming current of avowed opinion. But I have a strong suspicion that many persons will be secretly grateful for any protest against the creed thus forced upon them at the point of the bayonet, as a race of contented slaves is sometimes found to cherish a widely-spread feeling of revolt. The undertaking is the more promising because one may safely say that there has never been a period at which the quality most antithetic to humor—priggishness in all its forms and varieties, a sublime solemnity in uttering platitudes, a profound conviction that all the wisdom of the world is concentrated in a petty clique, a devoted belief that A or B has found out the very last word of historical or poetical or scientific dogma—flourished more vigorously. One often reads books of which the very existence seems to be incompatible with the contemporary existence of any one who can see a joke or laugh at a pompous humbug.

What is humor? That is one of the insoluble questions. Psychologists write about it, but not very successfully. Perhaps it is because no great philosopher was ever himself a humorist. Can any one imagine Kant or Hegel, or Aristotle, or Descartes, Coleridge, or Hume, or Mr. Mill, or Sir W. Hamilton really enjoying a bit of Aristophanes, or Swift, or Rabelais? The thinker loves symmetry, the humorist hates it: and therefore the two classes are radically opposed; which, one may suppose, is one argument against the merits of humor. As philosophers have not succeeded in defining the quality, we need not seek to supply their place. One fact, however, will be admitted. Humor implies a keen delight in emotional contrasts. Wit, say the best observers, dif-

from humor in that wit is purely in-
:tual, whilst humor implies an ad-
ure of sentiment. Witticisms are
:lectric sparks that flash out when
: circuit of reasoning is unexpectedly
)leted; humor is the discharge which
; place when two currents of feeling,
ring in temperature, are delicately
led. The humorist is the man who
is through tears. In the fabric of
motions the warp of melancholy is
ed by the woof of cheerfulness. (I
ot acquainted with warps and woofs
ommon life, but they are men-
d in Gray's Ode, and seem to be
ally intended for literary use.) His
ng is a play of cross lights, sunshine,
shadow dexterously intermingled or
)letely fused into a contradictory
He laughs in the midst of a prayer
is yet not consciously irreverent;
e very innermost mental recesses,
ecrated to his deepest emotions, there
uaint grotesques and images due to
freaks of the wildest fancy; the
le in which he worships is partly an
uriosity shop; he belongs to the sect
h keeps monkeys in its sacred places.
cannot tell whether a cathedral will
affect him with an awe of the in-
or an exhibition of tumblers at a
)mine. He will even laugh at the
l Science Association. He specially
a downright statement, true as
id or solid as Adam Smith; and
s that all scientific truth is as weari-
to the mind as a steel cuirass to the
. There is no way of twisting it
queer shapes. His logic is founded
the axiom that of two contradic-
propositions both must be true. He
; from the assumption that A is not
And, above all, the humorist must
)e an egotist. The oddities of his
character give him the utmost de-
He cherishes his whims and the
ary twists of his moral nature, for
hat he should lapse into straightfor-
simplicity of sentiment. All humor
a sense dramatic. Every humor-
sentiment is the embodiment of
special idiosyncrasy, or it would
ne common-place. There have been
st humorists; nay, a humorist is
iably modest in one sense, for it is
ie to laugh at all vanity as at all
npounded emotion. Conceit im-
that the world is worth taking
seriously and ought to take me seriously.
The most rooted conviction of the humorist is that the world is a farce—a melancholy farce, indeed, for otherwise there would be no contradiction—but a farce where the sublime must never be separated from its shadow, the ridiculous. His very egotism, in short, is itself a contradiction. It implies the two beliefs that his personality is intensely interesting and yet intensely absurd. It is the egotism of Lamb or of Montaigne, who are always dwelling fondly on their own tastes and associations and biographical reminiscences, and yet quietly railing at that very fondness. Modest vanity, humble self-assertion, display of their own peculiarities as at once the most absorbing and the most trifling of all topics of thought, is of the very essence of the genuine humorist; and yet the most dogged of political economists will be offended if you tell him he cannot relish humor!

Humor, therefore—the inference is surely irresistible—is a morbid secretion. If women and children do not appreciate humor, it is because the best part of creation is the simplest in its tastes. If Frenchmen have ceased to be humorous since Rabelais and Montaigne, it is because they are the keenest of logicians. If Germans are not humorous, it is because they love sentiment too heartily to laugh at it. If the Scotch are not humorous, it is because the Puritan conception of the world realises the solemnity of life, and scorns all trifling with its awful realities. As humor is complex, the humorist is the product of conflicting forces; an occasional freak of nature, to be valued only by those who prefer oddity to beauty—a hundred-limbed Hindoo idol to a Greek statue. Had Sophocles, or Phidias, or Raphael, or Dante, or Milton, a sense of humor? Do you find humor in Thomas à Kempis, or in the Hebrew prophets? A loving apologist of the *Biglow Papers* has tried to defend his client from a foolish charge of profanity by discovering some touches of humor in Isaiah—as some one once associated dry humor with the Athanasian Creed. Everything is fair in apologetic writing, as in love and war. A passing gleam of irony may tinge some Scriptural denunciations of idolatrous folly just enough to excuse an apologist driven to

his wits' end for an argument; but there is not enough to excuse any body else. The spirit of humor—the mocking goblin who sits at the elbow of some men to chill enthusiasm, to prick all the bubbles of the ideal with the needle-point of prosaic fact, to give imagination the lie, like the soul in Raleigh's verses, to tell eloquence that it is bombast, and poetry that it is unreal, belongs to the lower earth. His master or his servant—for the familiar sprite is both ruler and slave to the wizard—is tethered to the ground and can never soar without danger of a sudden collapse. And, therefore, like other spirits of the earth, he rules by our baser instincts, and his rule is but for a time. How much of all that passes for humorous is simply profane, or indecent or brutal? Half the humorous stories that pass current in the world are unfit for publication. The great humorists, from Rabelais to Swift, or Sterne, are no longer quotable in their naked reality; and as the world becomes more decorous, humor becomes tongue-tied and obsolete. Of the jests that survive, half, again, owe their merit to their inhumanity. Look at any of the current stories of Douglass Jerrold, who passed for a humorist in these later days. Every recorded jest of his that I have seen is a gross incivility made palatable by a pun. The substance of each phrase is, You are a fool; the art consists in so wrapping the insolence in a play of words that the hearers laugh, and the victim is deprived of sympathy. "It was your father, then, who was not so handsome?" is one of Talleyrand's brilliant retorts to a man who spoke of his mother's beauty. What is this but to say "You are an ugly beast," and yet to evade the legitimate resentment of the sufferer? If the poor wretch had some harmless vanity, and fancied that some reflection of a mother's beauty still lingered upon his misshapen features, would any man of decent kindheartedness tear away this poor little salve to self-esteem for the sake of a laugh? *Diseur de bons mots mauvais caractère*, says Pascal: and he never said a truer thing. If humor implies the love of emotional contrasts, the most effective contrasts can be attained by confronting reverence, or kindliness, or the love of purity, with the coarse, the brutal or the profane; and few are the humorists who can resist the temptation to use such weapons. The goblin who uses this base weapon is also in his nature, mortal. Beauty is eterna and the grotesque temporary. The queer contrast ceases to amuse when a new order has swept away accidental associations of ideas. Only some inveterate scholar can really laugh now at a classical joke. Even a schoolboy or a superficial reader can recognise the exquisite art of Horace or the grandeur of Æschylus, or the eternal freshness of Homer. But can they really laugh even over Aristophanes or Lucian? Do they not rather painfully discover by logical inference that there was once a pungent essence in the verbal framework which is now so elaborately pointless? We may come nearer to our own days. Read an Elizabethan jest-book. Study the humor of Ben Jonson. Nay, read Shakspeare honestly and analyse your emotions. Is Nym's repetition of his cant-phrase very laughter-stirring? Does Mrs. Quickly stir the midriff like Mrs. Gamp? Can you not read Falstaff's story of the men in buckram without bringing tears into your eyes? Rabelais is a great name. Can anybody deliberately sit down and laugh "over a jolly chapter of Rabelais" unless he has laboriously qualified himself for the purpose? I confess that for mere purposes of amusement I would rather study St. Thomas Aquinas, though I admit that Rabelais may be valuable in an antiquarian sense. Or to come nearer to our own day: take Fielding or Smollett, from both of whom (though Fielding, be it said in passing, was worth a dozen Smolletts) two or three generations of readers sucked inexpressible delight. Does it not seem to a modern reader as if some non-conducting medium were interposing itself between him and them? The polish is dimmed by the gathering mist. The voice has a dull far-away sound, as though the speaker were receding into some distant dreamland, not continuous with this solid earth. Of course this is partly true of all writing; or men would not, as they do, prefer a third-rate novel of to-day to the greatest books of the past; but the laughter-moving element in any book is that which is least stable. It is a color which fades as it comes from the brush.

The answer is, of course, obvious—there is an obvious answer to everything. The

buffoonery, it is replied, becomes stale; the genuine humor, of which buffoonery is but the coarse outward manifestation, remains and is imperishable. Falstaff's men in buckram are dull enough; but the character of Falstaff is immortal. The humor of Cervantes is as little likely to perish as the intense imagination of Dante. Much humor is coarse and brutal. The humor of a fine nature is but the most delicate expression of exquisite tenderness, from which no beauty can be hidden by its external husk, however grotesque and ugly. The true humorist dwells upon the contrasts of life, upon the strange mixtures of earthly and heavenly in all concrete beings, to teach us the most important of lessons. He shows us that the beggar may be a hero in disguise, not that the hero is a humbug. Rather, we should say, the humorist, *qua* humorist, is equally ready for either duty. Goldsmith's Vicar helps us to recognize simplicity and loving-kindness in the shabbiest of disguises. Swift, in his worst moments, would persuade us that all the fame of statesmen and soldiers is won by cowardice, avarice, and pettifogging corruption. Humor, by its nature, must be a double-edged weapon. It may poison our enthusiasm or check our contempt. Even when it dwells upon the simple virtues of a Vicar of Wakefield, it would not for the world lose sight of his foibles. So soon as the good man had an adequate income, or became capable of seeing through the tricks of a knave, he would cease to be interesting. And yet it is surely not right to respect humanity precisely in so far as it is coupled with impecuniosity and practical imbecility; and to esteem a good man heartily only so long as we can retain the belief that we are superior to his weaknesses. This way of patronising the Christian virtues has something supicious about it. The humorist who delights in your beautiful characters, so long as they are rather ridiculous, fails to care for them when they insist upon taking things seriously. The generation who were charmed by the Vicar could never mock savagely enough at a Wesley or a Whitfield. Christianity was a charming object so long as it only led to a little quiet eccentricity. It was a foible to be petted and fondled. When it took to a serious attack upon acknowledged evils, the humorists changed their tactics and insisted upon the ugliness much more than upon the beauty. It is not equally true now? The humorist loves the kind of virtuous character who can be made into a pretty plaything; he will melt into tears over the semi-idiotic organist in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, or any sentimental moralist who corrupts the poor by promiscuous charity, and curses the very name of Malthus. But let your benevolence be something more than a foible; an active, vigorous principle which tries, as clumsily and awkwardly and mistakenly as you please, really to knock some evil on the head; and then your humorist cannot find variations enough upon the old cry of hypocrite, humbug, impostor. How have humorists treated Lord Shaftesbury, for example? The Puritans, we are told, put down the old English drama; and people who think, as Charles Lamb apparently thought, that the main object of human existence was to write and see good plays, naturally inferred that the Puritans were a simple nuisance. As a matter of fact, the old English drama, like all other things, was put down because it put itself down. It had become intolerably corrupt, and went the way of all flesh. But the contrast between the two forces is typical. The dramatists represent the sense of humor; the laughing, mocking spirit which delights in contrast, and piques itself on never overlooking the sunny side of things. They had incomparably the best of the joke. The snivelling, canting whining rogues were ridiculed with admirable spirit. The Puritans, however, had the best of it in the long run; for Puritanism represents the conviction that, on the whole, the world is anything but a joke; and that a manly spirit will sometimes have to take it in the most grim and serious earnest. The conflict has gone on ever since, and will probably go on in one shape or another for some time to come. The humor, indeed, is not all on one side. The greatest of modern humorists is also the most thorough Puritan. The strongest perception of the serious issues which underlie our frivolous lives, the profoundest sense of the infinities which surround our petty world, may express itself in an irony more trenchant than solemn denunciation. Human nature is too oddly mixed to allow of such sharp divisions being

perfectly accurate; and, having already renounced the attempt to define humor, I admit some thinkers who may fairly be called humorous are in alliance with the cause to which humorists, as such, are naturally opposed. Nor, again, do I wish to deny that as there is a time for everything, so there is a time for jesting, and, within proper limits, a time even for the Elizabethan drama. Shakspeare was a good writer; and one or two of his successors deserve some of the things that have been said about them.

Why, if this be true, is humor so highly valued? Our answer is easy. One of the best things that Pope ever said, and he has said more things deserving to be so called than perhaps any other writer, was that

> Gentle dulness ever loves a joke.

I am almost daily reminded of the truth of this saying; I doubt not that it will be illustrated afresh for anybody who cares to defend my positions. He will find that the most vigorous defenders of a sense of humor will be precisely the people who are most incapable of humorous perception. I never, for example, knew a person thoroughly deaf to humor who did not worship Miss Austen, or, when her writings were assailed, defend themselves by saying that the assailant had no sense of humor. Miss Austen, in fact, seems to be the very type of that kind of humor which charms one large class of amiable persons; and Austen-olatry is perhaps the most intolerant and dogmatic of literary creeds. To deny Miss Austen's marvellous literary skill would be simply to convict oneself of the grossest stupidity. It is probable, however, that as much skill may have been employed in painting a bit of old china as in one of Raphael's masterpieces. We do not therefore say that it possesses equal merit. And, on the same principle, allowing all possible praise to Miss Austen within her own sphere, I should dispute the conclusion that she was therefore entitled to be ranked with the great authors who have sounded the depths of human passion, or found symbols for the finest speculations of the human intellect, instead of amusing themselves with the humors of a country tea-table. Comparative failure in the highest effects is more creditable than complete success in the lower. Now the popularity of Miss Austen with non-humorous persons (I should expressly admit, to avoid any false interpretation, that she is also popular with some humorists) shows what it is which mankind really understand by humor. They are really shocked by its more powerful manifestations. They call it cynicism. They like Dickens, who was beyond all doubt a true humorist, because he was not a throughgoing humorist; because he could drop his humor and become purely and simply maudlin at a moment's notice: that is to say, precisely because of the qualities which offend the more refined judges and the truest humorists. They like Miss Austen, on a similar ground, because her humor (to use a vulgar, but the only phrase) is drawn so excessively mild. There is not only nothing improper in her books, nothing which could prevent them from being given by a clergyman to his daughter as a birthday present; but there is not a single flash of biting satire. She is absolutely at peace with her most comfortable world. She never even hints at a suspicion that squires and parsons of the English type are not an essential part of the order of things; if she touches upon poverty, the only reflection suggested is one of gentle scorn for people who can't keep a butler themselves or take tea with people who do so. When the amiable Fanny Price in *Mansfield Park* finds that her mother has to eat cold mutton and mend the children's clothes, her only thought is to return to her rich uncle. The harsh hideous facts with which ninety-nine out of a hundred of our fellow-creatures are constantly struggling, are never admitted into this delightful world of well-warmed country-houses. Humor of the gentle variety which charms us in Miss Austen, or the humor of Addison's Knight, or of Goldsmith's Vicar, is indeed charming in its way and may well be popular. It is but the gentle smile with which an amiable character disarms our jealousy of virtue. You may really admire my Christian charity, it seems to say, without grudging, for I wear coarse stockings and commit half-a-dozen harmless solecisms of manner. You need not be afraid that I shall call upon you to be heroic, or invite your attention to the seamy side of the world. All the evils to which flesh is heir can

be sufficiently cured by the milk of human kindness. Sentimentality that won't make you cry, sympathy that will never become painful, quick observation that will never ask really awkward questions, these are sufficient weapons wherewith to conquer this hard world. A gentle optimism is the most popular of creeds, for we all want some excuse for turning away our eyes from certain facts. And optimism put so gracefully and deferentially is fascinating within its sphere. Life becomes an idyl with just enough spice of latent satire to prevent it from becoming insipid. Let us all drink plenty of milk-punch and forget the laws of Political Economy, seems to be the moral of Dickens's *Christmas Carols;* and in a less boisterous form, fitted to feebler animal spirits, that seems to be the substantial creed of the gentler variety of humorist.

There is a time for such moods: and they have been interpreted with infinite grace and delicacy by some of the writers noticed; but between such humor and the humor of Swift or Fielding there is a whole world of difference. The mocking goblin has been put into livery, and can wait gracefully at a tea-table or become a pleasant assistant in a library. The "Berserker" spirit, which some critics find to be the essential element of English literature, is thoroughly quenched within him. No thought of revolting against the world, of outraging its decencies, flying in the face of its conventionalities, and pouring ridicule on its holiest creeds, is encouraged by him more than by a thorough English governess. Delight in such humor may therefore be comparable with dislike to humor in its most genuine forms. And, consequently, humor of the old savage kind is pretty well obsolete. A wretched caricature of it exists in what is called American humor. The trick has become so stale that one may hope that it too will speedily expire. The whole art consists in speaking of something hideous in a tone of levity. Learn to make a feeble joke about murder and sudden death and you are qualified to set up as a true humorist. Learn the ordinary newspaper English, and apply it to some horrors where it is manifestly out of place, and you can thenceforward make jokes by machinery. The true humorist might be brutal, but he had real intensity of feeling. When Swift discussed the propriety of converting Irish babies into an article of food, he went beyond all permissible limits and even defeated his own satirical aim by the coarseness of his images; but at least he showed concentrated wrath and righteous indignation. When the same method is applied by writers who really aim only at producing a grin, it rapidly becomes disgusting. The popularity of the sham article shows that our taste for the genuine has grown weak.

Is this a good thing? Does it show that we have become squeamish or tender-hearted? Are our nerves too weak for the old horseplay of our forefathers, or do we take too solemn a view of life to bear such trifling? These are questions not to be easily decided; and yet one must admit that when the historian of English æsthetic literature in the nineteenth century arises, there is one quality which he will certainly not find in excess. It may be tender, delicate, graceful, or anything you please; but nobody will ever call it manly. The general want of vigor is perhaps after all at the bottom of the deficiency in good hearty reckless humor; and therefore much as we may rejoice at the absence of some of its worst manifestations, I fear we shall not be able to congratulate ourselves unreservedly when we have reached the consummation to which we seem to be so rapidly tending, and can declare that the humorous has been finally banished from our literature.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

TO "MAIMEY" (M'AYMEZ),

A DAMSEL OF FIFTEEN, WHO WISHES TO ABBREVIATE HERSELF INTO "MAY."

WRIT in *old* French, your childhood's name
Prefers imperious childhood's claim
To love—a claim by most conceded;
But now, half woman grown, you say
"From 'Maimey' I would change to 'May,'"—
Pray, then, is love no longer needed?
Or is it that, so rich and wide
Love's streams flow in from ev'ry side,
Your heart-fears drowning in affection?
And so your former "*must*," to-day
Subsides into the colder "*may*,"
Which guards your right of some selection?

Well, change to "May"— howe'er it be—
Since wish of yours is law to me,—
But listen, dear, to one condition:
The poet's darling—need I say?—
Becoming thus the poet's "May,"
Must be the May of bards' tradition;
The May long absent from our isles,
The May of sunshine and of smiles,
And happy tears of dew, soon drying;
The debonair and gracious queen,
The summer-hearted; never seen,
But clouds and shadows all went flying.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

HER DEAREST FOE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ONE evening as Tom Reed was leaving the theatre, after escorting some country acquaintances to witness the performance, he was tapped on the shoulder. This operation had no terrors for Tom, so he turned calmly round and was greeted by a young man somewhat older than himself, attired in a sporting style, with his hat on one side and a red and yellow tie. The face was at once strange, yet familiar, and Tom had to think a moment before he exclaimed, "Poole?"

"The same, sir."

"Well, Mr. Poole?"

"Well, sir, I believe you are a lawyer, and I want a bit of advice. Might I be so bold as to call on you anywhere?"

Tom felt inclined to d—n his impudence, but there was a queer good-humored, good-natured expression about the man's face that attracted Tom's fancy—and then he was one of the witnesses to the will, and it would be as well to get hold of him.

"I am neither a solicitor nor a practising barrister," said Reed, smiling; "still, if I can give you any help I will. Call at the *Morning Thresher* office, Wellington Street, any day between two and three, and I will try and see you, but I am a good deal engaged."

"Thank you! I will," returned the other; "and—I beg your pardon for keeping you, Mr. Reed—but I hope Mrs. Travers is well? She *was* a real lady!—always had a kind, civil word for a chap. She always brought me up to time, when I used to be in an awful funk going to old Travers. Lord, what a hard-mouthed old buffer he was!"

"Mrs. Travers was quite well when I last heard of her."

am told she is away on the Con-
?"
) I am told," returned Tom.
'ell, I'll look in the first day I can,
.eed."
ll right."
:y parted; and several days elapsed
: Poole made his appearance. Tom
lmost forgotten the interview, when
aturday afternoon he had been de-
l longer than usual, and was on the
of leaving the office, when a crushed
of paper with the words "William
" written in a fine clerkly hand
it was brought to him.
you can give me a few minutes,
.eed," began Poole, after they had
nged greetings, "I'll be awfully
d."
am at your service for the next
our," said Tom Reed, with his usual
'ul good nature; "after that I have
ements."
intended calling here last week,
nes are changed at Travers's. We
to be kept pretty well up to the
in the old gentleman's day, but we
:ar driven to death since the new
ger came."
ou have a new manager?"
es; you know Ford would not stay
ough Sir Hugh Galbraith gave him
gacy that had been left him in the
'ill, after he had had the books and
hing examined by a regular ac-
ant. Ford was in high favor for a
but I suppose he saw his way to a
independent position, for he gave
situation, and I believe Sir Hugh
)ur present manager on his recom-
ation. I think he might have said
l word for me, but he didn't. He
lways a conceited chap; didn't
small potatoes of himself, *I* can
u. Lord! how he hated old Gre-
and the jealousy of him, if Mr.
rs spoke a civil word to any one—
am taking up your time, Mr. Reed.
what I wanted to ask you about
man of the name of Trapes. He
ie has known you for years; in
that you are an old pal of his."
certainly have known Mr. Trapes
long time," returned Reed, "but I
een very little of him since the first
: of years I was in London. He
)ne to the bad terribly, poor fellow!
I wouldn't have much to say to him if I were you."

"I have had quite enough, I can tell you!" said Poole, shaking his head. "Why, he owes me a pot of money! There is lots I will never get back; but I want you to tell me if this I O U," dragging out a much-rubbed pocket-book, and extracting a piece of bluish paper from its depths, "is of any use? You see, it is nearly two years and a half after date."

"Why have you let it lie over so long?" said Reed, taking the paper. "Hum!"—a quickly suppressed look of surprise and interest gleamed in his face as he perused it. Then, raising his eyebrows, he looked keenly and steadily at Poole. "I see it is dated the 15th of March, 18—. Under what circumstances did Trapes give this to you?"

"Well, we were together at the Reepham Steeplechase, and Trapes had won and lost a lot of money. I had been rather lucky; but when we came to start for town he hadn't a rap, so he persuaded me to lend him five pound ten. He owed me six besides, so he said, in his dashing way, 'Come, I'll write you an I O for twelve, and that will pay a couple of weeks' interest." But I have never seen any more of the money from that day to this."

"And where is Reepham?" asked Tom, still holding the paper.

"Oh, in S——shire, a couple of hours from town by rail, and another by 'bus."

"Did he give you this before you left?"

"He did. We were just having a 'go' of gin-and-water before starting, and the barmaid gave us pen, ink, and paper; he wrote it out, and I gave him the cash then and there. I was very green in those days."

"Then I suppose this is the date on which you lent the money?"

"Yes, of course."

"Why do you think of using it now?"

"Because that fellow Trapes seems quite flush of cash. You never saw such a swell as he is come out! but he is an impudent blackguard, and scarcely ever sober. He was d—d impertinent to my wife and me, Mr. Reed (I was married last Autumn), at the London Bridge Railway Station, when we were going to Greenwich last Saturday. You would

think he was a lord. So I will have my money if it is possible. You see, Mr. Reed, now I have responsibilities I must turn over a new leaf, so I thought I would ask your advice, because you knew this man; and besides, if I went to a stranger on a matter of business one would have to pay through the nose for advice," added Poole candidly.

"And how did you manage to get away from the office for a whole day for this steeplechase?" asked Tom, who had been thinking deeply, and scarcely seemed to have heard Poole speak.

"Well, it was not an easy matter; but, you see, I was taken with a bad headache and faintness the day before," returned Poole with a wink. "As Ford was away —gone to bury his father, or his mother, or both of 'em—I got off. Mr. Travers was not a hard chap when you got the right side of him."

"Oh, he was going to the office then?"

"Yes; and for a couple of months after. It was shortly before he went down to Hampton Court."

"Then it was about the time you witnessed that unlucky will?"

"Ay, so it must have been."

"Was it before or after you witnessed it?"

"Well, I am not sure—after, I think. Why?"

"Nothing; only I cannot help thinking what a rascally will it is. If poor Mrs. Travers had continued the head of the house you would probably be in a better position."

"I don't know that," returned Poole. "It's the head clerk, not the head of the house, that gives you a lift. But, be that as it may, I was always sorry for Mrs. Travers."

"Look here, Poole," said Tom, suddenly rising, "I cannot let you stay any longer now; but leave me this," holding up the paper. "I will take care of it, though it has no legal value. I will see Trapes, and try what is to be done with him. You shall hear from me in a few days."

"Thank you, Mr. Reed," returned Poole, rising with alacrity. "If you take it in hand, you will make something of it; and I can tell you, twelve pounds is no joke to a married man."

"Or to an unmarried one either," said Tom gaily, as he opened the door for him.

The moment he was gone, Tom turned to the table where the I O U lay, and seizing it, exclaimed almost aloud, "By George! she is right, after all! There must have been some roguery at work! If Poole was away all day at a steeplechase on the 15h of March, it is clear he could not have witnessed Mr. Travers's will. Yet he was ready to swear to his own signature! I wonder he never noticed the date; but I daresay the steeplechase had gone out of his head by that time. It is the necessity for money that has made him think of this I O U and recalled the circumstance to his mind. Not a word of this must get out till I have secured Trapes's corroborating evidence. After all, Mrs. Travers's conjecture that there is some link between Ford and this man may prove true."

So thinking, Tom carefully folded up the paper, and placed it in a strong box for present safety, and then went on his way rejoicing.

Kate Travers had met her reverse with a gallant spirit; but he knew well the bitter mortification with which that reverse had been fraught. The loss of money was as nothing, compared to the humiliating effect produced by the sort of legal declaration of her husband through his will that she deserved nothing—and that, too, from a man so remarkable for strict justice and profound sense of duty. True, she did not believe he had been guilty of doing her such a wrong, but the world did. And what an occasion was thus given to her contemptuous enemy to blaspheme!

Tom's honest heart glowed at the idea of her possible triumph; but, though far from a profound lawyer, he knew it was a difficult task to upset a will, and he resolved not to disturb Kate's present quiet until he could offer some more tangible groundwork of hope than the present faint spark of light.

Of course Trapes was away, or did not choose to respond, or was laid up with D. T. Whatever was the reason, he took no notice of Tom's note, requesting him to call, for fully ten days, and then he did not come at the right time; so Mr. Reed was out, and Trapes afforded the grimy boys, attendant imps of the office, a good deal of amusement by swaggering considerably, and professing him-

self unable to understand what Mr. Reed meant by being out of the way when he had asked him (Mr. Trapes) to call.

On that very day Tom had business in the City, and turning the corner of Lombard Street he came upon Mr. Ford, who seemed eager to speak to him, and as soon as they had exchanged salutations, asked if there was any news of Mrs. Travers.

"Nothing new," replied Tom.

"She does not talk of coming to England?" asked Ford.

"How do you know she is out of it?" was Tom Reed's counter-question.

"Will you say positively that she is not?"

"No; I will commit myself to nothing."

"At any rate, her reply to me seems to have been three days on the road."

"I assure you I lost no time in forwarding it."

"Very likely."

"Well, I suppose she told you all about herself?"

"All about herself?" returned Ford, with a sneer. "I presume you know how much. I daresay the polite epistle was sent open for your inspection!"

"It was nothing of the kind!" cried Reed, with some warmth.

"Will you step into my office, Mr. Reed?" said Ford, after a moment's pause, and regaining his self-possession. "I should much like a conversation with you."

"Very well," replied Tom. "I have a few minutes to spare, and they are at your service."

Ford led the way in silence through the roar and rush of the great tideway. His office was close at hand, and the well-appointed private room soon reached.

Here Ford began to unburden himself; he was evidently in a curious, restless, excited, indignant mood. He began by stating that considering the true friendship he had ever testified towards Mrs. Travers he considered that he had met with decided ingratitude. "No one, Mr. Reed, ever made more sacrifices than I did; for if you knew the terms on which I was received, both by herself, and that excellent lady her late mother, you would understand how trying the change that ensued. When in former times I used to go down with letters and papers to Mr. Travers, I was permitted, nay, encouraged, to assist in pruning the fruit-trees and tying up the roses. My opinion was asked, and my advice taken. I will not pretend to you, Mr. Reed, that this constant intercourse with a charming young lady—not, after all, so very much my junior—was without its effect. Feelings began to rise in my heart which I flattered myself were neither unperceived nor unacceptable, when suddenly the intelligence of the mother's death, of the approaching marriage of Mr. Travers with the object of my wishes, came upon me like an avalanche."

Mr. Ford paused and wiped his brow; while Tom, his face composed to an expression of solemn sympathy, sat listening, and inwardly wondering at this strange confession; marvelling that the every-day good sense of a shrewd business man did not show him the great gulf at all times yawning between him and such a creature as Mrs. Travers—

> "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursel's as others see us!"

—Perhaps it is better that the powers are more merciful.

"It was my impulse to quit a post so calculated to embitter my existence, and embark in the line I have now adopted," resumed Ford, clearing his voice with a portentous "hem!" "but an expression of Mrs. Travers's prevented me—an expression which, no doubt, she would tell you she could not recall to her mind. She said, when we first met after her ill-starred marriage, 'I am glad to see yo'n Mr. Ford. I trust you will be my right hand as well as Mr. Travers's, for we are old friends, you know.' From which I understood her to mean that she relied on my sympathy and assistance in the difficulties with which she already found her married life bristling. The words were enough for me; I effaced myself and remained."

"I am sure she always had the greatest respect for you," said Tom Reed, seeing he paused for a reply.

Ford laughed bitterly. "Yes, I stayed on, to be made use of, to do what I could to shield her from the whims and ill-tempers of 'my employer,' as that conceited beast Sir Hugh Galbraith called him; and she always spoke to me so softly and courteously I thought she recognised the spirit that actuated me. But from

the hour of Travers's death, sir," he continued with increasing vehemence, "she changed in a thousand delicate, undefinable, unmistakable ways; she made me feel that I was the employed and she the employer. The very tone in which she promised me advancement as a faithful servant was intolerable. I confess I did not deserve this; yet the pain of finding that will, the agony of putting it into her hands, was almost more than I could bear; and from that moment she threw off the mask. She showed the dislike I inspired—dislike, no doubt, arising from the fact of my knowing the humble position from which Mr. Travers had raised her."

Ford paused, out of breath from his own excitement.

"I cannot help thinking you do her injustice, Mr. Ford. In the matter of feeling one is so apt to be mistaken. She may have appreciated you without actually reciprocating your feelings, and you must grant that, however sincere her regard and respect, and all the rest of it, it would not have been very seemly to change her manner towards you immediately after her husband's death."

So spake Tom, advisedly, watching his quarry all the time most carefully. "As for resenting your instrumentality in finding the will, I am sure you are quite mistaken. She is far too reasonable a woman. I think, on the contrary, she sympathised with the distress you naturally felt at such an unlucky 'find.' I remember thinking so at the time."

"Would to God I had never touched it, or seen it, or had anything to do with it!" exclaimed Ford, with an intense bitterness that startled Tom, and resting his elbow on the desk before him he covered his face with his hands for a moment, as if bowed down with mortification, or grief, or some unpleasant emotion.

"You cannot blame yourself with regard to that," cried Tom, not without sympathy, but with a sudden vivid recollection of Mrs. Travers's doubts—which must be mere surmise—but nevertheless were curious.

"Of course not—of course not!" returned Ford, recovering himself, and raising his head. "I merely performed a painful and unavoidable task; but I have allowed myself to say much more than I intended. My object in asking you here was to beg you would tell me how Mrs. Travers is really placed. The change she has experienced must be very trying; her means must be painfully limited, and in spite of all I have suffered through her, I do not like to think of her in poverty. Do be candid with me, Mr. Reed."

"I certainly will, so far as I may," replied Tom. "Mrs. Travers, I am glad to say, has no material wants, and reports herself well, and comparatively content. You know she is a woman singularly indifferent to the outsides of things, but that she ever will be quite at rest until she has upset this will I do not pretend to believe."

"Upset the will!" said Ford, with a look of surprise. "I wish there was a chance of it! but a greater delusion never existed than to dream of such a thing. What a pity Mrs. Travers allows herself to entertain such an idea!"

"So I tell her; but she clings to it nevertheless, and will make some move respecting it one of these days."

Ford was silent and in deep thought for fully a minute, his glittering, strained eyes fixed on vacancy; then rousing himself said, with a bitter smile, "Another question or two, Mr. Reed, and I will release you. Sir Hugh Galbraith, when he called here in the spring, was under the impression that Mrs. Travers had contracted a second marriage. Is this the case?"

"I can answer that definitely and emphatically," said Tom with some heat. "No, certainly not."

"Pray, then, is he right in his surmise that if not actually married, she is engaged, and to yourself?"

"She is nothing of the kind! *I* am engaged, but not to Mrs. Travers; of that I give you my honor!"

"Well, Mr. Reed, I must say I cannot understand why she so resolutely conceals her place of abode from me. I am always, and have been always, her friend."

"I do not pretend to understand her motives. I only endeavor to carry out her wishes," said Tom, rising. "And now I must really bid you good morning. I have already outstaid my time."

"I will not detain you," returned Ford with a bitter smile. "I am obliged to you for this visit, though I cannot say

you have afforded me any special information."

"Well, you see, I could not! Good morning, Mr. Ford."

Very much impressed by the malignant expression of Ford's face, Tom departed, more inclined than he ever was before to lend his ear to what he had hitherto considered Mrs. Travers's preposterous notions on the subject of the will.

The extraordinary vanity and unreasonableness of Ford moved his mirth, and yet he confessed the consistent absurdity of the romance he had weaved for himself, and of which the chief object had been utterly unconscious. The tenacity with which the man clung to his delusion was amazing. His great desire to know how Mrs. Travers was situated, no doubt, arose from the hope that poverty and privation might a second time drive her into a marriage of expediency. "He little knows his woman," thought Tom, as he walked swiftly through St. Paul's Churchyard and on towards Fleet Street. "Nothing could floor her now; she stands alone; that's enough to strengthen a strong woman. It is the children or parents hanging on them that overweight women for the race of life. Mrs. Travers would float anywhere. I don't think she likes the bazaar business. I don't think she would ever have gone into it but for Fanny, dear little saucy Fan! Please God! she shall soon have a home of her own. Now to catch that blackguard Trapes!"

This was not so easy to do, but Tom accomplished it. Of course Trapes was furious about the I O U, which he had quite forgotten. He stated his opinion that it was "a d—d dirty trick for one gentleman to play another." However, Tom pacified him, gave an affecting picture of Poole's necessities, and promised to compromise the matter. Moreover, he managed in the course of the conversation, without raising Trapes's suspicions, to draw out sufficient particulars of the transaction to corroborate in every way Poole's statement respecting its date.

"By-the-way," said Tom, as his visitor stood up to go, "did Ford turn out to be the man you wanted?"

"What man—what do you mean?" asked Trapes with a stare.

"Don't you remember coming to me in the spring to ask who the man was you had seen me talking to——"

"Oh! ay, to be sure!" cried Trapes; "thought he was a man that owed me money; but he wasn't, my boy!" slapping Tom's shoulder, with a wink and a shout of laughter—"he wasn't; still, I haven't done so badly since."

"And you see Ford sometimes? Have you been dabbling in the stocks, eh?"

"See Ford! Never! Never set eyes on him since I called that time to ascertain—to ascertain—oh! what was the color of the winning horse? He's out of my line altogether," cried Trapes with an insolent air.

"I should think he was," returned Tom; and then, as his visitor went heavily and noisily down the narrow stair, he added to himself, "But that's an unmitigated lie, nevertheless."

Such were the circumstances which Tom had to detail to the fair partners in the Berlin business when he made his unexpected but welcome appearance that Wednesday, to rouse them from the dull routine of their lives; and set all Kate's pulses throbbing, with the strangest mixture of exultation, hope, dread, yet resolution.

Chapter XXIX.

"And what is to be done next?" asked Kate, who was greatly moved, her hands like ice, and visibly trembling, after she and Fanny had listened in nearly unbroken silence and deepest attention to Tom's communications.

"Well, I think your best plan is to lay the whole matter before Wall, and be guided by him. This evidence is certainly of the utmost importance, but whether it is sufficient to upset a will is another matter; the opposite party will, of course, try to prove there is a mistake in the date of the I O U. We can easily prove there had been a steeplechase at this place, Reepham, on that particular date; but then, again, Trapes is a very disreputable witness, and it will be difficult at this distance of time to show that Poole had been absent from the office on that special day. Still, I am now convinced there is truth in your conviction of foul play; and I shall hunt up evidence with a will."

"Ah, Tom, you never believed me before."

"He is naturally an unbelieving Jew!" cried Fanny.

"At last, at last," murmured Mrs. Temple, not heeding her, "there is a pin's point of light. But adieu to peace for many a day; it is war to the knife now! But should I be defeated, how shall I bear it, Tom?"

"Don't think of that. We must make our position sure before we take any step; we must mask our batteries carefully till the last moment."

Mrs. Temple was sitting with her elbows on the table, and her face hidden in her hands.

"And Hugh Galbraith," she said. "Have you heard anything of him?"

"There was a report a couple of months ago that he was going to be married to Lord C——'s eldest daughter; but I have heard no more of it."

"And if he marries, how terrible it will be for him! But then for the sake of others he must accept a compromise; he must accept a share of the property, even to——"

"Why, Mrs. Temple, you surely do not intend to show the white feather now?" cried Tom, much surprised at her tone.

"Rest assured I shall not. Nothing shall turn me from the task of vindicating myself and my husband's memory from the disgrace of that infamous will. But it is hard to be cruel to others!"

Her voice trembled; she stopped abruptly, and suddenly left the room. Tom looked inquiringly at Fanny.

"She has never been quite the same since Sir Hugh was here. I think she is sorry for him. I am sure it would be much better if she had just said who she was, and they settled it without fighting, or lawyers," said Fanny.

"Perhaps so," returned Tom. "But then Mrs. Travers naturally wants the matter cleared up publicly."

"After all, what is the public to her? they know nothing about her, and care less."

"Very true; but you must remember that she had been in possession of the property, and it was publicly taken from her. I think she is right in insisting on its being publicly restored."

Fanny was silent for a few moments in a pretty, thoughtful attitude, with her hands clasped upon her knee; and after looking at her admiringly and expectantly, Tom proceeded to unclasp them, and take possession of one. He had just opened his lips to speak of his own affairs when Fanny said softly and solemnly,

"Tom!"

"Well, what is it, my darling?"

"Tom, you won't say anything to any one, will you?"

"Not if I was put on the rack, or torn to pieces by wild horses."

"You need not laugh; I am quite in earnest."

"So am I. Go on. There is something tremendous coming."

"Do you know"—still in a carefully lowered tone—"I think Sir Hugh Galbraith is quite in love with Kate."

"Oh, indeed! Well, that's possible, though I have always heard him spoken of as a cold, stiff sort of fellow, not at all a subject for the tender passion. But the wisest have their weak moments; witness myself."

"Well, but, Tom," reiterated Fanny, too absorbed in her subject to administer a deserved rebuke, "I really believe he is."

"What are the symptoms? I dare say he was struck with her. But love is a thing of many degrees; come, your reasons?"

"I can hardly describe the symptoms I know he used to look rather disgusted or perhaps disappointed whenever I went up to write his letters instead of Kate."

"Oh, you used to write his letters? Had he a large correspondence?"

"Yes, he was always wanting two or three lines written to somebody or other, about horses, and different people in his regiment; and then whenever he came down of an evening——"

"Then he used to spend the evening with you sometimes?"

"Oh, yes—that is—I don't think I ought to tell you, Tom, though Kate never told me I must not. Don't say a word about it, like a dear."

"Provided my silence is properly paid for, I have no objection to preserve it unbroken."

"Do be serious. When he used to knock at the door, and ask to come in, and Kate would allow him, his long solemn face used to brighten up in the most wonderful way. He was absolutely good-looking for a few minutes; and he always listened to every word she said as

if he was drinking in her voice, though she contradicted him perpetually—they never seemed able to agree. Then he had a way of resting his elbow on the table, and shading his eyes with his hand. But *I* could see it was just to stare at Kate without being noticed. Why, the very tone of his voice was quite different when he spoke to her."

"Upon my soul, this *is* a revelation. I always thought Mrs. Travers rather reserved about her lodger; but she is not the sort of woman the most audacious scoundrel would venture to——"

"Sir Hugh was nothing of the kind," interrupted Fanny, with some warmth. "He was as quiet and mild as if he was an archbishop. I really could not help liking him. And he gave me such a lovely bracelet. But I suppose if he knew who we are, he would be ready to trample us under his feet—so Kate says."

"This is altogether a curious revelation," reiterated Tom. "I had no idea you had been on such intimate terms. I don't think Mrs. Travers showed her usual discretion."

"Nonsense!" cried Fanny, sharply. "She always knows what she is about."

"Perhaps so. But, Fan, did she reciprocate at all?"

"No, not a bit. She does not think much of him in any way, only she can't dislike him when he seems to admire her; one always has a sort of kindness for any man who admires one!"

"That's a pleasant look-out for me," said Tom.

"It *is* well for you," returned Fanny, with saucy emphasis. "But do not say a word to Kate about what I have told you."

"Trust me," said Tom, more seriously. "I fancy Galbraith's admiration (if you are right) must have been a great annoyance to her, if not an additional source of dislike and bitterness, in spite of your theories, my philosopher. But why the deuce didn't she bundle him out when he began to moon and spoon? I am sure she is plucky enough."

"I don't think she saw as much as I did; I am *sure* she did not. She used to talk away as calmly and as unconcerned as if he was her grandfather; and he did not 'spoon,' as you call it. (I am sure I hope you do not put such vulgar words in your 'leaders.') He was quite natural and often disagreeable."

"Then, my dear girl, he wasn't in love, and you have wasted some precious moments over an imaginary difficulty. I can't picture a man making himself disagreeable to the woman he is in love with."

"That is all you know! I begin to think myself a much better informed person than you are. I can tell you that men can make themselves horribly disagreeable to girls they perfectly adore!"

"Your experience alarms me," said Tom, gravely. "I grant that, given a jolly row, each party can annoy the other pretty considerably; but at the stage Galbraith had reached, it ought to have been all fair weather; at any rate, I always feel, always *have* felt, desperately amiable and sunshiny in the adored one's presence! Eh, Fanny?"

"My dear Tom, you have been occasionally odious! I am happy to say; otherwise I should have believed you to be a rank impostor, and expected you to beat me when we were married," cried Fanny, laughing, yet blushing brightly, too, when she found how her sentence ended; then the conversation became purely personal, and will not bear repeating.

Kate left them together to enjoy a long confidential talk, and when she joined them at the cosy supper she had assisted Mills to prepare she was quite herself. In the interim she had made up her mind. She would press upon Mr. Wall the necessity of speedy action, so as to give Hugh Galbraith the earliest possible notice of the trial before him. Never inclined to doubt her own success, or look at the reverse of a pleasant picture, this new gleam of hope acquired the most positive color from the medium through which she viewed it, and her great desire was to give a character of fair and open warfare to the coming battle. Galbraith would then be prepared, and when the truth came out fully, she would, through her lawyer, in a quiet and business-like way, insist on settling the bulk of the fortune upon him, asking only in return an acknowledgment that, after all, his cousin had not made so unworthy a choice. "Then he need never know that I had appeared to him in an assumed character. He will be humiliated enough without *that!* poor fellow, and I do not want him to think of me—*me*, my

own self, as different from what he now believes. Years hence, when perhaps he is married, and the outlines of the present have faded from their painful sharpness, we might meet and be friends. But he is the last man in the world to care a straw for any woman he is not in love with or married to! He is far too English to have female friends!"

"And suppose, Tom," said Kate, as they discussed "possibilities" after the evening meal, "suppose we get more evidence, or whatever is necessary, to induce Mr. Wall to take up the case, what is to be done? How will he proceed?"

"Why, at the very outset, we have immense difficulties. You see, it seems that either Poole's signature is forged, or the date of the will has been altered, or that Poole knowingly signed a false document as witness. Now I don't believe he did this; his manner is perfectly innocent and unembarrassed. My own impression is that the whole thing is fabricated, signatures and all. Wonderfully well done! Our first task will be to discover who did it. Once we make that out, we must lay information before a magistrate!"

"Against Hugh Galbraith?" interrupted Mrs. Temple quickly.

"No," returned Tom with a smile and a glance at Fanny—"against whoever we find has forged the will; and then the magistrate will, on the evidence, commit the miscreant to take his trial at the sessions. Upon the commitment Galbraith must be communicated with, and required to give up the property. Then will come 'the tug of war.'"

"It will, indeed!" returned Mrs. Temple, thoughtfully. "And of course, coming before a magistrate, the affair will be sufficiently public."

"Public! I should think so! and coming on, as I suppose it will, before Parliament meets, a romantic case like that will be a godsend to the papers. I will give you stunning articles in the *M. T.*"

"I hope you will do no such thing, Tom."

"I must look at that book of Chabot's on the writing of Junius," continued Tom, not heeding her.

"Who is Chabot?" asked Fanny.

"Oh, the expert—a man learned in handwriting, who is supposed to detect forgeries and interpolations."

"A sort of detective, I suppose? I hope, Tom, the opposite party will not be sending any detective after us!"

"Nonsense, Fan! that would be no use," returned Mrs. Temple.

"The great difficulty will be," said Tom, addressing her, "who to fix the forgery on, if Poole is, as I suppose, innocent. I am reluctant to take him into our confidence, for he seems not overburdened with sense. In short, I am almost sorry I jumped so impulsively to the decision of coming down here now I see what an effect my intelligence has had. I am greatly inclined to share your conviction respecting the will, but how to prove them——I wish," interrupting himself, "you would give me some of Mr. Travers's writing—his signature if possible—I suppose you have plenty?"

"Yes, you shall have it."

"And I will get C—— to look at the will, and compare the two signatures."

There was a pause, and then Mrs. Temple said slowly and reluctantly, "I have also some of Ford's writing, Tom; do not fail to examine that."

Tom looked at her earnestly.

"You do not mean to say your suspicions are so strong?"

"I do! It goes terribly against me to harm him in any way, but he or I must suffer, and I will not be under a wrong. I must attack Mr. Ford, Tom! I must!"

After much discussion it was decided that Reed should examine the will, and if he thought it prudent, take Poole to look at the signatures; in short, do his utmost to collect evidence by the time Mr. Wall returned from his usual autumn excursion; and Kate declared her intention of going up to town to be present when the subject was broached to the wary old lawyer. "I think, Tom, he feels for me, and I might have more influence by speaking instead of writing."

"No doubt," replied Tom; "he will not return for another month, and then your busiest season will be over; I will let you know when he arrives. But I say, Mrs. Travers, it is rather unlucky that Gregory is away to sea! He would surely know his father's handwriting. Well, at any rate, I will lose no time in getting C—— to look at the will; but, first, I will write to Poole, and procure

nature in reply, so that I may have ata on which to ask C——'s opin- ive me the specimens of Mr. Trav- nd Ford's writing you promised, vill go. I must catch the earliest -morrow, for nothing *ought* to have me away from the desk to-day! ow can a poor devil resist when d friendship pull together!"

weeks which succeeded this hur- d disturbing visit were exceed- ying to Kate. The monotony of cupation, the iteration of days the counter, were almost intoler- hen her nerves were on the nd expectation strained to the ; yet she struggled bravely to re- tendency to be irritable and de- , or to sit down and think, and isions of triumph or ghosts of de- m the mists of the future. One the subject helped to keep heart ves in a perpetual state of pain- ation. Whether the future con- victory or defeat, both would be o her. To be compelled to crush man she had known well and d for whom she had the degree athy which arises from compre- , this was the worst consequence ess; but second only to this cruel ty was the result to Hugh Gal-

After tasting the sweets of for- ual to his social position, to be back into that "slough of de- genteel poverty! He, so proud sitive as she knew he was, under d, plain, immovable exterior he ed to common observers, and by whom he had frankly offered him- l all he possessed! "Though," the young widow, with a smile ecollection, "that was a moment- ulse, a freak from the conse- s of which he is, no doubt, by this ankful to have escaped. He is by ns a bad fellow—yet not at all of man I would fall in love with d we met under different circum-

He is so prejudiced and uncul- and innately tyrannical." Never- she felt it would be a terrible wound him; still, to fail would lerable, irreparable—to be con- by Galbraith was the one thing an conquering him. To be con- for ever to her present life, with its narrow influences and deadening sameness—this would be unendurable. "Yet," thought Kate, "had I adopted this life without any consciousness of having been defrauded of my rights I could have borne it better, but not in such a corner as Pierstoffe. Alas! I fear the day is far off when common sense will have sufficient force to prevent the social disfranchisement which an em- ployment such as mine entails. Even when it comes, will it not be moving the barrier a few steps lower down, rather than destroying the barrier? Inequali- ties will always exist, but they may be softened and lessened till perhaps, as Fanny says, a few hundred years hence Liberals and Revolutionists may be re- duced to advocate the rights of those ill- used and degraded creatures the gorillas and ourangs!"

But, as it has been said, Kate struggled resolutely with her own weakness: she busied herself in every possible occupa- tion; she took long rambles with and without Fanny after the closing hour; and though sometimes silent and some- times uttering, half jest half earnest, more biting remarks on her customers and the world in general than she usually indulged in, she never permitted her suppressed irritation to touch the helpless creatures dependent on her. She was as gentle to Mills, as kindly to Fanny, as in their most tranquil days.

How beautiful and grand is the tender- ness of a strong, loving heart, that, in- stead of despising and overlooking na- tures slighter and poorer than its own, seeks to uphold and enrich them with the forbearing generosity we give to children, and like the sunshine of a glow- ing summer's day lends or develops beauty even in the common things which come within the influence of its radiance and its warmth.

CHAPTER XXX.

"WHAT is Tom about, I wonder?" cried Fanny one evening nearly a fort- night after his visit; "we have not heard from him for more than ten days."

"We must have patience," said Kate with a little sigh. "I am sure he is doing his best; but delays will occur. He said that man, the expert he wanted to show the writing to, was very much en- gaged just now."

"Think of that!" returned Fanny indignantly. "Who could imagine that in a country like this there would be such heaps of forgeries as to keep a man busy finding them out."

Mrs. Temple did not reply. She was making up her books, for it was Saturday; and she preferred "stealing a few hours from the night" to passing them sleeplessly in bed. Fanny, "dull sleep and a drowsy bed scorning," insisted on keeping her company, but found it hard work to be wakeful and silent while her friend added up long lines of figures and compared results.

At last Kate put down her pen. "I feel unusually stupid, Fan. I do heartily wish we had some news—something to do; I feel, oh so weary of waiting!" She leaned her head on her hand as she spoke.

"Poor dear! I am sure I don't wonder," said Fanny sympathetically. "I saw you were nearly worn out when you spoke so sharply to Lady Styles to-day; but she was enough to drive any one frantic. What did she say about Sir Hugh?"

"Oh, that he had started a yacht, a superb yacht, and was launching into all sorts of extravagance; and that Colonel Upton had deserted her to spend the whole of his time or leave of absence with Hugh, and that such folly would come to no good end; but I believe very little of all this. Listen to me, Fan. If Tom fails in procuring sufficient proof—that is, if I find it imprudent to proceed—what shall we do?"

"I am sure I do not know. What do you mean?"

"Oh, Fanny, I hardly know myself, but I cannot stay here. You, I suppose, will marry soon, so I have only poor Mills to think of. Were it not that I do not like to desert her—the last bit of home left to me—I would sell the shop and go out as governess to Russia, or Tartary, or anywhere!"

"My dearest Kate, what puts that into your head?"

"Because I feel so thoroughly unsettled. If this gleam of hope proves illusory I shall never be able to settle here—never! And yet we are not doing so badly, Fanny."

She pointed to the large book which lay open before her as she spoke.

Fanny rose and looked over her shoulder for a moment, then, glancing at some other smaller volumes of figures which were also open for consultation upon the table, heaved a deep sigh. "You are a wonderful woman, Kate! How can you find your way through all these awful books, and know whether you win or lose, puzzles me. I can sell tolerably, but as for arithmetic! You could manage an office, I do believe. It is a pity you are not a man!"

"It is indeed," echoed her friend, resting her cheek upon her hand, and gazing absently away to the open window, through which the garden could be seen sleeping in the autumn moonlight. "As I am, I have none of the privileges of either man or woman. I have none of the help and care which fall to the lot of most women, and yet I cannot use what gifts I possess to push my fortune as I should like because I am not a man. But I must do the best I can. Look, Fanny," drawing over the purchase-book, and pointing to a column of entries, "we have all this stock, and it is paid for; there is quite thirty-six pounds due to us, and there is a balance of twenty-nine pounds eleven shillings and sixpence in the bank. To be sure we must now begin to pay our house expenses from our earnings, but then we want very few more goods till spring, except for Christmas novelties. I believe we might do very well here if I could stay, but I cannot—I feel I cannot. There are elements in the life which I did not calculate upon, or underrated. The existence is purely material; I would much prefer being a chemist or a bookseller."

Fanny listened in some dismay. "Yes, dear, I daresay it is very disagreeable; but just think of the smell of a chemist's shop, and all the horrid things that would stain your hands. Now this shop is clean, and nice, and pretty; I would think twice before I gave it up."

"Of course I shall," said Mrs. Temple, rising and closing her books. "Moreover, Fan, I shall do nothing till you are married."

"Well, that is uncertain. Tom said very little about it when he was down here," said Fan, with a slight pout.

"You unreasonable little puss," cried Mrs. Temple, laughing. "Did you not say you would hear nothing on that head till my affairs were settled? Well, I feel

as if something would happen soon. Yet this waiting seems long—very long." She locked away her books in their proper drawer, and, walking to the window, stood looking out for a minute in silence; while Fanny somewhat stealthily put out her writing materials to indite a scolding to Tom.

"Give me the *Times*, Fanny," said Mrs. Temple, rousing herself; I have not looked at it to-day."

She drew a chair near the table and lamp, and read on for some time without speaking, turning over the sheets somewhat listlessly. At length she asked, in a low and somewhat unsteady tone, "Do you remember what was the name of the vessel Captain Gregory commanded?"

"The vessel Captain Gregory commanded?" repeated Fanny, looking a little puzzled.

"Yes. You remember he sailed last April, and I am sure Tom mentioned the name of the ship—try and think."

"Oh, I recollect his going away; yes, I do remember something—oh dear, what was the name; can't you remember it?"

"I imagine I do; but I want to hear what you can recall."

"It was," exclaimed Fanny, biting the top of her pen—"it was the *Fairy* or *Fairy* something."

"I believe I do—listen to this." And Mrs. Temple read from the paper: "'On the 4th instant the brig *Mary Jane* of Leith, John Collins, master, homeward bound from Bordeaux, picked up, a few miles off the Lizard, two men and a boy, who were clinging to an overturned boat. They had been upwards of twenty-four hours in the water, and were greatly exhausted. It appears they are the captain, a seaman, and the cabin-boy of the ship *Fairy Rock*, which was run down by a large steamer on the night of the third as she was on her return voyage from Pernambuco. The steamer kept on her course without the slightest attempt to succor the ill-fated ship, which was almost cut in two; and while the crew were attempting to take to the boats she sank. The captain received a blow on the head as the vessel went down from one of the spars, and was partially insensible for a few moments. When he came to himself he was in the water near a boat floating bottom up; upon this he clambered, and afterwards assisted the boy to the same position, where they were joined by the sailor. They had nearly lost heart when they were rescued. The captain proceeded yesterday to make a deposition before the Lord Mayor, but fainted before the conclusion of his narrative."

"Now can this be Captain Gregory?" said Kate, laying down the paper and turning very pale.

"Oh, I am sure it is—it can be nobody else!" cried Fanny, snatching it up. "Poor man, how unlucky he is! Now he will be laid up ever so long, and not able to look at the writing or anything. What wretches they must be on board that steamer! If poor Captain Gregory had not been run down he would have been safe and well in London by this time."

But Mrs. Temple hardly listened. "I must write to Tom," she said nervously; "you are writing to him, are you not? Well, let us cut out this piece of news and enclose it, and I will add a line imploring a speedy reply."

A sleepless night was the inevitable consequence of this intelligence. In vain Kate told herself that Gregory's evidence could not really be of much importance—still, in her strained condition of nerves, every additional source of disquiet, however slight, became magnified.

However, the next day's afternoon post brought Tom's long-expected letter, which contained things good and bad.

He had taken C—— to compare the signatures of the will with the writing supplied by Mrs. Temple, and his sentence was that he considered Poole's genuine, Mr. Travers's doubtful, and thought there was a possible trace of Ford's hand in Gregory's.

Tom had also examined a file of *Bell's Life* and found a report of the Reepham Steeplechase on the same date as Trapes's I O U. It was very desirable, Tom added, to obtain some corroborative testimony as to Poole's presence at these races on the day in question, which Tom did not despair of finding; finally, he informed Kate that Mr. Wall was expected back next week, and he strongly advised her to come up to town on the following Monday or Tuesday, to be on the spot when he arrived, so as to lose no time in laying her hopes and difficulties before

the experienced lawyer. Moreover, he (Tom Reed) would secure her a quiet lodging in the Maida Hill district, which would be preferable to and less costly than a hotel. Then came a hasty postcript,—

"Had just finished the above when I saw the narrow escape of poor Gregory, in the *Evening Mail*. I hurried off to his owners, got his address, and have just seen the poor fellow; he is terriby cut up, and looks as gaunt as can be expected. It will be a considerable time before he will be capable of attending to anything, so I did not touch on your affairs. He goes down to-morrow to his native place, where his family have been for some time; I have the address. Give the enclosed to Fan, and keep up your heart; we will frustrate their knavish tricks yet."

"Thank heaven!" cried Mrs. Temple, with renewed animation in her eyes. "There is some movement at last; I have been thirsting to be on the scene of action. I shall see this expert myself, though I suppose his visits are costly—one must risk something. This is Thursday; on Tuesday I shall go up to town. Fanny, dear little Fan, you will be able to manage pretty well without me?"

"Oh yes, don't trouble about me; I shall be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove. Mills and I will keep shop and house neck-and-neck, as Mr. Turner would say; and I am equal to Lady Styles now, though I shall have a severe cross-examination respecting your movements."

"Never mind," returned Kate, smiling; "remember you have but one *theme*, whatever may be the variations. I have gone to town on business and will be back in a day or two—a 'day or two' is delightfully vague; once away I am, you are not answerable for anything."

"Quite true," said Fanny.

Although there were sundry arrangements to be made in order to simplify Fanny's work as much as possible during her absence, the time seemed very long to Kate till the Tuesday came round; and then an unexpected tenderness and regret for the humble home she had wearied of surprised her. She felt she was going forth to war, that she was making the first step in her onward march to painful victory or unendurable defeat.

The journey to town was as depressing as damp, chill, drizzling weather could make it; and it was with a sudden sense of comfort and support that Kate recognised Tom Reed's sharp, pleasant face through the early gloom of an October evening. It was not only delightful to have a hand to help her out of the carriage and to extricate her luggage, small as it was; but, knowing his engagements as she did, it was a proof of thoughtful kindness that he should have stolen half an hour from the busy afternoon to meet her. "My dear Tom! How good of you to meet me. I have had a miserable journey—two fat farmers for my companions half the way, and a severe female who gave me a tract, the rest."

"Such creatures should be arrested by the police!" returned Tom sympathizingly. "But come along. Have you only one portmanteau? Sensible woman! We will have a hansom."

And they bowled along speedily to the lodging Tom had selected, in one of the small demi-semi-genteel streets which properly belong to Paddington, but prefer the more refined definition of Maida Hill.

"I put you here," said Tom, as a stout, elderly woman, with a broad, good-humored face, substantial merino "afternoon" dress, an elaborate cap, and stiffly-curled front, secured by three rows of narrow black velvet, ushered them into her front parlor, of tolerable dimensions, with a window opening upon a damp garden, where a few mangy shrubs suggested forcibly the idea of living death, while the tables, chairs, and sofas were shrouded in ample coverings of crochet and netting, which caught on the buttons and hooks of the unwary, carrying away plaster Shakespeares and misshapen delf bandits in their treacherous sweep. "I have put you here," repeated Tom, noticing the desponding glance with which Kate surveyed the apartment, "because," with a complimentary wave of the hand to the landlady, who stood at the door holding Kate's travelling-bag, "I know Mrs. Small to be a person of high respectability; and, as you are by yourself, it will be a sort of protection to you to be in her house. Her son is one of the best men in our office."

Smiles and curtsey from Mrs. Small.

"Would the lady like tea, sir?"

"Thank you," returned Kate, "I should very much."

"I'll send it up directly, ma'am. You would like to see your room? It is just at the back, here. I wish there was a door through, it would be more private-like; and the landlord promised," &c., &c., &c.

"I am sorry to say I have only a few minutes to stay," began Tom.

"Then send up tea; I will see my room afterwards," said Kate. "Thank you very much, dear Tom, for all your thought and kindness," she continued, as Mrs. Small left the room. "I am so glad you know something of this person. Now, have you any more news?"

"No, nothing, except that Wall was expected to-day; and Wreford—the partner, you know—said I might be sure he would be at the office to-morrow. Suppose you meet me there at twelve-thirty? I would come for you, but I am so desperately busy, as I will explain to you, that I can scarcely find time to eat. You do not mind going alone?"

"Not in the very least! I put aside all ladylike incapability when I went into trade, and I should be so glad to set things going, and return again as fast as I can. I never dreaded anything so much as this visit to London and my interview with Mr. Wall!"

"That is not like your usual pluck, Mrs. Travers. By-the-by, in engaging these rooms, I hesitated which name I should give you, and decided on Temple, principally to dodge Ford, if by any chance he were to get on the scent! He might worry you, and I do not think you are up to more than is unavoidable."

"Thank you very much for this," said Mrs. Temple (as we must still call her). "I am most anxious not to be known by my right name till I *have* my rights."

"Strange as it seems—unaccountable as it is," returned Tom, thoughtfully, "I begin to think—to fear—that your suspicions of Ford are well founded! Yet it is almost incredible that a quiet, respectable 'citizen of famous London town' should commit such a felony, merely to spite you, without the slightest gain to himself!"

"I think he intended to get me into his power as well as to spite me, Tom. If we prove this against him, what will be the end of it?"

"Penal servitude" said Tom shortly.

"I can hardly bring myself to inflict that—yet I must go on."

"Of course," he rejoined; "but I must leave you, I am sorry to say. I would much rather spend the evening here. I have lots to say about my own affairs, but I must not stay. Here is a very good novel; sit down and lose yourself in it. A good novel is a benefaction; and as for the Philistines who prate about fiction, there is often more truth in a good novel than in a biography, which is generally carefully cooked to spare the feelings of friends and relatives even to the third and fourth generation, till a most distorted image, a complete fancy sketch, is offered to the public. There, 'Madame,' weep over the trials of the heroine if you will, but don't give a thought to your own."

Kate followed his advice. Cheered by the consciousness of his steady friendship and support, she contrived to keep the demon of depression at bay; and, somewhat fatigued after her journey, was fortunate in obtaining a good night's rest.

The next day was still cheerless and drizzling. However, wrapped in her waterproof, her face shrouded by a thick veil, Kate managed to reach the well-known office through the greasy streets by many a devious turning, without any misadventure. In her present mood it was a relief to walk rather than sit silent, pent up among strangers in an omnibus.

She thought she was too early; but Tom met her at the corner of the street in which Mr. Wall's office was situated.

"You are in capital time, but we will go on at once." And they walked rather silently to the door.

"Mr. Wall has not returned, sir," was the reply to Tom's inquiries—"does not return till Friday."

With a bitter sense of disappointment Kate turned away.

"That means I cannot see him till Monday," she said as they went slowly down the street.

"True. Yet you must stay on in town. Write a line making an appointment for Monday, and then you may be able to leave the following day, which will just finish the week for which I engaged your rooms."

"I will, Tom; but what a wretched time I shall have of it! You really

must come and see me whenever you can."

"Unfortunately," began Tom, but stopped himself. "Come, my dear Mrs. Travers," he resumed; "I breakfasted early, let us go down to Verey's and have a little luncheon. I am ravenous; and I daresay your breakfast was a nominal one." So saying, he hailed a cab, and, before Kate could well reply, handed her in.

"Take another glass; that St. Julian is not bad," cried Reed, as the waiter put some Roquefort cheese and celery upon the table after their dinner rather than luncheon. "For I have a tale to unfold which you will not like. Yesterday morning I had a telegram from Pau, announcing poor Pennington's death, and requesting me to go over at once, which I must do, both for the widow's sake and for other reasons; however, I postponed my journey till to-night, for I could not bear you to find me gone. As I saw you were rather in the dolefuls I would not tell you till we had seen Wall. Now there is no help for it. I must start by the mail this evening, and you must face the interview, and, what is worse, the business, as best you can; and you will do it well, or I am much mistaken. Yours is a spirit of the right sort, and will always answer the spur."

"But, oh! Tom; you are a terrible loss. How I wish I had not come up to town!"

"We could not possibly foresee such a combination of disappointments. Still you must remember there is nothing in them to damp your hopes."

"When shall you be back?"

"Possibly in a week, and when I do return it will be as editor; then Fanny *must* make up her mind. I sent her a few lines this morning. I am really and truly sorry for poor Pen; but it is a stroke of fortune for me. Now I must say my say, and leave you. Do not be cast down by the way Wall will probably receive your news. We must get more evidence. I know that, but his advice and guidance will be a great help towards finding it. That fellow Trapes has disappeared again. I cannot help fancying that he has something to do with the mystery. His knowledge of Ford seems so strange. When I return I will unearth him wherever he is. So keep up your heart, my dear Mrs. Travers. All will go well yet."

Kate did feel disproportionally cast down, though she knew as well as her adviser that in the contretemps of his departure, and Mr. Wall's prolonged absence, there was no real check to her hopes; but the hopes were so commingled with fears, that at best they were oppressive; now to face a week's lonely self-communing absolutely appalled her. But she was not going to torment Tom, her true, devoted friend, or punish him with a dose of discomfort for what he could not help; for besides the native generosity which in her was nearly as strong an instinct as that of self-preservation, she had the knowledge of men's common weaknesses which four or five years of matrimony may well impart to duller women than Kate Travers, and well knew that the one unpardonable sin in the eyes of creation's lord is to make him uncomfortable, mentally and physically.

"Of course you are a terrible loss," she said, checking her inclination to cry, and even managing a tremulous sort of smile. "But I shall just possess my soul in patience, and beard Mr. Wall boldly, and you will write a line to me, Tom?"

"Certainly — undoubtedly," replied Tom. "Moreover, I have given directions that a parcel of books and mags. shall be sent to you. So now I must run away. Shall I put you into a cab?"

"No, thank you. I think I shall try to walk back; it will occupy the time, and give me a better chance of sleeping. By the way, Tom, why should I not go and see poor Captain Gregory, as you say he is at no great distance?"

"Ay, do! Here—here's his address," hastily opening his pocket-book and producing a piece of paper. "Lillington; it's on the Great Northern line, and I think you have to change at H——. I fancy a return fare will be six or seven shillings. Here's C——'s address, too, in case Wall wants him. And now good-bye. God bless you; don't be down-hearted." And they turned on their various ways at the door.

Kate walked steadily back to her lodgings, thus occupying a full hour; and then, when she had removed her damp out-door attire, it was sufficiently dusk to shut out the melancholy garden,

and light the gas. A long, long letter to Fanny—and the novel, helped her over the evening, so she retired to rest more cheerfully than she had hoped to do. Having consulted Bradshaw as to the trains for Lillington, she requested the landlady to give her a very early breakfast if the morning was tolerably fine, determining to devote the day to her intended visit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILLIAM GODWIN: HIS FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES.

WILLIAM GODWIN is a mere name to this generation. His political and social works have ceased to have any influence. His novels are almost equally forgotten, though 'Caleb Williams' is still occasionally read. But Godwin was connected with so many eminent literary men and women, that on this account, as well as because he was an author himself of considerable mark in his day, it is well that his life has been written. In the main it has been fairly written, and with a modesty which disarms criticism. If we are too much left to imagine our own picture of Godwin, the materials are methodically arranged for us. The character is not made to stand out in a bold relief, but is sketched in a shadowy and vague way. Something in the abstract, undemonstrative character of the man himself, something in his drowsy, dreamy nature, seems to render it difficult for any biographer to fix his lineaments, and the result is, as we have said, that whilst we have ample information about Godwin, we are very much left to our own resources to construct for ourselves a definite idea of the once famous author of 'Political Justice' and 'Caleb Williams.'

William Godwin was the seventh child of a family of thirteen.* His mother, though of no education—education was not widely extended in her day—was a woman of great shrewdness and of an integrity of character which redeemed her narrow religious views. Godwin, though he doubtless owed much of his force of character to his mother, owed his bent towards literature to a cousin, who lived with his family, and who possessed a love for reading and study.

His education at home and at school was based upon Puritanic views, and, as is often the case where extremes are insisted on, he came utterly to reject religion in the ordinary acceptation of that word. In the opposite direction we may live to see the pupils of Ritualism at some future period develope the newest form of infidelity.

Godwin next fell into the hands of a journeyman tailor named Akers, who had never had any schooling but what he had given to himself; but "few men ever excelled him in the rapidity and truth of his arithmetical operations." Godwin, though still very young, was stirred with the thirst of knowledge, and gave himself up to reading. He records of himself that almost from boyhood he was perpetually prone to exclaim with Cowley:

> "What shall I do to be for ever known,
> And make the age to come my own."

He early developed a singular, but not unamiable self-complacency, which was rudely disturbed by the application of the rod by his new master, Mr. Samuel Newton. There is something humorous in his surprise on this occasion, which may be given in his own words:

> "It had never occurred to me as possible that my person, which hitherto had been treated by most of my acquaintances, and particularly by Mrs. Southern and Mr. Akers, as something extraordinary and sacred, could suffer such ignominious violation.

Godwin afterwards spent five years at Hoxton College as a student, and during this time amassed a great amount of general knowledge, reading all the great authors, and discussing them with his fellow students with that passionless calm which never deserted him throughout life. At the head of the college was Dr. Rees, the editor of the 'Cyclopædia' which bears his name. In the summer of 1777, when only twenty-one years of age, he preached at Yarmouth every Sunday morning and at Lowestoft in the afternoon. In this way, until 1783, he went on preaching, but it became more

* Three of these only survived in 1827, William, the author of 'Caleb Williams,' Hull Godwin, the farmer, and Nathaniel, a bachelor.

and more difficult to him. His views had been gradually undergoing a change. He was quitting Calvinism for Socinianism, won over by Priestly's arguments, which he abandoned in turn with all fixed tenets whatever.

We then find him the genuine literary character as that existed at the close of the last and at the beginning of this century. The remuneration then gained by authors did not suffice, except in rare instances, adequately to support an author who did not possess other means. It has been a frequent and foolish taunt that the booksellers then drank out the authors' skulls. It would now be as foolish to speak of the enormous sums given by publishers as instances of profuse liberality. It may be unfortunate and undesirable that it should be so, but the fact is that with letters as with wheat or sugar, with the exquisite creations of the brain as with the coarse material products, the market rules the price. Books were then issued in high-priced quartos, and all the materials of books were highly taxed, or produced at high rates, and consequently their sale was limited. This has all passed away, and within our own time several novelists have received sums which, in the aggregate, have composed a large fortune to each of them.

But in Godwin's days it was different. Hence only those were tempted into the field who loved literature and art for their own sake. In these days the popular painter can, perhaps, clear in a year the total receipts of a lifetime of a Gainsborough or a Romney, and hence every one who fancies he has the divine call and thinks to transmute it into money rushes into the race for gold. That this is for the material welfare of author and painter is as possible as it is certainly opposed to his perfection in art. In Godwin's day there was no hurry. No public waited impatiently. The verdict was slow in coming, and when it came, was that of the educated few. It was the verdict of a Jeffrey, or a Giffard, or of some critic who had made a study of his work.

Now-a-days a reputation is made in a week, even if it is to die in three or four years. Such is the rapidity of criticism, that we have known a work sent to a review on Wednesday reviewed in twenty-four hours. Perhaps the reviewer himself regretfully reads the record of an impulse rather than his deliberate judgment. But he has no choice; in the race to be first the quality of the criticism must suffer. Hence extravagant eulogy, and a reputation for an author, built upon slight foundation, or a still more unfortunate depreciation.

The middle class had not then invaded the reading world. By that class novels were then almost eschewed; and not perhaps, until Sir Walter Scott moved the whole nation, was this condition of things altered. Now not only the middle class, but the class below that, clamors for a literature of its own. Then the business classes lived over their shops, and within their incomes; fortunes were not sought in a day. The pleasures of the successful shopkeeper were his good wife, his good dinner, and an occasional visit to Drury Lane or Covent Garden. His daughters would have to read Mrs. Radcliffe's romances by stealth, and the long hours of work in days when Saturday half-holidays were undreamt of, gave little time to his sons to read at all. All this is changed with the shortened hours of labor and half-holidays. A small subscription has opened the golden gates to this and to lower classes still, and as these classes are very large, and their education not of a high or refined character, they demand a literature suited to their capacity. Thus many writers now find their reward by addressing themselves to these new clients. In Godwin's time it was different, and, indeed, down to a very recent period. Hence a greater average literary excellence in the past than in the present, since the audience was then more select and more cultivated.

But as a result of this the author before Scott's time had to take fame instead of pudding; and as this was so, he labored in his art with love, and with the honorable ambition to excel. No one strove to do justice to his productions more than Godwin, and it seems a poor issue that from the field of literature his works have disappeared. There is no room for a permanent existence except for the chosen few.

In 1793 Godwin published his 'Political Justice,' written to correct the imperfections and errors of Montesquieu. We should have been glad if Mr. Paul had enabled us to realise the impression made

by this work, and had given us some of the best opinions expressed on it. For this we could have given up many letters of persons who have no interest to us now, and who throw very little light upon Godwin's life and character. That it made a great impression, we know by the fact that it made him acquainted with most of the literary and political celebrities of his age. In a calm and dignified manner he approached the discussion of the most vital matters as a student, and not as a man of the world, and seems to have kindled a fire with his passionless pen, which brought upon him a hatred and an admiration equally surprising to one who looked upon his speculations as the emanations of pure reason. He himself says of this work:

"In the first fervor of my enthusiasm I entertained the vain imagination of 'hewing a stone from the rock,' which by its inherent energy and weight should overbear and annihilate all opposition, and place the principles of politics on an immoveable basis."

If he in any degree foresaw the result, its publication required courage, for it separated him from many of his early friends, and amongst them from his old master the Rev. Samuel Newton. There was, however, no apparent reason for Godwin fastening a quarrel upon Newton who, though he differed with Godwin, did justice to his reasoning and ideas, and even spoke of his work in connection with such writers as Tacitus, Polybius, Montesquieu, Robertson, &c.

Whilst writing 'Political Justice,' Godwin was living in Somers Town, striving to live comformably to the principles of self-denial he had set up, always asking himself, "Can I be better employed?" Thus in three years he spent only £360. He rose early, read a classical author before breakfast, and afterwards wrote till midday. This was all he could manage with advantage. Labor after that became unfruitful. He had no servants, except a drudge, who came in to make his rooms tidy, and to cook the daily mutton chop. Thus Godwin was not a mere philosopher of the pen, but, as Rousseau threw away his sword and fine clothes, so in his own way did Godwin endeavor to live the opinions he promulgated.

For 'Political Justice,' written in the maturity of his intellect, Godwin received one thousand guineas, a large price for those days, and which may be thought to negative what has been said before, but it was a solitary instance. After the publication of several other works, he published, in May, 1794, 'Caleb Williams,' the interest of which rested on an atrocious crime committed by a man hitherto of exemplary life. It had a great and immediate success. The stage got hold of it, and Colman dramatized it under the name of 'The Iron Chest.' It has always kept a high and unique position in the literature of fiction, which has not been accorded to his after productions.

'Caleb Williams' is a novel of high literary excellence, more after the manner of Richardson than after Fielding, illustrating how closely our virtues are allied to their opposites, and how the love of reputation and a fair fame may become a snare. It belongs to a class which might be called Nightmare Novels. A gloom presides over it, deepening as the story progresses, which its literary ability only increases. With all its power, there is no poetry, there is not a gleam of wit, not a sparkle of humor. It is unrelieved by any play of fancy, not one Rembrandt touch from beginning to end. It has the fascination which attaches to the horrible, not the poetry which attaches to the weird. We are almost tempted to call it a repulsive piece of mechanism. It has been considered by some critics to be a fine mental analysis, but it is a morbid anatomy, and has the impression of an attempt to analyze minds that should be shut up in Hanwell. It is like coming out of a dark cell and an unwholesome atmosphere into daylight and pure air to come from 'Caleb Williams' to a novel by Scott. The gross improbabilities perpetually offend. Situations out of which the escape is easy are suffered to entangle and destroy. Men talk to each other didactically, and Caleb indulges in moral reflections to a tedious extent. Yet with all this, when the reader's attention is once engaged, he must pursue the story to the end, and the concluding volume is so full of incident, and moves with such rapidity, that he is hurried almost breathless to the close.

Of his numerous other works, except the 'Essay on Sepulchres,' we do not propose to speak.* It is sufficient to say

* Godwin wrote many educational works

that they were political, historical, social, educational and novelistic, if we may be pardoned that word in fault of a better. Lamb says of the book on sepulchres: "Godwin has written a pretty absurd book about sepulchres. He was affronted because I told him that it was better than Hervey, but not so good as Sir Thomas Browne." And Barry Cornwall says: "Godwin published his 'Essay on Sepulchres,' wherein he professed to erect a wooden slab and a white cross, to be *perpetually* renewed to the end of time ('to survive the fall of empires,' as Miss Lamb says), in order to distinguish the site of every great man's grave."

To all these works, 'Caleb Williams' perhaps alone excepted, if indeed that has not also passed into oblivion, no interest now attaches, and there would appear little result from all this labor under the sun. Perhaps we ought not to say this, for though the works do not survive, the ideas, like germs in the air, travel whither they will, and settle where they will, and yield a certain fruit. No honest labor is lost, though its results be reduced to a minimum, and though these results change their form, though it be bare grain which is sown, a body may be given to it hereafter so different that we do not recognise the result.

In social matters Godwin's character was less interesting. He was tepidly affectionate but not passionate. In both his marriages he was the good, kind husband, and there was a depth of feeling, even a little romance in his first passion, which gave way to a kindly forbearance in his second. But all his passion was intellectual. He had, as he says himself, a thirst for knowledge; and his mind was heated to a goodly glow. This found vent in a clear, though colorless style, the ardor of his mind rejecting mere verbiage, and his thoughts, fused in the fire of his intellect, came forth without the dross attaching to common minds. He seems to have been, on the whole, a kindly creature. He was a good Samaritan when the oil and the twopence cost him something, and though he lived to be eighty, age did not harden or dry up his sympathies.

His first wife was Mary Wollstonecraft, the mother of Mrs. Shelley. She had a daughter by Mr. Imlay, before she married Godwin. The only issue of her marriage with Godwin was Mary, who afterwards married Shelley. The mother was a charming woman, and the beautiful portrait, affixed to the second volume by Opie, reveals a promise, a sense and sensibility, inherited by her gifted daughter. Godwin wrote that he did not think he had her equal in the world, and certainly she showed him all affection, and was tolerant of his whims, yet her heart had been too deeply engaged with Mr. Imlay, and was too deeply wounded by his treatment, to be able again to feel a passionate ardor. Had she done so she would have been troublesome to the philosopher, and the productions of his brain might have suffered. She left his mind undisturbed to concentrate its ardor upon literary labor, and from boyhood to the age of eighty he was before all things a literary man.*

There is much difference of opinion as to the heart of Godwin. Mr. Paul has an amiable weakness towards the subject of his biography, which prevents one feeling entire confidence in him as a guide in these matters. Roscoe and some others did not believe in Godwin having any heart, and his letter to Mrs. Shelley on the death of her child, rebuking her grief, supports that view. But he did so many kind actions throughout his life that we cannot entirely adopt Roscoe's view of the matter. He was certainly of a cold nature, and possessed

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under the name of Edward Baldwin, and what is not so well known, he wrote also under the name of Theophilus Marcliffe. With this name attached to it he published 'The Looking Glass, A Mirror for Good Little Boys and Girls.'

* Upwards of ten years ago in *Notes and Queries* (3rd Series, vol. viii. p. 66) appeared a note signed F. B., which we transcribe here:—

"Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. The following lines by Mr. Roscoe on this lady were 'written from memory' on a blank leaf of my copy of her husband's memoir of this injured woman, by that Dr. Shepherd, the biographer of Poggio:

'*By the celebrated Mr. Roscoe on reading this Work.*

'Hard was thy fate in all the scenes of life
As daughter, sister, mother, friend, and wife;
But harder still thy fate in death we own,
Thus mourned by Godwin with a heart of stone.'"

a sort of Dutch phlegm which must have been at times exceedingly irritating.

His second marriage was less fortunate. The second Mrs. Godwin flattered him, wooed him, and married him. She had many good points, but she was imperious and liked her own way. She was guilty of giving the cold shoulder to some of his best friends, and made dear Charles Lamb sometimes feel unwelcome. Yet on the whole, the philosophic temperament of Godwin endured her, and he even acquired a sort of affection for her, though they seemed always to take their holidays apart.

Between the two marriages, occurred a singular courtship. Harriet Lee was one of the authors of some stories called 'The Canterbury Tales,' and Godwin fancied himself in love with her. A yearning to restore the happy condition of things which he had enjoyed with his first wife, was at the bottom of his proposal to Miss Lee. No general ever approached a fort with more care than Godwin approached this lady. In his correspondence, he beat about the bush, in such a way that Miss Lee felt justified, though she evidently liked him, in ignoring his advances. The philosopher prevailed too manifestly over the lover, and Miss Lee wisely resolved to retain her independence. The concluding sentence of one of his letters will illustrate the kind of courtship which Godwin employed:

"I regard you as possessing the materials to make that most illustrious and happiest of all characters, when its duties are faithfully discharged—a wife—a mother. But if you are eminently and peculiarly qualified for these offices, it is the more to be regretted, and shall I not add the more to be censured in you? if you peremptorily and ultimately decline them."

Oh! the wooing o't. The delicate allsion, too, to the mother before Miss Lee had become the wife! All this shows that he was really not in love. Not one particle of romance had place in his thoughts. The philosopher wanted to live alongside of a judicious, sensible woman. He could dispense with love, if she would give him friendship. The wooing o't came to nothing, though after Miss Lee's rejection Godwin deluged her with letters, and tried to convince her that in refusing him she was not acting up to her destiny.

There is much less of Shelley th we expected to find in this work, and new facts of interest. No fresh light thrown on his unmanly desertion of first wife. Shelley left her at Binfield come to London. They had been creasingly unhappy, and two months af he had quitted her, he eloped with M Godwin, dispensing, of course, until af his first wife had drowned herself in Serpentine, with the marriage ceremo Mr. Paul admits that it is impossible ' palliate materially" Shelley's condu We do not see that any palliation possible. The misery and death of H riet Westbrook must lie at his door, a the best we can do is to forget all ab it, and to think of him only as the autl of the 'Ode to a Skylark,' or 'The Cen

In 1800 Godwin visited Ireland, a he gives us a glimpse of Curran and Gr tan, which we are tempted to extract

"Let me observe by the way, that the cl acters of the two most eminent personages this country, though sincere and affectior friends to each other, are strongly contrast They are both somewhat limited in their formation, and are deficient in a profound philosophical faculty of thinking. They h both much genius. Grattan, I believe, generally admitted to be the first orator in British dominions; and variety and richn of picturesque delineation perpetually m the sallies of Curran's conversation. Grattan is mild, gentle, polished, and urb on every occasion on which I have seen h Curran is wild, ferocious, jocular, humorc mimetic, and kittenish; a true Irishman, c in the vast portion of soul that informs h which of course a very ordinary Irishn must be content to want. He is declamat and his declamation is apt to grow mon nous, so that I have once or twice on such occasion, felt inclined to question the basi my admiration for him, till a moment afte vein of genuine imagination and sentim burst upon me, and threw contempt and grace upon my scepticism."

In the second volume we have so excellent letters of Coleridge, and a f from Charles Lamb. In that pleas volume on Lamb, by Barry Cornwall, find:

"Godwin had been introduced to Lamb Coleridge in 1800. The first interview made memorable by Godwin's opening qu tion, 'And pray, Mr. Lamb, are you toad frog?' This enquiry having reference to ray's offensive caricature, did not afford j mise of a very cheerful intimacy. Lamb, h ever, who accorded great respect to Godw intellect, did not resent it."

So far from resenting it, he paints

one of those delicious letters to Manning a very kindly picture of Godwin, with whom he says he was much pleased, and goes on to say:

"He is a very well behaved, decent man, nothing very brilliant about him or imposing, as you may suppose; quite another guess sort of gentleman from what your Anti-Jacobin Christians imagine him. I was well pleased to find he has neither horns nor claws; quite a tame creature I assure you. A middle-sized man both in stature and in understanding: whereas from his noisy fame, you would expect to find a Briareus Centimanus, or a Tityus tall enough to pull Jupiter from his heavens."

Here we have a portrait of this calm, gentle, passionless man, this sort of abstract being, this shadowy, speculative creature, who from his study sent forth his explosive ideas without any idea that they could wound, or offend prejudices which he could not sympathize with, because he could not understand them. It was something to prove the gentle nature of Lamb who dearly loved a prejudice, and the kindly one of Godwin, who did not comprehend one, that in spite of many trivial quarrels, these opposite characters never desisted from friendship.

Barry Cornwall speaks of the coldness and precision of Godwin's manner; and Lamb himself contrasts Rickman with Godwin, saying of the former, "He does not want explanation, translations, limitations, as Godwin does, when you make an assertion." What could have tortured Lamb more cruelly than this unreadiness to catch the thistledown of his wit, and to ask to have his quaint allusions diluted by expansion, or explained away?

Whilst on the subject of Lamb, we may express a hope that all his letters will some day be brought together and chronologically arranged. He hardly ever wrote a letter without a flash of wit, or an original observation, or a quaint conceit. His riotous merriment dwells closely beside his pathos, his smile very near the tear. We cannot afford to lose a particle of his writing. In some respects he is the most beautiful character in English literature. There have been very many stronger men intellectually, men who have done much more work, men who have bulked out a bigger fame, but Lamb has carved his own nook in our hearts. He is as unique in literature as Barham; he has the genialty, humanity, and spontaneity of Barham; but beyond this he has a world of tenderness and sympathy all his own; he is lightning in his comprehension, though his verbal delivery halted. In this very work, Coleridge, who truly loved him, says:

"Lamb is worth a hundred men of mere talents. Conversation with the latter tribe is like the use of leaden bells. One warms by exercise, Lamb every now and then *irradiates*, and the beam, though single and fine as a hair, is yet rich with colors, and I both see and feel it."

Here is a beautiful letter of Lamb's, after some quarrel with Godwin:

"I repent. Can that God whom thy votaries say that thou hast demolished expect more? I did indite a splenetic letter, but did the black Hypochondria never grip *thy* heart, till thou hast taken a friend for an enemy? The foul fiend Flibbertigibbet leads me over four inched bridges, to course my own shadow for a traitor. There are certain positions of the moon, under which I counsel thee not to take anything written from this domicile as serious.

"*I* rank thee with Alves, Latinè, Helvetius, or any of his cursed crew? Thou art my friend, and henceforth my philosopher—thou shall teach Distinction to the junior branches of my household, and Deception to the grey-haired Janitress at my door.

"What! Are these atonements? Can Arcadias be brought upon knees, creeping and crouching?

"Come, as Macbeth's drunken porter says, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock—seven times in a day shalt thou batter at my peace, and if I shut aught against thee, save the Temple of Janus, may Briareus, with his hundred hands, in each a brass knocker, lead me such a life. C. LAMB."

Godwin from author became bookseller and publisher, and had an opportunity of seeing all sides of the literary profession. No man could better judge the difficulties which beset the publisher than Godwin, because no man more truly smarted under them. He came to see that all wares are not necessarily profitable. That capital had to be sunk, time to be allowed, patience to be exercised, and that even then the harvest was not in proportion to the crop sown. Publishers, as distinct from booksellers, as a rule are not rich men; a single wholesale draper in Cannon Street or St. Paul's Churchyard probably makes in one year the combined profits of all the London publishers over a similar period; but these latter enjoy, and are wise if they appre-

ciate it, the privilege of association with intellect, and to any but the coarsest minds this is a delightful and an ample equivalent for mere riches.

Godwin, however, a man of contemplation rather than of action, was unsuccessful, and had to pass through great trials, including, what to an honorable mind was perhaps the bitterest, bankruptcy. One feels for him very keenly in all these troubles. He goes through them with a certain sort of dignity. He appeals to his rich friends to start him again with the confidence begotten of his integrity. He expects the political world not to forget his 'Political Justice,' and is not surprised that he is helped. There may be a little of the old self-complacency in this, a little of the self-same feeling which made him surprised as a boy that his person was not sacred from the rod, but it supported him under trial, and made him rather feel that there was something rotten in the state when the author of 'Caleb Williams' was suffered to want, than that he himself had been wanting in prudence and foresight.

When Fox died Godwin wrote a sketch of him for the *Morning Chronicle*. It is much too long to give, but we do not know anything that has been said of Fox more worthy of that great man. It takes the view which we may call the Holland-Russell view of Fox—natural to a Whig. The genius of Fox is no longer in dispute; but his policy, supposing he believed in it and had carried it out in office, would probably have ruined his country. Godwin claims for Fox, and perhaps justly, that he "is the most illustrious model of a Parliamentary leader on the side of liberty that this country has produced. This character is the appropriate glory of England, and Fox is the proper example of this character."

Godwin's comparison of the eloquence of the two statesmen is worth quoting. He had heard both speak, and been able to compare their eloquence. If he is unable even here to forget the partisan, we can take this into account in the narration:

"The eloquence of Pitt was cold and artificial. The complicated, yet harmonious, structure of his periods bespoke the man of contrivance and study. No man knew so well as Pitt how to envelope his meaning in a cloud of words, whenever he thought obscurity best adapted to his purpose. No man was so skilful as Pitt to answer the questions of his adversary without communicating the smallest information. He was never taken off his guard. If Pitt ever appeared in some eyes to grow warm as he proceeded, it was with a measured warmth; there were no starts and sallies, and sudden emanations of the soul; he seemed to be as much under the minutest regulation in the most vehement swellings and apostrophes of his speech, as in his coldest calculations.

"Fox, as an orator, appeared to come immediately from the forming hand of nature. He spoke well, because he felt strongly and earnestly. His oratory was impetuous as the current of the river Rhone; nothing could arrest its course. His voice would insensibly rise to too high a key; he would run himself out of breath. Everything showed how little artifice there was in his eloquence. Though on all great occasions he was throughout energetic, yet it was by sudden flashes and emanations that he electrified the heart, and shot through the blood of his hearer. I have seen his countenance lighted up with more than mortal ardor and goodness; I have been present when his voice has become suffocated with the sudden bursting forth of a torrent of tears."

Printers sometimes commit odd blunders. One printer we know of never by any chance ever set anything up, however short, without one blunder, that being his trade mark. Godwin had much to endure in this, as in other things, and in a letter we have now before us, he says:

"Such a printer as Mr. —— I never heard of. One gains at least this by living long, that it makes one acquainted with strange and incredible phenomena."

and again:

"What is the sense of proofs, if this is to be the result! It would have been better so far as this matter is concerned, that I had died two-and-thirty years ago."

This is one of the last growls of the old lion. He had come to write 'Cloudsley' and 'Deloraine" books forgotten, but which showed literary skill and careful writing. He desired to polish, and refine, and take as much care with these as ever Cellini cared to excel in his exquisite art. He was a genuine man of letters to the end, and did honor to the calling.

It is gratifying to find that, as years close in upon the veteran, a sinecure is found for him; and though he is troubled with anxiety as to its permanency, the sinecure lasts his time. At eighty he passes away tranquilly, after a long and

stormy life, a life of a student from boyhood to the grave, of a writer of fiction of power and originality, and of a thinker, who had the courage to avow and stand by his opinions in an age which this generation can scarcely realize, an age in which social disrepute, at the least, awaited a Reformer, and not improbably the jail.—*Temple Bar.*

MODERN MATERIALISM: ITS ATTITUDE TOWARDS THEOLOGY.

BY THE REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

PART II.

IT is curious to observe how little able is even exact science to preserve its habitual precision, when pressed backward past its processes to their point of commencement, and brought to bay in the statement of their "first truth." The proposition which supplies the initiative is sure to contain some term of indistinct margin or contents: and usually it will be the term least suspected because most familiar. The student of nature takes as his principle that all phenomena arise from a fixed total of force in a given quantity of matter; and assumes that, in his explanations, he must never resort to any supposed addition or subtraction of either element. In adopting this rule he must know, you would say, what he means by "matter," and what by "force," and that he means two things by the two words. Ask him whence this principle has its authority. If he pronounces it a metaphysical axiom, you may let him go till he can tell you how there can be not simply an *à priori notion* of matter and *notion* of force, but also an *à priori* measure of each, which can guarantee you against increase or diminution of either. As standards of quantity are found only in experience, he will come back with a new answer, fetched from the text-books of science: that his principle is inductively gathered; in one half of its scope —viz., that neither matter nor force is ever destroyed—proved by positive evidence of persistence;—in the other half —viz., that neither is ever created—proved by negative evidence, of non-appearance. If now you beg him to exhibit his proof that matter is indestructible, he will in some shape reproduce the old experiment of weighing the ashes and the smoke, and re-finding in them the fuel's mass: his appeal will be to the balance, his witnesses the equal weights. Weight, however, is force: and thus, to establish the perseverance of *matter*, he resorts to equality of *force*. Again, when invited to make good the corresponding position of the conservation of force, he will show you how, *e.g.*, the chemical union of carbon and oxygen in the furnace is followed by the undulations of heat, succeeded in their turn by the molecular separation of water into steam, the expansion of which lifts a piston, and institutes mechanical performances: *i.e.*, he traces a series of movements, each replacing its predecessor, and leaving no link in the chain detached. *Movements*, however, are material phenomena: so that to establish the persistence of *force* he steps over to take counsel of *matter*. He makes assertions about each term, as if it were an independent subject: but if his assertion respecting either is challenged, he invokes aid from the other: and he holds, logically, the precarious position of a man riding two horses with a foot on each, hiding his danger by a cloth over both, and saved from a fall by dexterous shifting and exchange.

Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than a scientific proposition, the terms of which stand in this variable relation to each other. The first of them has been sufficiently fixed in discussing the *Atomic* conception. It remains to give distinctness to the second. In order to do so, it will be simplest to follow into their last retreats of meaning the parallel doctrines of the "Indestructibility of Matter" and of the "Conservation of Energy." If our perceptions were so heightened and refined that nothing escaped them by its minuteness or its velocity, what should we see, answering to those doctrines, during a course of perpetual observation?

1. We should see the ultimate atoms; and if we singled out any one of them, and kept it ever in view, we should find it, in spite of "change of form," "al-

the same." "A simple elementary
" says Professor Balfour Stewart,
. truly immortal being, and enjoys
rivilege of remaining unaltered and
tially unaffected by the powerful
that can be dealt against it."*
, then, we have alighted upon the
:ter" which is "indestructible."
These atoms might have been sta-
ry; and we should still have seen
in their "immortality." But they
ever at rest. They fly along innu-
ole paths: they collide and modify
speed and their direction: they
: they separate. However long we
there is no pause in this eternal
e: if one figure ceases, another
s its place. As in the atoms, so in
nolecules which are their first clus-
there is a "state of continual agita-
' "vibration, rotation, or any other
of relative motion;"† "an unin-
pted warfare going on — a con-
clashing together of these minute
:s."‡ In this unceasing *movement*
ıg the "immortal" atoms we alight
the phenomenon, or series of phe-
:na, described by the phrase "Con-
tion of Energy." So far as the law
designated claims to be an observed
gathered by induction from experi-
this is its last and whole meaning.
ıave only to scrutinize its evidence
a little care, in order to see that it
ly traces a few transmutations of the
:tual motions attributed to atoms
nolecules.
we chose to shape it thus: "For
' cancelled movement or element of
:ment there arises another, which is
/alent;" everything would be ex-
:ed to which the evidence applies.
we to look out for a proof of such a
osition, we should first consider what
that makes two movements equiva-
and, in the simplest case,—of homo-
ous elements,—we should find it
ual numbers with the same velocity;
ıat the direct demonstration would
ire that we should count the atoms
estimate their speed. As we cannot
t them, one by one, we *weigh* them
eir masses;—an operation which has
the advantage of reckoning at one stroke
along with their relative numbers, also
the most important of their velocities.
The atoms being all equal, the greater
mass expresses the larger number. And
weight is only the arrested velocity with
which, in free space, they move to one
another; it is prevented motion, in the
shape of pressure. In order to measure
it, *i.e.*, to express it in terms of space and
time, we might withdraw the prevention,
and address ourselves to the path that
would then be described. But it is more
convenient to test it by taking it in re-
verse, and trying what other prevented
motion will avail to stop it and hold it
ready to turn back. Thus even statical
estimates of equilibrium are but a trans-
lation of motion into more compendious
terms.

If this is a true account of common
weights, it still more evidently applies to
the process which gives us the *foot-pound*,
or "unit of work:" for this is found by
the actual lifting of one pound through
one vertical foot, *i.e.*, by *moving* it through
a space in a time. And as in this, which
is the standard, so in all the changes
which it is employed to measure, the fun-
damental quantity is simply *movement*,
performed, prevented, or reversed.

This fact is easily traced through the
proofs usually offered of the Conserva-
tion of Energy. The essence of them all
is the same:—for each extinguished
"unit of work" they find a substituted
equivalent movement, molar or mole-
cular. Dr. Joule, for instance, estab-
lishes for us a common measure of heat
and mechanical work. How does he
accomplish this? By applying the de-
scent of a weight to create in moving
water friction enough to raise the tem-
perature 1° Fahrenheit; and finding
that this result corresponds with a fall of
the water through 772 feet. Here, on
one side of the equation, we have the
movement of the mass through its verti-
cal path; on the other, the molecular
movement that constitutes heat; mea-
sured by a third movement of an ex-
panding liquid in the thermometer.
Where the first is arrested, the second
takes its place: and to double one would
be to double both.

If heat is made to do chemical work,
its undulations are similarly expended in
setting up a fresh order of movements;

'he Conservation of Energy, p. 7.
heory of Heat, by J. Clark Maxwell, p.

onservation of Energy, by Dr. Balfour
ırt, p. 7.

of atomic combination, when burning coal unites with oxygen; of separation, when the fire of a lime-kiln drives its carbonic acid from the chalk. The friction which parts the electricities, the spark which attends their reunion; the crystallization of liquids by loss of temperature, and their vaporization by its increase; the waste of animal tissue by action, and its replacement by food; all reduce themselves to the same ultimate rule,—the exchange of one set of movements or resistances (which are stopped movements) for another, which, wherever calculable, is found to be an equivalent.

To a perfect observer, then, able to follow the changes of external bodies, in themselves and among one another, to their last haunts, nothing would present itself but consecutions and assortments of phenomena, and arrests of phenomena. And if he had noticed, and could name, what on the subsidence of each group would emerge to replace it, he would be master of the law of Conservation. The sciences would distinguish themselves for him by taking cognizance each of its special set of phenomena; as acoustics tell the story of one kind of undulations, optics of another, thermotics of a third. And the law in question would only carry his glance, as it chased the flight of change, across the lines of this divided work, and show him, on the desertion of *this* field, a new stir in *that*.

Though the whole objective world has thus been laid bare before him, and he has read and registered its order through and through, he has not yet, it will be observed, alighted on a single *dynamic* idea: all that he has seen (and nothing has been hid from him) may be stated without resort to any term that goes beyond the relations of co-existence and sequence. The whole vocabulary of causality may absent itself from the language of such an observer. Were it even given to him, it would carry no new meaning, but only tell over again in fresh words the old story of regular time succession. He might, as Comte and Mill and Bain truly contend, command the whole body of science, including its latest law, without ever asking for the origin (other than the phenomenal predecessor) of any change.

By no such ideal interpreter of nature, however, have our actual books of science been written. Never more than now have they abounded in the language which, we have seen, would be superfluous for him. The formula of the new law contains it: for it is the conservation of "Energy," or the correlation of "Forces," which it announces. Are these then some new-comers that we have got to know? or, have we encountered them before under other names, and only found out some new thing about them? "Energy," says Professor Balfour Stewart, is the "power of overcoming obstacles or of doing work."* I see a flash of lightning pierce a roof and kill a man, and plunge into the earth: the obstacles overcome, the work done, are visible enough; but where is the "power"? what does it add to the phenomenon, over and above these elements? Besides the flash of lightning first, and then the changes in the roof and the man, is there something else to be searched for, and entered, as an object of knowledge, under a separate name? If there be such a thing, by what sense am I to apprehend it? through what aids of art can I penetrate to it. It is obvious that it has no perceptible presence at all: and that its name stands in the definition and in every inductive equation, as an x, an unknown quantity, which itself has to be found before it can add any new relation to the known. "Force," says Professor Clerk Maxwell, "is whatever changes or tends to change the motion of a body, by altering either its direction or its magnitude."† The shot fired from a gun at a moderate elevation is scarcely out of the muzzle before it quits the straight line for the parabola, and slackens its initial velocity, and soon alights upon the ground. We say the deflection is due to "gravitation." But, if so, this is an invisible part of the fact: no more is observable than the first direction and subsequent curvature of the ball's path, the changing speed, and the final fall, in presence of the earth. The "force" which we superadd in thought is not given in the phenomenon as perceived: and if we know the movements accomplished, prevented, modified, we know everything that is there.

One interpretation, indeed, may be

* Conservation of Energy, p. 13.
† Theory of Heat, p. 83.

to these mysterious words, which them not superfluous, in a metho- account of the order of nature. 'itation" perhaps may mean only *tle of happening* which, along with :flection of the shot, describes also l other cases of movement; and if)les us to advert to these, while in ce of the immediate fact, it per- a truly scientific function. It is however, that this is not what our nic writers mean. A rule does :hange the motion of a body," does)vercome obstacles and do work;")uld any one dream of attaching)redicates to mere similarities of ence.

instructors then suppose them- acquainted with more than pheno- more than the laws of them; and : that inductive analysis has carried ehind these to "the hiding-place of " They tell us, with much ease nanimity, what they have found so that the story is familiar to advanced schoolboy, and repro- in hundreds of examination papers year. They have found, as sources phenomena, a considerable number nergies" of nature, which they dis- h from one another in various s "strong" or "weak," as stretching keeping near, as demanding the or content with anything, as single ting into opposites, as inorganic or c. In every text-book of science plete list of these is presented: e student, as he learns how to dis- ate them, cannot doubt that he is ;, in each instance, with a separate objective knowledge, which is the)untain of a definite set of outward s. He thus is brought to con- f nature as having many springs. ltitudinousness is commanded by e of powers.

her, it is impossible, on looking at es of these assembled forces, to the same rank to all, or miss the f graduated dignity which make ther a hierarchy than a committee. licate precision with which chem- inity picks its selecting way among ms is an advance upon the indis- te grasp of gravitation at them all. chitecture of a crystal cannot vie at of a tree. The sentiency of llusk is at an immeasurable dis- tance from the thought which produces the *Méchanique Céleste*. Hence, in the company of powers that conduct the business of nature a certain order of lower and higher establishes itself, which, without settling every point of precedency, at least marks a few steps of ascent, from the mechanical at the bottom to the mental at the top. All equally real, all equally old, they are differenced by the quality of the work they have to do.

On the imagination thus prepared a new discovery is now flung. Keenly watch the face of any one of these forces; its features will change into those of another. You cannot fix its identity in permanence; it migrates from species to species. Now it is mechanical energy; in a minute it will be heat; if a tourmaline is near it will turn up as electricity; and so on, for no part of the cycle is closed against it. You look, in short, upon a row of masks, behind which the "unknown power," slipping from one to another with magic agility, seems to multiply itself, but is found, on closer scrutiny, never to quit its unity. The senate of nature does but administer a monarchy.

And so, the plurality of forces disappears from the ultimate background, and comes to the front as a mere semblance. This brings up a new problem. What stands in the dynamic place thus vacated? How is it related to the disguises it assumes? Do they in any way represent it? or do they only hide it? To this question there are three answers given. (1) The One Power is indifferently related to all its masks, but is like none of them; they are opaque and let no lineament shine through. (2) The "phases" are not on an equal footing, but consecutive in their genesis, the *lowest* being the oldest. With *that* the One Power was at first identical, and *that* is what truly represents its essence. (3) The "phases" are consecutive in their genesis, the *highest* being the oldest. With *that* the One Power is for ever identical; all else is its action but not its image. The second of these is the materialist's answer. His preference for it is mainly determined by two reasons. In the first place, since the several forces, A, B, C, D, &c., are all interchangeable, it suffices to allow A (the mechanical), and all the rest are provided for. In the

second place, the traces of actual evolution follow this order, conducting us back past the dawn of life, and even the combinations of chemistry, to a period of purely mechanical energy. In estimating these reasons I will step for a moment on to their own ground, and postpone all objection to the theory of "energies" on which they rest.

It is true that, among a number of interchangeables, if the first be given, the others are potentially there. But it is no less true that if the last be given, or any intermediate, there is provision for the rest. The possibility of reciprocal transmutation all round determines no preference of any member as having priority over the rest, and cannot be pleaded as an excuse for selecting the rudest mask of nature as the most faithful likeness of its inner essence. The law of Conservation is impartial, and tells in both directions, exhibiting the elements of the world, here living up into the self-conscious, there dying down into the inorganic, and suggesting, rather than any initial point, circling currents of crossing change.

But further, there is not the slightest ground, in the present transmutations, for treating the lowest phase of force as adequate to the production of the highest. Though mechanical energy, now that it stands in presence of the several chemical elements, may pass into chemical form, it does not follow that it could do so in their absence; for this would be to predicate of homogeneous atoms what we know only of heterogeneous. And the same consideration applies to the phases higher in the scale. *Given*, the existing materials and conditions of life and mind, and the circulation and equivalence of forces may take place as alleged; but that the order could be inverted, and the equivalence avail to provide the conditions, cannot be inferred. Take, on the other hand, any higher "phase" as first, and it carries all below it. Chemical force presupposes mechanical (as cohesion), and acts at its expense; and vital presupposes and modifies the inorganic chemical. In this order of derivation, therefore, the original *datum* would yield what is required by divesting itself of certain conditions admitted to be there, while in the opposite order it would have to take on fresh conditions assumed to be absent at its start. If, in choosing from the phases of force the fittest representative form, we are to be guided by the possibility of deduction, the supreme term must surely be taken as First.

The second plea of the "materialist," viz. that the vista of evolution recedes into the simply mechanical, and is intersected at dimly seen stages by entering lights, first of chemical affinity, then of life, and finally of consciousness, it is the less necessary to qualify as a statement of fact, because it is destitute of logical cogency. Granted that at successive eras these new forces appeared upon the scene, this supplies the "when," but not the "whence" of each. Something more is needful, if you would show that it is the product of its predecessor. Instead of advancing from behind, it may have entered from the side. You cannot prove a pedigree by offering a date. Since these several forces are but secondary phases of a Unitary Power, what obliges us to derive them from one another, instead of letting them all stand in equal and direct relation to their common essence? On this point the first answer to the inquiry after the One Power has a conclusive advantage over the second.

Such, it seems to me, would be the logical position of the materialist's case, on the assumption that separate kinds and transmutations of energy are known to us, over and above the resulting phenomena, as discoveries of natural science. That assumption, hitherto conceded, I must now withdraw. No "energy" has ever come under human notice, and disclosed its marks, so as to discriminate itself from others, similarly apprehended. This is not simply true thus far as a matter of fact: it is true permanently as a matter of necessity. We might watch forever the relations of bodies and their parts *inter se*, and though we had eyes that ranged from the microscopic minimum to the analysis of the milky way, we should fetch no force into the field of view: and the whole story of what was laid open to us would be a record of interminable series and eddies of change. What are called the "transmutations of energy" are nothing but transitions from one chapter of that record to another. A certain catena of phenomena runs to an end; the first link of a new one is ready

e its place: a body's fall is stopped; nperature rises: the thermometer kettle ascends to 212° Fahrenheit ıtays there; the water turns to : this is observed, and no more his. And the list of metamorphosed es deceives us, if we take it for ing beyond an enumeration of these ıres between class and class of con- ve movements. Did we bring to ntemplation of nature no faculties ıose which constitute our scientific I see no reason to believe that it l come before us under any other t; or that we should ever be ed to paint its picture or tell its y in dynamic terms.

: such terms then illusory? Are ıusceptible of no meaning? or of ı false meaning? Far from it. The ht that is in them we cannot indeed out of nature: but we are obliged rry it into nature. To witness nena, and let them lie and dispose ielves in the mere order of time, , and resemblance, is to us impos- By the very make of our under- ing we refer them to a *Power* which them: and no sooner is perception ed by their appearance than the in- t completes the act by wonder at source. This "power," however, a postulate intuitively applied to nena, and not an observed func- ound in them, does not vary as they but mentally repeats itself as the d prefix to every order of them: though it may thus migrate, now his group, now into that, it is the ing alone which changes, and that ı is immanent is ever the same. You ary nothing in the total fact, except llocations of material conditions; f which, as each new adjustment ges, the persistent power elicits a ent result. Instead of first detecting forces in nature and afterwards ng them up into identity, the mind rts one into many collocations; never ing it to take different names, except moment, in order to study its ac- now here, now there. If this be if causality be not seen, but thought, thought it carries belongs to a rule ıe understanding itself, that every omenon is the expression of power, consequences follow: the plurality rces disappears: and, to find the true interpretation of the One which remains, we must look not without but within; not on the phenomena presented, but on the rational relations into which they are received. Power *is* that which *we mean by it;* nor have we any other way of determining its nature than by resort to our self-knowledge. The problem passes from the jurisdiction of natural science to that of intellectual philosophy. Thither let us follow it.

I have already hinted that if we were mere passive, though thinking, observers of the world around us, we should witness phenomena without asking for a power: the principle of causality would remain latent in the intellect: the occasion would be wanting which permits it to awake. That occasion is furnished by the active side of our nature, by our own spontaneous movement from its inner centre out upon objects near its circumference. Being conscious as originators of the exercise of power, we admit as recipients its exercise upon us: nor is causality conceivable except upon these meeting lines of action and reaction; any more than, in the case of position, a *here* is conceivable without a *there*. Both pairs, the dynamic and the geometrical, are functions of the same fundamental antithesis, of subject and object, which is involved in every cognitive act. Till we disengage ourselves from nature, we do not think though we may feel: and when we disengage ourselves from nature, we are self-conscious subjects and objects of causal operation. The idea of power coming in this dual form, as out from us and on to us, its two sides are reciprocally related: and that which the inner side is to the *object*, the same is the outer side to the *subject*. With the inner side, however, we are intimately familiar: it is the one thing which we immediately know; unless, indeed, it sits so near our centre as rather to regulate our knowing than stand off enough to become itself the known: but in any case we have to mark it by a name, as the inmost nucleus of dynamic thought: and we call it living *Will*. This is our causality; and it is what we mean by causality: in the absence of this, no other source for the idea, in the presence of this, no other meaning for it, can be found. It is true that of the reciprocal propositions, "We push against the wind," "The wind

pushes against us," we know the force named in the first with a closeness not belonging to our knowledge of the other. We cannot identify ourselves with the wind as our own *nisus* is identified with us. We go out on an energy: we return home on a thought. But that thought is only the reflex of the energy; it has, and can have, no other type. Our whole idea of *Power* is identical with that of Will, or reduced from it. That which, in virtue of the principle of causality, we recognise as immanent in nature, is homogeneous with the agency of which we are conscious in ourselves. Dynamic conceptions have either this meaning, or no meaning: cancel this, and you cut them at the root, and they wither into words; and your knowledge, cast out into dry places, has to take refuge again with co-existences and successions. Whatever authority attaches to the law of causality at all attaches to it, presumably at least, in its intuitive form,—phenomena are the expression of living energy; and cannot be reduced within narrower limits, unless by express disproof of coincidence between its natural range and its real range. Till that disproof is furnished, the One Power stands as the Universal Will.

I am aware what courtesy it would require in a modern *savant*, whether of the Nescient or of the Omniscient school, to behave civilly to such folly as this must seem to him: nor can I pretend to find his laughter a pleasant sound: for I honor his pursuits, and sorrowfully dispense with his sympathy. It makes amends, however, that even among the most rigorous scientific thinkers, some curious testimony or other from time to time turns up to the correctness of the interpretation just given of the idea of power. Even Gassendi, the modern Epicurus, the eager disciple of Copernicus and Galileo, cannot refrain from resorting to living and conscious action in explanation of physical. To render the earth's attraction intelligible he has two favorite devices. He lays it down that every whole nature has a sort of clinging affection for all its parts, and resists their being torn or kept away from it; so that the earth sends out invisible arms or tentacula to fetch back objects detached from it: and hence the fall of the rain, the hail, the stone from the sling.* And he institutes a double comparison;—first assimilating the earth to a magnet; and then the magnet's force to the fascinating or repulsive influence of objects upon the senses,—the sweetness of the rose, which draws us to it, the noisomeness of a drain, that drives us away.† In this appeal to "sympathy" and "antipathy" we see again, as already in the φιλία of Democritus, how inevitably the imagination, even when most intent on keeping within physical limits, is betrayed into mental analogies. Not a few, indeed, of the most clear-sighted men of science have been well aware of the real source of our dynamic conceptions; in some cases accepting it as authoritative, in others being ashamed of it as a mere occasion of superstition. Redtenbacher, in his "Principles of Mechanical Physics," refers our knowledge of "the existence of forces to the various effects which they produce, and *especially to the feeling and consciousness of our own forces.*"‡ And in conversation with Fechner, Professor E. H. Weber laid stress on the fact that in the will to move the body occurs the only case of immediate consciousness of power operative on matter, and accordingly identified the essence of power with that of will, and from this principle worked out his religious ideas.§ That it is not, however, in the mere interest of a religious theory that this doctrine finds its strength, is evident from its hold on Schopenhauer, who, in virtue of it, could call the inward principle of nature nothing but *will*, though striking out from that name whatever makes its meaning divine. Herschel's judgment, often criticised but never shaken, was deliberately pronounced:—

"That it is our own immediate consciousness of *effort* when we exert force to put matter in motion, or to oppose and neutralize force, which gives us this internal conviction

* De motu impresso a Motore translato, xii. Opera, Lugd. 165, tom. iii. p. 491.

† Syntagma Philos. Phys. sect. iii. mem. I. lib. iii. p. ii. Op. 132; and De motu impresso xiii. tom. iii. p. 492.

‡ Das Dynamidensystem, Grundzüge einer mechanischen Physik, p. 12, ap. Lange; Gesch. d. Materialismus, ii. p. 205.

§ Fechner, Ueber die physikalische und philosophische Atomenlehre; 2te Aufl., p. 132 (note).

er and *causation* so far as it refers to the
al world, and compels us to believe
henever we see material objects put in
n from a state of rest, or deflected from
rectilinear paths and changed in their
ties if already in motion, it is in conse-
e of such an *effort somehow* exerted,
ı not accompanied with *our* conscious-
*

the tone of this memorable state-
it is interesting to compare the
g of one who, owning the same psy-
gical fact, treats it as an infirmity,
ıd of accepting it as a guide.

ɔwer, regarded as the cause of motion,
hing," says Du Bois-Reymond, "but a
recondite product of the *irresistible ten-to personify* which is impressed upon us;
etorical artifice, as it were, of our brain,
ıing at a figurative turn of thought, be-
destitute of any conception clear
h for literal expression. In the notions
wer and Matter we find recurring the
dualism which presents itself in the
of God and the world, of soul and body;
me want which once impelled men to
e bush and fountain, rock, air, and sea
reatures of their imagination. What do
in by saying it is reciprocal Attraction
by two particles of matter approach each
? Not the shadow of any insight into
ature of the process. But, strangely
:h, our inherent quest of causes is in a
er laid to rest by the involuntary image
g itself before our inner eye, of a hand
gently draws the inert matter to it, or of
ble tentacles, with which the particles
together, try to seize each other, and at
vine together into a knot."†

outburst of exasperation against
ynamic conceptions, — for to that
h it really goes,—is justified if the
ın mind has nothing to do but to
ne an accomplished Naturforscher.
quite true that "insight into the
'e of a process" is gained only by a
r reading of its steps in their se-
and in their analogies, and is in no
ıided by passing behind the move-
s they comprise. What then?
we be angry at our propensity to
behind them, and tear it from our
'e under vows to reach a stainless
ect? We shall but emasculate the
we wish to purify: for what is
ıerve of its vigor but the very Won-
vhich is for ever seeking an unattain-
rest? If we incessantly press into

reatise on Astronomy, 1833. Ch. vii. §

ntersuchungen über thierische Electri-
I. Bd. Berlin, 1848. Vorrede, S. xi. ap.
e's Gesch. d. Mat. ii. 204.

nature, it is in hope of finding what is beyond nature: and all that we have learned of the finite world indirectly comes from our affinity with the embracing Infinite. It would be strange if the Causal appetency, which no disappointment wears out, should be at once our greatest strength and our most fatal illusion. It is admitted to be "irresistible," it is admitted to carry the belief of personality: but these features, which induced Herschel to yield to it and trust in it, are reasons with Du Bois-Reymond for resisting and despising it. I need hardly say that, when he calls its language "figurative" and its conception a "personification," he oracularly assumes the very point at issue. To "personify" is to invest with personality that which has it not: and to tell any one with Herschel's belief that he does this is only to contradict him. So again, if you know that there are two things of different type, living power and dead power, and then transfer to the second the marks of the first, your language is "figurative:" but if to you the types are identical, the second coinciding with the first, you speak with literal exactitude; and to charge you with rhetoric is only to beg the question in dispute. Probably the writer was the less conscious of any dogmatism here, from his thoughts already running upon the stock example of belief in the Pagan gods of "rock and air and sea"—fairly enough adducible as a departed superstition. But the dying out of Polytheism is misconceived if it be regarded as an expulsion of every Conscious Presence from venerated haunts, and the substitution of a dead for a living world. It was a fusion, not an extinction, of Will; as the little cantons of nature, once under independent guardians, melted into ever wider provinces, and clans of men clustered into confederated nations, the detected harmony of the kosmos and the felt unity of humanity carried with them the enthronement of a single Divine Mind in place of the vanished local gods. It is not that other and other powers have been discovered, but that fewer and fewer have been needed, till the plurality is lost in One Supreme. And as, with the widening scope of the natural order, the many wills lapsed into one, so, among monotheists, did the many motives of that One, once so freely attributed, more and more merge them-

selves in the recognition of an all-comprehending scheme, whose thoughts were not acts but laws, and whose purpose flowed into the inlets of individual life from an ocean of universal relations. By this surrender of providences *in exiguis* we drop the quest of design in events taken one by one, and learn to speak of the power which produces them, and to divide it into lots, not according to their supposed aims, but according to their visible kinds: and thus it is that by suspending the idea of an end in view the full-bodied notion of Will is attenuated to that of Force. How imperfectly, even then, the life is driven out of it, may be seen from Du Bois-Reymond's expostulation with it. And the suspended idea only flits away to settle upon a higher point. Instead of having discovered that *purpose is not there*, we have simply learned that purpose takes in more; and the little pulses of separate volition are lost in the mighty movements of Eternal Thought.

In the remarkable passage which I have quoted, and in the argument of which it forms a part, Du Bois-Reymond puts Matter and Force on the same footing, and discharges the former as well as the latter from the realm of reality, by reducing it also to an empty abstraction. He is led to this position by that just logical appreciation which gives to his writings, as to those of Helmholtz, a high philosophical rank, in addition to their value as models of scientific exposition and research. The equipoise, true enough, is perfect, in respect to validity, between the ideas of Matter and of Power: and the only question is, whether both are to be dismissed as illusions, or both retained as intuitive data of thought, the conditions of all construed experience. To reject them both is practically impossible, though logically necessary if you part with either. To retain them both is simply to accept the fundamental relation of object and subject under its two constitutive functions, instead of treating our only modes of knowing as snares of ignorance. The existence of a Universal Will and the existence of Matter stand upon exactly the same basis, of certainty if you trust, of uncertainty if you distrust, the *principia* of your own reason. For my part, I cannot hesitate. Shall I be deterred by the reproach of "anthropomorphism"? If I am to see a ruling Power in the world, is it folly to prefer a man-like to a brute-like power, a seeing to a blind? The similitude to man means no more and goes no further than the supremacy of intellectual insight and moral ends over every inferior alternative: and how it can be contemptible and childish to derive everything from the highest known order of power rather than the lowest, and to converse with Nature as embodied Thought, instead of taking it as a dynamic engine, it is difficult to understand. Is it absurd to suppose mind transcending the human? or, if we do so, to make our own Reason the analogical base for intellect of wider sweep? How is it possible to look along any line of light traced by past research, and, estimating the contents which it reveals, and leaves still unrevealed, to remember that along all radii to which we may turn a similar infinitude presents itself to any faculty that seeks it, and yet to conceive that this mass of truth to be known has only our weak intelligence to know it? And if two natures know the same thing, how can they be other than like? Nay, Du Bois-Reymond himself takes up the magnificent fancy of Laplace, of a "mind cognisant of all forces operating in nature at a given moment, and all mutual relations among the beings composing it. Such a mind, if in other respects capacious enough to subject these data to analysis, would comprise in the same formula the movements of the greatest masses in the universe, and of the lightest atom. Nothing would be uncertain to him; and to his glance future and past would alike be present. The human understanding presents, in the perfection to which it has brought astronomy, a feeble image of such a mind."* Here is reproduced the very thought which, in his ignorance of differentia equations, Plato expressed by saying that God was the supreme Geometer; simply taking to the summit-level the analogy which Laplace leaves floating at some indefinite height above the human. Is the conception, then, vitiated because it is "anthropomorphic"? Let Du Bois-Reymond answer, "Wir gleichen diesem Geist, denn wir begreifen ihn."† If to

* Ueber die Grenzen des Naturerkennens p. 6.

† Ibid. p. 10.

have the idea of a diviner nature is to resemble him, and if resemblance must be reciprocal, what can be more futile than the reproach that men attribute to God what is highest in humanity?

It may be doubted, indeed, whether the analogy might not be pressed further, without overstraining its truth. If the collective energies of the universe are identified with Divine Will, and the system is thus animate with an eternal consciousness as its moulding life, the conception we frame of its history will conform itself to our experience of intellectual volition. Its course is ever from the indeterminate to the determinate; and as the passage is made by rational preference among possibilities, thought has its intensity at the outset, and action in the sequel. It is in origination, in disposing of new conditions, in setting up order by differentiation, that the mind exercises its highest function. When the product has been obtained, and a definite method of procedure established, the strain upon us is relaxed, habit relieves the constant demand for creation, and at length the rules of a practised art almost execute themselves. As the intensely voluntary thus works itself off into the automatic, thought, liberated from this reclaimed and settled province, breaks into new regions, and ascends to ever higher problems: its supreme life being beyond the conquered and legislated realm, while a lower consciousness, if any at all, suffices for the maintenance of its ordered mechanism. Yet all the while it is one and the same mind that, under different modes of activity, thinks the fresh thoughts and carries on the old usages. Does anything forbid us to conceive similarly of the kosmical development;—that it started from the freedom of indefinite possibilities and the ubiquity of universal consciousness; that, as intellectual exclusions narrowed the field, and traced the definite lines of admitted movement, the tension of purpose, less needed on these, left them as the habits of the universe, and operated rather for higher and ever higher ends not yet provided for; that the more mechanical, therefore, a natural law may be, the further is it from its source; and that the inorganic and unconscious portion of the world, instead of being the potentiality of the organic and conscious, is rather its residual precipitate, formed as the Indwelling Mind of all concentrates an intenser aim on the upper margin of the ordered whole, and especially on the inner life of natures that can resemble him? I am aware that this speculation inverts the order of the received kosmogonies. But, in advancing it, I only follow in the track of a veteran physiologist and philosopher, whose command of all the materials for judgment is beyond question,—the author of "Psychophysik." Fechner insists that protoplasm and zoophyte structure, instead of being the inchoate matter of organization, is the cast-off residuum of all previous differentiation, stopping short of the separation of animal from plant and of sex from sex, and no more capable of further development than is inorganic matter, without powers beyond its own, of producing organization.* And, far from admitting that the primordial periods had few organisms, which time increased in number, he contends that the earth was formerly more rich in organisms than now, and that the inorganic realm has grown at the expense of the organic.†

The resolution of all power into Will is met by the thorough-going objection, that Mind is not energy at all, and can never stir a particle of matter. "Were it possible," says Lange, "for a single cerebral atom to be moved by 'thought' so much as the millionth of a millimetre out of the path due to it by the laws of mechanics, the whole 'formula of the universe' (*i.e.*, as imagined by Laplace) would become inapplicable and senseless."‡ "Suppose," he adds, "two worlds, both occupied by men and their doings, with the same course of history, with the same modes of expression by gesture, the same sounds of voice, for him who could *hear* them—*i.e.*, not simply have their vibrations conveyed through the auditory nerves to the brain, but be self-conscious of them. The two worlds are therefore to be absolutely alike, with only this difference: that in the one the whole mechanism runs down like that of an automaton, without anything being felt or thought, whilst the other is just *our* world; then would the formula for these

* Einige Ideen zur Schöpfungs-und Entwickelungsgeschichte der Organismen, p. 73.

† Ibid. p. 77, 78.

‡ Geschichte des Materialismus, ii. p. 155.

two worlds be completely the same. To the eye of exact research they would be indistinguishable."*

So much the worse, are we not tempted to say, for "exact research"? If, with all its keenness and precision, it misses half the universe, and identifies diametrical opposites, it will be, perhaps, a calamity rather for it than for us, that its "formula" should prove less applicable than had been supposed. The extension to man, in an exaggerated form, of Descartes' doctrine of animal automatism, marks, perhaps, the lowest point which the falling barometer of philosophy has reached. By him it was propounded for the express purpose of finishing off the mechanical modes of action, even when strained to their maximum, short of the human characteristics; and of opening in these a second and sharply contrasted world, containing another hemisphere of phenomena, with their own lines of causality and relations of affinity. Though by his absolute separation of matter and mind he cut the problem of the world in two, he at least embraced the whole of it, and attempted to solve it by a double formula. But his modern interpreters do not see why one half of his theory should not be stretched to do the work of the whole: they have only to ignore his unmechanical part of the world and leave it out in the cold, and in place of his contrast they will get an identity. For his maxims,—Movement is the cause of movement, Thought of thought, but neither of the other,—they substitute the rule that Movement is the cause of both, but Thought of neither: so that there is no longer any counterpart to the mechanism of nature, or any work done beyond it; and whatever puffs of thought and screeches of feeling there may be, it is only that the engine is blowing off its steam: nothing comes of it, and it may be treated as waste. This theory is founded on the analysis of reflex action in the nervous apparatus, in which the sensory conductor having delivered its stimulus in the ganglion, the motory takes up the sequence and contracts the muscles requisite for action in response. If the brain be kept from interfering, the circuit is completed in unconsciousness; and its series, though determining the subject to all sorts of clever and congruous movements, is composed of molecular changes unattended by feeling or design. When the scene is transferred to the brain or connected with it, the story, we are assured, is still the same, only with the added phenomenon of consciousness. In the one case, the subject acts: in the other, he acts and knows it. But this new fact is inoperative, and leads to nothing: were it absent, he would figure away as a molecular automaton all the same, and not a scene or a word would be altered in the five-act comedy of life. Comparing in this view the reflex and the cerebral activities, we might say that the former resembles a clock with *one beat*—viz., movement only; the latter a clock with *two beats*—viz., movement *plus* consciousness.

By the extent of this increment, the second does more work than the first. What, then, becomes of the difference? Where are we to look for it at the next stage? We are expressly told it has no next stage, and things will go on exactly as if it had not been there. Then a portion of work has perished, and the Conservation of energy is contradicted.

The only escape from this conclusion would be by denying that consciousness produced is "work done." This, however, is to admit that it is not an effect of molecular forces; to exempt it altogether from the range of physical law; and to throw it into an independent world of its own, beyond the jurisdiction of the natural philosopher. Such a position would be an unconditional relapse into the two-armed embrace of Descartes, from which the whole doctrine is a struggle to escape.

It is said that if thought can move a single molecule, the law of causality is at an end. Why is it not equally at an end if, conversely, molecular movement can wake a single thought? Either way, causality alike steps out of the material series, and crosses over to the other, now last, now first. And it is only on the assumption that it cannot do this, being a monopoly of Physics, that the objection has any sense.

This doctrine, that the most important elements of life,—all that constitute experience, and embody themselves in language, art, religion,—are so much *surplusage*,—that the mental phenomena are collectively a *cul-de-sac*, leading nowhither,

* Geschichte des Materialismus, ii. p. 156.

—comes with a singular irony from men who by force of intellect, knowledge, and character are in many ways changing the conceptions of their time, and whose most signal triumph it will be to convince us that, if they never felt or thought at all, or stirred emotion and idea in us, it would make no difference to our history, and the senseless pantomime of our life would fit into the same niche in the world's "formula." Such paradoxical triumphs are occasionally won by planting the old nightmare of necessity closely on our breast. But not for long: and the first of us that, feeling cold, spreads his hands before the fire, or, struck with grief, wrings them over the lifeless features of a friend, will here break the spell, and restore the faith that to be conscious, to think, to love, is to have power.

But then, it is said, this mental power, even if we concede it, is found only in connection with definite material conditions; in the absence of which, as in the structure of plants, we have no grounds for admitting any conscious life.

"What can you say then to the student of nature if, before he allows a Psychical principle to the universe, he asks to be shown, somewhere within it, embedded in neurine and fed with warm arterial blood under proper pressure, a convolution of ganglionic globules and nerve-tubes proportioned in size to the faculties of such a Mind?"*

"What can we say?" I say, first of all, that this demand for a Divine brain and nerves and arteries comes strangely from those who reproach the Theist with "anthropomorphism." In order to believe in God, they must be assured that the plates in "Quain's Anatomy" truly represent him. If it be a disgrace to religion to take the human as measure of the Divine, what place in the scale of honor can we assign to this stipulation? Next, I ask my questioner, whether he suspends belief in his friends' mental powers till he has made sure of the contents of their crania? and whether, in the case of ages beyond reach, there are no other adequate vestiges of intellectual and moral life in which he places a ready trust? *Immediate* knowledge of mind other than his own he can never have: its existence in other cases is gathered from the signs of its activity, whether in personal lineaments or in products stamped with thought: and to stop this process of inference with the discovery of *human* beings is altogether arbitrary, till it is shown that the grounds for extending it are inadequate. Further, I would submit that, in dealing with the problem of the Universal Mind, this demand for organic centralization is strangely inappropriate. It is when mental power has to be localized, bounded, lent out to individual natures and assigned to a scene of definite relations, that a focus must be found for it and a molecular structure with determinate periphery be built for its lodgment. And were Du Bois-Reymond himself ever to alight on the portentous cerebrum which he imagines, I greatly doubt whether he would fulfil his promise and turn theist at the sight: that he had found the Cause of causes would be the last inference it would occur to him to draw: rather would he look round for some monstrous *creature*, some kosmic megatherium, born to float and pasture on the fields of space. The great "energies" which we recognize as modes of the Universal Power are not central but ubiquitous: gravitation reports itself wherever there is a particle of matter; heat and light spread with the ether whose undulations they are; and electricity, at one moment gathered into poles, at another sweeps in the aurora over half the heavens. But if still my questioner cannot dispense with some visible structure as the organ of the Ever-living Mind, I will ask him, in his conception of the brain to take into account these words of Cauchy's:—

"Ampère has shown . . . that the molecules of different bodies may be regarded as composed each of several atoms, the dimensions of which are infinitely small relatively to their separating distances. If then we could see the constituent molecules of the different bodies brought under our notice, they would present to our view sorts of constellations; and in passing from the infinitely great to the infinitely small we should find, in the ultimate particles of matter, as in the immensity of the heavens, central points of action distributed in presence of each other."*

If then the invisible molecular structure and movement do but repeat in little those of the heavens, what hinders us

* Du Bois-Reymond, Ueber die Grenzen des Naturerkennens, p. 37.

* Cited from Moigno's Cosmos, tom. ii. p. 374, by Fechner: Atomenlehre, xxvi. p. 232.

from inverting the analogy, and saying that the ordered heavens repeat the rhythm of the cerebral particles? You need an embodied mind? Lift up your eyes, and look upon the arch of night as the brow of the Eternal, its constellations as the molecules of the universal consciousness, its space as their possibility of change, and the ethereal waves as the afferents and efferents of Omniscient Thought. Even in the human nerves, the solid lines are but conductors, and the granules but media of movement; and science is ever on the search for some subtler essence that is thus sheathed and transmitted. In the kosmos, then, think of that essence as unsheathed and omnipresent, with light for its messenger and space for its scope of perception, and your material requisition is not wholly a dream.

Quite in the sense of Du Bois-Reymond's objection was the saying of Laplace, that in scanning the whole heaven with the telescope he found no God; which again has its parallel in Lawrence's remark that the scalpel, in opening the brain, came upon no soul.* Both are unquestionably true, and it is precisely the truth of the second which vitiates the intended inference from the first. Had the scalpel alighted on some perceptible ψυχή, we might have required of the telescope to do the same; and, on its bringing in a dumb report, have concluded there was only mechanism there. But, in spite of the knife's failure, we positively know that conscious thought and will were present, yet no more visible, yesterday: and so, that the telescope misses all but the bodies of the universe and their light avails nothing to prove the absence of a Living Mind through all. If you take the wrong instrument, such quæsita may well evade you. The test-tube will not detect an insincerity, or the microscope analyze a grief. The organism of nature, like that of the brain, lies open in its external features, to the scrutiny of science; but, on the inner side, the life of both is reserved for other modes of apprehension, of which the base is self-consciousness and the crown is religion.

The contempt or sorrow with which the claim of *design* is struck out from the interpretation of the world results in like manner from a false start in construing the dynamic idea. We are supposed to have made acquaintance, in the laboratory, the botanic garden, the aquarium, and among the stars, with a set of blind forces to which a happy hit and a stupid blunder are indifferent and possible, alike; and then, by way of supplement to these, to introduce into the thus prepared scene the action of intellectual purpose. The former is treated as the sphere of determinate causality; the latter of teleological government. It is plain that, under these conditions, nothing is left to the second agency except the residue unexplained by the first; nor does anything suit its character except the fitnesses which (*inter alia*) are not impossible to the other also. Unless therefore it invades and interrupts the series otherwise inevitable, it is liable to be deposed and "mediatized" by advancing knowledge; its troop of anomalies filing off by degrees into the drilled army of necessity; and the adaptations it had claimed being traced to the forces which cannot think. With these logical preconceptions, it is no wonder that the naturalist directs a professional enmity against the doctrine of design, and meets it as the opponent he is for ever beating back: and as he is certainly not only in his right, but at his duty, in pushing to the utmost his researches into the physical history of the forms and phenomena he studies, it is a venial impatience with which he resents attempts to stop him by "supernatural phantoms" across his path. If he can display the mechanism by which the heliotrope turns to the sun, or the chemistry by which in a few hours the turbot assumes the color of the ground over which it swims, or tell the whole story which, beginning with a jelly-point tingling in the sunshine, ends with the completed human eye, let his work have all sympathy and honor. But if he imagines that he is displacing Thought from nature by discovering causality, he is the subject of the very same illusion which would cry him down and arrest his course. The cases do but present the two sides of one superstition.

* Both these dicta I quote from memory, without at the moment being able to verify the citations. An equivalent passage to the atter occurs in the "Lectures on Physiology, Zoology, and the Natural History of Man," p. 8, 1819.

The dispute between acting Force and intending Mind is as unmeaning as the quarrel of a man with his own image. The two are identical,—expressions, now in all dimensions, now in some, of the same nature. Causal power other than Will being an unknown quantity, nay, absolutely out of the sphere of thought, teleology and causality are incorporated in one; and mechanical necessity, instead of being the negation of purpose, is its persistence,—the declining, no doubt, of this or that possible diversion to minor ends, but in subservience to the stability of a more comprehensive order. The inexorability of nature is but the faithfulness of God, the maintenance of those unswerving habits in the universe, without which it could train no mind and school no character: and that it is hard and unbending to us does not prevent its being fluid to Him. To affirm *purpose* therefore in the adjustments of the world is not to set up a rival principle outside their producing force, but to plant, or rather to leave, an integrating thought within it. And, conversely, to trace those adjustments to their "physical causes," is not to withdraw them from their ideal origin, but only to detect the method of carrying the inner meaning to its realization. Who will venture to say, what nevertheless is constantly imagined, that to find how a change comes about is to prove that it was never contemplated? If it *were* contemplated it would have to be executed *somehow;* if, the moment you read the machinery provided for this purpose, the purpose itself is quenched from your view, is this the discovery or the loss of a reality?

This treatment of determinate causation as incompatible with conscious aims, is the more curious, as proceeding from a school which, as necessarian, is constantly laboring to show the co-existence of the two in human nature. If man is only a sample of the universal determinism, yet forms purposes, contrives for their accomplishment, and executes them, definite causality and prospective thought can work together, and the field which is occupied by the one is not preoccupied against the other.

The frequent plea, "See, there is no mind here, for all is necessary causation," tacitly concedes that, in order to have mind, there must be exemption from necessity; and can be consistently urged only by one who attributes this exemption to the human will. Is the argument conclusive from his point of view? It would be so, were it possible to prove his premiss, viz., the universality in the kosmos of necessary causation. But this is plainly out of the question, because his amplest science carries the induction, such as it is, only skin-deep into the universe; because he would have to show that the present fixity was not determined by a past exercise of will; because Mind, in proportion as it is orderly and exact in its methods, may assume the semblance of necessity, and be the less suspected that its freedom works by rule. He knows how he himself, though conscious of self-disposal as well as of subjection to nature, presents to the determinist the aspect of a machine; and how can he be secure against a similar illusion in his interpretation of the world? What is to prevent the same combination of free and necessary causality, which he finds in himself from existing also beyond? Nay, if there were only mind-excluding force in nature, how could there arise a force-resisting mind in him? He could not carry in himself new causal beginnings, if in the kosmos whence he comes the lines of possibility were definitely closed.

I revert, then, after weighing these objections, to my "unwiderstehlicher Hang zur Personification," and persist in regarding that which the natural philosopher calls *force*, and Professor Tyndall raises to an immanent *life*, as Causal Will, manifesting itself, not in interference with an established order, but in producing it. As it builds and weaves and quickens all matter, and could not otherwise work before us at all, the structures and growths of the material world are its seat, and their phenomena its witnesses: so that the very story,—of saline crystals, and ice-stars, and fern-fronds, and human birth,—which Professor Tyndall tells in order to exclude it, is to me a continuous report of its agency and laws. He asks, what else is there here than matter? I answer, the *movements* of matter, with their disposing and "formative *power*," the attracting and repelling energies, which, *dealing with* molecules and cells, *are not* molecules and cells. "Mens agitat molem." Whoever finds

this incredible will soon have to make friends with some abstraction which is but a ghastly mimicry of it; for *some* conception over and above that of "pure matter," is indispensable to the accurate representation of the simplest facts. If in the typical "oak-tree" the vitality suddenly ceased, the "matter" of it would at the next moment still be there, as certainly as that of a clock which had run down: it would weigh the same as before, and so stand the admitted test of the indestructibility of matter. Yet *something* is gone which was previously there, and that something has to be described otherwise than in terms of "matter." The droll "hypothesis" which my critic amuses himself with conjecturally attributing to me, "of a vegetative soul," wedded to the tree at a definite date, and quitting it when its term was up, certainly does not help us; and is set up on my behalf, I presume, simply from the facility of knocking it down. But are we any better served by the "alternative" conception of a "formative power," long latent and "potential," *i.e. not* forming anything, but only *going to do so?* I see that the conception contradicts Büchner's dictum, "A power not expressing itself has no existence;" yet am at a loss to know how, during its latency, its presence is ascertained, and to exercise with regard to it "that Vorstellungs-fähigkeit with which, in my efforts to think clearly, I can never dispense." Whilst it lies in wait behind the scenes,—before the time for the deposit of the crystal or the germination of the acorn,—*where* is it? behind what molecules does it hide? through what space is it invisibly present? What shape has it, enabling it to lay its building particles and to agglutinate cells? How does it know the right moment of temperature for stepping on to the stage, and declaring itself without further reserve? In short, all the questions addressed to me respecting the "formative soul" invented for me, I refer back to be answered on behalf of my critic's "potential power." "Potentiality" is an intelligible fact in a being consciously able to act or to refrain. But when the idea is carried into a system of necessitated phenomena, it means nothing in *them*, but something in *us*, as their observers —viz., that we conditionally anticipate a future change, foreseeing a distant term of a series which would be certain provided the nearer ones were not obscure. To plant this subjective suspense out into the field of nature to do objective work there, now alighting visibly upon the earth, and then hidden again in "an ambrosial cloud," is a sort of intellectual illusion which modern logic might have been expected to cast out.

In truth, the nearer I approach the Power which Professor Tyndall pursues through nature with so subtle and brilliant a chase, and the more I try, by combining the predicates which he gives and withholds, to think it out into the clear, the less distinct does this "ideal somewhat" become, not simply to the imagination, but to intellectual apprehension. A power which is not Mind, yet may be "potential" and exist when and where it makes no sign; which is "immanent" in matter, yet *is* matter; which "is manifested in the universe," yet is not "a Cause," therefore has no effects; presents to me, I must confess, not an overshadowing mystery, but an assemblage of contradictions. I have always supposed that "Power" was a relative word, and that the correlative was found in the "work done:" take away the latter by denying the causation, and the term drops into five letters which might as well be arranged in any other order.

Yet elsewhere this negative language is balanced by such large affirmative suggestions that I almost cease to feel the interval between my critic's thought and my own. Of the inorganic, the vegetable, and the animal realms he says—

> "From this point of view all three worlds would constitute a unity, in which I picture life as immanent everywhere. Nor am I anxious to shut out the idea that the life here spoken of may be but a subordinate part and function of a higher life, as the living, moving blood is subordinate to the living man. I resist no such idea, as long as it is not dogmatically imposed. Left for the human mind freely to operate upon, the idea has ethical vitality; but stiffened into a dogma, the inner force disappears, and the outward yoke of a usurping hierarchy takes its place."*

Bidding God-speed to this sudden flank-attack upon usurping hierarchies and dogmas, I pursue only the main line of march in the free "idea." Whither does it lead me? It shows me the three pro-

* *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1875, p. 596.

vinces which make up our kosmos blended into one organism by an all-pervading life, which conducts all their processes, from the flow of the river to the dynamics of the human brain. This alone brings me to a pause of solemn wonder,—a single power through the whole, and that a living one! But there is more behind. This power, co-extensive though it is with nature, is not all: beyond her level we are to think of a "higher life," to which her laws and history do but give functional expression. May we then really think out this "idea" of a life "higher" than what is supreme in the world,—higher, therefore, than the human? But scale of height above that point we do not possess, except in gradation of intellectual and moral sublimity; and either that Ideal Life must cease to live, or must come before our thought as transcendent Mind and Will, on a scale comprehending as well as permeating the universe. With any guide who brings me hither I sit down with joy and rest. It is the mountain-top, which shows all things in larger relations and through a more lustrous air; and every feature,—the great build of the world close at hand; the thinning of the everlasting snows as they stoop and melt towards human life; the opening of sweet valleys below the earlier and wilder pines; and the final plains, teeming in their silence with industry and thought,—is better understood than from level points of view, where the scope is narrowed or the calm is lost. But my guide seems less content than I to rest here, and deserts me, not, so far as I can trace him, to reach a brighter point, but rather to descend into the mists. To the "higher life," transcending our highest, he dares not give the predicate "Mind," or apply the pronoun of Personality.* On *what* scale, then, is it "higher"? If not on the intellectual and moral, then there is that in man which rises above it; for the power of attaining truth and goodness is ideally supreme. If Professor Tyndall can reveal to us something which is higher than Mind and Free Causality, by all means let us accept it at his hands and assign it to God. But in order to profess this, and therefore to deprecate, as an "anthropomorphism," the ascription of mind to Him, one would have, I think, to be one's self something *more than man*. Only such a one could cast a look above the level of Reason, to see whether it was overtopped: and so, this fashionable reproach against religion is virtually an arrogating of a superhuman position. As we cannot overfly our own zone, no beat of our wings availing to lift us out of the atmosphere they press, surely, if that "higher life" speaks to us in idea at all, it can only be as Perfect Reason and Righteous Will. Those who find this type of conception not good enough for them,—do they succeed in struggling upwards to a better? Rather, I should fear, does a persistent gravitation gain upon them, till they droop and sink into the alternative faith of blind force which leaves their own rank supreme.

Professor Tyndall sets the belief in "unbroken causal connection" and the "theologic conception" over against each other as "rivals;" and says that an hour's reasoning will give the first the victory.† The victory is impossible, because the rivalry is unreal. Why should not a Mind of illimitable resources,—such as "the theologic conception" enthrones in the universe,—conduct and maintain "unbroken causal connection"? Is not such connection congenial with the relations of thought and the harmony of intellectual life? Do not you, the student of nature, yourself admire it? Is it not the theme of your constant praise? Do you not speak with contemptuous aversion of alleged deviations from the steadfast tracks of order? and would you not yourself maintain those tracks, if you were at the head of things? To this attitude you are impelled by a just jealousy for the coherent beauty and worth of science as a whole. If, then, these unswerving lines so dignify the investigating intellect which regressively traces them up, how can it be out of character with the Mind of minds to think them progressively forth?

In the discussion which here reaches its close my object has been simply defensive,—to repel the pretension of speculative materialism to supersede "the

* *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1875, p. 596.

† *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1875, p 596.

theological conception," by tracing that pretension to an imperfect appreciation of the ultimate logic of science. But the idea of Divine Causality which is thus saved; though an essential condition, is not the chief strength of religion; giving perhaps its measure in breadth, but not in depth. Were the physical aspects of the world alone open to us, we should doubtless gain, by reading a divineness between the lines, for beauty a new meaning, for poetry a fuller music, for art a greater elevation; but hardly a better balance of the affections or more fidelity of will. It is not till we cross the chasm which stops the scientific continuity, not till we make a new beginning on the further side, that the "idea of a higher life," emerging now in a far different field, can claim its "ethical value." The *self-conscious* hemisphere of inner experience,—which natural philosophy leaves in the dark,—*this* it is which turns to its Divine Source; and finds, not in any vacant "mystery," but in the living sympathy of a supreme Perfection, "the lifting power of an ideal element in human life." Only by converse with our own minds can we—to use the words of Smith of Cambridge—"steal from them their secrets," and "climb up to the contemplation of the Deity."* It is but too natural that this inner side of knowledge, this *melior pars nostri*, should be unheeded by those who look on it as the mere accessory fringe of an automatic life, gracefully hanging from the texture, but without a thread of connection beyond; and that with them the word "subjective" should be tantamount to "groundless." They confess the "mystery" of this interior experience only to fly from it and refuse its light. Yet here it is that at last light and vision lapse into one, and supply the ἡλιοειδέστατον τῶν ὀργάνων† for the apprehension of the first truths of physical and the last of hyperphysical knowledge. Till we accept the "*faiths*" which our faculties postulate, we can never *know* even the sensible world; and when we accept them, we shall know much more. Short of this firm trust in the bases whereon our nature is appointed to stand,—a trust which, if destroyed by a half-philosophy, must be restored by a whole one, the grandest "ideas" flung out to play with and turn about in the kaleidoscope of possibilities, or work up as material of poetry and rhetoric, can no more "lift" a human will than the gossamer pluck up the oak on which it swings. Unless your "ideal" reveals the real it has no power, and its "ethic value" is that of a dissolving image or a passing sigh. You must "*believe*" ere you can "remove mountains:" if you only fancy, they sit as a nightmare on your breast. And if man does nothing well till he ceases to have his vision, and his vision rather has him and wields him for action or repose; and if then he astonishes you with his triumphs over "nature" and her apparent real, is he the *only* being who thus rides out upon a thought, and makes the elements embody it? Have not these elements already learned their obedience, and grown familiar with the intellectual mandate to which they yield? A man truly possessed, ethically moulded by the pressures of reverence and love, you can never persuade that the beauty, the truth, the goodness which kindles him is but his private altar-lamp: it is an eternal, illimitable light, pervading and consecrating the universe. Unless it be so, it fires him no more; and, instead of utterly surrendering his will to it in trust and sacrifice, he begins to admire it as a little mimic star of his own,—a phosphorescence of matter set up by the chemistry of nature, not to see things by, but to glisten on the darkness of himself. It is vain to expatiate on the need of religion for our nature, and on the elevation of character which it can produce, and in the same breath bid it begone from the home of truth and seek shelter in the tent of romance. If its power is noble, its essence is true. And what that essence comprises has been worked fairly out in the long experiment of Christianity on human nature; which has shown that, in its purest and strongest phase, religion is a variety and last sublimity of *personal affection* and living communion with an Infinitely Wise and Good and Holy. The expectation that anything will remain if this be dropped, and that by flinging the same sacred vestments of speech round the form of some empty abstraction you can save the continuity

* Discourse iii., p. 66, ap. Tulloch's Rational Theology, vol. ii. p. 158.

† Plato de Rep. 508, A.

of piety, is an illusion which could never occur except to the outside observer. Look at the sacred poetry and recorded devotion of Christendom: how many lines of it would have any meaning left, if the conditions of conscious relationship and immediate converse between the human and the Divine Mind were withdrawn? And wherever the sense of these conditions has been enfeebled, through superficial "rationalism" or ethical self-confidence, "religious sterility" has followed. To its inner essence, thus tested by positive and negative experience, Religion will remain constant, taking little notice of either scientific forbearance or critical management; and, though left, perhaps, by temporary desertions to nourish its life in comparative silence and retirement, certain to be heard, when it emerges, still speaking in the same simple tones, and breathing the old affections of personal love, and trust, and aspiration.—*Contemporary Review.*

ANY POET TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

IMMORTAL VERSE! Is mine the strain
To last and live? As ages wane
Will one be found to twine the bays,
And praise me then as now you praise?

Will there be one to praise? Ah, no!
My laurel leaf may never grow;
My bust is in the quarry yet,—
Oblivion weaves my coronet.

Immortal for a month—a week!
The garlands wither as I speak;
The song will die, the harp's unstrung,—
But, singing, have I vainly sung?

You deign'd to lend an ear the while
I trill'd my lay. I won your smile.
Now, let it die, or let it live,—
My verse was all I had to give.

The linnet flies on wistful wings,
And finds a bower, and lights and sings;
Enough if my poor verse endures
To light and live—to die in yours.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE LIFE AND LABORS OF FRANCIS DEAK. 1803–1876.

BY KARL BLIND.

IN the lofty Academic Hall at Pesth, where the remains of the great Hungarian patriot lately stood amidst a nation's sympathetic sorrow, there might be seen, on the black drapery with which the marble walls were hung, the escutcheon of the Deak family; showing, in the middle, a pen and a book—a battle-axe crowning the top. In a way, this rare coat-of-arms prefigured the late statesman's character and life.

For his country's rights he battled manfully, though his own hands never grasped the war-hatchet, which he would have readily buried for ever. The pen and the book more fitly symbol his

doings. Public speech and public writings were his only weapons. By these he wrought an extraordinary success; entering his name, with indelible letters, in the checkered history of his fatherland. Yet the battle-axe that surmounted his armorial bearings, and the use of which he personally spurned, had a good deal to do with the triumph of his efforts; for without the repeated favor of warlike events in neighboring lands, Hungary could not have regained those constitutional rights of which he was the moderate, but steadfast, champion.

The outward career of Francis Deak can scarcely be called an eventful one. His life was one of the simplest. Averse to all show, he neither sought distinction nor power. No stars or crosses covered his breast; nor would he accept any of those titles which royalty showers upon men it wishes to fetter. The consciousness of having done right was ever enough for him, from early youth down to his dying hour.

Born on October 17, 1803, at Söjhör, in the comitat of Zala, the offspring of a family belonging to the lesser nobility, he studied law at Raab. The first training in the knowledge of State affairs he received from a brother—his senior by twenty years. At an early age, we find Francis Deak as a leader of the Liberal party in his native comitat. The county assemblies of Hungary have always served as a nursery for political talents—as a preparatory school for greater action in the Diet. When returned, in 1832, for the latter Assembly, after the withdrawal of his brother, he rose almost at once to the foremost rank as an Opposition speaker.

His bearing, at that time, is described as serious and dignified; of a gravity almost too great for so young a man. Of shortish build; with features by no means striking; the clear and quiet eyes overshadowed by bushy brows; with a good forehead; but otherwise lacking the characteristics that might have marked him as a future leader of men: so he stepped into the Parliament at Pressburg. In bodily form, as well as in temperament, he had few of the peculiarities of his race. But he soon proved himself a very Magyar of Magyars in his profound acquaintance with Parliamentary lore; in the fertility of his legal resources; in the copiousness of his vocabulary when a point was to be gained by speaking, as it were, against Time; as well as in his wonderful tenacity, which in later years almost served the purposes of a death-defying enthusiasm.

His maiden speech, modest in tone, but showing great tact and full maturity of judgment, created a deep impression on both sides of the House. Unadorned by any rhetorical flowers; studiously free from all invective or pathetic appeals, his eloquence, entirely of a persuasive kind, mainly influenced the hearer by the logical marshalling of facts and arguments; by the strong array of weapons taken from the arsenal of Constitutional legality; by the homely illustrations and quaint anecdotic humor with which the orator relieved his otherwise plain speech. The whole was given in an easy conversational tone, but in well-rounded, sometimes even stately periods. Simple common sense marked every utterance. Deak wished to convince, not to rouse and to hurry on, those whom he addressed. Only reluctantly he grappled with an enemy in the strong polemic vein; but then he generally managed to make his foe beware of a future quarrel with him. At a glance it could be seen that, in ordinary times, this youthful, almost precociously wise statesman would exercise a leading influence. But the very strength which he displayed for such an epoch of exclusively legal contests, bore in it a germ of weakness for those mighty revolutionary struggles when an outraged people—to speak with Stauffacher, in Schiller's *Tell*—'boldly reclaims those natural rights which hang, like stars eternal, in high heaven.'

A few more speeches in the Diet brought Deak fully to the front. In the Parliament of 1839-40, he acted already as a prominent party-leader. If the effect of Eötvös' harangues was often marred by rhetorical involution; if Stephan Szechenyi—upon whose mind, in later days, dark clouds lowered—had alternate accesses of sanguine hope and deep despondency, Deak always gave his temperate counsel with clearness and unchanging force. He neither hoped beyond measure, nor ever did despair. The even strength of his nature came out when he fought, at one and the same time, the battle of his country's charter

against Habsburg encroachment, and of popular enfranchisement against the harsh feudal rule of the nobles.

Aristocratic privilege, at that time, stalked about rampant and fierce in Hungary, whilst the country was ever and anon the prey of an absolutistic Court whose rule was upheld by the sword, by the executioner's axe, by prison torture, and by an inquisitorial censorship of the press. It is difficult for the present generation to understand the character of that sad epoch, when the personal security of every prominent opponent daily trembled in the balance. Deak, from patriotic motives, as well as from noble sympathy with the sufferings of the masses, earnestly strove to bring about Home Reforms; all the while resisting Metternich's attacks upon his country's Constitution. It was a difficult task—this double struggling. The question was, how to combine the existing political forces, which dwelt in a narrow aristocratic circle, against Metternich's system, and, at the same time, so to conduct the campaign against the misgovernment of the magnates as not to weaken too much the cohesion of the Magyar ranks.

Deak's wisdom and energy were equal to both tasks. In open Parliament, and in Committee, he was an indefatigable worker. By word of mouth, and by the press, he labored for the emancipation of the peasantry; for a reform in the administration of justice; for a more equitable distribution of political rights; for the mitigation of social tyranny. Yet, while using the trowel for the building up of a better State-structure at home, he had to keep ready the weapon wherewith to hold the despotic foe at bay.

In those days, Hungarian deputies had to go by the instructions of their constituencies, similar to the *cahiers* of the pre-revolutionary era in France. When the comitat which Deak represented gave it as its instruction that he should vote for the continued exemption of the aristocracy from taxation, he threw up his mandate, and indignantly withdrew for a time from public life. A true Horatian 'just man, tenacious of his aim,' he would not buy a distinguished position at the price of his principles. But such was already then his influence that nobody dared to fill the place which he had left; so the comitat was for a while represented by a single member. In those years of retirement he was not inactive. A well-read jurisconsult, he continued working at a reformed law code, the first draft of which he had elaborated in company with Szalay, and which earned great praise from the eminent German legist, Mittermaier. Studies connected with the Parliamentary system also filled Deak's political leisure. An effort was made to bring him back to Parliament by altering the offensive portion of the instruction. He refused, because questionable means had been employed in a second electoral contest, and because blood had been spilt during the angry excitement of political passions. Above all things he abhorred any act of violence.

Only by fair and pure means would he obtain a success. His aversion to the use of force went so far as to render him, afterwards, when the revolutionary tempest came, more a victim of the foes than a help to the friends of his country's cause. He had all the law-abiding perseverance, all the unbending firmness, all the qualities of mixed modesty and courage of Hampden and Pym. No better parallel could be found for him, as regards the main substance of his character, than among the doughty men who preceded the English Commonwealth. But as soon as the ground of strict legality was left, he felt out of his place, and became practically powerless.

Towards the end of 1847, when the signs of a coming tempest broke forth on the European horizon, Deak came back to the Diet. Its leading members had often, during his non-appearance in public, sought his private counsel. Now, a powerful party again placed itself under his acknowledged leadership. Already the drift of the movement began, however, to set towards a different goal. We find him acting together with Kossuth; but even then it might have been seen that the paths of the two men would soon diverge.

After the Revolution of March 1848, when Vienna rose with the strength of a young giant, and Milan drove out the armed host of its oppressor, Deak became Minister of Justice in the Cabinet of Count Bathyany. In the stormy movements which now swept over the

face of Europe, he did not appear to great advantage. The moderantism to which his whole nature inclined, unfitted him for the rough task of coping with a tyranny that had only been cowed, but not crushed. Generally a cautious but observant man, he seemed in those days to lack even the foresight which looks far ahead into an enemy's probable tactics. Reforms in the domain of justice he firmly advocated and carried out. Trial by jury, the freedom of the press, and similar questions of deep home import, had his fullest attention. But in matters affecting the political situation at large he did not come up to the height of a great historical moment.

Whilst the strongest real guarantees were required to uphold the newly-born freedom against a possible and only too probable treachery, he was content with a mere Royal rescript. At the risk of his whole popularity, he urged his own trustful view against the party which then began to gather round Kossuth. To the proposition that Prince Metternich's name should be erased from the roll of Hungarian magnates, Deak offered a strenuous opposition. This was a fault, even from the point of view of moderate constitutionalism—which at any rate had to break with the despotic past.

Very rightly he recommended that friendly relations should be entered into with the National Constituent Assembly of Germany by means of a semi-diplomatic mission to Frankfort-on-the-Main. Hungary's separate political existence was thus clearly marked off. In Italian affairs, he failed to understand the drift of the time. Going by the stipulations of the old Pragmatic Sanction, he, a Liberal, gave his support to the demand of the Court of Vienna that Hungary should furnish troops to help in the overthrow of the Italian cause. In this, it is true, he only did that which even Kossuth had temporarily sanctioned. Written law, which Deak had so often used in support of his own country's rights, was thus made to serve as a chain wherewith to bind another nation rightfully struggling for independence. Yet, could there be a doubt even for a moment that, if the House of Habsburg were victorious against the Italian 'rebels,' it would speedily lead its troops, fresh from victory, against the Hungarian insurgents?

'I love progress, but not Revolution!' Deak was wont to say. But in the midst of a revolution, there was no choice for any one standing in the front but to be hammer or anvil. The situation was given; no individual likings were of any avail. Events had to be resolutely used for the furtherance of freedom—or else the flood-gates of absolutism would be forced open, and every liberty that had been gained be swamped by an ugly rush of reaction. For a moment, the prospects of Hungary had seemed bright in the early part of 1848. Equality of rights was decreed for its manifold races, some of which had, before that time, held the unenviable position of a mere '*misera plebs contribuens, optima flens, pessima ridens.*' Such, indeed, had once been the cruel saying which declared the wretched hind to be at his best when, bathed in tears, he paid his scot; and at his worst when he felt in a mood for laughter.

Unfortunately the fierce passions of race-hatred, kindled by dynastic guile, soon ran riot at the expense of that liberty which had been decreed for all, and which all might have equally enjoyed. A discordance of tribes marks the whole East of Europe. Not only in Turkey, but in Hungary, and even in Poland, odd fragments of races are heterogeneously huddled together, as stray remnants and sediments of the Migration drifts. In Austrian Galicia, where the Polish race, properly so called, is broken in by a Ruthenian population which holds an intermediate position between the Poles or Lechs, and the Russians, Prince Metternich, in 1846, was able to make use of this tribal antagonism, as well as of the class feuds between the peasants and the nobles, in order to quell a patriotic Polish movement by a cruel massacre.

In Hungary, after the enthusiastic rising of 1848, the smouldering embers of race-hatred were soon fanned by the Mephistophelic agency of an Imperialist camarilla. Hungary is a polyglot country. Within its precincts there are Magyars and Sclaves, Germans and Roumans; nationalities differing from one another in origin and speech as much as the Turks do from the Muscovites, or the English from the Italians.

Besides these chief races, there is a medley of Arnauts, Bulgars, Armenians, Gipsy clans, and so forth, which go to eke out the many-colored State-edifice between the Carpathian range and the Danube. In this confusion of tribes and tongues, the Magyars hold the central and most compact position, geographically as well as in politics.

An Ugrian, Turanian race, tracing its descent from an Eastern nomadic tribe, that rushed into Europe like a whirlwind, the Magyars have since early ages displayed a capacity for self-government fully equal to that of nations boasting of an Anglo-Saxon descent. In the midst of apparently disheartening difficulties, they succeeded in imprinting a common political stamp upon a country made up of the most variegated elements. Strong-handed conquerors at first, they gradually, of late, set to work to change mere aristocratic privilege into an equality of civic rights. If the German element of Hungary represented general culture, the Magyars were the political mainstay of the realm. Without them, the country fell back into chaos—a ready victim of absolutistic state-craft.

All Magyars know by what dangers they are surrounded. Deak, as a Magyar, could not deceive himself on that point; and what had occurred in Galicia must have served him as a warning example. Perhaps his extreme moderation, in his dealings with the Austrian Government, arose from the consciousness of these ever-lurking dangers. The camarilla in the Hofburg did, however, take no account of such moderation. It fretted and chafed under the defeat which it had suffered at the hands of the people of Vienna, Pesth and Milan. Its whole energy was given to the thought as to how the tables could be first turned upon the Magyars by means of the Slavs. If the Magyars were once got down, then, forsooth, the turn of the German-Austrians was to come.

To effect such a reaction, a base game of treachery was enacted, almost unparalleled in history. Jellacic, the Governor of Croatia, who made the first armed attack upon the new order of things in Hungary, was in secret league with the Court of Vienna. Deposed, degraded, styled a 'rebel' by Imperial letter, he had all the while the clandestine support of the Emperor Ferdinand, or rather of the intriguing clique which made use of that half-witted monarch as a puppet. Field-officers, artillery, ammunition were sent through Ferdinand's Minister of War, Latour, to the Banus of Croatia, whilst official decrees apparently deprived him of all his civil and military functions. Thus, an insurrection of Croats, Serbs, and Valachs was cunningly fanned against the Hungarian cause. When the day for avowing the real object came, the Emperor-King, by an order dated September 4, 1848, revoked the decree against the 'rebel;' expressed his high approval of the conduct of his 'faithful Jellacic;' suspended the Constitution; proclaimed martial law; and appointed the 'rebel' as his plenipotentiary for the kingdom of Hungary; investing him with unlimited authority to act in the name of his Majesty within the said kingdom.

'The king was a traitor.' By the more far-seeing, this had long been suspected. With good reason, Kossuth, anticipating coming events, had kept up relations with the popular leaders at Vienna. German-Austrians and Magyars had a common foe; the Slav reaction, championed by Croats, Serbs, and Czechs. Between the capitals of Hungary and Austria there was, therefore, a sympathetic chord. On the treachery of the ruling house becoming manifest, action without delay was urgently needed. Almost on the spur of the moment, higher resolutions had to be formed than suited the steady-going, but somewhat lawyer-like, character of the leader of the moderate Constitutionalists. Deak, discouraged and disconcerted, hastened to Vienna, making a last hopeless attempt. From the lips of Archduke Franz Karl he learnt that all was lost—that Hungary had only to choose between submission or revolution.

Thereupon Deak withdrew from the Ministry. Henceforth, though Bathyany stood at the head of the new Cabinet, the chief part naturally fell to Lewis Kos-

* For a succinct, but telling, account of these events, see the letters, originally addressed to the *Daily News* and *Times*, by Sabbas Vucovics, late Minister of Justice, and by Bartholomew Szemere, late Minister of the Interior, in Hungary; reprinted in *Speeches of Kossuth*: edited by Francis W. Newman.

suth, the idol of the masses, the popular orator and bold writer, the gifted leader of the advanced party, who—with an almost Oriental style of eloquence, very dissimilar from that of Deak—combined an active fervor and an ambition deeply impatient of the continuance of Royal and Imperial rule. In Parliament, Deak still stayed for a short time after his resignation as a Minister. But his political occupation was gone. His last public act, during the tragic events of war which now became the order of the day, was his appearance before Prince Windischgrätz, the Imperial commander, as member of a deputation from the Hungarian Diet. Counts Anthony and George Majlath, Count Lewis Bathyany, and Archbishop Lonowicz were with him —truly no Republicans of very deep dye!

'I do not treat with rebels!' was the harsh exclamation with which Prince Windischgrätz received these deputies.

Seeing all hope of a peaceful solution at an end, Deak gave up his seat in Parliament, and refused to obey the summons to Debreczyn, whither the representatives of the people had withdrawn for greater safety. Amidst the clangor of arms, the expounder of legality remained silent. Meanwhile, the Hungarian rising, so ably and heroically led, but so dangerously assailed by counter-insurrections of hostile tribes from within, fell before the twofold attack of the armies of the Kaiser and the Czar. After the terrible catastrophe of Vilagos, and the sanguinary overthrow of the nation's cause, Deak passed nearly ten years in absolute retirement; living in the small town of Kehida, near which some of his family-estates lay. For all that could humanly be foreseen he might have gone down to his grave without seeing a ray lighting up the dark night of reaction in which his country was enveloped.

II.

A deep gloom had settled over the countries under Habsburg sway. At Vienna, Robert Blum, Messenhauser, Becher, and other champions of the German popular cause were in their gory graves, riddled with court-martial bullets. In Italy, the work of re-conquest was completed by leisurely conducted fusillades. On the gallows at Arad, the hangman of his Imperial, Royal, and—aye!—Apostolic Majesty had strung up eminent Magyar generals and statesmen by the dozen. By drumhead law, men were condemned to be hung; and Imperial 'pardon' now and then graciously allowed them to be shot. For women there was Haynau's whip.

A palace revolution in the Austrian capital, led by the Archduchess Sophia, with the aid of a High Council of Generals ('*hohe Generalität*,' as the technical term was), had dethroned the half-witted Ferdinand, who seemed to be an obstacle to the continuance of sanguinary deeds, and appointed in his stead the youthful Francis Joseph, a boy of eighteen, for whom his mother, the Archduchess, practically ruled as a Regent. The sabre and the crozier were now the symbols of government. By negotiations with the Vatican, the bases of a Concordat were laid, which placed the whole intellectual life of the people at the mercy of a hierarchical Inquisition. There was no impediment to the execution of the wildest dreams of a reaction gone mad. At least, so it appeared for a time to the politicians of the Cabinet and the Camarilla. In such a situation the very name of Francis Deak was forgotten.

For the first time there arose, then, that Imperialist doctrine which would not acknowledge any marks of distinction between the several component parts of the 'Austrian Empire.' It is true, even Lord Palmerston, in 1849, when Hungary was yet struggling for her rights, had said, in reply to those who wished for the recognition of the Magyar Commonwealth, that he 'knew of no Hungary, but only of an Austrian Empire.' That assertion of Lord Palmerston did, however not tally with public law.* Down to 1849, Hungary had been

* After the overthrow of the Hungarian rising, Lord Palmerston certainly spoke but—that is to say, in a private letter—against the atrocities of the Austrian Government, whom he styled 'the greatest brutes that ever called themselves by the undeserved name of civilized men.' He wrote:—'Their late exploit of flogging forty odd people, including two women, at Milan, some of the victims being gentlemen, is really too blackguard and disgusting a proceeding. As to working upon their feelings of generosity and gentlemanlikeness, that is out of the question, because such feelings exist not in a set of officials who have been trained up in the school of Metter-

a separate kingdom, so far as its constitution and the tenure of royal power were concerned—a kingdom as clearly marked off from Austria proper as is Norway at present from Sweden, or as was Hanover from England during the time when English Kings were at the same time German Prince-Electors. Hungary had a charter of her own. Her King was only a King after he had sworn a special constitutional oath. The confines of the Hungarian realm were distinct and unmistakable. Its soil was even girded by a cordon of custom-houses, forming a commercial division in addition to the political one. A 'province' of an 'Austrian Empire' Hungary therefore was not. The very name of *Kaiser-Staat*, or Empire, only dated from the beginning of the present century, when Francis II. was compelled, through the misfortunes of war in the struggle against Napoleon, to lay down the Imperial crown of Germany, and to declare that empire, which had lasted for nearly a thousand years, to be dissolved. As a slight solace, he then assumed, under the name of Francis I., the title of 'Kaiser' for his own dominions. Constitutionally, Hungary was not affected thereby. For her the Austrian Emperor remained simply a King. All this had ever been regarded as self-understood by men like Deak, and by all the living political forces in Hungary.

But now, in return for the declaration resolved upon at Debreczyn, which had pronounced the forfeiture of the 'Crown of St. Stephen' by the House of Habsburg-Lorraine, the Kaiser declared, on his part, the Hungarians to have lost their national existence and their charter through the fact of rebellion. It was done on the *Verwirkungs-Theorie*, the theory of forfeiture, to use the special phrase of the time. Henceforth, Hungary was to be ruled according to the mere pleasure of the monarch; all representative institutions, both in State affairs and in local matters, being set aside by a stroke of the pen, or rather of the sword. There was to be a 'centralised Austria,' under the black-yellow flag, held together by iron bands; the whole overshadowed by the cowl.

Yet the scheme of triumphant tyranny would not work; neither on this, nor on the other side of the Leitha. In the face of their haughty oppressor—who, the better to mark the relation in which he stood to the people of his capital, would never (from 1848 down to 1860) show himself in public in any other than a soldier's garb—the Viennese maintained an attitude of sullenness all the more galling to the Court, because it formed so strong a contrast to the good-natured and forgiving temper of that pleasure-loving, but withal free-minded, population. Even so would the Lombards and Venetians not be weaned from their eager wish for a union with their Italian brethren. In Galicia, the idea of Polish nationality was kept alive with a view to future possibilities. In Hungary, the attempt of Prince Schwarzenberg to make the Magyars yield ready obedience to the rule of the sword failed miserably. So did the more Liberal, but still anti-Hungarian, policy of Herr von Schmerling, who sought to found a centralized Austria on the constitutional principle.

After various kaleidoscopic changes in Habsburg politics, which all came to nothing, Deak was at last sounded as to whether he would help Government in mending things. He firmly declined.

nich; and the men in whose minds such inborn feelings have not been crushed by Court and office power, have been studiously excluded from public affairs, and can only blush in private for the disgrace which such things throw upon their country. But I do hope that you will not fail constantly to bear in mind the country and the Government which you represent, and that you will maintain the dignity and the honor of England by expressing openly and decidedly the disgust which such proceedings excite in the public mind in this country. . . . You might surely find an opportunity of drawing Schwarzenberg's attention to these matters, which may be made intelligible to him, and which a British ambassador has a right to submit to his consideration.' (See Letter to Lord Ponsonby, of September 9, 1849, in *The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston*, 1846–1865, by the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P.) Very brave words these were of Lord Palmerston—after he had taken sides against Hungary. What he said of the atrocities committed by the generals and officials of the Austrian Kaiser, might, no doubt, have been said also of the deeds of the victorious Reaction all through Europe—including that new night of St. Bartholomew of December 2d, 1851, whose perpetrator Lord Palmerston, only consulting himself, hastened to acknowledge as a lawful ruler, whilst the streets still ran with the blood of the defenders of the Constitution.

Several times approached in the same way, he always gave the same reply. 'There is no Hungarian Constitution in force,' he answered; 'and without that Constitution, I am simply Deak, and can do nothing.' During the Bach Ministry he once remarked in regard to a new constitutional experiment, that the Austrian Minister had 'wrongly buttoned his political coat, and that there was nothing left for him but to unbutton it, and to begin afresh.' On hearing this expression of Deak, Bach said:—'Perhaps we had better cut off the buttons!' Deak replied: 'But then the coat could not be buttoned at all!'

In times of great oppression, a few winged words go far as an embodiment of public opinion. Quips from the retired Hungarian statesman soon became a staple stock in political talk. When a second recruitment for the army was intended, in one and the same year, Deak said in answer to a question put to him:—'That will not do for Hungary! Women here are wont to bear children only once a year!'

The rough barrack rule of Schwarzenberg; the bigoted Jesuitical sway of Bach; the Federalist mediævalism of Goluchowski; the emasculated parliamentary system of Schmerling—all failed in turn. Schmerling's notion of a Constitution was that of a convenient machinery for raising money and passing enactments, with no 'right of resistance' against lawless Royal and Imperial decrees attached to it. The Hungarian idea of a Constitution, as upheld once more towards 1859 by Deak, was that of a historical covenant, somewhat like the old Arragonese charter; the king being only a lawful king after having sworn to observe the ground-law of the nation, and only remaining a sovereign so long as he fulfilled his part of the compact—not longer. In this sense, the trusty leader of the moderate Constitutionalists came now again to the front. Though he had been inactive for so many years, he at once attracted a large following. He was called the 'Conscience of the Nation.' People looked upon him as a kind of 'Aristides.' The 'Sage,' the 'Just'—such were the titles of honor plentifully bestowed upon him during this second epoch of his public career.

It was after the deep humiliation of the Kaiser on the Lombard plain in 1859—that Hungary won her first triumph—Without that military event, all the exertions of Deak would have been of little avail. The defender of Constitutional legality, who personally discountenanced the use of force, could never have made his voice in the Hofburg so impressive as the roar of guns. Yet, years afterwards, he who in the Hungarian Diet had once manifested his sympathy with the Polish cause, set his face, after Cavour's death, against any solemn celebration in honor to the Italian statesman. Italian Democrats—Garibaldi before all—may have cause to hold Cavour in a different estimate from what the world at large does, which only looks to outward success. Deak's opposition came from narrower views. If he, even after the striking changes that had taken place in Europe, still bore a grudge to Cavour, it was because his own Constitutionalism was of a somewhat cramped cast, formed in the mould of the Pragmatic Sanction. But these blemishes, though slightly marring, leave unmutilated his great merits.

For seven years after the loss of Lombardy by Austria, Deak carried on the legal battle for the fuller recognition of Hungarian claims. 'A country's rights,' he used to say, 'are not private property that can be freely disposed of.' The more advanced elements, at that time, began to gather round Teleki, in whom the principles of 1849 were still vivid. After the mysterious death of Count Teleki—who, in the last interview I had with him, seemed to hope for a rapid development of public spirit in Hungary, in the sense of the previous revolutionary epoch—Francis Deak became the undisputed leader of the Liberal party.

In vain did Kossuth endeavor to cross Deak's path. Whilst the latter strove to regain for Hungary the time-honored rights of self-government in an amended Constitutional form, the exiled leader came out with a programme which would have overthrown the historical basis of the country, and opened the flood-gates of Panslavism upon the Magyar race. Down to the Crimean war, Kossuth had been the steadfast champion of the Magyar nationality. Before 1848, he had even, now and then, overstepped the boundary which the strangely mixed condition of Hungary naturally indicates

to a statesman when the conflicting claims of race and speech are to be settled. Towards Croats and Serbs, Kossuth had almost been an ultra-Magyar. At all events, he had his eyes wide open to the dangers of Panslavism. This line of thought strongly marks still his powerful speeches in England and in the United States between 1851 and 1852, when he styled Panslavism 'a Russian plot—a dark design to make, out of national feelings, a tool for Russian preponderance over the world.'*

In his harangues during the Crimean war, which were apparently calculated to urge a more efficient strategy, some expressions occurred, however, which showed that he was entering on a new line. Shortly before Louis Napoleon attacked Austria in Italy, Kossuth declared that he would ally himself even to the Devil, in order to overthrow the House of Habsburg; that he would accept aid from anywhere—never mind whether Louis Napoleon or the Czar were held to represent the Devil. Kossuth's former principles were thus thrown overboard. His connection with the Court of the Tuileries soon afterwards became a public fact. His connection with Mazzini and Ledru-Rollin ceased.

These circumstances must be taken into account when judging of the nature of his proposal for the establishment of a Danubian Confederacy, by which he sought to traverse the policy of Deak. The aims of Deak may have been modest enough. His ideas of Parliamentary autonomy under the old ruling house may not have exercised much charm upon the mind of men that remembered the heroic deeds of the Revolution. But at any rate, Deak's procedure preserved the existence of the Hungarian nation; whereas Kossuth's scheme actually threatened to swamp it.

'I cannot sign Kossuth's programme, even though I might personally have no objection to the idea of a Danubian Confederacy,' said to me, at the time, one of the foremost army leaders of the Hungarian Revolution; 'I cannot sign it, because at home I should be looked upon as a traitor!'

Kossuth's plan, in fact, was this. Hungary, with her annexes—comprising, as she does even now, so many discordant tribes that the Magyar nationality is much hemmed in by them—was to be enlarged into a 'Danubian Confederacy' by the addition of Roumania, Servia, and —a vague indication!—'the countries allied to it.' Whole Turkey north of the Balkan was thus to be joined to the Hungarian realm. Bosniaks, Herzegovinians, Montenegrins, Bulgars — tribes either Slavonian or half-slavonised— were to be thrown into this enlarged State. Hungary, as it is, forms already, in nationalities and tongues, a Babylonian structure. Yet Kossuth proposed to render that confusion even worse confounded; or, more strictly speaking, he wished to call in new national elements which would have entirely overwhelmed the Magyar race!

According to his scheme, the seat of the Executive of the new State was to be, in turns, at Pesth, Bukarest, Belgrad, and Agram. That is to say, in one case, in a semi-Magyar town; in the other three cases, in non-Magyar cities, two of which are hotbeds of Panslavist agitation. A constituent Assembly was to fix the official language of the Confederacy. At a first glance, everybody could see that the result of such a choice would be in favor of some Slav tongue and against the Magyar language. This scheme was rightly spurned by the Magyar leaders. Passion ran high; and some of Kossuth's adversaries brought to mind that, at the close of the Revolution of 1849, he had proposed to offer the crown of Hungary to a prince of the imperial family of Russia.

A second great defeat of the Austrian Kaiser on the field of battle in 1866, enabled Deak to wring from the Government at Vienna a fuller legislative autonomy than it had been ready before to grant. Deak, on that occasion, did not raise his Constitutional terms. He simply repeated them. He might, after Sadowa, have gone much further in his demands, with reasonable hope of success. But, partly from his training as a strict parliamentary legist, partly because he would not strain things so far as to cut off the Magyars wholly from the German connection, and thus isolate them amidst jealous or hostile races, Deak remained content with a lesser concession.

* See his *Speeches;* edited by F. W. Newman.

After new laborious negotiations, the present state of things was established, which on most essential points renders the Magyar realm independent from Cis-Leithan Austria. To-day Hungary has once more her old land-marks, and her time-honored ground-law, modified by the reforms of 1848. Her ruler, placed under a special coronation oath, is recognised only as king. The name of Hungary figures, in all State documents, on equal terms with that of Austria. The Honveds who had fought against the Kaiser are acknowledged as having merited well of the fatherland. The rank of General has been given back to Klapka, Perczel, Vetter, once foremost among the military chiefs of the Revolution. Men who once narrowly escaped the gallows have been placed in the highest positions. Count Andrassy himself belongs to that class. In short, the restoration of self-government is well-nigh as complete as it could possibly be under Royal rule.

This was Deak's crowning achievement. As the 'Father of the Restored Constitution of Hungary,' he henceforth had marks of esteem and respect showered upon him from all sides. The people, when speaking of him, used quaint names of endearment; and all kinds of tales about his daily doings cropped up. To the Queen-Empress Elizabeth, whose favorite sojourn has of late years been the castle of Dödöllö, near Pesth, he became 'Cousin Deak,' or 'Uncle Deak:' so, at least, the popular myth would have it. Meanwhile the great Hungarian patriot never gave up his wonted simplicity of life; a hater, as he was, of all pride and pomp. His bachelor abode at Pesth consisted of two rooms, at an ordinary hotel—the 'Queen of England.' His landed property he had transferred to other hands for a small annuity. He lived in the most frugal style; was a total abstainer (a rare thing, indeed, in a country famous for good wine!); but, on the other hand, an inveterate smoker. He aged rather soon, and was styled '*alter Herr*' and 'Patriarch' at a time when other statesmen still prided themselves on their vigor. His modesty, his retiring disposition, never forsook him. Having nothing about his personality that could be called impressive, he might, n his *sombrero* hat and his Neapolitan mantle, have passed unobserved in a crowd; but a nation's admiring looks followed his steps, in spite of his occasional strong protests against every ovation.

An unselfish man; not a Republican by conviction, yet distinguished by an incorruptibility reminding us of the noblest models of Republican virtue, Deak declined all favors from the Court. To the question, more than once addressed to him confidentially by the Court, as to what he wished, he uniformly replied:—'I am not in want of anything.' At last, on the advice of one of his Ministers, Francis Joseph sent him a Royal family portrait, in a frame of pure gold, set with costly gems. 'It would look like a present of money,' Deak said; 'I cannot accept that!' Taking the picture from the rich frame, he sent back the latter with his thanks and compliments. All decorations he also refused to accept—much to the annoyance of the King-Emperor, who, in the *alter Herr's* off-hand manner, seemed to detect a slight upon the Crown. Deak's constant resolve was to remain independent. No calumny could touch so disinterested a character.

Of late years, Deak's influence, though still an extensive one, gradually waned. A more advanced party came up, which, under Koloman Tisza, is now in power, and some of whose members aim at the establishment of a strict 'Personal Union' that would entail the separation of the military forces of Hungary from those of Austria proper. It has been much remarked that Mr. Ghyczy, the President of the House of Commons at Pesth, in his speech on the life and career of Francis Deak, said:—'He did not give us complete autonomy and independence, such as a nation may have under the rule of a prince; but he has given us that which could be attained within the existing political framework.' From these words it may be inferred that a more thorough separation from Cis-Leithan Austria is the aim of an influential party in Hungary.

The death of the great patriot (January 29th) has occurred at a moment when new storm-clouds are drifting over the Austro-Hungarian horizon. The opening up of the Eastern Question has emboldened once more the so-called Scla-

vonian Court Party at Vienna. Reactionary Federalists and Centralists are already in eager expectancy. The political danger is enhanced by the contest between the upholders of the Free-trade system in Hungary, and the Protectionists in the western part of the Habsburg dominions. At present, the outlook is dark indeed. Francis Deak had seen the triumph of his country's cause; but, before closing his eyes, he also saw fresh perils gathering round it. He had fought his battles well for his nation's rights and for the extension of popular freedom; and though new struggles may soon have to be gone through by Hungary, no fitter words could be applied in his honor than those written on a garland laid on his bier:—'*Fading flowers for never-fading merit.*' —*Fraser's Magazine.*

PRESIDENT WHITE, OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

BY THE EDITOR.

As an embellishment to the present number we add to our series of leading American educators a portrait of President White, of Cornell University. The materials for the following sketch of his life were drawn partly from Hart's "Manual of American Literature" and partly from original sources.

ANDREW DICKSON WHITE was born in Cortland County, New-York, in 1832. He studied one year at Hobart College, Geneva, and passed the remainder of his collegiate course at Yale, graduating in 1853. After graduating he went to Europe for the purpose of prosecuting his historical studies, and spent upwards of two years, chiefly at Berlin and Paris. He was also attaché to the American legation at St. Petersburg for six months, and travelled on foot over many of the historical fields of the Continent, principally in northern and western France. In 1856 he returned to America and spent another year at Yale, as special student of history, at the end of which time he was elected to the chair of History and English Literature in Michigan University. It was largely due to Mr. White's labors that that noble institution of learning was placed in its present path of prosperity and usefulness; and so strenuous were his exertions at this period that his health became impaired, and he was obliged to resign his professorship and travel in Europe for six months.

Returning to Syracuse, New-York, in 1862, he was elected to the State Senate, and re-elected in 1864. During his two terms in the Senate Mr. White devoted his attention to the relations between the State and the Federal Government, then extremely complicated by reason of the war, and to the State educational system. He was Chairman of the Committee on Education, and introduced several important bills, among them those for making the common schools entirely free, for establishing Normal schools, and for codifying the laws relating to public instruction. During his term of office the question arose as to the acceptance by the State of the Congressional land-endowment for colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts. The share allotted to New-York amounted to nearly a million acres, and there was much difference of opinion as to the proper disposition of this immense gift. The friends of the already existing colleges wished to have it parcelled among them; but Mr. White opposed this scheme of division, and advocated the policy of keeping the endowment as an entirety for founding a new institution which should be worthy of the country and the State. Mr. Cornell, himself a senator at the time, then came forward and offered an additional donation of $500,000, provided the Congressional endowment should be preserved intact and the institution located at Ithaca, Mr. Cornell's native town. This offer was finally accepted, largely through the exertions and influence of Mr. White, and in 1865 the bill incorporating Cornell University was passed. This may be regarded as the turning-point in Mr. White's career. He was appointed a trustee of the newly-incorporated university, and in 1866 was elected President. Since then his time and attention have been devoted to the University. He visited Europe for the third time in

1867–8, for the purpose of examining into the organization of the leading schools of agriculture and technology, and of purchasing books and apparatus for the University. In 1870 he was one of the United States Commissioners to San Domingo, and took a leading share in the preparation of the official report of the Commission; but with that exception his attention during the past eight years has been devoted exclusively to the higher education, and Cornell University is a perpetual witness to his zeal and executive skill.

As might be expected from his active and laborious life, Mr. White has had but little leisure for authorship. He has contributed extensively to periodical literature, and has delivered numerous political and educational addresses; but there is no single work which can be pointed to as an adequate illustration of his powers. As early as 1856 he contributed to the *New-Englander* an article "On the Study of History," and to the *Atlantic Monthly* one on "Jefferson and Slavery." While professor in Michigan University he published a "Syllabus of Lectures on Modern History," and contributed to the *Atlantic* articles on "The Administration of Richelieu" and "The Growth and Decline of the Serf System in Russia." While in London, in 1862, he published "A Word from the North-west," in reply to certain strictures in Dr. Russell's diary. During his term as senator he delivered several important addresses, including one at the services in commemoration of the death of President Lincoln. In 1866 he published the Report of the Trustees on the Organization of Cornell University; in 1867 he delivered the P. B. K. oration at Yale, on "The Greatest Foe of Democracy;" in 1868, the Inaugural Address at the opening of the University; and in 1869, an address before the State Agricultural Society on "Scientific Education," and before the Cooper Institute on "The Battle-fields of Science." Of his more recent works the most important are an address "On the Relation of National and State Governments to Advanced Education," delivered before the National Educational Association at Detroit, in 1874; an address in 1873 before the Sanitary Association at New-York on "Hygienic Instruction in Colleges and Universities;" an address "On Scientific and Industrial Education in the United States," delivered before the New-York Legislature in 1874; and a bibliographical and critical appendix to the American reprint of Morris's "History of the French Revolution."

LITERARY NOTICES.

A SHORT HISTORY OF NATURAL SCIENCE, AND OF THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY FROM THE TIME OF THE GREEKS TO THE PRESENT DAY. By Arabella B. Buckley. With Illustrations. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

During many years Miss Buckley acted as secretary to the late Sir Charles Lyell, and was thus brought in contact with the leading scientific men of the time, and rendered familiar with the general progress of investigation and discovery. At the time and afterward, in her intercourse with society, she "felt very forcibly how many important facts and generalizations of science, which are of great value both in the formation of character and in giving a true estimate of life and its conditions, are totally unknown to the majority of otherwise well-educated persons." Considerable effort is now being made to meet this difficulty by teaching children a few elementary facts of the various branches of science; but, though such instruction is valuable and necessary, something more is required in order that the mind may be prepared to follow intelligently the great movement of modern thought. The leading principles of science must in some measure be understood; and it was in the belief that these would be most easily and effectually taught by showing the successive steps by which each science has attained its present importance, that Miss Buckley undertook the present work.

The object of the book, as explained by herself, is "to place before young and unscientific people those main discoveries of science which ought to be known by every educated person, and at the same time to impart a living interest to the whole, by associating with each step in advance some history of the men who made it." Commencing therefore with Thales, one of the seven wise men of Greece, who lived about the year 700 B.C., she gives a chronological narrative of the progress of discovery down to and including those of Darwin in biology, which have made the present

time an epoch in the march of the human mind. Brief biographical sketches are given of the most noteworthy men whose names are found in the long roll of science; the circumstances and processes of each great discovery are clearly and suggestively described; and the discoveries themselves, together with the principles involved, are explained with a lucidity which is truly astonishing when we consider the great difficulty of the task. Not only can her book be "understood by persons of ordinary intelligence," as she hopes to make it, but any healthy-minded youth will find it incomparably more fascinating than his favorite novel.

And in the hands of such a youth—in any hands, in fact, that will use it—it will prove a moral influence as well as an intellectual stimulus. A noble ardor for knowledge and a reverent homage for truth pervade the book from beginning to end; and Miss Buckley proves in her own person that the study of science in the right spirit can only elevate the mind and refine the emotions.

We commend the book heartily to all classes of readers whom the ECLECTIC may reach; and as it is adapted for a text-book as well as for general reading, we trust that teachers in particular will give it their attention.

THE TRUE ORDER OF STUDIES. By Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D. New-York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

Both the science and the art of education are treated of in this book, which is the outcome of an experience extending over many years and comprehending the entire range of teaching from the primary schools to Harvard University, of which Dr. Hill was formerly President. On its theoretical side the object of the author is to find "whether there is any comprehensive order, embracing all the objects of human knowledge, which can serve as a guide in the selection and sequence of studies; that is, which will help us in deciding what are the proper preliminary studies requisite for the pursuit of any branch, or in deciding which of two given studies ought to be placed first in the curriculum of a school." He believes himself to have discovered this order, which is represented by a "hierarchy of the sciences," which hierarchy, as he says in his Preface, was first perceived by him one night about the 1st of February, 1843, while attempting to answer a chance question. "The mode in which it first presented itself to me was this: God is the uncreated Creator; he has made us in his own image as inferior, created creators; we have made many uses of this world, and enacted quite a history upon it; the world itself is deserving of our study, independent of its uses to us; and we find it can exist, and manifest itself to us, only as it floats in space and endures in time. This gives the hierarchy in its descending order; but in education we need its guidance in the ascending order. In that order it agrees with the expanding powers of the child's mind, and with the logical sequence and dependence of thoughts." Translating the hierarchy into a curriculum of studies, it follows that Geometry, Arithmetic, and Algebra should come first, as dealing with space and time, which are "the earliest objects of distinct intellectual action;" next in order should come Physics, embracing the three sciences of Mechanics, Chemistry, and Physiology; these in turn should be followed by History, including Political Economy and Social Statics and Dynamics, as well as history in its ordinary sense; and the work should be crowned by the study of Theology, or the relation of the universe to its Creator.

The practical application of this system to education is very fully and thoroughly illustrated by Dr. Hill, who is quite aware that the true test of a theory lies in practice. He not only shows the successive steps by which a child's mind should be trained, but points out the most effective methods of securing that training, and the instruments and aids which will be found most available. The greater portion of the book, indeed, is a manual of the art of instruction, and as such will be found of the utmost value even to those teachers and parents who care little for the theory and reasoning on which it is based.

THE HABITATIONS OF MAN IN ALL AGES. By Eugène Viollet-le-Duc. Translated by Benjamin Bucknall. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

The origin, development, and characteristics of Domestic Architecture among the several races of mankind from prehistoric times down to our own are very happily and very entertainingly set forth in this volume, in the guise of a record of the observations and adventures of two mythical personages, "Epergos" and "Doxius." Epergos and Doxius, personifying respectively the spirit of Progress and that of obstinate adherence to traditional forms and habits, make a long pilgrimage among the various peoples of the earth, and portray to us, by means of pictures as well as description, the first rude shelter of primitive man, the shifting habitations of nomadic hordes, the quaint peculiarities of those of China, the massive grandeur of Egyptian and Assyrian dwellings, the elegant abodes of the cultivated Greek and wealthy

Roman, the vast and astonishing structures of the Nahuas and Toltecs, the airily graceful palaces of the Moors, the lordly castles of feudal times, and the sumptuous mansions of the Renaissance. The appearance, customs, and manners of the inhabitants of the various countries are delineated as well as their houses; and the book is scarcely less valuable from an ethnological and historical than from an artistic point of view. Discussions between Epergos and Doxius enliven the narrative and bring out the various principles involved; and at the close of the book the author gives a sort of summary of the conclusions to which the foregoing observations lead up. This final chapter contains the best and most satisfactory exposition that we have ever seen of the elementary principles of architectural art; and the influence of the entire work will tend to refine and elevate the public taste, and at the same time to give it practical guidance.

Mr. Bucknall's translation is excellent; the illustrations are numerous, apt, and finely engraved; and the book is issued in very chaste and handsome style.

THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT: Its Source and Aim. A Contribution to the Science and Philosophy of Religion. By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D. New-York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Dr. Brinton is a rationalist, in the scientific though not in the popular sense of that term. He believes that the reason is at once the origin of the religious sentiment and the judge of religious systems and forms, and that the attempt to relegate religion to the "sphere of the emotions" would, if successful, cut it off from the primary source of its inspiration and strength. His object in the present work is to establish religion on a rational basis by ascertaining "what in the mind of man gave birth to religion in any of its forms, what spirit breathed and is ever breathing life into these dry bones." He pursues the investigation inductively, surveying the historic religions of mankind, and submitting the results for solution to "the Laws of Mind, regarded as physiological elements of growth, and to the Laws of Thought, these, as formal only, being held as nowise a development of those." This latter position brings the author into collision with the reigning experiential school of psychology, and as it is the essential premise of his argument, he devotes a good deal of space to an explanation and defence of it. Using it as a standpoint, he then proceeds to discuss the questions: Is prayer of any avail or of none? Is faith the last ground of adoration, or is reason? Is religion a transient phase of development, or is it the chief end of man? What is its warrant of continuance? If it overlive this day of crumbling theologies, whence will come its reprieve?

The discussion is abstract, and is conducted throughout in the terms of metaphysical dialectics; and the book as a whole is certainly not "milk for babes." It is worthy of attention, however, as the most important contribution that America has lately made to a discussion which, though interesting at all times, has received an especial impetus from the controversy over Professor Tyndall's Belfast address.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS. By J. Willis Westlake, A.M. Philadelphia: *Sower, Potts & Co.*

In this dainty and serviceable little book Professor Westlake has shown what a modicum of common-sense and literary skill can make out of an idea which the "ready letter-writers" have all but hopelessly vulgarized. Being designed for use as a text-book in schools, its directions are extremely minute and elementary, and it contains a good deal of comparatively superfluous matter; but the directions are practical and the observations judicious, and there is at least none of the silly and offensive stuff of which such books are generally composed. The volume contains forms of cards, invitations, acceptances, and regrets, styles of address, etc., concerning which the author appears to have taken pains to ascertain the best usage; practical lessons on orthography, punctuation, and the like; illustrative extracts from the published correspondence of men of letters and others; and, together with much other useful information, a classified list of abbreviations, a vocabulary (with translations) of foreign words and phrases, postal information, and business forms. The contents are systematically arranged and classified, and the book is very neatly printed and bound.

MEMOIR AND CORRESPONDENCE OF CAROLINE HERSCHEL. By Mrs. John Herschel. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

This is a republication of the book on which the interesting biographical sketch of Caroline Herschel in the April number of the ECLECTIC was based. It contains the "Recollections" which she wrote at the age of eighty-two, extracts from her "Day Book," and many of her own letters together with letters, hitherto unpublished, by Sir William Herschel, Sir John Herschel, Dr. Maskelyne, and other eminent scientific men. A slender thread of narrative binds the different parts together, and gives coherence to memoirs

which, as a whole, are not less valuable and scarcely less interesting than Mrs. Somerville's "Recollections." Besides the letter-press, the volume contains portraits of Caroline Herschel and Sir William Herschel, and a picture of the great forty-foot telescope at Slough.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE King of Italy, on the proposition of Signor Bonghi, Minister of Public Instruction, has appointed Professor Max Müller a Knight Commander of the Crown of Italy.

IT is said there is a probability of Sir Archibald Alison's autobiography seeing the light shortly. It contains keen and discriminating criticisms on many of the historian's literary and political contemporaries.

LORD LYTTON, it is said, has taken so seriously to politics and the Indian Viceroyalty, that he has withdrawn "King Poppy," his new poem, which was on the eve of publication.

M. NAVILLE, of Geneva, has been commissioned by the Prussian Government to prepare an eclectic text of the Egyptian "Ritual of the Dead," and is at present engaged in an examination of the principal papyri in England.

A RUSSIAN paper announces that a successful speculator in Ural gold, Cybulski by name, has presented the sum of 100,000 roubles to the town of Tomsk, in Asiatic Russia, to be used in founding a Siberian University.

A MS. of the Epistles (I. and II.) of Clement of Rome has been discovered in the library of the Patriarch of Constantinople, containing missing portions of both Epistles. It has been edited with elaborate notes and prolegomena (in Greek) by the Metropolitan of Serrhae.

AN important work on the decipherment of the Hieratic writing of Central America, by M. Léon de Rosny, is on the eve of appearing; it is accompanied by a large number of plates in folio. The French American Society has had a fount of characters specially cast for this work, so that every facility may be given to scholars of studying these curious writings.

A RECENT decree of the Mikado gives complete freedom of postage to journalists, each of whom is now allowed to send whatever communication he may think fit from one part of the empire to the other, free of expense. Japanese journalists must be a favored race.

M. PATIN, the Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy, has died in his eighty-third year, after a long illness. He was chiefly known by his translation of the Greek tragedies and his learned commentaries thereon. "He had only one failing," says the *Liberté*, "and that was, that although a member of the French Academy, he did not know French."

STUDENTS of Buddhism will be pleased to hear that Burnouf's "Introduction à l'Histoire du Buddhisme Indien," a work which has long been extremely rare, has just been reprinted at Paris. It is prefaced by a life of the author, from the pen of M. Barthélemy de St.-Hilaire.

A WONDERFUL curiosity has just been issued by the Oxford University Press, in the form of the smallest prayer-book ever printed. It is bound in leather, weighs just under an ounce, is three and a half inches in length, two and an eighth in breadth, and a quarter of an inch in thickness. It is intended as a companion volume to the "smallest Bible in the world," lately issued from the same establishment.

IT may be interesting to our readers to learn that Mr. Forster was possessed of the MSS. of all of Dickens's novels, with the exception of "Our Mutual Friend." That MS. was presented by Mr. Dickens to Mr. Dallas, the critic, and author of "The Gay Science," but it is now in the possession of Mr. George Childs, of Philadelphia. Mr. Harvey, of St. James street, possesses the MS. of "A Christmas Carol," and Mr. Bentley possesses the MSS. of the early stories written for *Bentley's Miscellany*.

A PRIVATE letter from India informs the *Athenæum* that, contrary to expectation, the books presented by the Prince of Wales have excited the greatest interest, and particularly Colonel Yule's edition of "Marco Polo's Travels." This is a remarkable fact and very suggestive. It has been before observed that, when the natives of India reprint English books for themselves, they always select the works of our older historians, travellers, and moralists. Their commonest reprints are of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Imitation of Christ."

THE valuable collection of prints and MSS. of the late M. Ambroise Firmin-Didot, the Paris publisher, will be sold shortly. Among the MSS. of particular interest for English students may be mentioned several MSS. of romances of the Round Table cycle, and a Book of Hours which belonged to Catherine of France, daughter of Charles VI., and wife of Henry V., of England, bearing the princess's signature, and ornamented with marvellous miniatures. It is especially noticeable that

the text is in French and not in Latin. M. Didot bought it in Belgium for 40,000 francs. The whole collection is estimated on good authority to be worth 2,000,000 francs.

THE whole series of translations from the sacred books of the world, to be edited by Professor Max Müller, will be divided into six sections: Books illustrative of the religion of the Brahmins (Sanskrit), of the religion of the Buddhists (Pali, Sanskrit), of the religion of the followers of Zoroaster (Zend), of the religion of the followers of Confucius (Chinese), of the religion of the followers of Lao-tse (Chinese), and of the religion of the followers of Mahomed (Arabic). The *Academy* hears that the co-operation of some of the most distinguished Oriental scholars in England, Dr. Legge for Chinese, Prof. Cowell for Sanskrit, Prof. Childers for Pali, has been secured.

AN interesting question of copyright has just been decided by the Italian Court of Appeal. Padre Pasquale de Franciscis has, as students of recent ecclesiastical controversies are aware, published a collection of the Pope's recent speeches, and some time since he commenced proceedings for breach of copyright against the Abate D. Girolamo Milone, who has followed suit with a similar collection. The Court adopted the views of the defendant's counsel on all points, and decided that "the speeches of the Supreme Governor of the Universal Church can be subject to no rights of private ownership, either by their substance and their own nature, or by the conception of him who delivered them."

SCIENCE AND ART.

SOLAR ISOTHERMAL LINES.—In a recent number of the *American Journal of Science*, Professor Mayer publishes a new method of tracing isothermal lines upon the disk of the sun by throwing the sun's image, formed by the object-glass of a telescope, upon a sheet of paper, smoked on one side and coated on the other side with a solution of the double iodide of copper and mercury. This salt, which is red at low temperatures, has the property of turning black whenever its temperature reaches about 158° F. If, then, the image of the sun be formed upon such a sheet by an object-glass of considerable size—so capped, however, as to expose but a small portion of its surface—the heat will not be sufficient to discolor the paper at all. On increasing the size of the opening in the cap, more heat will be transmitted, and when the aperture is of just the right size a black spot will make its appearance at or near the centre of the sun's image. With a slightly larger aperture the spot will cover a larger portion of the sun's image, and the outline of the spot will be a true isothermal line on the sun. Trying the experiment with a series of apertures regularly graded in diameter, we should thus obtain a series of isothermals which give us important information as to the distribution of heat on the sun and the absorbing action of the solar atmosphere. Unfortunately, the method is beset with many practical difficulties growing out of the currents of air produced at the heated surface of the paper, and other circumstances not easy to take account of by calculation, so that it is not likely to prove very accurate.

THE TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR.—One of most difficult problems in all matters relating to the atmosphere consists in the determination of the true temperature of the air; and the errors in these determinations affect very sensibly both astronomical and meteorological hypsometric labors. Professor Plantamour was among the first to show that observations of the barometer taken simultaneously at two distinct stations ought to enable us by calculation to arrive at the average temperature of the intervening atmosphere. Among those who have lately applied this method is Mr. Schott of the Coast Survey, who has, from observations made about 50 miles north-west of San Francisco, calculated the temperature of the air between two stations occupied by Mr. Davidson. As the results of these studies, it appears that the average temperature of the air between two stations differing 2000 feet in altitude remained sensibly constant throughout the entire day, as though the sun's rays passed through it without appreciably heating it, while, on the other hand, the thermometer at the two stations respectively rose to a maximum at 1 p.m., and fell to a minimum in the morning and evening. The daily variations of temperature seem, therefore, to be confined mainly to the layer of air in close proximity to the earth's surface. The corrections to be applied to the observed thermometers, in order to obtain the true temperature of the air, varied regularly throughout the day, and are decidedly larger than those obtained by Professor Plantamour at Geneva. Mr. Schott, in explanation of this phenomenon, suggests that probably the 20 or 30 per cent of total solar radiation which is absorbed by the atmosphere is consumed in the processes of expansion and evaporation; and this gives no sensible heat.

PATENT SAFETY INDICATOR.—Mr. Bagot, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, has invented what he calls a "patent safety indicator." It might with equal truth have been called a danger indicator, for, placed in a mine, a ship,

a warehouse, hotel, or private dwelling, it makes known to any required distance any extraordinary pressure of the atmosphere from the presence of noxious gas or any unusual increase of temperature. For example, if an indicator were placed at the bottom of a mine, it would, when a rush of fire-damp took place, ring a bell in the office above ground; and in like manner, if buried amid the cargo of a ship, it would, if the cargo grew too hot, ring a bell in the captain's cabin. These two cases may suffice to suggest a great variety of applications of this useful invention. It resembles the aneroid barometer, and is made in pairs—the one to indicate pressure, the other temperature—and when in use, is connected by wires, which may be of any length, with an electrical battery. Thus, by ingenious contrivance, warning is given of every increase of pressure or of heat; and simultaneously with the ringing of the bell an indicator falls, and tells the exact place of danger.

LIGHT AND LIFE.—The effect of light, regarded as the revival of life in the vegetable world, has just been illustrated by the observations near Athens of Professor Hendreich, under very curious circumstances. The mines at Laurium, concerning which of late years there have been such active diplomatic procedures, consist for the most part of the scoriæ produced by the workings of the ancient Greeks. These still contain a great deal of silver, which can be extracted by the superior appliances of modern times. Beneath these scoriæ have lain in a dormant state for at least one thousand five hundred years the seeds of a kind of poppy of the genus *Glaucium*. But since the scoriæ have been removed to the furnaces, this plant has sprung up with its pretty yellow petals over the whole space which they covered. Unknown in modern times, it was described by Pliny and Dioscorides, and had disappeared from the face of the globe for fifteen or twenty centuries.

THE USE OF SOUND FOR TELEGRAPHIC PURPOSES.—Manchester has a Scientific and Mechanical Society, at which descriptions are given of new inventions. A recent one is the use of sound for telegraphic purposes. In this case a steam-whistle is made to deliver long or short sounds at pleasure (as the Morse telegraph makes dots and dashes), and these being combined according to a prearranged code, it follows that messages may be sent from ship to ship at sea, or from a ship to the shore. In a fog, every ship would be able to make known her position to the others, and what she was doing, which would be a safeguard against collision. And it is obvious that, even in clear weather, much time would be saved by whistling a message instead of sending it by a boat, considering that the whistle can be heard at a distance of three miles. Apart from ships, it is easy to imagine many cases in which a talking telegraph would be useful; and we are told that the practicability of the invention was demonstrated by sending "several verses of poetry" into a lecture-room from a whistle at a distance.

ADMINISTRATION OF QUININE.—Certain solutions, as is well known, when submitted to experiment, rotate polarised light. Quinine is one of them, and from its peculiar properties has often been put to the test in the chemical laboratory. In the course of a recent investigation, Professor Draper found that by adding a small quantity of sulphuric acid to the solution, the rotating power was increased from one hundred and fifty-four to two hundred and fifty-five. Thinking over this augmentation of power, he was led to ask the question: "Is it not possible, nay, even probable, that the physiological action of quinine may undergo a similar or perhaps greater increase? In past times, it was the custom to administer the drug in the form of a sulphuric acid solution, and the results were certain and prompt even with minute doses. In recent times, on the contrary, the fancy of patients demands that quinine should be given in pill or some allied form; and though greatly increased doses are used, the practitioner finds it less certain in its effect. The cause of the difference is doubtless the change in molecular arrangement that produces the marked difference in the action of the alkaloid and sulphate solutions on polarised light; and since the action of the sulphate solution is so much greater than that of the alkaloid solution, it is evidently the proper form for the administration of quinine as a medicine."

VARIETIES.

ANECDOTES OF JOHN FORSTER.—Forster succeeded Dickens in the editorship of the *Daily News*, and many were the stories of the new editor's grandeur of address and autocratic bearing towards subordinates which speedily circulated through Whitefriars. The printers' boys trembled as they approached him; the sub-editors were under the spell of his majesty. Poor Knight Hunt, who afterwards became editor of the paper and died in the harness, had scores of stories of the high and mighty chief to tell. But the story that held its ground in every part of the establishment was that of the cabman who called for the editor at two in the morning to convey him home to

Lincoln's Inn Fields. The cabman found it difficult to make the office porter understand whom he wanted. When described as the stout gentleman, the porter replied that there were several stout gentlemen in the editorial department. Was he tall or short? "Neither one thing nor t'other," the cabman answered impatiently. "You know who I mean—I mean that there harbitrary cove." The porter went direct to Mr. Forster's room, and told him his cab was waiting. . . . At Dickens's table, one day, when somebody asked the host how many children he had, "Four," said Dickens. Whereupon Forster interrupted, with an air of great authority, "Dickens, you have five children." "Upon my word, Forster," Dickens expostulated, "allow me to know the number of my own family." "Five, my dear Dickens," was the firm rejoinder. When it was proved that four was the correct number, Forster gave in with a laugh. These touches of eccentric authority were a source of infinite amusement to all Forster's friends, but especially to Dickens, whose sense of humor was always alive. He used to describe an inspection he had made of some improvements Forster had effected in his chambers, in his happiest manner. Between his bedroom and his sitting-room Forster had contrived a dark, narrow space, to which he directed his friend's attention. "What is that?" Dickens asked. "That, my dear Dickens," Forster answered, with all his grand manner—"that is my plunge-bath!"—*Blanchard Jerrold in the Gentleman's Magazine.*

THACKERAY AT OXFORD.—As set-offs to his own exalted view of his profession, Thackeray used to tell some good stories of the frequent absence of its proper recognition both in and out of society. "Who is that lively fellow?" asked a gentleman of his neighbor, at a public dinner in the North, when Thackeray left the room. "Oh! that is Thackeray, the author." "Indeed!" responded the other; "I thought he was a gentleman." Thackeray's first introduction to scholastic Oxford is a better story and better known. It will bear repetition. Before he could deliver his lecture on "The Georges" at Oxford, it was necessary to obtain the license of the collegiate authorities. The Duke of Wellington was Chancellor, and knew the author of "Vanity Fair," but he had a learned deputy whose knowledge of Greek was possibly profound, but whose acquaintance with English classics was only limited. "Pray, what can I do to serve you?" asked the bland scholar. "My name is Thackeray." "So I see by this card." "I seek permission to lecture within the precincts." "Ah! you are a lecturer? What subjects do you undertake—religious or political?". "Neither; I am a literary man." "Have you written anything?" "Yes, I am the author of 'Vanity Fair,'" said Thackeray, conscious, no doubt, of having done something worthy of remembrance. "I presume a dissenter," said the Oxford man, quite unsubdued. "Has 'Vanity Fair' anything to do with John Bunyan's work?" "Not exactly," said Thackeray. "I have also written 'Pendennis.'" "Never heard of these books," said the learned man; "but no doubt they are proper works." "I have also contributed to 'Punch,'" continued the lecturer. "'Punch!' I have heard of 'Punch,'" said the scholar; "it is, I fear, a ribald publication of some kind."—*London Society.*

THACKERAY'S SKETCHES.—One of the most amusing of the sketches is that which represents the interior of a railway carriage, in which an old clergyman is lecturing a poor lady convicted of having the objectionable publication in her hand, on the enormity of reading *Punch* (in its early days), while Thackeray himself and Douglas Jerrold look on and listen on the adjoining bench. "Are you aware who are the conductors of that paper? That they are Chartists, deists, atheists, anarchists, and socialists to a man? I have it on the best authority that they meet together once-a-week in a tavern in St. Giles's, where they concoct their infamous print. The chief part of their income is derived from threatening letters, which they send to the nobility and gentry. Their principal writer is a returned convict." To this conversation Jerrold is listening in the corner, with eyes looking back, and a comic solemnity, while Thackeray himself grins genial with benign countenance. The incident is said to have really occurred, and it is easy to understand the amusement which the two must have got out of it. We think we know the benevolent clerical critic who gives so fair and friendly an account of the "infamous print."—*Blackwood.*

RONDEL.

"Carpe diem."

To-day what is there in the air
That makes December seem sweet May?
There are no swallows anywhere,
Nor crocuses to crown your hair
And hail you down my garden way.

Last night the full moon's frozen stare
Struck me, perhaps; or did you say
Really, you'd come, sweet friend and fair,
To-day?

To-day is here,—come, crown to-day
With Spring's delight or Spring's despair!
Love cannot bide old Time's delay;—
Down my glad gardens light winds play,
And my whole soul shall bloom and bear
To-day.

THEO. MARZIALS.

Far different is the case at the present day. It is now possible for a ship to leave a particular spot in mid-ocean, not otherwise defined than by carefully designated latitude and longitude, and to return to it at any interval of time with such certainty as to be sure of her position within half a mile. This has been done time and again by the ships engaged in laying telegraph cables between England and America. Many times it has been necessary to cut the end of a cable and leave the spot; the rough weather which has rendered the temporary abandonment necessary has usually washed away the buoys which are affixed to the submerged end; but that is of little consequence, for astronomical and chronometrical observations are now so minutely accurate that no delay occurs in finding the exact position of the abandoned end, and fishing it up even from an ocean-depth of two miles or more. Nor is this precision a secret confined only to a few; large numbers of officers, whether in the service of the Queen or in the merchant navy, would be ready to start to-morrow, armed with the skill requisite to perform the same feat again.

It has been thought that so startling an improvement in the science of navigation deserves attention. An achievement which the last Parliament of Queen Anne considered so difficult that they offered a reward for its solution within sixty miles, can now easily be performed within the limits of error of a single mile. We have tried in the following pages to trace the course of progress which has made that apparent wonder possible.

The history of the art of navigation is a book still to be written. The materials are in many languages; all the maritime nations have contributed their quota, the Spaniards, as might be expected, leading the way.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, Martin Cortez published at Seville a treatise on navigation, called 'Breve compendio de la Sphera, y de la Arte de Navegar,' which was translated into English; and about the same time one Pedro Nunez proposed a method for determining the latitude from two observations of the sun's altitude and the intermediate azimuth. But the method belonged too much to the realm of pure mathematics to be of much practical use, for in those days logarithms and traverse tables had no existence. At the close of the sixteenth century, Captain John Davis published his 'Seaman's Secrets.' He, like other authors who discoursed on navigation, complained of plane charts, then exclusively used, though he was unable to devise a remedy. Plane charts are those which treat the area represented as a flat surface; but as the practical measurement of the sphere became closer, the distortion of the truth became more and more apparent. It was then that Gerard Mercator devised, and Wright, Fellow of a Cambridge College, improved, the method of dividing charts, which is still in ordinary use under the name of 'Mercator's Projection.' After some tentative efforts, Mr. Wright printed his 'Correction of certain Errors in Navigation,' 1599, which puts the matter of charts substantially on the footing upon which it now stands. Mid-latitude sailing was introduced in 1623 by Gunter. And about the same time Lord Napier introduced logarithms, and, as far as nautical arithmetic is concerned, completely revolutionised the whole method of calculation. Thenceforth long and tedious sums were replaced by easy problems in simple addition and subtraction.

In more recent days we have transactions of learned societies, pamphlets only known to the curious, and controversies sometimes of a very angry character between philosophers, each claiming the paternity of some scientific bantling. Fortunately mariners have never been without a plentiful supply of text-books, which, as they successively appeared, gave the newest improvements. By comparing the precepts of these teachers one with another, those who have the patience can trace a new idea from the state of a 'happy thought' to that of received and unquestioned formula, and determine the state of science at the date when each work appeared. As an instance of the way in which the landmarks of progress may be fixed by internal evidence, we may quote Dr. Robertson, one of the great authorities at the close of the last century, successively head master of the Royal

longitude could be determined within sixty miles; 20,000*l.* if it could be determined within thirty miles.

Academy at Portsmouth and Librarian of the Royal Society. In describing the instruments used in his time for taking altitudes, he describes at great length the mode of dealing with one, called Davis's quadrant, in which the sun's rays were collected into a bright spot through a convex lens and made to fall upon the index in such a manner as to give the altitude. Now, we know that Hadley's reflecting quadrant was given to the world in 1731, or thereabouts; but of Hadley's quadrant Robertson, writing in 1786, says:* 'Hadley's quadrants within a few years past having been applied to take the observations necessary for finding the longitude at sea, it has been found that such observations required a degree of accuracy of which the instruments constructed in the common way were not capable; and expert mariners having complained of these defects, different workmen have applied sundry articles to the quadrants to remedy the inconveniences complained of,' &c. In 1786, then, reflecting instruments, though perfectly well known in principle, had not yet supplanted old Davis's quadrant. A few years later Davis's quadrant was as obsolete as the cross-staff of which Robertson speaks with a kind of regretful tenderness.

Before the invention of telescopes, astronomers, even on land, were compelled to content themselves with very rude appliances. Neither the astrolabe of Hipparchus nor the graduated circle of Ptolemy, nor, indeed, the quadrant of Copernicus, were fitted for use at sea. The latter was, in fact, only a quarter of an astrolabe, such as had been used 150 years before Christ, enlarged for the purpose of more accurate division. Undoubtedly the cross-staff was the earliest instrument used in nautical astronomy. It consisted of a long arm, on which cross-pieces were made to slide in such a manner that the eye placed at the extremity of the arm could see the heavenly body above and the horizon below the cross-piece. The cross-piece, as it moved along the arm, subtended angles varying according to its distance from the observer's eye; and the value of the angle was marked upon the arm. It must have been by no means easy for an observer to look alternately at the heave body and the horizon without losing place of the one or the other. So form of the cross-staff was known Columbus, and it kept its place in the timation of mariners till it was replac by the back-staff, otherwise called Dav quadrant, which in its turn was finally perseded by the reflecting instrument Sir Isaac Newton. Davis, when he vented his quadrant, thought, and w amusing frankness asserted, that it was only the best instrument yet invented, the best that could ever be devised. 'than which instrument (in my opinic the seaman shall not finde anie so go and in all clymates of so great certain the invention and demonstration wher I may boldly challenge to appertain ur myselfe (as a portion of the talent wh God hath bestowed upon me) I ho without abuse or offence to any.' T French called the back-staff *le quart Anglois*.

A description of Newton's inventi was given by Sir Isaac in a letter to friend, Dr. Halley.* But the letter v not published till both Sir Isaac Newt and Halley were dead. Meanwhile Jo Hadley, a friend of Newton's, had beco acquainted with the principle of dou reflection, on which Newton's quadra was contrived. The reflecting quadra bears, therefore, the name of Hadley as inventor, though priority has been clai ed in favor of a gentleman named Gc frey, a native of Pennsylvania. Whoe was the inventor, the instrument revo tionised the art of navigation, and succ sive improvements have so perfected that nothing better can be desired use at sea, even for the precise observ tions necessary in modern navigati The peculiar advantage of the reflecti quadrant over all instruments previou used at sea consists in its being capal of use during the tossing of a ship unc way. In the reflecting sextant which now used the observer looks straight the horizon through a telescope, and little opening called the horizon gla On a movable limb, playing round t centre of the instrument, is fixed a m ror, which is moved till the image of t

* Wales's edition of 1786, vol. ii. p. 252.

* Dr. James Wilson, in his 'Rise, &c., Navigation,' fixes the date of this letter as 1700.

observed object is reflected on the silvered half of the horizon glass. The heavenly body and the horizon thus appear to touch each other, and the number of degrees through which the limb must be moved in order to produce apparent contact corresponds to the angular distance which separates them, and is shown on the graduated rim of the sextant. The same arrangement can reflect the sun alongside of the moon or of a star, or bring two headlands together; and, in fact, measure any angle that is within its range. In addition to the much greater accuracy with which reflecting instruments are constructed, they possess the great advantage of bringing the observed and reflected images together. The observer's attention can be concentrated on one, while a motion of his finger brings the other into position. Circles for measuring larger arcs than can be accomplished by the sextant are also constructed, but though useful in experienced hands, they are not in general use.

The text-books of navigation are necessarily uninviting: they bristle with figures, and are ordered in a way which for a time puzzles even expert mathematicians accustomed only to the abstract gymnastics of the schools. We remember once showing to a great mathematician the formula by which seamen work out their longitude. It was entirely strange to him; indeed, it was the first time that he had seen an instance of that which is the distinguishing feature of navigation, viz., high mathematics, disguised in such simple forms that they can be handled easily by weather-beaten old skippers with brood thumb-nails and sou'-wester hats, who would be no more capable of understanding the construction of the formulæ they use than an old woman would be to forge the highly tempered needle with which she sews on her husband's buttons. In navigation, as in astronomy, of which it is the handmaid, materials have been stored up by the patient labor of many hands. First one truth and then another is observed and noted; then comes the philosopher, and reduces the accumulated facts to a system. The mathematician steps in and shows how to utilise observation by deducing the unknown from the known; generation after generation of practical workmen labor to simplify the process, till calculations, which in their first state taxed the full powers of ablest calculators, are reduced to the almost mechanical labor of inspecting tables and following formulæ. It is the glory of navigation that mariners are made heirs of the hoarded wisdom of geometricians; and at last the most abstruse calculations relating to the finding of a ship's place upon the ocean are brought within the compass of ordinary intelligence.

It must always be present to the mariner's mind that the elements of his calculation are in a state of constant change. The degree of accuracy with which he can prick his place on the chart is exactly proportionate to the success with which he has picked his steps among a crowd of errors, each of which would in its degree vitiate his calculation. He must ascertain the position at a given instant of the true centre of a heavenly body, whirling at high velocity through space, with reference to the true centre of the earth also whirling; an observation true at one instant is from the very conditions of the problem inaccurate a second later; every observation must therefore be reduced to a given instant, and is true only of that instant, and as the theory on which observations are founded is not recondite, success mainly depends upon the painstaking accuracy with which every element of the calculation has been cleared of error; in nautical phrase, 'corrected for the instant of observation.'

But observation of the sun and stars is not the only means used for determining a ship's position. An elaborate series of entries is made in the log which enables the sailor to trace his devious way on the chart with great precision for short intervals of time; yet the errors of dead reckoning constantly increase, and it is now used principally as an auxiliary to bring up the ship's place to the instant of an observation, or to serve as a substitute for observation when clouds obscure the heavens. Dead reckoning was in the time of Anson, and even in that of Nelson, the principal method at the disposal of the mariner. The greatest possible attention was bestowed upon it; young officers kept and wrote out their logs with a care which it would be impossible to excel. We have seen vol-

umes of entries extending over years, in which blot, interlineation, or erasure would be looked for in vain; in which the handwriting resembled copper-plate, and every occurrence affecting the ship, from the death of a comrade to the setting of a sail, was described with the utmost minuteness. If the 'young gentleman' in the cockpit, like other boys of his age, sometimes showed a disposition to 'fudge his day's work,' to copy rather than to work out the final result which each young officer was bound to lay daily on the captain's table, such was not the case with the seniors, who took an anxious pride in their logs, justified in many instances by the care with which they are preserved in old family book-rooms. Nautical astronomy has not superseded, and is not intended to supersede, the older method. The two are used in conjunction with each other, and the latitude and longitude by account, as the position determined by dead reckoning is called, enters prominently into the data of all astronomical calculations. Each branch of the science proceeds by its own method, and has its own appliances. Navigation depends upon the compass, the log line, and the chart; to nautical astronomy belong the sextant and the chronometer. We propose to give a short account of each in order.

To no point has the patient attention of scientific men been more anxiously directed than to the elimination of errors of the compass. It has long been known that the magnetic needle does not point true north; that the variation differs in amount in different parts of the world, and that it changes slowly from year to year. But it is only of late years, when iron may be almost said to have superseded wood in the building of steamships and vessels of war, that the full importance of the vagaries of the needle has been felt. Enormous masses of iron, such as are now employed in ship-building, distract the compass-needle, and turn it far from its natural direction. Every compass is affected by variation from the true north, but that is a known quantity, common to all compasses, and equal in all compasses in the same part of the earth; but every compass is also affected by what is called 'local deviation,' owing to the presence of iron in the hull of the ship, and this varies not only in every ship, but in the same sh at different times, and with every pos tion of her head. It will thus be easi seen that to steer by compass, or rath to know what compass course to steer, not the absolutely simple matter which appears at first. The sum or differen of variation and local deviation is calle 'the error' of the compass, and this err affects not only every point indicated b the compass, but affects each point in varying degree. Suppose a ship to l with her head north, her compass is a fected with variation 22° W. (that is the o dinary variation in the British Channel) but it is also affected by local deviatio owing to iron in the ship's frame, whic iron has been so disposed as to defle the compass (say) 13° E. The error wi obviously be the difference between 13 and 22°, that is, 9° W. Therefore whe the ship's head is north by compass, h head is in reality N. 9° W. But suppo the ship's head to be turned west, th mass of iron in the ship which deflecte the needle 13°, and gave a false nort was then acting directly on the needle an in the direction of its axis. But whe the ship's head is west, that same mass o iron is acting on the needle at right angl to its axis, for the needle still points some where about north, while the mass of iro has shifted with the ship's head to th west. The error with the ship's head west will therefore be no longer 9°, bu something very different. The distract ing cause will obviously vary with ever position of the ship's head. But ther will be two positions, as she swings righ round the compass when the distractin cause and the ordinary magnetic attrac tion coincide.

Ships, before sailing on a voyage, de termine the correctness to be applied t their compass-indications by actual ob servation. The two plans usually em ployed in port are by simultaneous re ciprocal bearings, and by the know magnetic bearing of a distant objec When the method of reciprocal bearing is adopted, two compasses are selected which accurately agree with each othe when neither is acted upon by local a traction. One of them is taken on boar the ship and becomes subject to its loc attraction; the other is kept on shor The ship is then swung round so as t bring her head on each of the thirty-tw

of the compass in succession, and subject the compass to the influ- arying with each direction of the head, of local attraction. As the urns to each point, a signal is made : shore, and the difference between earings mutually taken between the pass that is subject to the ship's lo- attraction and the shore compass, h is removed from that influence, is measure of the local deviation for h position of the ship's head. Sup- e the following case. A ship is swing- ; to adjust her compass by the method reciprocal bearings. When her head N.N.E., both the shore compass and er own point to the true magnetic N.; ut when she swings with her head either owards the E. or towards the W., the eadings of the shore compass and of hat on board no longer coincide. The inference is that the iron on board is so distributed that its greatest attractive power is a little on the port side: as the ship turns toward the W. the iron on board will battle harder and harder with the true magnetic attraction, until, with her head at W.N.W., it will be at right angles to the line of true magnetic attraction, and cause the maximum deviation. Then its influence will begin to decline until, with the ship's head at S.S.W., the two coincide as before. It is therefore possible to construct a curve showing how much local deviation is to be attributed to the ship's compass for each position of the ship's head, and from this curve to make a table showing the real magnetic significance of each indication of the compass.

Various graphic methods have been devised for this purpose. That most generally used, at any rate in the merchant service, is a plan invented by Mr. Napier. It is very ingenious; it requires no calculation, and only a moderate degree of neat-handedness. 'Napier's diagram' consists of a vertical line of convenient length, say 18 inches, which may be considered as representing the edge of the compass card cut and straightened out. It is divided into 360° to form a scale for measurement, and is also marked off into thirty-two equal parts representing the points of the compass, commencing at the top with north. The vertical line is intersected at each of the thirty-two points by two cross lines: one inclined to the right, and one to the left at an angle of 60°. The lines inclined to the right are plain, those to the left dotted; thus a series of equilateral triangles is formed, and each triangle has the vertical line as the base, and one leg plain and the other dotted. To leave the vertical for any given distance by a plain line and return to it by a dotted line, is the same thing as marking the length of one of the legs on the vertical. When the ship is swung, her observations for deviation are laid down upon the diagram by taking from the scale of degrees the amount of deviation at each point, and marking it with a cross; easterly deviations being laid down to the right of the vertical line, westerly to the left. A curve drawn through all the crosses with a pencil shows graphically the curve of deviations. To obtain the true magnetic significance of any compass indication from the diagram, mark the compass indication on the vertical line, and thence follow a dotted line till it strikes the curve. Thence return to the vertical by a plain line, and the point arrived at on the vertical is the true magnetic equivalent of the compass indication.

The rules for using this ingenious diagram have been versified, and afford a convenient *memoria technica* to many unhappy mariners who would otherwise be greatly puzzled in their application:—

'From compass course, magnetic course to gain,
Depart by dotted and return by plain;
But if you wish to steer a course allotted,
Take plain from chart, and keep her head on dotted.'

If the true magnetic bearing of som distant object be known, the shore com pass may be dispensed with; the dive gence of the ship's compass from t truth as she swings to each point in s cession is the measure of the local attr tion. The curve of deviations can t be constructed as before. Other m ods of correction, depending upon a nomical observations, are available use at sea, and are referred to furthe

In old days the distance run by a was estimated by throwing overbo piece of wood attached to a lin watching how much line ran off th while the sands in a quarter-minut ran out. Then the rate of the

nautical miles per hour, bore the same proportion to an hour as the length of line run out to a quarter of a minute; but of late years the actual distance gone through the water is given by Massey's log, which registers the number of revolutions made by a fly or helix, towed astern. The log, therefore, calls for no remark; and as regards the remaining principal instruments of navigation, the charts (Mercator's charts, as now used) differ little in construction, whatever may be the case as regards improved accuracy, from what they were a century ago. They differ from ordinary maps chiefly in the way in which the outlines of the land are distorted for the purpose of showing the compass-bearing of the places marked on them. It is absolutely necessary, while sailing along a coast, not only that the sailor shall be able to steer a given course, and to recognise objects on land by their correspondence with the bearing indicated by compass, but also that the track of a ship or the direction of a headland shall always appear on the chart as a straight line, and be capable of being laid down thereon by a line drawn along the straight edge of a ruler. The earth being a sphere, ordinary maps are so constructed as to represent a portion of its curved surface; the parallels of longitude are curved, and approach each other, while the parallels of latitude are also curved, in order to represent, as nearly as may be, a portion of the globe. A straight line drawn from one place to another on such a map would not coincide with the magnetic bearing of the two places for a single foot of the distance. Mercator's projection obviates this difficulty by representing all the meridians as parallel and the degrees of longitude equal, while degrees of latitude are extended beyond their proper length in the same proportion as the degrees of longitude, measured on the sphere, diminish as they approach either pole. Though both are distorted by this plan, the true relative proportion of each is retained. The objection inseparable from the representation of a curved surface on flat paper is, that if a chart were constructed to represent a whole hemisphere, the land in high latitudes would appear more and more distorted, and at the Pole would become infinitely so. In practice this difficulty does not occur, as charts usually represent only a small extent of coast. For great-circle sailing the gnomic or central projection is used, which exhibits the great circle as a straight line. Those who are curious on this subject will find it discussed in the 'Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society.' *

In charts for coasting purposes, or for the use of pilots, only a small portion of the globe is represented at once, and no sensible error results from considering such surface a plane. Charts of this description are thence called plane charts. On all, whatever the plan on which they are projected, the coast, with its lighthouses and headlands, is laid down with the greatest accuracy. The rocks, banks, and shoals, the channels with their buoys, the local currents and circumstances connected with the tides, are mentioned. The depth of water all along the coast is noted in fathoms, and, if necessary, in feet. Roman numerals here and there note the time at which high-water occurs on the days of full moon and at her change, together with the range of the tide. From these data can be ascertained the correction which must be applied to each depth of water noted on the chart; for as the depth varies with the ceaseless rise and fall of the tide, the soundings given on the chart are only strictly accurate twice in each lunar month, and then only for a very few minutes. In some places on the earth's surface the range of the tide between high and low water varies forty or even fifty feet. In the open sea the tides rise for about six hours and a quarter, and fall for a like period; but the rise or fall in each hour is not equal. A curious illustration of this may be observed by the following plan:—Describe a circle, and divide the circumference into six equal divisions on each side, one for each hour of the tide; divide the perpendicular diameter of your circle into as many parts as there are feet in the range of the tide; connect the segments of the circle by lines drawn across it, and the range of the tide corresponding to each hour will be roughly indicated on the graduated diameter. From a consideration of this figure it will appear that at two hours from high or low water the

* Vol. X., Part II.

tide has risen a fourth of the whole range; at three hours, half its range; at four hours, three-fourths; at five hours, to within a sixteenth of the whole. This method will give results sufficiently accurate for practical purposes, though it is necessarily varied by local considerations.

On every chart there is a representation of the compass-card, giving the true north and the magnetic variation at the place. From this, by means of a pair of parallel rulers, the bearing of any object from the observer can be at once obtained.

The 'day's work' on board ship is the final result of all observations, of whatever kind, made between noon and noon, carefully worked out. Sea time, unlike civil time, does not begin from midnight. Jan. 1st, 9 A.M., figures at sea as Dec. 31st, 21 h. Entries are made at regular intervals of the courses steered and the distances run on each, the direction of the wind, the amount of leeway, and the deviation of the compass due to each position of the ship's head, as ascertained when the ship was swung. In a final column is entered such miscellaneous information as requires record, such as the latitude and longitude of the ship at the previous noon, with the bearing and distance of the port or intermediate land to be reached. Here, too, are inserted the variation of the compass; the direction and hourly rate of any current which may have affected the ship; the sail set, ships spoken, and, in fact, the thousand and one items which make up a ship's journal.

Every day at noon the ship's place is deduced from this record; each course is subjected to careful analysis, to see how far it is affected by the entries in the different columns; and the true course is that which remains when all the corrections have been applied. It is a somewhat tedious process, but it must be performed with the greatest care. Each course steered during the day and night is in turn submitted to similar investigation.

When the ship has made several courses in succession, her track is a zigzag, and the direction of its several parts lies more or less athwart of each. For all these actual courses and distances a single equivalent must be found, which the ship would have described had she sailed in a direct line. Finding this course is called 'working a traverse.'

In any triangle of which two triangles and a side are known, the other angle and the other sides can be calculated by plane trigonometry. When a ship sails in any direction (except due north and south), her course makes an angle with the meridian of the point of departure. A vessel sailing 21 miles on a south-west course makes an angle of 45° with the meridian. If that angle be laid down on paper, and at the distance, on any convenient scale of 21 miles, a line be drawn perpendicular to the meridian, we have a triangle of which two angles, the course and the right angle, and one of the sides—21 miles—are known. The other two sides can be calculated at once. She has made good 15 miles towards the south and 15 towards the west. The sailor may, if he likes, take the sum ready calculated out of a 'traverse table.' When each course has been resolved into its component distances, he finds, we will say for argument, that on the whole during the day he has sailed 90 miles to the south and 75 miles to the west. Again he goes to the traverse table, and ascertains that these distances give a course of S. 40° W.; distance, 117 miles. The quickest way for a moderately skilful computer is to perform the work by trigonometry, because the finding both of course and distance comes under that case of plane trigonometry in which both sides and the included right angle being known, it is required to find the other angle and the hypothenuse.

There remains but one thing to complete the 'day's work.' The distance run east and west is called the departure; it is arrived at in nautical miles, but as the fraction of a degree of longitude represented by a nautical mile varies with the latitude, it is necessary to turn this departure into difference of longitude. This is done either by consulting tables in which the corresponding numbers are ready calculated, or by trigonometry. The difference of latitude and longitude thus found is applied by addition or subtraction to the lat. x long y, which was left on the previous day.

This account of a day's work by dead reckoning will show the patience with

which every small detail must be corrected at sea; but even with all his care, the mariner who trusts to dead reckoning alone must fall into error. It is difficult for the most skilful helmsman to keep exactly on his allotted compass-course in a rough sea. The ship moves in a path more or less serpentine by the action of the waves, and an error of half a point in the course causes an error amounting to nearly $\frac{1}{10}$th of the distance run. This and the difficulty of accurately ascertaining the actual distance made good, lead the seaman who is possessed of good instruments, and skilful in their use, to rely more on his observations of the sun and stars than on his dead reckoning. This is particularly the case with regard to latitude. When latitude by dead reckoning and latitude by observation differ, the latter is unhesitatingly preferred. It is somewhat different with regard to longitude. The observation itself is more complex, and affords greater opportunity of error; it is therefore usual not to reject longitude by dead reckoning until that obtained by observation has been confirmed by repetition.

Our readers will be better able to appreciate the reason of the confidence shown in the one case, and the distrust on the other, if we describe as far as can be done, without calling in the aid of mathematics, the manner in which both latitude and longitude are obtained from observation of the heavens. And since unprofessional readers may well be pardoned if their memory fails to recall without effort the astronomical details upon which the theory of nautical science is based, we make no apology for refreshing their memory as to the significance of certain terms, which, however familiar to sailors or star-gazers, are not necessarily so to the rest of the world.

It cannot be too much insisted on that although for the practical work of navigation very little of the science of astronomy is required, that little must be known with the most refined accuracy; the true position of an observed object must be known not only approximately, but to a second.

With celestial weighings and measurings, with great cosmical speculations, with the foretelling of eclipses and the calculation of the orbits of comets, sailors have no concern: such matters intere them only in common with other astronc mers, but do not enter, as a rule, into th simple calculations by which they fin their way about the ocean. Owing t the constant rotation of the earth, ever thing in the heavens seems to be in state of constant change. Seen fro some distant star, the whole would ap pear orderly and simple; seen from ou whirling globe, on which every inhabi tant presents his head and his heels al ternately to a given spot in space, all thes movements present an apparent confu sion, which must be carefully unravelle before any observation of them can b of any practical use. The necessity o this extreme nicety will be apparent whe we remember the startling extent t which a small error in an observatio will vitiate the result of a calculation.

The face of a watch is divided int sixty minutes. A circle, by commo consent of mathematicians, is divided in to 360°; consequently, one minute o a watch-face subtends an angle of 6° Now, in a lunar observation, a mistake o 1′ (one minute) of angular distance woul produce an error of two minutes in time, o 30 geographical miles at the equator; s that an error of angle amounting to $\frac{1}{360}$t part of the arc, which on our watche designates a minute of time, would pu an observer 30 miles out of his reckon ing at the equator, or proportionately les as he approached the Pole. In the Eng lish Channel the error would be abou 19 miles, but even that, it will be con ceded, is a great punishment for so smal a mistake.

Every one knows, of course, that his zenith is that part of the heavens which is immediately vertical to him. But in navigation we must do more than accep this as a general truth; we must remember that as no two persons, however close together, can stand in the same spot at the same time, so no two can have the same zenith; and each observer must be prepared to define the position of his zenith so accurately, that if he be standing when he makes his observation a quarter of a mile away from another person engaged in a similar observation, the distance between them on the earth can be measured by comparing their respective calculations.

The natural idea in one's mind is that

his zenith is the highest point in space; it must be thoroughly understood that such a supposition is erroneous. At this moment our head is turned toward some particular star. Twelve hours hence our feet will point towards that same star. At midsummer in England we see the noonday sun apparently about halfway in the heavens, between our zenith and horizon. At that moment a man on the equator sees it exactly in his zenith, one at the Pole sees it on his horizon, and one at the Cape of Good Hope, who

> 'Turns his head to other stars
> And breathes in converse seasons,'

looks at the sun upside down, and regards his lower limb as uppermost. Each is standing what he calls upright, yet each is forming an angle like the spokes of a wheel with the other. That angle, in the case of any two persons, is exactly equal to the number of geographical miles that separates them turned into degrees and minutes, sixty miles to a degree. The centres of gravity of an inhabitant of London, a sailor on board ship in the Gulf of Guinea, and a person at Aden, diverge by more than half a right angle each from the other.

The meridian of a place or person is a great circle of the heavens drawn from the North Pole of the heavens (close to the Polar star) to the South Pole, passing through the zenith of the person on its way. As each person, however close to another, has a different zenith, so each must have a different meridian; and the angle made at the Pole by the two meridians is the difference of longitude between them. For that reason the sun's hour-angle—that is, the angle made by the sun's meridian with the meridian at any place—is apparent time at that place. A true idea may be substituted for this technical expression by supposing all the figures except XII. expunged from the face of a watch, and the hour-hand fixed at XII. Let the pivot of the hands represent the North Pole, and the watch-face be the plane of the horizon, on which XII. marks the south. The hour-hand will be the meridian of the observer, and the minute-hand the meridian of the sun. As the sun advances, the constantly changing angle made at the Pole by his meridian with that of the observer is the sun's hour-angle, and equals apparent time at the place of observation. All hour-angles are measured on the equator, because that great circle is everywhere 90° distant from the Pole. The problem of finding the sun's hour-angle is one of the most important to modern navigators, for by it they get the local time wherewith to compare Greenwich time as shown by chronometer: the difference of the two times is the difference of longitude. We shall presently state how this operation is performed.

There is a point upon which sailors are obliged to bestow the greatest attention—that is the rapid change in the declination of the sun. The declination of any heavenly body corresponds to the latitude of a place on the surface of the earth,* and is the distance of that body from the plane of the equator. But the sun, moon, and planets change their declination from one minute to another, while that of the stars is invariable. The reason is that the bodies belonging to the solar system continually rise and fall in space as they circle round their common centre, with an orderly motion which differs in the case of each planet. They move in circles, which lie sometimes above and sometimes below the plane of the earth's flotation, and consequently their position relatively to the earth's equator is in a state of continual change. The plan adopted in the 'Nautical Almanac' is to give the declination for each day at noon, and an adjacent column, headed difference for one hour, gives the means of correcting the given quantity for any intermediate time.

Sailors depend on an accurate knowledge of the sun's declination for ascertaining the position of the equator, which is the basis of all calculations in which the sun is observed. But we have always thought that the explanation of ordinary astronomical text-books on this point must be reckoned among the 'words that darken counsel.' The plane in which the earth moves yearly round the sun may be conceived of as the surface of an ocean in which both earth and sun float, half immersed. Neither earth nor sun swim upright in this ocean. The Northern pole of the sun, like the

* Celestial latitude is a different thing. It refers to a set of circles of which the ecliptic is the equator.

mast of a lopsided ship, leans over slightly towards the point in space occupied by the earth in September. The earth inclines her northern axis towards the sun in summer, and receives his direct rays as it were on her forehead as she bends; that, is above her equator. As she circles round him, her axis still maintains the same angle with her plane of flotation, and points always in the same direction; so that in winter the earth leans her North Pole away from the sun, and receives his direct rays below the equator. The effect of this is that the earth, while floating evenly round the sun on the ocean-plane of the ecliptic, appears to the dweller on her surface to rise and fall during her annual orbit; and, during that time she daily revolves on her own axis. If a ray from the sun could score the point at which it impinged upon the earth, a spiral track of 365 circles, all nearly parallel to the equator, and all lying between the tropics, would be traced upon her surface in a year.

Unless the sailor gets his declination accurately and applies it correctly, he will observe the sun in vain. We have heard of an instance in which the correction of declination was applied the wrong way in obtaining the latitude, and the ship made the Orkney Islands instead of the Channel in a voyage from America. In another instance, given by Raper, a similar error in rounding Cape Horn involved the ship in the South Polar ice!

The rotation of the earth on her axis is, in point of time, the only perfect regular motion known in astronomy. A star enters the field of a telescope directed to the heavens, and immovably fixed in its place, at a given hour: in exactly 23h. 56m. 4s., the same star will pass the cross wires of that telescope again. But owing to the movement of the earth in her yearly orbit, the sun takes four minutes longer than a star, for by the time the earth has completed one of her daily revolutions, she has slipped away a degree to the west, and has to turn for four minutes more before she again brings the telescope to bear upon the sun. It is, however, so important in the daily affairs of life that our time should be regulated by the sun, that we disregard the fact of his reappearance upon our meridian not being coincident with a revolution of the earth. We even disregard the still more important fact that the sun's appare motion is not uniform, and is sometim behind and sometimes before the tin which is shown by well-regulated clock This correction amounts sometimes to quarter of an hour. But the variation uniform, and corrects itself in the cour of the year. Therefore astronome have hit upon the expedient of a fict tious sun, whose motion shall be su posed perfectly regular, and they app to the actual sun a correction, under tl name of equation of time, which sha reduce apparent time as shown by tl sun to what it would be if his motic were uniform. The mean time, then, the interval between the sun's quitting given meridian and returning to it aga is divided into 24 hours; and as the equ tor is divided, like other circles, in 360°, 21 hours is equal to 360°, 1 hour equal to 15°, 1 minute to 15′, and 1 se ond to 15″ of arc. For converting a and time, the rule is, multiply the arc l four; this will turn degrees of arc in minutes of time, and minutes of arc in seconds of time. To convert time in arc, turn the hours into minutes and d vide by four. We can say, indifferentl that the sun is distant from a given m ridian 39° 15′, or that it is distant from 2 hours 1 minute. In fact, arc and tin are convertible terms; consequently, we know the difference of time betwee two places, we know their difference longitude. We employ any given pla as a standard, and apply our differen of time to the local mean time of th place, and so we have our absolu longitude. The Dutch take as the standard of comparison the meridian the Peak of Teneriffe; the Frenc choose Paris; Englishmen take Gree wich Observatory; it matters not, all v want is correct interval of time; ar provided that is obtained, any place ma be assumed as a standard to compa with.

The simplest of the astronomical prol lems used at sea is the discovery of tl latitude. The means at the disposal the mariner are few, but the operation one of the most satisfactory to the min owing to its neatness and certainty. Tl problem is to measure the distance of tl observer's zenith from the equator; b neither the zenith nor the equator a palpable to the eye; all the observer c

. is the sun shining in the
l the horizon line where the
o meet the sky. The sextant
he angular distance between
id the horizon, and the nauti-
nac gives the sun's declina-
ıe rest is a matter of easy cal-
Suppose the sun's altitude
y observation 35°, and his de-
n by nautical almanac (or cal-
ı) 23° S., the two added together
ve the position of the equator;
the zenith, though marked by no
: indication, is known to be distant
the horizon 90°, it follows that the
n must be 32° from the equator.
latitude then is 32° N. In practice,
ıay be supposed, the problem does
present itself with such absolute sim-
ity. There are certain corrections
ich must always be applied before an
itude observed by a sextant can be
ed as an element of a calculation.
he first correction is 'index error.'
'ew sextants are so accurately adjusted
s to be absolutely free from error; but
epeated observations soon detect its
mount, and as it vitiates all observa-
ions taken by the same instrument in an
qual degree, each observer usually puts
lown index error as a matter of course
ach time he takes an angle. Suppose
hat the sextant used makes all angles 2′
oo small, 2′ must be added to the ob-
erved altitude. A second correction is
hat owing to the depression of the visible
r sea horizon. Sailors call it the dip.
The visible horizon is the apparent boun-
lary of the surface of the water, but,
wing to the rotundity of the earth, the
ıigher the eye of the spectator is stationed
bove the water the larger the circle it
ommands. The dip depends on the
listance in nautical miles of the visible
ıorizon. To the eye 30 feet above the
ea the true dip is 6′, or the distance of
he horizon itself is about 5½ miles. In-
leed, there is an accidental relation be-
ween the height of the observer's eye
nd the distance of the visible horizon
hich is easy to remember, and is ac-
urate enough for rough computation.
The distance visible in miles is the
quare root of the height in feet. Thus
he distance of the horizon when the ob-
erver's eye is elevated 16 feet is 4 miles,
. being the square root of 16. The dip
must be subtracted from the obser... altitude.

A third correction is owing to the refraction of the atmosphere. The light from a heavenly body is diverted from a direct line in coming to the observer's eye. This aberration varies from 0 at the zenith (where light comes through the earth's atmosphere perpendicularly and undergoes no refraction) to 34′ at the horizon. The amount at every altitude is found in nautical tables. The correction for refraction must be subtracted.

Parallax must next be considered. In all observations the earth is regarded as a point, and all observed altitudes are reduced to what they would appear if observed at the centre of the earth. It is evident that a heavenly body appears lower to a spectator on the surface of the earth than it would to one viewing the same body from the centre several thousand miles below him; the correction for parallax must therefore be added.

Lastly, in observations of the sun it is usually the lower part of the sun which is made to touch the horizon. We, however, want the position of his true centre, and not that of his lower limb. The semi-diameter of the sun varies slightly in proportion to our distance from him. It is on the average about 16′, which must be added when the sun's lower limb has been observed.

Every observed altitude must be corrected in a similar way before it can be used in a calculation. Stars, however, have no parallax: their distance is so great that the angle subtended by the earth's semi-diameter is inappreciable. Neither have they any correction for semi-diameter, as they present the appearance only of points of light.

Corrections must also be applied to the declination; the quantity given is for noon at Greenwich, but the declination for noon under any other meridian is the declination for a time differing from Greenwich noon by the amount of longitude, stated in time, which separates the place by observation from the firs meridian; but we will not weary ou readers by insisting further on our ma proposition that navigation is empha cally a science of attention to min details.

The latitude may also be found by

meridian altitude of a star or planet, or of the moon, as well as by the sun. As the object is to discover the position of the equator, any heavenly body may be used of which the declination is accurately known. If the moon is employed, a slight complication arises in consequence of her uneven rate of change of declination. Sometimes it is very rapid, and then the Greenwich time must be known with precision, in order to obtain accurately the declination for the instant of observation.

When the sun or a star is off the meridian the latitude may be obtained from them by computing the distance of the sun or star from the meridian, or by ascertaining the time accurately by a chronometer, and calculating from these data what the meridian altitude would be. There is also the method of double altitudes, in which the difference of altitude in a short space of time is measured, and the corresponding hour angle found by computation; the reduction to the meridian is then calculated for the hour angle so obtained. Raper gave an account of this method in the tenth volume of the 'United Service Journal,' and he tells us that by means of it Commander Graves, of H.M.'s surveying vessel 'Mastiff,' was enabled to run direct for Malta before the coming on of a *grecale*, or north-east gale, to which another of H.M.'s ships was exposed. We are also told * that Sir Edward Owen constantly used a method of correcting his latitude by account, founded on the discrepancy between computed times and that actually shown by a chronometer. This method is a very ingenious one. Its principle is this: if an altitude of the sun be taken, the hour angle may be computed. If a second altitude be taken, a second hour angle may be in like manner computed; but the latitude by account enters into each computation; if, therefore, the interval of time computed by the two observations agrees with the interval shown by the chronometer, the latitude by account, one of the principal elements of the calculation, is obviously correct. If the computed interval differs from that given by chronometer, there is an error, the amount and nature of which can be calculated.

* Raper, i. 245.

There are other methods which may be employed; indeed, skilful observers can hardly be at a loss day or night for some means of finding their latitude, though ordinary mariners, it is needless to observe, prefer to adhere as a rule to the simple plan of meridian altitudes.

Although the discovery of latitude at sea is comparatively easy, finding the longitude is by no means so easy. Columbus could find his latitude, but Nelson could make but an indifferent guess at his longitude. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that in Nelson's time the feat of finding the longitude was the cherished triumph of a few esoteric naval philosophers, and their methods were so cumbrous and difficult as to be only practised by a few. The problem sounds simple enough. If we know at any instant what o'clock it is with us, and what o'clock it is, say at Greenwich, we have only to turn time into arc to express our difference of longitude with Greenwich. The difficulty lies in ascertaining accurately, at a given instant, the two times. If any instantaneous phenomenon could be simultaneously observed at the place, the longitude of which is requied, and a place with which it is wished to compare it, the matter could be done at once. For instance, supposing such a portent possible, two stars collide in space. An observer at Greenwich and another under some distant meridian observe the phenomenon. The time of the occurrence was with the Greenwich observer 2 P.M., and with the distant observer 5.30 P.M. The longitude of the latter would be 52° 30′ E. But such a case supposes two concerted observations, even supposing an instantaneous phenomenon could be counted on at the moment the longitude was required; it is therefore necessary that the sea observer should be presented with a set of observations, ready calculated, with which he may compare those made by himself. The difficulties even in this case are very great.

Of all the plausible methods of obtaining the longitude that have been proposed, two only now survive. One is by lunar observation, and the other by chronometers.

Philip III. of Spain offered 100,000 crowns to any one who could solve the problem, and the States of Holland proline connecting the centre of the earth

a reward of 30,000 florins for the purpose. About 1635, John Morin, ssor of Mathematics at Paris, sug- d a method of solving it to Cardinal elieu. Morin's method was some- : similar to the lunar method now in , but there were no lunar tables suf- ntly accurate to work by, and no in- ments sufficiently delicate to observe h. The plan was therefore rejected, ough Cardinal Mazarin gave the in- ntor a pension. A few persons thought at the lines of equal magnetic devia- on would give the necessary data, but the eneral opinion among astronomers point- d steadily to the moon's motion among he stars as the most promising pheno- nenon to select; Kepler, in 1630, was ne of many distinguished men who rec- mmended it. At length in 1675 a great tep in advance was made; Charles II. erected the Royal Observatory at Green- vich, and the great astronomer Flamsteed vas appointed to take charge of it, with trict instructions to devote special atten- ion to such perfection of the table of notions of heavenly bodies as would render it possible to discover the much- lesired longitude at sea. Flamsteed's ndustry gave Sir Isaac Newton the neans of forming his celebrated theory of the moon. But even the data at New- on's disposal were still insufficient, and he problem, though advanced, remained still unsolved. The difficulty lay in the very unequal movement of the moon. She participates in the annual motion of he earth round the sun, but all the time she is engaged in a circular movement of her own round the earth. Though apparently moving round the earth in a series of circles, the moon really pursues through space a course which may be roughly delineated by a circle with a slightly serpentine outline. The earth moves in its orbit nearly seventeen miles in a second, or more than ten mil- ions of miles in a week. But although he moon in twenty-nine days circles round the earth, a flowing curve drawn through her five positions shows that ner course through space has been, not a series of loops, but a wavy line.

The plane in which this motion takes place makes an angle of a little over 5° with the plane of the ecliptic. She is thus generally above or below a straight and sun. When she crosses that line, if she happens to be either at the full or at change, an eclipse takes place: in the first instance, an eclipse of the moon by the shadow of the earth; in the second, an eclipse of the sun by the body of the moon.

The result of this complicated movement is that the moon, though obeying laws now perfectly understood, was apparently so irregular in the times of her phenomena as to baffle accurate prediction. Whirling round the earth in 27 days 7 h., 43 m., 11.5 s., the moon crosses the meridian at intervals of 24h. 48 m. on an average. Thus, if she passed with the sun at noon on one day, she would be 48 m. behind him on the next, 1 h. 36 m. in arrear the day after, and so on. At the end of a synodic month, or 29 days 12 h. 14. m. 2.87 s., she again crosses at the same time as the sun, and is said to be in conjunction. We have given the fractions of seconds in this instance to show how accurately the moon's motion is now known.

Though the theory of the moon was not very perfect in the time of Newton, this was of the less consequence because the instruments then in use were too rude in construction to permit of the accurate measurements necessary in such delicate operations. But when Hadley's reflecting quadrant appeared for the first time, an instrument possessed of the requisite delicacy was in the hands of observers. Dr. Halley, Flamsteed's successor, employed much time in perfecting the lunar tables, and his work was continued by Dr. Bradley and Dr. Maskelyne. From their observations Professor Meyer, of Göttingen, constructed a new lunar table, which was published by order of the English Board of Longitude under the superintendence of the Astronomer Royal. To facilitate its use Dr. Maskelyne published, in 1767, an Ephemeris, which has been kept up every year since then under the name of the 'Nautical Almanac.'

Maskelyne's tables and Hadley's sextant together were found nearly to succeed within the limit of one degree required by the Act of Queen Anne. But the necessary calculations were of such a stupendous nature that none but professed astronomers could make them. However, the principle was established,

and every succeeding decade saw simplification introduced into the work, so that the lunar observation was ultimately brought within the reach of persons who had received a careful nautical education.

It was, however, and even now is, a difficult process. The theory is this: The distances of the moon from various stars near to which she passes, in her course through the sky, are given in Greenwich time in a table in the 'Nautical Almanac' for every third hour of the day. The materials for correction for intermediate times are also given. This table of lunar distances may be used as a clock to find Greenwich time, by observing with a sextant the angular distance of the moon from the sun or one of the stars mentioned in the 'Almanac.' Referring then to the table, the observer computes the time corresponding to the observed angle, and thus gets his 'Greenwich date.' He must ascertain by a separate series of observations his own local time at the exact instant of his lunar observations. Turning the difference of time into degrees, he obtains the longitude.

But though the theory is so plain, it is beset with difficulties. Supposing the angle between the sun and moon to be observed from the surface of the earth, the moon appears always depressed below her true position by the effect of parallax, while the sun is elevated by the effect of refraction. Therefore the angular distance observed with a sextant is not the same as the distance seen from the centre of the earth, for which alone the nautical tables are calculated. Hence two cases of oblique spherical triangles must be computed before the observed distance can be corrected, and the true distance ascertained. If the moon is the lower of the two bodies, it is evident that raising her will diminish the apparent distance; that is, her correction of distance must be subtractive; when she is the higher body, it is generaly additive. Exactly the converse is the case of the sun or of a star. Therefore the problem presented to the calculator is, from a spherical triangle, erroneous, as found by observation and measurement, to obtain by calculation a true one. Recalling a remark we made on an earlier page, that an error of 1′ in distance would produce a resulting error of 30′ in longitude, or 30 miles at the equator, it is easy to see how, with every care, this method, beautiful as it is, leaves a great margin for uncertainty.

Again, in practice, three, if not four, observers are required: one with a watch to take the exact time to which all the observations are to be reduced; a second to take the altitude of the sun; a third, the altitude of the moon; while the fourth measures the angular distance, unless the observer chooses to compute the altitudes successively instead of observing them, and reduces them to a given time by computation. All this leads to a very complicated mode of procedure; in the most skilful hands and by the shortest methods a couple of pages must be closely covered with figures before the result appears; the labor, to say nothing of the chance of error, naturally rather alarms seamen, who, as a rule, dread intricate calculations.

It would not be possible to give any actual example of the methods pursued. Raper, with his usual ingenuity, has invented an approximate method of clearing the lunar distance by the spherical traverse table. For ourselves, we had rather trust to computations, which appear to us quite as easy to use as the tables. Many ways of performing the operation are given in the text-books. Perhaps the simplest is a method given by Raper, which is a slight variation of that commonly known among seamen as 'Norie's Fourth Method.' The invention of it has been attributed to Mendoza Rios, though successive adapters have simplified the original calculation. Its great merit consists in this, that it is without the embarrassment of various cases; you may proceed in the same way, whatever the form of your triangles, and logarithms can be employed requiring four places of figures only. Still this method is said by Raper to be but an approximation; for strict accuracy he recommends a solution invented by a French astronomer, the Chevalier de Borda, to whom seamen are indebted for many improvements in their art. It was he who, in 1787, published an account of what he called a 'cercle de réflexion,' which led to the modification of Hadley's quadrant into the sextant now in use. Borda's method differs from that of Mendoza Rios, in that

we find by calculation the true distance directly from the apparent distance and the apparent altitudes, while in the former we find only the corrections which are to be applied to our own observation of those quantities.

No one likes extra trouble, and perhaps the following extract from Raper's directions for the lunar observation will suggest to some minds an additional reason for distaste for it:

'The observer fixes himself firmly in a corner, or lies on his back on the deck, in order to remove as much as possible the sense of bodily effort and inconvenience which disturbs the eye and the attention.'

We *have* heard of graceless young officers with a taste for caricature making merry with their friends at the expense of a stout captain lying on his back, and struggling with his sextant in the pursuit of science under difficulties. But we trust that this is not a common practice.

We cannot resist giving one more extract from Lieut. Raper's navigation. As it is the only occasion, so far as we know—and we speak of his book as of a well-thumbed friend—in which that intrepid calculator has ever admitted the existence of a difficulty, the objection may reasonably be supposed to be a real one. 'A single observation is not capable of affording a decisive result: great practice is necessary for measuring the distance successfully; and the application of so many small corrections as are necessary when accuracy is required is, even with extraordinary care and some skill, scarcely compatible with extreme precision.'

Yet lunar observations are indispensable under certain circumstances; for instance, our Arctic Expedition will depend for longitude almost entirely upon lunars; for chronometers, owing to reasons given further on, will not be very reliable. In Captain Parry's North-Westerly Expedition the longitude of the farthest point was determined by 1500 lunar distances.

It is, perhaps, a pity, at least many skilful officers regret it, that the method by chronometer has in practice greatly superseded the lunar observation. The theory of this is certainly simple enough. It is to set a watch to Greenwich time at the beginning of a voyage, and refer to it whenever Greenwich time is wanted. The difficulty here is purely mechanical. No chronometer can be absolutely depended upon, and if it stops, the navigator must resort to lunars or give up the hope of finding his longitude at all. Most well-found ships carry three or even more chronometers, and it is considered unlikely that all should stop; indeed, it is supposed that the error of one is likely to compensate in some degree the error of another, as it is against the doctrine of chance that all the errors should be in the same direction. No chronometer as yet made can be trusted to go with the same accuracy as an observatory clock; but their performance is a wonderful triumph of human skill and ingenuity. We will try and explain the degree of dependence which can be placed on them. It is said that Gemma Frisius, about the year 1530, first proposed to tell the longitude by carrying a time-piece accurately giving the time under a known meridian. The state in which horological machines were at that time prevented his accomplishing the design. The idea, however, once suggested, was valuable. Harrison, an English watch-maker, was at last able to produce a time-piece which was sufficiently accurate to gain the whole reward of 20,000*l.* offered by the Act of Queen Anne. It is historically though not otherwise interesting to note, that though the reward was paid only, we think, in 1774—some time, at any rate, after Captain Cook's voyages in 1772–3, when the prize instrument was tried—Harrison had made a very excellent chronometer as far back as 1726. This machine, placed on board a ship under the direction of the Board of Longitude, procured for him a gratuity from Government, and a desire to continue his labors. From 1726 to the date of Captain Cook's voyage Mr. Harrison seems to have been without a rival. He reported himself ready for the official trial in 1764, and set sail for Barbadoes. On arrival, the error of the chronometer, allowing for its given rate, was found to be 43 seconds; and on the return of the vessel to England the instrument was but 54 seconds in error, allowing for its declared rate. A committee was then appointed by the Board of Longitude to take the machine to pieces and report

on its construction. They declared themclves satisfied both as to theory and performance; and it was decided that the reward should be paid as soon as a maker could be found to execute Harrison's plan with equal success. This task was undertaken by Mr. Larkom Kendal, and the chronometer made by him on Harrison's lines was handed over to Mr. Wales, and sent, under charge of that astronomer, round the world with Captain Cook. It is now exhibited at the United Service Institution.

Dr. Hutton says that this machine performed even better tha Harrison's. In 1774 a new Act was passed, offering a fresh reward to still further stimulate makers to increased accuracy, and to reward them for expensive and tedious investigations necessarily undertaken. From this time constant improvements took place, but the history of them is mixed up with a very pretty quarrel, in which the Board of Longitude, the watch-makers, Dr. Maskelyne (the Astronomer Royal), Sir Joseph Banks (President of the Royal Society), and a free lance named Dalrymple, apparently a hasty friend of Sir Joseph's, all took part. The engagement was begun by Mr. Mudge, a chronometer-maker, who published a 'Narrative;' Dr. Maskelyne, an 'Answer to the Narrative;' Mr. Mudge, a 'Reply to the Answer.' Then came the Report of the Commissioners of Longitude, followed by 'An Appeal,' by Sir Joseph Banks; then Dalrymple, and so on. It seems to have been thought that Dr. Maskelyne was so much attached to the lunar method, which he had so great a hand in perfecting, that he was unable to appreciate the merit of other inventions. Dr. Rees, of the 'Encyclopædia,' appears to have taken sides rather warmly against the Astronomer Royal, for we constantly find little digs at that official, which appear oddly in a learned book—*e.g.*, apropos of some unimportant question: "We applied to Dr. Maskelyne for authentic information, but, with his usual reserve, the doctor declined giving us any information on the subject.'

Mr. Mudge the younger, after his father's death, published a book in 1779, at which time eleven chronometers had been sold and more were nearly complete. The fact will give a tolerable measure of the degree to which they were in use at that date. Mudge's chronometers were sold at 150 guineas each, and the Admiralty declined, partly on account of their high price, to give any other than occasional orders for the use of the Navy. There is a letter, as we are informed by the courtesy of Sir George Airy, written by Captain Hurd, R.N., then hydrographer to John Pond, Esq., at that time Astronomer Royal, dated September 1821, in which he says, 'These instruments when first placed in my care did not exceed thirty;' but the date of the first trust is not given. Captain Hurd proceeds to give a list of the chronometers the property of the Government on the 3d of September, 1821; their number was 131.

At the present time the number of Government chronometers is about 1090. Most of these are in actual service; some are at the depots of Portsmouth and Devonport; some in the hands of makers for repairs, and 141 at the Observatory. The number in private hands must be enormous. Few well-appointed ships sail without carrying at least three of them, but there is no means of making even an approximate estimate of their number. They may be said to be in general use.

As regards the degree of dependence which may be placed on them, those most competent to judge estimate that, supposing the rate of a chronometer to have been determined from six weeks' rating and the ship then goes on a voyage of six weeks, it would be possible and fair to suppose that the mean rate may have changed 10 seconds of time per week, and this change of rate would produce at the end of six weeks an error of 1 minute of time, or at the equator 15 miles of longitude, about 9 miles in the English Channel. But it must not be supposed that in practice such an error would occur; there are many methods of ascertaining the rate of a chronometer, and in careful hands such an error would be noted and allowed for, at any rate, with approximate accuracy, and that in result would be the same as if no variation of rate had taken place at all. Besides, observation shows that where more than one chronometer is used, the variation of one may be partly depended upon to correct the variation of another, and

the mean of two or three instruments, though not absolutely true, will be much nearer the truth than any one taken singly. In short voyages, such as an expedition to pick up a cable, if a sufficient number of chronometers is taken, and the rates at starting are known, error is almost eliminated.

The difficulty of trusting implicitly to chronometers for longitude in our Arctic Expedition arises from this circumstance: that in all probability the Expedition may arrive at its most distant point (where it will be locked fast for a time) some months after leaving the last point of well-defined longitude, and that it is impossible to say how wild the rates of the chronometers may have been during those months. And this arises not only from the length of time, but also from a chronometrical fact which has not yet been brought under control; namely, that when the temperature is at or about the freezing-point of water, the rates of chronometers become unmanageable. No form of compensation yet tried has succeeded perfectly in correcting this. It may possibly depend on the quality of the oil: in that case it is likely to be different for every chronometer, or for every different maker's chronometers. Increase of temperature usually retards the rate of a chronometer, and *vice versâ*. The object of what is called by makers 'compensation' is to correct this defect, and produce uniformity of rate in spite of change of temperature. This is effected by the adjustment of weights to the balance; but it is a delicate, slow, and consequently costly, process, and, moreover, can only, in the present state of science as applied to chronometer-making, be partially successful, and for this reason: the diminution of force in the spring proceeds uniformly in proportion to the increase of heat, and may be represented graphically by a straight line inclined at some angle to another straight line which is divided into degrees of temperature. But the inertia of a compound balance cannot be made to decrease quite as fast as the heat increases; and therefore its rate of variation can only be represented by a curve, and consequently only coincide with the straight line representing the variation of force in the spring in two points. In other words, the compensation can only be exact for some two temperatures for which you may choose to adjust it.

But supposing the Greenwich time to be known by reference to the chronometer, or in any other way, it is necessary to find the time at ship wherewith to compare it. When the sun is rising or falling rapidly, generally about three hours before or after noon, the observer takes a series of altitudes with a sextant, and notes the corresponding times. He then takes the mean of the altitudes and the mean of the times, and applies to the mean altitude all the necessary corrections. He will then, by reference to his journal and to the 'Nautical Almanac,' become possessed of the information necessary for his calculation.

We have now described the principles upon which observations both for latitude and longitude are made at sea. We have probably said enough to show that success depends, when the principle has once been mastered, on attention to exceedingly small details. But it has been impossible even to indicate the minuteness with which careful observers proceed. Chronometers, sextants, and such like instruments are guarded with almost ludicrous jealousy. There is no greater crime than to touch a man's pet sextant, and a stranger may hardly breathe in the same room with his chronometers. The latter are slung in gimbals, and packed in carefully-stuffed boxes. The boxes are packed in sawdust and screwed to a block of wood, which in its turn is bolted to the beams of the deck below. They are brought on board at the beginning of a voyage slung in a handkerchief and carried by hand. If they travel by rail, a fresh system of screws, springs, and elastic outer casings is devised to prevent the delicate machines from experiencing the smallest jolt. An Admiralty order exists prohibiting the sending of any Government chronometer by any other than a passenger train. So closely are their performances watched that a minute discrepancy (thirty-three seconds) in a chain of meridian distances, measured by chronometer round the globe, was accounted for by Admiral Fitzroy by the suggestion that the chronometers had been affected by magnetic action in con-

sequence of the ship's head having been for considerable times together in the same direction.*

The amount of knowledge of the method of nautical astronomy now required is amply sufficient; and if any increase of stringency is found practicable or expedient, owing to the greater spread of education or the increasing popularity of the merchant naval service, it had better be applied in demanding more groundwork than more superstructure. We have already observed that the ingenuity of mathematicians has been applied to devise formulæ which should be easily worked without a preliminary knowledge of the mathematical considerations on which they are based. We venture to suggest, instead of requiring applicants to take up more or higher subjects in navigation, as it is said the Board of Trade intend to do, that the questions already asked should be more thoroughly understood; that formulæ should not be used without their mathematical proof, and that an appropriate diagram should be required to accompany every solution which admits of being solved by construction. It would be possible to pass the Board of Trade examinations simply by learning formulæ by rote, and applying them by means not much to be distinguished from what is called 'rule of thumb.' Nevertheless, it has been matter of considerable surprise to us to see the amount and extent of information which our merchant navy officers have proved themselves to possess. Every man holding a Board of Trade certificate has passed through an ordeal of which we can say from observation that it is most thorough and searching. It appears to us faulty only in the particular just noted. A master must be twenty-one years of age, bring good testimonials and certificates of service, and in addition to good writing, the first five rules of arithmetic and logarithms; he must be able to do a day's work 'with the distance and bearing of the port he is bound to by Mercator's and the other usual methods;' to perform all the corrections required by articles in the nautical almanac; to find the latitude (thus far the same rule applies to candidates for the certificate of a mate) by sun and star both on and off the meridian; to observe and calculate the amplitude of the sun, and deduce the variation of the compass therefrom; to observe and compute variation by azimuths; to find the longitude by chronometer and observation of the sun; to compare and keep the rates of chronometers; to know the law of the tides, and ascertain the state of the tide in any part of the world by the known time at the full and change of the moon; to explain the nature and mode of determining the extent of the attraction of the ship's iron on the compass. He must also pass a thorough examination in seamanship, rigging ships, shifting large spars, masts, sails, &c., dealing with any conceivable kind of wreck; making jury rudders, rafts, and so on; the management of mortar and rocket lines in case of the stranding of the vessel. He must also understand signalling, so as to know at a glance the character, and in many cases the meaning of signals made without the signal-book. It is amusing to an outsider to see the certainty with which candidates tell the subject-matter, if not the exact meaning of 'a hoist' of two, three, or four flags shown by the examiner. Not least important is the searching examination he will undergo as to the 'rule of the road at sea.' It were well if these rules were as well observed as they are accurately known. Lastly, he is examined as to the pilotage, lights, buoys, beacons, shoals, and mutual bearings of places of some one channel or sea with which he is most familiar, the English and Irish seas being those most generally proposed. This summary of the principal heads of the examination, which is carried out very conscientiously, will be satisfactory to those who look to see our mercantile navy keep pace with the general educational improvement of the present day.—*Quarterly Review.*

* The distances having been measured by taking the mean of several chronometers, some of which, if they differed, *must* have been wrong, would account for this sufficiently without any fanciful explanation.

NORMAN MACLEOD.*

Of all the marks of popular affection on the broader scale which can be given to a public man, scarcely any is more striking than the familiar adoption of his Christian name by his country, a title of love, which absorbs all titles of honor. Had we placed the name of the Rev. Dr. Macleod at the head of this page, Scotland at least would have regarded it doubtfully, not quite understanding who was meant by the formal appellation. The man who bore it had as good a right to such distinctions as society can bestow as any man in these islands. His talents, his influence, his position as a real power in the country, were as certain and as fully acknowledged as even his friends could desire; respect and homage followed him wherever he went; and that popular applause, which is never so adulatory, so effusive to any one who calls it forth as to a great orator, was his with almost unbroken certainty from the beginning to the end of his career. But something deeper, tenderer, closer was in the bond which united him to the people whom he loved. He was something more than a preacher, something more than a well-known figure, always in the front of public life. People who never saw him perhaps, or saw him only afar off, in pulpits and platforms, poor people and great people, his inferiors, who would not have ventured on further familiarity than respectful listening, had any happy chance brought them in to his presence,—all, of whatever degree, knew him as "Norman." The name of his childhood and his family was to all Scotland his title as distinct as a duke's. Norman Macleod; sometimes the Norman, *tout-court*, was enough. Who could mistake it? Though there are hundreds who bear the same name over the country, there was but one about whom no one could be at any loss. Very few are the men who are thus honored; it means more than mere notability—more than fame. In this case it meant, above all his other gifts—which were many—a man in whom the gift of brotherhood was supreme—the friendliest, most sympathetic of men; the "neighbor," in true evangelical sense, of every one around him, he who was most understanding of the troubles of others, most quick to note when they were moved and how, and to whom no gleam of human feeling was indifferent. This was the great distinction, above all others, of the remarkable man whom Scotland has lately lost. He was a Scotch minister, nothing more,—incapable of any elevation of rank, bound to mediocrity of means by the mere fact of his profession, never to be bishop of anywhere, dean of anywhere, lord of anything, so long as life held him—yet everybody's fellow wherever he went: dear brother of the Glasgow working men in their grimy fustians; of the Ayrshire weavers in their cottages; dear friend of the Sovereign on the throne. If ever there was a title to be borne with a swelling of the heart more tender than pride, surely this was the one. The writer of these pages saw him but once, never more, and thereupon opened the floodgates of the soul to him and spoke—wondering afterwards to have so spoken—as dear friend speaks to dear friend. Why? for no reason on earth except that nature compelled it—that the man was such as he was—his heart open, his ear ready, his sympathy given ere it was called for, with understanding as well as with feeling. For it was in him not only to feel as you felt, but to perceive what you meant—deepest union of comprehensions. He had great eloquence, great power great talent, and many of the characteristics of genius—but, above all, he was the most brotherly of men.

It is hard to say how far the habit of rapid and exhaustive biography which belongs to the age is good in the main; but here is an instance in which it is well done to supply the world before the impression of his character has at all faded, with so many more souvenirs and kindly recollections of a man who was the friend of his country and generation. It is doubtful whether his works will live an independent life after him; rather, perhaps, it may be found that their popularity depended upon his, not his upon theirs; and his personal claims must fade, as

* Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D. By his Brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, B.A. 2 vols. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co. 1876.

those who knew him follow him into the unknown. The perspective of history, which reduces so many figures that were foremost to a secondary level, is cruel to such a memory; it ignores the tender shades of character, the warm, living atmosphere of contemporary influence, and, gazing coldly across the ages, requires that men should fall into one of its long processions, or take a formal place in some classified group. But the men who touch our hearts most, are those who cannot be classified, who fall into no formal line. Mr. Donald Macleod's book, however, may, we think, be taken as addressed rather to the warm appreciation of contemporaries than to posterity. That it should become one of those *mémoires pour servir* which are so valuable to the makers of history, is a natural but secondary result. Its first destination is the reader of to-day, who has enough knowledge of its subject to make further details of him at once grateful and instructive. There are no materials of history more suggestive than portraits; but yet they are painted for the immediate friends and lovers of the person they represent. This book is a portrait, not a historical picture; and it is so well and modestly done, that it may be taken as an example by writers who have such a delicate piece of work in hand. The grave is scarcely more than closed over the well-known figure here reproduced for us, and nothing could have been easier than to fill up the rapid record with gossip such as is dear to all vulgar minds, and even, as recent publications show, has attractions for the general public which it is humiliating to be compelled to acknowledge. Nothing, however, of the kind is to be found here. No strain upon the modesty of nature, no unnecessary betrayal of private life is in these volumes. They tell us, indeed, more than we knew of the common friend whom this age has lost, but in such a way as cannot hurt the tenderest prejudices of affection. The genial image known to all suffers no vulgarising, no diminution here. It is true that all who knew Dr. Macleod must have been prepared to say what the poet says boldly of our greatest modern general—

> "Whatever records come to light,
> He never will be shamed;"

but it was not so sure that there might not have been details of more familiar knowledge which would jar upon the tastes or disturb the instincts of a public wider than that world in which Norman Macleod was born and trained. Even the difference of nations makes sometimes just that subtle indescribable difference in manners which has the effect of a discord, in contemporary narrative. We make bold to say, however, that there is scarcely anything of the kind in this close and minute personal history. There are points on which we may readily differ in opinion, as there are points, honestly recorded, in which, at different periods of his career, he differed materially from himself, with the noble inconsistency natural to a mind full of the growth and expansion of true life; but the only revelation in these pages is one which must fill the reader who did not know him closely with a reverence of respect more profound than might have been expected to encircle so robust and vivacious a figure. We confess, for our own part, that the manful godliness of character which we expected to find in him did not come up, by a long way, to the deep spirituality of mind which is revealed in these intimate records of his life. That profound devotion of the heart, old-fashioned piety scrupulous and sensitive—and that continual aspiration after higher spiritual communion which we have learned perhaps to associate too much with doctrines more narrow, and charity less expansive, and a temperament more ascetic than his—shine through every page of the record, in the very midst of the open-hearted fun, the tender enthusiasm, the practical goodness, and the cordial nonsense everywhere abounding. Such a revelation was impossible in his lifetime. Known to his friends, it must have remained unknown to the public till Death opened the secret doors, and admitted our reverential gaze into that sanctuary, where, in the very heart of this most active external life, so pure a lamp of heavenly contemplation was burning. The rigid believer and the rigid unbeliever may alike sneer, and alike denounce the "vague" doctrines of the religious thinker who is slow to formulate his belief by the letter, and uneasy in the bonds of so-called orthodoxy: but that

sceptic and that bigot who can resist the unveiling of this heart-warm spiritual faith and love, must be poor creatures, unworthy to assume the office of commentator upon any true human spirit—

"One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
Nor form nor feeling great or small;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual all-in-all.

Shut close the door; press down the latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose the tickings of thy watch,
Near this unprofitable dust."

That a man so free in thought, so bold in speech, so broad in charity, should be at the same time so simply devout, full of all the tremblings of the tenderest piety, is a lesson and example to us all.

Norman Macleod was born early in the century, in June 1812, a Highlander of the Highlanders; his fathers for several generations had been Scotch ministers, occupying that most picturesque of positions between the gentry and the people, belonging to the higher classes yet also belonging to the lower, in primitive authority yet friendliness, respected and claimed by all, which bcomes more and more every year a thing of the past. The dear parish which these kind *forebears* swayed, that "Morven" which breathes poetry in its sound alike by the salt-water lochs of Scotland, and the mysterious plains of the Breton peninsula, and on the high Burgundian slopes, was to him a home of the heart all his life long; and he has commemorated its wild beauty, its exciting occupations and recreations, in the "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," which is one of his best-known works. Never had a boy a more wholesome or a happier out-door life. At Campbeltown, where he was born, there were all the charms of a seaport, far-going ships, revenue cutters with their smuggler enemies, salt-water folk of every complexion; and here the lively vigorous boy found unbounded occupation and amusement. "Ships and sailors were the great objects of his interest; and contrary to the wishes of his anxious mother, many a happy hour was spent on board the vessels which lay at the pier, climbing the shrouds, reaching the cross-trees without going through the 'lubber's hole,' or in making himself acquainted with every stay, halyard, and spar from truck to keelson. His boy-companions were hardy fellows, fond of adventure, and so thoroughly left to form their own acquaintances, that there was not a character in the place—fool or fiddler, soldier or sailor—whose peculiarities or stories they had not learned." The little town was a cheerful, friendly, sociable place, where everybody in all ranks knew everybody else; and the men about the homely piers were not less familiar nor less instructive than the grave seniors of society whom the boy saw in the homely, genial, catholic atmosphere of the manse, of which the surviving son writes as follows:—

"The ecclesiastical relationships of the place were not less primitive and genial than the social. When Norman's father went there he soon attracted a very large and devoted congregation. He was decidedly evangelical, but free from all narrowness, and had a word of cheerful kindliness for all. All sects and parties loved him; and his fellow-townsmen were the more disposed to listen to his earnest appeals in public and private when they knew how manly and simple he was in daily life. Not only did he in this way secure the attachment of his own flock, but when, on one occasion, he was asked to accept a better living, the Dissenting congregation of the place heartily joined with his own in making up his very small stipend to a sum equal to what had been offered to him. The Roman Catholic priest was among his friends. Few weeks ever passed without old Mr. Cattanach coming to take tea at the manse, and in all his little difficulties he looked to the young parish minister for advice. These Highland priests were very different men from those now furnished by Maynooth. They were usually educated in France. . . . Nor was the friendly relationship which existed in Campbeltown an exceptional instance of good feeling; for whenever the priest of the district went to that part of the parish in Morven which was near the manse, he made it his home; and I am not aware that any evil ever accrued to religion in consequence."

The life in the Highland parish which diversified this life in the half-Highland town was still more invigorating and full of genial nature. Here is Mr. Donald Macleod's account of it according to the experience of the previous generation—an experience which Norman repeated, not at a very great interval of distance, for he was the first-born of his young parents, and the habits of life in his grandfather's house had scarcely changed:—

"The minister delighted to make all around him happy. His piety was earnest, healthy, and genial. If the boys had their classics

and the girls their needle work, there was no grudging of their enjoyments. The open seas and hills, boats and dogs, shepherds and fishermen, the green height of Fingal's hill, the waterfall roaring in the dark gorge, had lessons as full of meaning for their after-life as any that books could impart. The boys were trained from childhood to be manly; and many an hour taken from study was devoted to education of another kind, hunting otters and badgers in their dens, with terriers whose qualities were discussed in every cottage on the glebe; shooting grouse and stalking the wary blackcock (for no game-laws were then enforced in Morven); fishing through the summer nights; or sailing out in the Sound with old Rory the boatman when the wind was high, and the *Roe* had to struggle close-hauled against the cross-sea and angry tide. In the winter evenings young and old gathered round the fireside, where songs and laughter mingled with graver occupations; and not unfrequently the minister would tune his violin, and striking up some swinging reel or blight strathspey, would call on the lads to lay aside their books, and the girls their sewing, and set them to dance with a will."

This cheerful natural life, with all its outdoor exercises, none of which were without use and meaning, was, on the whole, we should suppose, better muscular as well as moral training than that which is to be had nowadays by means of artificial athletics. Thus Norman Macleod spent his young days—in kindly fellowship with all conditions of men; at home with the laird and the cotter, the hospitable old ladies of Campbeltown society and the sailors about its piers—too proud or too small for no one's notice; daring the Sound in all weathers—at home among the strained cordage of the harbor ships like any cabin-boy. The joyous freedom and homeliness of such a beginning of life may leave its trace upon a man's manners perhaps in a touch of superficial roughness, and broad indifference to the dainty particulars of more conventional life; but it rarely is without a counterbalancing influence in the creation of genuine goodwill and understanding of the different classes which that boyish catholicity of heart has embraced at once. It is said that pride flourishes beyond measure in Scotland, and a keen sense of social distinctions—and we do not doubt that this is true; but at the same time, Scotsmen of different classes are, we think, more at home with each other, understand each other better than the great and the little generally do in other places. One curious cause and evidence of this lies, no doubt, in the fact that the educated Scotsman rarely objects to speak the language of his childhood when there is any occasion for it. The Lancashire or Yorkshire gentleman may know the *patois* of his county, and may be able to indulge in it as a joke now and then; but the Irishman almost invariably is ashamed of his brogue; and only the Scotsman speaks the language of the poor with frank and natural freedom, neither feeling it to be beneath him, nor afraid of its "broad" qualities. We may be sure that Norman Macleod in his maturest days would never have hesitated to address the porters on the Broomielaw in genuine "Glaskie"—neither to their surprise nor his own. This of itself speaks of a franker fellowship than anything current in the South; and no doubt it is chiefly owing to the freedom of boyish life, which was a tradition in Scotland—a tradition totally different from that other traditional freedom of the English schoolboy, who keeps himself loftily apart from "cads" at every period of his career.

When Norman was still a boy his family removed to Campsie, near Glasgow—a bit of mountain-country on the edge of all the bustling wealth of manufacture and trade, which became the home of his most beloved recollections, and where he now sleeps by the side of his father and brothers. His college career does not seem to have been of any special interest; he was no classical student, nor had he the kind of mind which is attracted by that absorbing enthusiasm which makes the scholar. Scotland to him was infinitely more interesting and attractive than Greece, and Wordsworth among his neighboring mountains more near and dear than Homer or Sophocles. He was fond of natural science, fond of talk and argument, and that unbounded reading for which youth alone has both time and appetite sufficient, and which stands the mature intellectual workman in such stead at a later period. "The loss of accurate scholarship which the desultoriness of this kind of training entailed might not have been sufficiently compensated by other advantages," says his biographer; "nevertheless, contact with men, insight into character, the culture of poetic tastes, of original thought, and of an eye for nature, were perhaps

no mean substitutes for skill in Latin verse and acquaintance with the Greek particles,"—an apologetic statement with which almost every confession of deficient scholarship is now accompanied. But surely the apology is superfluous in such a case. Scholarship, properly so called, had little affinity with such a mind as Macleod's; and probably the additional correctness and elegance which it might have given to the tumultuous energy of his style, would have been dearly purchased by the creation of artificial restraints and intellectual limitations foreign to his nature and temperament. To say the least, there is something gained in the picturesque point of view by the existence of those vigorous and vehement brotherhoods of able Scotsmen who contrast so strongly with the more polished school of English students, all cast in one mould and trained by one unaltering system. Since scholarship, after all, is not salvation, we are tempted to be glad of the variety, and feel the Macleods and the Tullochs of the Scotch Church a refreshing change from the Stanleys and Jowetts of her richer neighbor. Nothing which could suggest the furthest off approach to the alarming character of a "prig" was in young Norman's mind or manners. When he went home to Campsie on his Saturday holidays, it is clear that he somewhat alarmed the good people there by his pranks and happy follies. There is a quotation given from a letter of his father's at this early period, entreating the lad "to assume a more manly, sedate manner," which is amusing in its serious gravity and concern. "I rejoice to see your companions," says the troubled father, himself a man of great ability and character, if perhaps, like the rest of us, a little over-anxious about his boy—"if you would conduct yourself with calmness and seriousness on the Sabbath-day, and cease your buffoonery of manner. . . . You carry this nonsense by much too far; and I beseech of you, my dear Norman, to check it. Imitation and acting the fool is a poor field to shine in: it may procure the laugh of some, but cannot fail to arouse the contempt of others. I was much pleased with the manner of the Stewart boys—their steady, grave, sedate manner formed a very striking contrast to the continued mimicking and nonsense at which you aim." The boy was but seventeen when this admonition was given—and it did not cure him of his mirth, happily for himself. His nonsense seems to have run on throughout his life, giving a fantastic, joyous accompaniment to all its graver measures; and those who know human nature best will acknowledge most fully what a strength this faculty of light-hearted nonsense gives to a hard-working man. "Werena my heart licht I wad die," says Grizel Baillie, in the most pathetic of ballads: Norman Macleod, like many another stout soldier amid the ills of life, had good reason to be grateful for this blessed outlet of foolishness. It seems to have remained with him until his latest day.

He became tutor to a young Englishman, Mr. Preston of Moreby, when he was about twenty, and with him went to Weimar, where the two lads, the preceptor not much older nor more serious than the pupil, seem to have enjoyed themselves at least, if nothing else—singing, dancing, reading, flirting, nay, falling in love (if we may thus translate Mr. Donald Macleod's judicious vagueness of expression), with all the fervor of youth. If Norman got any harm by this quaint outbreak of gaiety, it never makes any appearance in his after-life. No doubt it was a somewhat droll preface to the sober life of a Scotch minister; but he who enjoyed everything in its time threw himself into the flutter of life at the little German residency, just as joyous and heartily, and no more so, than he seems to have thrown himself into the life of the Loudoun weavers a few years later. There was sympathy in his warm and large nature for all. In its time and place, is it not as good to waltz, to sing, to go to court, as it is to give geological lectures and pastoral visitations? In the sight of heaven this friendly and joyous young Scot was not afraid of either, but took his life as it came to him, with smiles and content. From the fiddling and philosophising and gaiety of Germany he went back to Glasgow, when the time came for that, to look after some pupils of his father's, and dive into the depths of theological study with undiminished enjoyment—having too deep a fountain of life and happiness in his own heart to pine for a gayer chapter that was over, or find the natural level of existence

undelightful. In Glasgow, with a little cluster of youths about him full of poetry and enthusiasm, and fun and happiness, the young man carried on his cheerful days. "He was overflowing," says Principal Shairp, one of those happy pupil companions, "with generous, ardent, contagious impulse. Brimful of imagination, sympathy, buoyancy, humor, drollery, and affectionateness, I never knew any one who contained in himself so large an armful of the humanities. . . . There was nothing human that was without interest for him—nothing great or noble to which his heart did not leap up instinctively." As they roamed about the streets they would talk Wordsworth to each other, having fallen into that passion of admiration for this great poet which most fine minds are caught by one time or other in their lives. "Often as we walked out on winter nights to college, for some meeting of the Peel Club or other excitement, he would look up into the clear moonlight and repeat—

"The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare."

Shakespeare, Goethe, Wordsworth, and Coleridge "were continually on his lips" —no mean choice. Thus accompanied, his divinity studies went on as happily as the rest of his occupations. True, there was a melancholy moment in the spring of 1837, when he went to his last ball, and had his last valse, and thought of Weimar, now so far off, with all its harmonies; but ere we have ceased to feel the thrill of sympathetic pain, the buoyant young fellow turns up again in his manse, "talking on for ever," "an ordained minister," but not a whit less gay, less vivacious, less full of innate and unquenchable gladness. The genuine blessedness of a happy temperament and cheerful soul could not be more clearly shown. What scope was there in this banishment among the pig-headed weavers, the rude villagers of Ayrshire, coarse Radicals, disrespectful democrats, and, what was still more, profane livers, for discontent, and complaint against Providence and fate! How many men and women, on much smaller provocation, have bewailed themselves before earth and heaven over the loss of all that made life pleasant! But life was delightful to Norman wherever it led him. The mountains and lochs of the west were as lovely in his eyes (and small wonder!) as anything the world could show; and his weavers were as interesting, as amusing, even as attractive, as all the fine people he had learned to know. Such a man could not have been discouraged—could not have had his lamp of gladness taken from him by any insignificant outside revolution. The springs of perennial happines and bright contentment were in his heart. But this genial, charitable, sympathetic man, tolerant of everybody, gay of heart, and indulgent of all innocent gaiety was not indulgent of evil. Sternly from the very outset of his career he set his face against the vulgar immorality which, strangely enough, can preserve its coarse existence side by side with a good deal of intellectual enlightenment and native ability of mind. His energy and uncompromising maintenance of "church discipline"—that favorite bugbear and laughing-stock of all ignorant critics of the Presbyterian Church system—gained him at once the support of all that was good in his new parish, and soon the respect and terror of all that was bad. There are many amusing stories of this beginning of his active life. The parish, it is clear, was as full of amusing elements as any parish in Scott or Galt. There were Chartists—one of whom, meeting the new minister at the door of his cottage, insisted that, "before proceeding further, they should come to an understanding on 'the seven points;'" and there were Cameronians, equally difficult to please on a still more important code of doctrines. Here is a delightful anecdote of the latter:—

"On his first 'diet of visitation' at Dairvel, he called on an old pauper-woman who was looked upon as a great light among the Covenanters. When he entered the house he found her grasping her tin ear-trumpet (for she was very deaf), and seated formally in the midst of a group of neighbors and co-religionists summoned to meet him. Unlike his other parishioners, she did not at first acknowledge him as minister; but beckoning him to sit down beside her, and putting the trumpet to his ear, said, '*Gang ower the fundamentals*;' and then and there he had to bawl out his theology till the old dame was satisfied."

One wonders if this charming old woman would be as amusing in fact as she is in print, and whether in cold blood one

would have willingly consented to be put through one's catechism by such an inquisitor. But certainly, at this safe distance and in a book, the story is captivating. Along with the tremendous orthodoxy of the Cameronian section of the parish, and the red-hot politics of the Chartists, there was a great deal of coarse scepticism; and the vulgar Freethinkers, so-called, of the parish, made a characteristic exhibition of bigotry by disturbing violently the evening service which Macleod had established for poor people who could not, for want of decent clothing, attend church at the ordinary hours. "One Sunday he bore with the interruption they gave him; on the next he remonstrated; but this failing, he turned to the people who had come to hear him, told them that he had undertaken extra labor for their benefit, and added, that if they wished him to go on they must expel those who disturbed him. He then sat down in the pulpit. After a pause, a number of men rose and ejected the intruders. This firmness served greatly to increase his influence in the parish: those who had scoffed loudest came to appreciate his earnestness, and not a few sceptics were among the most sincere of his converts." Thus the man who argued the "seven points" good-humoredly on the bench at the cottage-door, and went over "the fundamentals" for the satisfaction of the poorhouse critic, with humorous sweetness of compliance, resisted and vanquished the parish bullies. Here, however, is an account, in a letter of his own, of a brotherly attack upon these same weaver-philosophers from another side:—

"There have always been a set of shrewd, well-read, philosophical weavers here—vain, but marvellously well informed, and half infidel—who were very civil when I went to see them, but would never come to church. They were generally Chartists, and talked very big about the '*priests*' not wishing the people to become well informed, and so on. Well, I hardly knew how to get to windward of these men, but I knew they had formed themselves into a 'Philosophical Institution,' and sometimes got men to lecture to them from Kilmarnock. I hinted to one of them that I would willingly lecture. They sent a deputation to request me to do so. I agreed. Subject, Geology. I have for the last ten years been fond of the science, and, luckily, I had just finished a two months' course of reading on it, and had a large collection of all the best books. Well, not to make my story long, up I went to the village on the appointed night, expecting to find the members of the Institution alone assembled; but I found the schoolhouse crammed with one hundred and fifty people, admitted by penny tickets, and about fifty people outside. You can have no idea, unless you knew the excitability of our people, of the interest these lectures have created. They speak of nothing else. Old fellows stop, and touch their hats, and thank me. When I finished my second, men who used to avoid me gave me three rounds of cheers. And, last Sabbath night, I saw one of the *philosophers* in church for the first time. . . . I have got Buckland's map copied on a large scale, and we begin a spring course to not less, I am persuaded, than six or seven hundred people. . . . Only fancy a fossil fern from the coal, the solitary specimen in the mineralogical cabinet of the Institution, going the round of the parish as an unheard-of curiosity! Poor souls!"

We have lingered on this delightful chapter of the young man's career perhaps to a disproportionate length. The freshness of the morning is in it, the first generous flow of youthful sentiment, and those first essays in the government and guidance of other men which have more charm for the heart than all the greater commotions of a public career. His beautiful manse "on the summit of a wooded brae, beneath which runs the public road, and behind it lay the glebe with a sweet burn forming a sequestered and lovely haugh"—where he cultivated flowers, for which he had "a passion," and received his friends, making them plant primroses in his borders as mementoes of their visit; where he read and sang, and dreamed and hoped—his friends, still unbroken in number, sharing each other's young enthusiasm for all that was lovely, and honest, and of good report; his parish, a little kingdom full of good and evil, which all the powers of his mind were bent to conquer and rule for God,—are all pleasant to dwell upon. And youth was sweet; and the bustle and din and jars of public life come in but little to change the character of the gentle record. It is evident that he enjoyed this early life at Loudoun with all his heart. Here is one soft picture, with which we will leave it, of his first independent home:—

"There is a thin transparent mist along the bottom of the valley with the tops of trees appearing above it, and above them the sky is calm and blue; the shrubs are all bursting into life, and the birds are busy in the woods. . . . There is an old thrush opposite the

window. . . . The old fool, I suppose, wishes to get married, or he is practising for some wedding, and is anxious to know whether or not he remembers* all his old songs. My blessing on their merry voices! They do one's heart good. How exquisitely does Christ point to nature, linking the world without to the world within! 'Behold the fowls of the air.' Yes, let us behold them; they are happy as the day is long; they have survived a dreary winter without any care or anxiety—and why? 'Their heavenly Father feedeth them.' . . . 'Behold the lilies, how they grow.' There they are under my window in hundreds; and yet a short time ago they were all hidden in snow."

Thrushes and lilies! these latter, no doubt, the delightful white narcissus of the poets, called lilies in Scotland—for the season is but April of which this tender religious hymn is written. It is the *refrain* of the rural overture of that landward parish—so different from the winds and seas of his Highland cradle—in which was the beginning of his individual work and life.

The next chapter finds Macleod involved in the big whirlpool of ecclesiastical strife and division which ended in the curious event called the Disruption—an event once seeming to possess all the magnitude of the tragic-heroic, now dwindled into melodrama, and the miserable tragedy of mistake. It is as disagreeable to ourselves to enter into the preceding history of such a national disaster, as it is now, after the catastrophe, to go back upon all the *pros* and *cons* of the Franco-German war, with all its unhappy mingling of false and true enthusiasm on both sides. That the Free Church has been more prosperous than its boldest originators hoped, and was at the beginning more wisely managed than the most sanguine could have imagined, does not in any way contradict the miserable sense of harm with which every impartial outside spectator must look back upon the event which tore Scotland asunder, and made two interests and two communities in every parish—the saddest, most pitiful result of a great deal of real fervor and much personal sacrifice that could be conceived. If human creatures ever took warning by the troubles of their neighbors, or if it could be supposed that the High Anglican party would condescend to accept the lesson worked out for them by such a profane corporation as the Church of Scotland, it might be worth while to go into the whole matter again for the warning and instruction of the good men who seem now trembling on the verge of as great a mischief as that wrought by the Free Church movement in Scotland. The whole controversy seems cropping up again; and the air vibrates once more with those trumpet blasts against Erastianism, and in favor of the self-government of the Church, with which all Scotch ears were once so painfully acquainted. This book is one of the first which has called attention to the very painful and not less heroic part played by those who, conscientiously disbelieving in the virtue of Secession, kept their own places with aching hearts while so many friends and brothers, whom they loved and respected, marched away out of the Church, with flourish of generous sentiment and thunders of popular applause, leaving silence and dismay behind them. Macleod was one of those who "stayed in," when the imperious majority, rejecting all compromise, abandoned the Church of Scotland; and the excitement of the moment sorrowful yet full of breathless agitation and suspense, was as great, and much more trying for him and his party, than it could be for the actors on the popular side of the drama, buoyed up by praise and general admiration. All the insinuations of the moment, the reproaches that were sown broadcast—of ungenerous motives and mercenary love of income—must have stung with special sharpness a soul so sensitive to the opinions of his fellow-creatures, so full of the love of love, as was Norman Macleod. What he says on the subject is always natural and comprehensible, though sometimes indignant with the hot impatience of a man whose motives for the first time in his life are liable to misconstruction. "While the 'persecuted martyrs of the Covenant' met," he says bitterly, "amid the huzzas and applauses of the multitude, with thousands of pounds pouring in upon them daily, and nothing to do but what was in the highest degree popular—nothing but self-denial and a desire to sacrifice name

* "That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!"
BROWNING.

and fame and all but honor to my country could have kept me in the Assembly.' Yet even at that moment no unkindness was in his mind towards the conscientious Seceders. Those who behaved with inappropriate levity on such a solemn occasion, the men who smiled or even went out *laughing*, seem not unnaturally to have roused him out of all patience; but of the others he says with an almost awe of generous grief and sympathy, "Everything in their conduct was dignified—God bless all the serious among them."

The position of those who were left behind was, however, more grievous, more painful than any martyrdom: "upon our weak side there is a general gloom when contemplating the awful task before us," he says; "and all that he can add by way of encouragement is the melancholy hope, 'I think we MAY, by God's blessing, survive.'" It is strange to find our interest so completely transferred from the popular martyrs, whose sacrifice was really in many ways a very considerable one, to those whom they left behind, unsupported by popular sympathy, to endure the sharp stings of insult and contumely, a false position, and in many cases most undeserved reproaches. This is one thing which the perspective of distance does for us; the interest shifts from the brave Schismatic, notwithstanding all the external advantages of his position, to the brave defender, dismayed and half despairing, chilled by the dull atmosphere of desertion round him, yet holding his post, however the adversary might blaspheme; and blaspheme he did, in every cruel and bitter way. That the Church of Scotland should have survived and surmounted such a tremendous convulsion, and recovered its position, if not attained to a more favorable one, is one of the most remarkable facts in recent history.

But we are glad to escape from this stormy episode, as Macleod himself was, into the real work of his profession, which was what he most loved and enjoyed. Polemics and politics were uncongenial to him; and the public busines which diversifies the professional occupations of a Scotch minister, the contentions of the Presbytery, the legislations of the Assembly, wearied and disquieted his mind, which had no parliamentary or argumentative bias. Nothing is more characteristic of the different fashion of mind, if we may use the phrase, which distinguishes the present generation of eminent Scotch Churchmen, than this distaste for the legislative and active exercise of Church government, considered by other generations as one of the finest things of the Presbyterian system. The previous wave of Church rulers, among whom appears the great name of Chalmers, perhaps the only one much known to the world outside of Scotland, had no such dislike to their parliamentary and ruling functions; nor can the true Presbyterian in his fullest development exist, we think, without some pleasure and pride in this aspect of his Church. But it is very apparent, both from the histories of those who have pased away and the confessions of those who remain, that the recent leaders of the Church of Scotland have found little pleasure in the exercise of these duties. Macleod's heart was in his pastoral work, in his missionary enterprises, in brotherly labors for the good of his fellow-creatures. His prominent position, and large, vigorous, influential character, forced him now and then to the front of affairs; but he would gladly have left all that to other minds better qualified for it, had not these other minds been chiefly of the narrower and more rigid order, to which his entire mind was opposed. How gladly would he, and others whom we could mention, have handed over the powers which some of their English ecclesiastical neighbors covet, glad to be rid of them! This distasteful public work runs through his life, jarring it, wherever the force was strong enough upon him to drive him into action. At such a moment as the Disruption, however, Norman went through the labor he detested manfully; but how glad he was to drop out of the ferment and publicity into the new parish which claimed his care!

Dalkeith, however, has none of the attractions of Loudoun in the record of his life. It is a long and broken chapter of many labors, trials, and sorrows. He went to Canada to visit the Scotch community there, and the Church which cared for it. He went to Poland on another special mission, apparently to ascertain the character and trustworthiness of the supposed reformer Ronge—

one of the many mistakes of enthusiastic English evangelicals, always ready to welcome a stray wolf in sheep's clothing who comes from Rome; and on a sadder errand he went to Germany, to the deathbed of his beloved friend John Mackintosh. These disturbing expeditions impaired the record of professional labor, which, however, seems to have followed very much the same line as that of Loudoun; for we again hear of evening services for the poor who had not respectable clothes in which to attend church in the usual way, and geological lectures by which to lure, with pious wiles, the profane to thoughts of heaven. How deeply his heart was interested now as ever in the welfare of the poorer classes, and how the brotherliness which was almost his most remarkable characteristic, shines forth through all political mists, is very strikingly shown in the following letter. Needless to say that with Chartists politically, the "Tory" minister whom the Loudoun Radicals had defied, had not the smallest sympathy. But notwithstanding "the seven points" which he had discussed good-humoredly at the cottage-door, not always perhaps (if Mr. Donald Macleod will permit us to say so) with the force of argument he himself supposed, here is how this true "neighbor" of all suffering human creatures regarded the poor men who were his fellows, howsoever he might disagree with them:—

"*April* 1848.

"The Chartists are put down. Good! good for jewellers' shops and 'Special' heads; good, as giving peace and security. Each one upon Kennington Common might have spoken Bottom's intended prologue for Snug in his character of Lion. 'Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you or entreat you not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing. *I am a man as other men are;* and then, indeed (quoth Bottom) let him name his name—and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.' But this same Snug the joiner, though no lion, is still a man as other men are; and so is each of the 10,000 or 20,000, or, according to common computation, 200,000 Snugs on Kennington Common—each a man like other men, each bearing a body finely fashioned and tempered, which in rags shivers in the cold, while the 'special' goes to his fireside with triumph, draws in his chair, saying, 'The scoundrels are put down;' a body that can gnaw from hunger, and has not, perhaps, tasted food for twenty-four hours, while my respected and rather corpulent friend the good 'special' growls that he will be kept from dinner, and can only take a hurried lunch in the Club, John taking charge of his baton. Nay, honest Snug has a heart: his friend Nick Bottom the weaver has his Thisbe at home whom he loves; and though he is an ass, his wife loves him as much as ever Titania did his namesake. Does the Special love Mrs. Smith and the young Smiths more than these do Mrs. Snug and Mrs. Bottom, and all the young Bottoms and Snugs? The Nell of the one and the Joan of the other think more of these same scoundrel Chartists than of all the world beside. Each dot in that huge mass on Kennington Common, is the centre, the only one, perhaps, of household admiration. Daddy Special, thou art a good kind soul of a husband and a father, thou wouldst not crush the cat's paw with thy baton; didst thou know poor Snug and Bottom, thou wouldst not show thy family the way to break their heads. These are men like thyself, not lions. They are men, and so responsible and immortal beings. It is this which makes the heart bleed, and which makes us hear with anxious spirit the news of all that these men wish, say, try, and accomplish, and all that is done to put them down.

"We demand from them patience while starving—do we meet their demands for bread? We demand from them obedience to the law—do we teach them what they are to obey? We demand from them love of men—have we taught them the love of God? What is the nation to do for these men, who made the nation anxious and the Exchange of the world oscillate, and the hero of a hundred fights put on his armor? Here in the midst of us is a mighty power, felt, acknowledged—what is doing to make it a power for good? Put down! It is the putting down of a maniac, not his cure; and what if the maniacs increase, and obtain the majority, and put down the keepers? Special! what hast thou ever done for thy brother? . . . I am not ungrateful to thee, nor am I disposed to fraternise with Duffy and O'Connor, though I call Snug and Bottom brothers. But I ask, hast thou ever concerned thyself about thy poor brother—how he was to be fed and clothed? or if neither, how he was to endure? how he was to be taught his duties to God and man? and if not, how he was to be a loyal subject of Queen Victoria?"

In the year 1851 Macleod was transferred to the important parish of the Barony in Glasgow, one of the most valuable livings in Scotland, and at this period he married, and began the happy family life of which so many memorials are to be found in these pages. He would seem to have been thoroughly in his element in the busy and energetic world of Glasgow life, delighting to be greeted in the early morning when he sat at work in his study, by "far down below him in the valley of the Clyde, the *thud* of a great steam-hammer, to which a thousand

hammers at once replied, telling that the city had awakened to another day of labor." Notwitstanding this source of satisfaction, the reader will be glad to hear that his home was not among the steam-hammers, but commanded a view, over the roofs, of the river and the distant hills of Ayrshire; and that "from the back windows there was a glorious view of the familiar steeps of Campsie Fell." Here he lived and labored for the rest of his life, twenty-two years of great and unceasing work, during which time he became one of the chief personages in the Scotch Church, known everywhere and universally appreciated,though having, as all men have, his seasons of discouragement. A life more active, or more full of good works, could not be. Every Sunday he preached to crowds that filled every seat and passage in his large church—one of those ugly roomy places which the Scotch parochial mind has not yet learned to object to, notwithstanding the exertions of an æsthetical critic here and there. Every morning of his life he was occupied for hours with that trivial superficial business of a large parish, which it seems impossible to get rid of, or transfer to less occupied hands, in a church system which does not permit the introduction of curates. One cannot but feel that a floating train of these harmless beings might have been of real use in such circumstances, not to speak of the admirable training of such a life; and surely it would be good for the "young laud," who is their Scotch representative, to serve his apprenticeship in this way.

Macleod, however, did not content himself with the mere routine of parish work; and one of the most interesting of his labors was the series of evening services for the poor, which he had already essayed in his former parishes. The reluctance of the very poor to show themselves in their workaday garments among the well-dressed and comfortable congregations of the Barony may easily be understood, but seldom is it acknowledged as a reasonable delicacy of feeling, and still more seldom made provision for. Most good-natured people must have been deluded into bestowing clothes for this laudable purpose at one period or another—though probably not to those who were most likely to make the proper use of them; but we do not remember any public attempt to meet the difficulty before these services. "It may be safely asserted," says his biographer, "that this work gave him more interest than any other he ever undertook; and that he never addressed any audience with greater effect than that which he gathered from the streets and lanes of the city. The pews were filled with men in their fustian jackets, and the poor women bareheaded or with an old shawl drawn over the head, and dressed most of them in short-gown and petticoat." This strange congregation was admitted only in the most exclusive manner, all good clothes, hats, and bonnets being turned inexorably away. For the wearers of such there were the ordinary services of the church, and the preacher did not give himself this extra and voluntary labor to furnish a sensational spectacle for strangers or sight-seers. A number of elders stood at the doors examining the candidates for admission and passing them in right of shabbiness. A certain primitive simplicity was in the service. The mouth of the speaker was opened according to the yearning of his heart over those who needed most instruction and help. He flowed forth in exposition and exhortation. Mr. Donald Macleod gives an account of one of these scenes, which appeared in a newspaper of the day. On this occasion the Doctor commented on the psalm the congregation were to sing, till the blind precentor "got very uneasy, and had several times struck his pitchfork and was ready to start; but the Doctor being so full, and having still this, that, and the other thing to say, he could not commence. At last the Doctor, looking down upon him, said, 'You'll rise now, Peter, and begin.'" Then the inexhaustible preacher explained the lesson, which was the first chapter of the First Epistle to the Thessalonians.

"In referring to the mother and grandmother of Timothy, he made a grand stand for character, which made the poor man next to me strike the floor several times with his feet, by way of testifying his approbation. . . . He said the most valuable thing Prince Albert left was character. He knew perfectly well that many very poor people thought that it was impossible for them to have a character. It was not true: he would not hear of it. There was not a man or a woman before him, however poor they might be, but had it in

their power, by the grace of God, to leave behind them the grandest thing on earth—character; and their children may rise up after them and thank God that their mother was a pious woman, or their father a pious man. . . . The discourse was very plain, explicit, pointed, and amply illustrated as by one who knew all the 'outs and ins,' difficulties and trials, of the people before him; and they listened with breathless attention and approval, to drink in all he said, as, indeed, good words for them. Some of the children in arms sometimes broke the silence by their prattle or their screams; but the Doctor, though uncommonly sensitive, never appeared the least put about."

Of this curious assembly Macleod himself speaks with the most exuberant satisfaction. "I never experienced more joy than in this service," he says; "it is grand. I do not envy Wellington at Waterloo." This private exclamation of his triumph, taken from his journal, shows entirely the aspect in which he viewed his noble trade—for what was Wellington at Waterloo but a man to whom, in the greatest effort of his personal work, success had been given? It identifies at once the kind of labor which Macleod felt to be most characteristic of, and honorable to, his profession; which was not theological speculation or discussion, not even the popular oratory which is nowhere so effective as in the pulpit; but that face to face encounter with all those who were most astray, most poor, most helpless and out of hope, to bring them back to their great Father's home. There are said to be men in our own day who justify a certain devotion to the higher classes which is apt to call forth ill-natured comment by the bold assertion that, the higher classes being the most influential in the country, there is a certain point of duty and nobleness in doing all that can be done specially to influence them. But this was not the opinion of Norman Macleod. It was not when he was preaching to the Queen at Crathie—surely the most influential person in her dominions—that he felt like Wellington; but when spending all his strength—his heart and his eyes both full, never satisfied that he has said enough—explaining, encouraging, chiding, entreating, the thriftless and hopeless poor. "Hundreds were reclaimed from careless habits," we are told. At one time he had the satisfaction of administering Holy Communion to seventy-six of these wanderers, and about this he says that he "never experienc such unmixed joy." There may be fl in the chain of apostolical succession, the Church in which Chalmers work out his noble romance of Christian le lation, and took the poor out of hands of the State, and bore their b dens triumphantly for years; and which Macleod gathered these unwas multitudes about him, and did not e Wellington—both happening within limits of a single generation—has proofs of divine lineage more near hand than in any dusty roll of bisho however authentic and stoutly orthod

It is upon such points as these that reader's mind will dwell with most sa faction. Macleod's opinions are hon and conscientiously worked out, and views of divine truth noble and seriou but not for these does he stand out among his fellows; neither will his liter efforts secure him lasting fame, we thi though there are many pieces of eloqu description, and fine and generous se ment, in his published works. But th touching assemblies of the poor, u whose mean and soiled garments no w dressed spectator was permitted to p no enthusiastic coterie allowed to run o as "deeply interesting," are the "wor which "follow him," in the earthly as doubt in the heavenly record. "Th goes Norman Macleod," we are t a poor bystander said, as his fune passed; "and if it was nothing but w he did for me, he would shine as stars for ever and ever." Fit elegy for most brotherly of men! What he for those despised members of one the poorest yet richest towns in island, he did for the reigning family it, and for every wounded soul ac whose path he chanced to come in t hard-laboring and troubled life. Sy pathy, tender as his big heart, came his lips and to his eyes when those suf ing ones came within sight of him. W it destitution and contempt—the bur of the poor; was it the deeper lonelin of the great—the solitude of an unsha throne; was it the common grief t presses all life and love of life out of hearts; this man understood, and for moment, in his supreme brotherlin shared it, whatever the trouble was. Fi than all achievements, this was the ins ration of his life and all his actions.

did not envy Wellington at Waterloo when he got that greater triumph, and felt that he had persuaded his degraded fellow-creatures that they, too, were men and children of God. And, indeed, could any victory, battle won, or glory achieved, be so great as this?

We cannot but feel it a curious thing that a man so imbued with the thinkings of his generation as Macleod was, and so sensible of all the difficulties that afflict an age perhaps too speculative for simple unity of faith, should have thrown himself as he did into, of all things in the world, the Indian Mission of his Church, to which he may be almost said to have sacrificed his life; for he never seems to have quite recovered from the effects of his journey to India, undertaken in the interest of this enterprise. We dare not enter into a subject so full of difficulty; but the enthusiasm for missionary enterprise of so modern a mind, if we may use the term—of such a clear-sighted spectator, a man so little likely to ignore the pettiness of actual missionary work, and the vastness of the great ancient systems assailed, and the tremendous gulf of mutual incomprehension between the Protestant evangelist of the extreme West and the Hindoo, rigid in bonds of immemorial tradition—is to ourselves a very odd and perplexing sight. Dr. Macleod, however, was as eager about this "Scheme" of his Church as if he had believed in the hopeless damnation of every heathen, and in the assured efficacy of all the Scotch or English sermons to be addressed to them—a simple faith, which he seems to have brought back with him undiminished from his breathless and fatiguing journey. We cannot but feel that it requires a very robust conviction indeed to take this simple view of the question in face of all its perplexities; but, so far as we can perceive, these perplexities never disquieted his mind at all, nor does he anywhere pause to contemplate them. Notwithstanding his preference of parish to public work, we find him travelling over Scotland on behalf of Female Education in India; then occupying with zeal the post of "convener" to the Indian Mission—a sor of chairman of committee, and something more; than hazarding his life by a journey, dangerous at his age and with his already impaired strength, from which he had to return abruptly, leaving a good deal undone that he had intended to do. This zeal is very remarkable, and, we are obliged to say, rather incomprehensible to ourselves; and, for our own part, we grudge such a life as that of Norman Macleod,—a man of whom his country had so much need, whose place and work and power of effectual service were so undeniable,—for the sake of the dubious good to be done by a few imperfectly-trained missionaries, going forth with their zeal only—a dangerous guide—to turn the education which fitted them for the charge of a Scotch parish into that equipment which is wanted to storm the strongholds of Brahma and Mahommed. The Christian Church, among all the problems that surround her on every side, has none more difficult than this. To leave the heathen alone, we suppose, cannot be her duty; and there is truth in the idea that where there is real religious life there must be missions: but—— Your genuine missionary, like Francis Xavier, like Henry Martyn, like many others, no doubt, who could be named, are comprehensible; but your comfortable modern missionary, with a society behind him and reports to render of converts and progress, in return for his income and home and all the comforts that surround him—this stumbles and staggers the mind in spite of itself. And then these good men, whose weekly addresses have not too much effect upon ourselves at home, though we have been trained to hear them, as they have been trained to speak to us, how are they to touch the proud Mahommedan, the subtle Hindoo? how are their separations and differences of name and faith to be accounted for to such keen observers?—the Church of England, the Church of Rome, the Scotch Church, and half-a-hundred more, all Christians, yet nowise in agreement. A more difficult question in every branch of it does not exist. Then as to the results? and the doubly-curious solemn question, if missionary enterprise is in reality all-important, why there should have been no greater direction towards it by the hand of Providence; and why that great populous world should have been left to such feeble agency? These questions are too high for us; and in the

face of them, few things can be more strange than that an intelligence so broad as to have entered into all the questions of the modern mind—all those contradictions forced upon us by that diffusion of fact and failure of absolute faith which is the peculiarity of our age—should notwithstanding have thrown its whole energies into the Indian Mission, and sacrificed life itself to the necessities of that work. So it was; there is no more striking proof of Macleod's faithful straightforwardness and simple adherence to all the canons of hereditary faith.

There was, however, a passing cloud upon this good man's life which most Scotch readers will recollect, and which, though infinitely painful to himself at the time, has an almost whimsical incongruity and detachedness as a separate incident, which may tempt the stranger to a smile. In the year 1865, the Presbytery of Glasgow thought fit to make a strenuous protestation against the running of Sunday trains. Dr. Macleod was no Sabbatarian, in the old world sense of the word, and he unfolded his views on this point with great distinctness, in a speech delivered before the Presbytery, in which, if our memory serves us right, he made use of the strong expression that the Decalogue was abolished by the new Christian dispensation: meaning, of course, as any sane person must have seen, and as was fully demonstrated in the rest of his address, that the spirit of Christian life in the Gospel, and its fundamental principle, the love of God, imprints the sacred laws more deeply than the mere letter of any formal code, which is superseded and surpassed on every side by the divine spirit. But the old wives of Glasgow, and the fools, and the bigots who did not choose to understand him, and the stupid who perhaps could not answer to so great a strain upon their non-intelligence, rose up in a hubbub of commotion and made believe to take him at his word. We remember various absurd stories that floated about at the time—local wit, of course, seizing upon so delightful and tempting an opportunity; of spoons locked up, and extra precautions taken, because the Doctor had abolished the Ten Commandments,—at all of which, at a safe distance, one laughed, understanding the joke. It is only now that we learn how little joke it was to the chief person conce ed. "If the speaker had renounc Christianity itself, he could scarcely ha produced a greater sensation," says N Donald Macleod. "He became r only an object of suspicion and disli to the unthinking and fanatical, but was mourned over by many good men one who had become an enemy to t truth. His table was loaded with l ters remonstrating with him, abusi him, denouncing, cursing him. Min ters of the Gospel passed him without r cognition; one of them, more zealo than the rest, hissed him in the stree This sort of thing, we presume, is nev so amusing or ludicrous to the object it or to his friends as it is at a distanc and the devout believer whose bo speech had brought so sudden a tempe on his head seems to have stood agha for a moment, and for some time have suffered deeply under the unju and senseless outcry. For a time, i deed, there were even doubts that h very existence as a minister of t Church of Scotland was in danger. " the Assembly passes without my bei libelled"—(that is, brought to trial as heretic) he says in one of his letters; a in another, "I think the Assembly wo depose." The Assembly fortunately h the good sense to say nothing whatev about it, sufficient time having elaps to convince the public mind of the fol it had been guilty of. A more singul episode in the life of a man so fully a preciated and entirely well known c scarcely be imagined.

Dr. Macleod never seems to have r covered anything like vigorous heal after his Indian expedition; and his la great public effort was a speech up this subject, made in the Assembly 1872, one part of which was an indi nant and eloquent protest against sen ing missionaries to India bound straightest swaddling-bands of doctrine and forcing even Hindoo converts " sign the Westminster Confession of t Church of Scotland, or the Deed of D mission and Protest of the Free Churc Is not this monstrous?" he asks. The is one passage in this speech so chara teristic that it may be quoted as the la public words of this most brotherly an right-minded man:—

"Would it not be possible for the evangelical Churches to drop their peculiarities, and in the unselfishness of the common faith construct a Primer, or make the Apostles' Creed their symbol, and say, 'This is not all you are going to learn; but if ye receive this truth, and be strong in the faith, we will receive you so walking, but not to doubtful disputations; and if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God will reveal even this unto you'? . . . You must take care lest by insisting on the minutiæ of doctrine or government you are not raising a barrier to the advance of Christianity. You must take heed lest things infinitesimally small, as compared with the great world, may not be kept so near the eye as to conceal the whole world from you. A man may so wrap a miserable partisan newspaper round his head as to shut out the sun, moon, and stars. . . . I am not speaking for myself alone, for I know how those difficulties press on many a missionary, and remember how more than one has taken my hand and said, We dare not speak out on these things lest our names be blasted, ourselves represented as unsafe, and all home-confidence be removed from us. But why should they be afraid of such reproach? why should I be afraid of it? Am I too to be silent lest I should be whispered about, or suspected, or called dangerous, broad, latitudinarian, atheistic? So long as I have a good conscience towards God, and have His sun to shine on me, and can hear the birds singing, I can walk across the earth with a joyful and free heart. Let them call me 'broad.' I desire to be broad as the charity of Almighty God, who maketh His sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good."

In this same speech, which is said to have produced a very great impression, he announced his relinquishment of public work in consequence of his failing health, and bade a farewell to the Church in the pathetic words of the Psalmist: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." This farewell was not supposed by any one to be final. He was to withdraw from work to temporary rest, to fit himself for other labors to come.

But within a few days his manful and Christian career was ended. On the 3d of June he was sixty, and his family were all gathered round him to celebrate the anniversary,—his admirable and much-beloved mother—strange fortune for a man of that age!—joining his children round his table. He wrote his journal, he wrote letters to various dear friends. He assembled his children about him, nine of them, an unbroken circle, and no doubt there were murmurs, if too timid for bold utterance, of happy days to come. A day or two after he went out and caught a chill, but did his best to keep his attendant merry on the last sleepless, restless nights, beguiling the monotony of the long hours by quips and jests and wreathed smiles, smiles of a mirth more touching than tears. Then quite suddenly on the peaceful Sunday, everything still around him, his girls gone to church, his wife sitting by him, the church bell just ending, he laid back his head—and entered a better church than theirs.

Thus died Norman Macleod, the harness scarcely laid off, his frame still vibrating with the last exertion. He had himself wished for a sudden end, as so many have wished. Needless to say that the whole town of Glasgow turned out to its roadsides, awed and tearful, to see him carried to his grave, "three thousand persons" of all classes following in the procession; or that letters of sorrow and sympathy came from far and near, from the highest and the most lowly. He lies under the shadow of the green hills of Campsie, within sound of the falling water, in the valley he loved; and though he had fightings manifold in his life, and much contradiction of sinners to vex his noble soul, there is no one now to say an unkind word or give other than the honor which is his due to the buried friend, who was the brother of all Christian men.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

FIRST DAYS IN NATAL.

BY LADY BARKER.

MARITZBURG, *November*, 1875.

THE weather at the beginning of this month was lovely, and the climate perfection; but now (I am writing on its last days) it is getting very hot and trying. If ever people might stand excused for talking about the weather when they meet, it is us Natalians, for, especially at this time of year, it varies from hour to hour. All along the coast one hears of terrible buffeting and knocking about among the shipping in the open roadsteads

which have to do duty for harbors in these parts; and it was but a few days since that the lifeboat, with the English mail on board, capsized in crossing the bar at Durban. The telegram was, as telegrams always are, terrifying in its vagueness, and spoke of the mail bags as "floating about." When one remembered the vast size of the breakers on which this floating would take place, it sounded hopeless for our letters. They turned up, however, a few days later, in a pulpy state it is true, but quite readable, though the envelopes were curiously blended and engrafted upon the letters inside, so much so that they required to be taken together, for it was impossible to separate them. I had recourse to the expedient of spreading my letters on a dry towel and draining them, before attempting to dissever the pages. Still we were all only too thankful to get our correspondence in any shape or form; for precious beyond the power of words to express are home-letters to us, so far away from home.

But to return to our weather. At first it was simply perfect. Bright, hot days, —not too hot, for a light, fresh breeze tempered even the mid-day heat,—and crisp, bracing nights succeeded each other during the first fortnight. The country looked exquisitely green, in its luxuriant spring tints, over hill and dale; and the rich, red clay soil made a splendid contrast on road and tract, with the brilliant green on either hand. Still people looked anxiously for more rain, declaring that not half enough had fallen to fill tanks or *sluits* (as the ditches are called); and it took a continuous downpour to satisfy these thirsty souls even for the moment. Towards the middle of the month the atmosphere became more oppressive, and the clouds began to come up in thick masses all round the horizon and gradually spread themselves overhead. The day before the heaviest rain, though not particularly oppressive, was remarkable for the way in which all manner of insects tried to get under shelter at night-fall. The verandah was full of big frogs: if a door remained open for a moment they hopped in, and then cried like trapped birds when they found themselves in a corner. As for the winged creatures, it was something wonderful the numbers in which they flew in at the window, wherever a light attracted them. I was busy writ English letters that evening, and I clare the cockroaches fairly drove away from the table, whilst the smell roast moths at the other lamp was qu overpowering. Well, after this ca rain indeed,—not rain according English ideas, but a tropical deluge: many inches falling in a few hours would fill your rain-gauge for months. believe my conduct was very absurd tl first rainy night. The little house h just been newly papered, and as the ce ing was not one to inspire confiden consisting as it did merely of boa roughly joined together and paint white, through which, and through t tiles beyond, the sky could be seen qu plainly, I suffered the gravest doul about the water entering in and spoili my pretty new papers. According whenever any burst of rain came heav than its immediate predecessor, I jum ed out of bed in a perfect agony of mir and roamed, candle in hand, all over t house to see if I could not detect a le anywhere; but the unpromising-looki roof and ceiling stood the test brave and not a drop of all that descendi downpour found its way to my n walls.

By the way, I must describe the hou to you, remarking first of all that arc tecture, so far as my observation exten is at its lowest ebb in South Africa. have not seen a single pretty building any sort or kind since I arrived, althou in the small houses it would be so ea to break, by gable and porch, the seve simplicity in which they are built. Whit washed outer walls with a zinc roof a not uncommon; and the combination a bald and hideous one, until kind luxuriant Nature has had time to step and cover up man's ugly handiwork wi her festoons of roses and passion-flowe Most of the houses have fortunately re tiled roofs, which are not so ugly, ar mine is among the number. It is squat and square, however, that, as o landlord happens to be the chief baker Maritzburg, it has been proposed christen it "Cottage Loaf;" but th idea requires consideration. In th meantime it is known briefly as "Smith's that being the landlord's name. It ha as all the houses here have, a broad pr jecting roof, extending over a wide ve

andah; and within are four small rooms,—two on either side of a narrow passage which runs right through. By a happy after-thought a tiny kitchen has been added, and a corresponding projection which closely resembles a packing case, and has been painted of a bright blue color inside and out. This is the dining-room, and must be severely handled before its present glaring tints can be at all toned down. At a little distance stands the stable, saddle-room, etc., and a good bed-room for English servants; and beyond that again, among large clumps of rose-bushes, a native hut. It came up here half built; that is, the frame was partly put together elsewhere, and it resembles a huge crinoline more than anything else in its original state. Since that, however, it has been made more secure by extra poles of bamboo, each tied in its place with infinite patience and trouble, a knot every inch or two. The final stage consisted of careful thatching with thick bundles of grass laid on the frame-work, and secured by long ropes of plaited grass, binding the whole together. The door is the very smallest opening imaginable; and inside it is, of course, pitch dark. All this labor was performed by stalwart Kafir women; one of whom, a fearfully-repulsive female, informed my cook she had just been bought back by her original husband. Stress of circumstances had obliged him to sell her, and she had been bought by three other husband-masters since then; but was now resold, a bargain, to her first owner, whom she declared she preferred. But few as are the rooms of the house, they yet are water-tight, which is a great point out here; and the house, being built of large, awkward blocks of stone, is cool and shady. When I have arranged things a little, it will be quite comfortable and pretty; and I defy any one to wish for a more exquisite view than can be seen from any corner of the verandah. We are on the brow of a hill, which slopes gently down to the hollow wherein nestles the picturesque little town, or rather village, of Maritzburg. The intervening distance of a mile or so conceals the real ugliness and monotony of the straight streets, and hides all architectural shortcomings. The clock-tower, for instance, is quite a feature in the landscape, and from here one cannot perceive that the clock does not go. Nothing can be prettier than the effect of the red-tiled roofs and white walls peeping out from among thick clumps of trees; whilst beyond the ground rises again to low hills, with deep purple fissures and clefts in their green sides. It is only a couple of years or so since this little house was built and the garden laid out, and yet the shrubs and trees are as big as if half-a-dozen years had passed over their leafy heads. As for the roses, I never saw anything like the way they flourish at their own sweet will. Scarcely a leaf is to be seen on the ugly straggling tree; nothing but masses of roses of every tint and kind and old-fashioned, sweet-scented variety. The utmost I can do in the way of gathering basketfuls appears only in the light of judicious pruning, and next day a dozen blossoms have burst forth to supply the place of each draft of mine. And there is such a variety: oaks, bamboos, blue gum-trees, and deodaras, seem to flourish equally well within a yard or two of each other, and the more distant flower beds are filled with the odd mixture of daturas and dahlias, white fleur-de-lis and bushy geraniums. But the weeds! They are a chronic eyesore, and a grief to every gardener. On paths and grass-plat, flower-beds and border, they flaunt and flourish. Jack, the Zulu refugee, wages a feeble and totally inadequate warfare against them with a crooked hoe; but he is only a quarter in earnest, and stops to groan and take snuff so often that the result is that our garden is precisely in the condition of the garden of the sluggard, gate and all. This hingeless condition of the gate, however, is, I must in fairness state, neither Jack's nor our fault. It is a new gate, but no one will come out from the town to hang it. That is my standing grievance. Because we live about a mile from the town it is next to impossible to get anything done. The town itself is one of the shabbiest assemblages of dwellings I have ever seen in a colony. It is not to be named the same day as Christchurch, the capital of Canterbury, New Zealand, which ten years ago was decently paved and well-lighted by gas. Poor, sleepy Maritzburg consists now, at more than forty years of age (Christchurch is not twenty-five yet),

of a few straight, wide, grass-grown streets, which are only picturesque at a little distance on account of their having trees on each side. On particularly dark nights a dozen oil lamps, standing at long intervals apart, are lighted; but when it is even moderate star-light these aids to finding one's way about are prudently dispensed with. There is not a single handsome, and hardly a decent building in the whole place. The streets, as I saw them after rain, are veritable Sloughs of Despond; but they are capable of being changed by dry weather into deserts of dust. It is true I have only been as yet twice down to the town, but on both visits it reminded me more of the sleepy villages in Washington Irving's stories than of a smart, modern, go-ahead colonial city. There are some fairly good shops, but they make no show outside, and within the prices of most of the articles sold are nearly double what the same things would cost either at Melbourne or in Christchurch. As Durban is barely a month away from London, in point of communication, and New Zealand (when I knew it) nearly treble the distance and time, this is a great puzzle to me.

A certain air of quaint interest and life is given to the otherwise desolate streets by the groups of Kafirs, and the teams of waggons which bring fuel and forage into the town every day. Twenty bullocks drag these ponderous contrivances,—bullocks so lean that one wonders how they have strength to carry their wide-spreading horns aloft;—bullocks of a stupidity and obstinacy unparalleled in the natural history of horned beasts. At their head walks a Kafir lad, called a "fore-looker," who tugs at a rope fastened to the horns of the leading oxen, and in moments of general confusion invariably seems to pull the wrong string, and get the whole team into an inextricable tangle of horns and yokes. Sometimes, on a quiet Sunday morning, these teams and waggons I see "outspanned" on the green slopes around Maritzburg, making a picturesque addition to the sylvan scenery. Near each waggon a light wreath of smoke steals up into the summer air, marking where some preparation of "mealies" is on foot; and the groups of grazing oxen—"spans," as each team is called—give the animation of animal life which I miss so sadl every turn in this part of the world.

In Maritzburg itself I only noticed buildings which made the least eff One is the Government House, stand in a nice garden, and boasting of a r er pretty porch, but otherwise remind one, except for the sentinel on duty, quiet country rectory. The other i small block comprising the public offi The original idea of this square build must have come from a model dai but the crowning absurdity of the pl is the office of the Colonial Secret which stands nearly opposite. I am t that inside it is tolerably comfortal being the remains of an old Dutch bui ing. Outside it can only be compa to a dilapidated barn on a bankr farm; and when it was first pointed to me I had great difficulty, rememb ing similar buildings in other colonies believing it was a public office.

The native police look very smart a shining in their white suits, and must objects of envy to their black broth on account of their "knobkerries,"— knobbed sticks which they alone are p mitted to carry officially in their han for every native loves a stick, and they are forbidden to carry either as gais, which are a very formidable weap indeed, or even knobkerries, only degree less dangerous, they cons themselves with a wand or switch, case of coming across a snake. Y never see a Kafir without something the sort in his hand: if he is not tw ing a light stick, then he has a sort rude reed or pipe from which he extra sharp and tuneless sounds. As a race Kafirs make the effect of possessing fine *physique*, and they walk with erect bearing and light step, but in t leisurely savage fashion. I have seen black races in four different quarters the globe, and I never saw one single dividual move quickly of his own f will. We must bear in mind, howe that it is a new and altogether revo tionary idea to a Kafir that he should any work at all. Work is for wom war or idleness for men. Consequer their fixed idea is to do as little as t possibly can, and no Kafir will w after he has earned money enough to a sufficient number of wives who work for him. "Charlie," our gro

who is by way of being a very fine gentleman, and speaks "Ingiliss" after a strange fashion of his own, only condescends to work until he can purchase a wife. Unfortunately the damsel whom he prefers is a costly article: her parents demand a cow, a kettle, and a native hut as the price of her hand, or hands rather. So Charlie grunts and groans through about as much daily work as an English boy of twelve years old could manage easily. He is a very amusing character, being exceedingly proud, and will only obey his own master, whom he calls his great Inkosi, or chief. He is always lamenting the advent of the Inkosicasa, or chieftainess, and the piccaninies and their followings, especially the "vaiter," whom he detests. In his way, Charlie is a wag, and it is as good as a play to see his pretence of stupidity when the "vaiter" or French butler desires him to go and eat "sa paniche." Charlie understands perfectly that he is told to go and eat his breakfast of mealy porridge. But he won't admit that it is to be called "paniche," preferring his own word, "scoff:" so he shakes his head violently, and says, "Nay, nay, paniche:" then with many nods, "Scoff, ja," and so in this strange gibberish of three languages, he and the Frenchman carry on quite a pretty quarrel. Charlie also "mocks himself" of the other servants, I am assured, and asserts that he is the "Induna," or head-man. He freely boxes the ears of Jack, the Zulu refugee,—poor Jack, who fled from his own country, next door, the other day, and arrived here clad in only a short flap, made of three buck's tails. That is only a month ago, and Jack is already quite a *petit maître* about his clothes. He ordinarily wears a suit of knickerbockers and a shirt of blue check, bound with red, and a string of beads round his neck; but he cries like a baby if he tears his clothes, or, still worse, if the color of the red braid washes out. At first he hated civilised garments, even when they were only two in number, and begged to be allowed to assume a sack with holes for the arms, which is the Kafir compromise, when near a town, between clothes and flaps made of the skins of wild beasts, or strips of hide. But he soon came to delight in them, and is now always begging for "something to wear."

I confess I am sorry for Jack: he is the kitchen boy, and is learning with much pains and difficulty the *wrong language!* My cook is also French, and all she teaches Jack is French, not English. I imagine poor Jack's dismay when his three years' apprenticeship to us is ended, and he seeks perhaps to better himself, and finds no one except Madame can understand him. Most of the dialogues are carried on by pantomime, and the incessant use, in different tones of voice, of the word "ja." Jack is a big loutish young man, but very ugly and feeble, and apparently under the impression that he is perpetually "wanted" to answer for the little indiscretion, whatever it was, on account of which he was forced to flee over the border, for he is timid and scared to the last degree, and nervously anxious to please, if it does not entail too much exertion. He is, as it were, apprenticed to us for three years; we are bound to feed, and clothe, and doctor him, and he is to work for us, in his own lazy fashion, for small wages. The first time Jack broke a plate his terror and despair were quite edifying to behold. Madame called him a *maladroit* on the spot. Jack learned this word, and after his work was over, seated himself gravely on the ground with the fragments of the plate, which he tried to join together, but gave up the attempt at last, announcing in his own tongue that it was "dead." After a little consideration he said slowly several times, "Maldran, ja," and hit himself a good thump at each "ja." Now, I grieve to say, Jack breaks plates, dishes, and cups with a perfectly easy and unembarrassed conscience, and is already far too civilised to care in the least for his misfortunes in that line. Whenever a fowl is killed,—and, oh, I came upon Jack slowly killing one the other day with a pair of nail scissors!—he possesses himself of a small store of feathers, which he wears tastefully placed over his left ear. A gay ribbon is what they really love, worn like a bandeau across the forehead. Jack is so proud of a tawdry ribbon of many colors with a golden ground, which I found for him the other day; only he never can make up his mind where to wear it, and I often come upon him sitting in the shade, with the ribbon in his hands, gravely considering the question

The pickle and plague of the establishment however is the boy Tom, a grinning young savage, fresh from his kraal, up to any amount of mischief, who in an evil hour was engaged as the baby's body servant. I cannot trust him with the child out of my sight for a moment, for he "snuffs" enormously, and smokes coarse tobacco out of a cow's horn, and is anxious to teach the baby both of these accomplishments. Tom wears his snuff-box, which is a brass cylinder a couple of inches long, in either ear impartially, there being huge slits in the cartilage for the purpose, and the baby never rests till he gets possession of it, and sneezes himself nearly into fits. Tom likes nursing the baby immensely, and crows to him in a strange buzzing way which lulls baby to sleep invariably. He is very anxious however to acquire some words of English, and I was much startled the other day to hear in the verandah *my own voice* saying, "What is it, dear?" over and over again. This phrase proceeded from Tom, who kept on repeating it parrot-fashion; an exact imitation, but with no idea of its meaning. I had heard the baby whimpering a little time before, and Tom had remarked that these four words produced the happiest effect in restoring good humor, so he learned them, accent and all, on the spot, and used them as a spell or charm the next opportunity. I think even the poor baby was puzzled. But one cannot feel sure of what he will do next. A few evenings ago I trusted Tom to wheel the perambulator about the garden paths, but becoming anxious in a very few minutes to know what he was about, I went to look for him. I found Tom grinning in high glee, and watching the baby's efforts at cutting his teeth on a live young bird. Master Tom had spied a nest, climbed the tree, and brought down the poor little bird, which he presented to the child, who instantly put it in his mouth. When I arrived on the scene, baby's mouth was full of feathers, over which he was making a very disgusted face, and the unhappy bird was nearly dead with fright and squeezing, whilst Tom was in such convulsions of laughter that I nearly boxed his ears. He showed me by signs how baby had insisted on sucking the bird's head, and conveyed his intense amusement at the idea. I made Master Tom climb the tree instantly and put the poor little half-dead creature back into its nest, and sent Charlie to explain to him that he should have no supper, the only punishment Tom dreads, for two days. I often think, however, that I must try and find another penalty, for when Tom's allowance of supper is stopped he requisitions every one else's, and so gets rather more than usual. He is immensely proud of the brass chin-strap of an old artillery busby which has been given to him. He used to wear it across his forehead, after the favorite Kafir fashion, but as the baby always made it his first business to pull this shining strap down over Tom's eyes, and eventually over Tom's mouth, it has been transferred to his neck. These Kafir lads make excellent nurses; boys generally, and English children are very fond of them. Nurse-girls are rare, as the Kafir women begin their lives of toil so early that they are never very handy or gentle in a house, and boys are easier to train as servants. I heard the other day however of an excellent Kafir nurse-maid, who was the daughter of a chief, and whose only drawback was the size of her family. She was actually a twin, truly one of *eighty* brothers and sisters, her father being a rich man with twenty-five wives. That simply means that she had twenty-five devoted slaves, who worked morning, noon, and night, in field and mealy-patch, for him, without wages. Jack, the Zulu, wanted to be nurse-boy dreadfully, and used to follow nurse about with a towel rolled up into a bundle, and another towel arranged as drapery, dandling an imaginary baby on one arm, saying plaintively, "Piccaniny, piccaniny!" This nurse translated to me that he was an experienced nurse, and had taken care of a baby in his own country; but as I had no confidence in "*maladroit*" Jack, and he chanced to be very deaf beside, he was ruthlessly relegated to his pots and pans.

It is very curious to see the cast-off clothes of all the armies of Europe finding their way hither. The natives of South Africa prefer an old uniform coat or tunic, to any other covering, and the effect of a short scarlet garment, when worn with bare legs, is irresistibly droll. The apparently inexhaustible supply of old-fashioned English coatees, with the

worsted epaulettes, is only just coming to an end here, and being succeeded by an influx of ragged red tunics of franc-tireurs, green jackets, and much worn Prussian grey coats. Kafirland may be looked upon as the old clothes-shop of all the fighting world, for, sooner or later, every cast-off scrap of soldier's clothing drifts towards it. Charlie prides himself much upon the possession of an old grey greatcoat, so patched and faded that it may well have been one of those which toiled up the slopes of Inkerman that rainy Sunday morning twenty years ago; while scampish Tom got well chaffed the other day for suddenly making his appearance clad in a stained red tunic, with buff collar and cuffs, and the number of the old "dirty half hundred" in tarnished metal on the shoulder-scales. "Sir Garnet!" cried Charlie the witty, whilst Jack affected to prostrate himself before the grinning imp, exclaiming, "O great Inkosi!" Charlie is angry with me just now, and looks most reproachfully my way on all occasions. The cause is, that he was sweeping away sundry huge spiders' tapestried webs from the roof of the verandah (the work of a single night) when I heard him coughing frightfully. I gave him some lozenges, saying, "Do your cough good, Charlie." Charlie received them in both hands held like a cup, the highest form of Kafir gratitude, and gulped them all down on the spot. Next day I heard the same dreadful cough, and told —— to give him some more lozenges. But Charlie would have none of them, alleging he "eat plenty to-morrow's yesterday, and dey no good at all;" and he evidently despises me and my remedies.

If only there were no hot winds! but the changes are so trying and so sudden. Sometimes we have a hot scorching gale all day, drying, parching one's very skin up, and shrivelling my lovely roses like the blast from a furnace; then in the afternoon a dark cloud sails suddenly up from the hills to the west: it is over the house before one knows it is there; a loud clap of thunder shakes the very ground beneath one's feet, others follow, and a thunder-storm bewilders you for some ten minutes or so. A few drops of cold rain fall to the sound of distant thunder, now rolling away eastwards, which yet "struggles and howls at fits." It is not always distant though, but we have not yet seen a real thunder-storm, only a few of those short, sudden, electric disturbances which come and go more like explosions than anything else. A few days ago there was a dust storm, which had a very curious effect as we looked down upon it from this hill. All along the roads one could watch the dust being caught up as it were and whirled along in dense clouds, whilst the poor little town itself was absolutely blotted out by the blinding masses of fine powder. For half an hour or so we could afford to watch and smile at our neighbors' plight; but soon we had to flee for shelter ourselves within the house, for a furious hot gale drove heavily up behind the dust and nearly blew us away altogether. Still there was no thunder-storm, though one quite wished for one to cool the air and refresh the parched and burnt-up grass and flowers. Such an afternoon is generally pretty sure to be succeeded by a cold night, and perhaps a cold damp morning, and one can already understand that these alterations during the summer months are very apt to produce dysentery among young children. I hear just now of a good many such cases among babies.

I have been so exceedingly busy this month unpacking and settling and arranging, that there has been but little time for going about and seeing the rather pretty environs of Maritzburg; besides which, the weather is dead against excursions, changing as it does to rain or threatening thunder-storms every afternoon. One evening we ventured out for a walk, in spite of growlings and spittings up above among the cross-looking clouds. Natal is not a nice country, for women at all events, to walk about in: you have to keep religiously to the road or track; for woe be to the rash person who ventures on the grass, though from repeated burnings all about these hills it is quite short. There is a risk of your treading on a snake, and a certainty of your treading on a frog. You will soon find your legs covered with small and pertinacious ticks, who have apparently taken a "header" into your flesh, and made up their minds to die sooner than let go. They must be the bulldogs of the insect race, these

ticks, for a sharp needle will scarcely dislodge them. At the last extremity of extraction they only burrow their heads deeper into the skin, and will sooner lose this important member of their tiny bodies than yield to the gentlest leverage. Then there are myriads of burrs, which cling to you in green-and-brown scales of roughness, and fringe your petticoats with their sticky little lumps. As for the poor petticoats themselves, however short you may kilt them, you bring them back from a walk deeply flounced with the red clay of the roads; and as the people who wash do not seem to consider this a disadvantage, and take but little pains to remove the earth-stains, one's garments gradually acquire, even when clean, a uniform bordering of dingy red. All the water at this time of year is red too, as the rivers are stirred up by the heavy summer rains, and resemble angry, muddy ditches more than fresh-water streams. I miss at every turn the abundance of clear, clean, sparkling water in creek and river of my dear New Zealand; and it is only after heavy rain, when every bath and large vessel has been turned into a receptacle during the downpour, that one can compass the luxury of an inviting-looking bath, or glass of drinking water. Of course this turbid water renders it very difficult to get one's clothes properly washed; and the substitute for a mangle is an active Kafir, who makes the roughly-dried clothes up into a neat parcel, places them on a stone, and dances up and down upon them for so long or short a time as he chooses. Fuel is so enormously dear, that the cost of having clothes ironed is something astounding; and altogether washing is one of the many costly items of Natalian housekeeping. When I remember the frantic state of indignation and alarm we were all in in England, three years ago, when coals rose to £2 10s. per ton, and think how cheap I should consider that price for fuel here, I can't help a melancholy smile. Nine solid sovereigns purchases you a tolerably-sized load of wood, about equal for cooking purposes to a ton of coal; but whereas the coal is, at all events, some comfort and convenience to use, the wood is only a source of additional trouble and expense. It has to be cut up, and dried, and finally coaxed and cajoled, by incessant use of the b lows, into burning. Besides the price fuel, provisions of all sorts seem to me be dear and bad. Milk is sold by t quart bottle: it is now fourpence p bottle, but rises to sixpence during t winter. Meat is eightpence a poun and it is so thin and bony, and of su indifferent quality, that there is very lit saving in that respect. I have not tast any really-good butter since we arrive and we pay 2s. a pound for chee rancid stuff. I hear that "mealies" the crushed maize—are also very de and so is forage for the horses. Inste of the horses being left out on the r night and day, summer and winter, they used to be in New Zealand, with a occasional feed of oats for a treat, th need to be carefully housed at night, a well fed with oaten straw and mealies, give them a chance against the myste ous and fatal "horse sickness" whi kills them in a few hours. Altogeth so far as my very limited experience— only a few weeks, remember—goes, should say Natal was an expensi place to live in, owing to the scarci and dearness of the necessaries of life. am told that far up in the country fo and fuel are cheap and good, and that is the dearness and difficulty of tran port which forces Maritzburg to depe for its supplies entirely on what is gro in its own immediate vicinity, whe there is not very much land under cult vation; so we must look to the comi railway to remedy all evils.

If only one could eat flowers, or wheat and other cereals grew as free and luxuriously as flowers grow, h nice it would be! On the open gras downs about here the blossoms are lov ly; beautiful lilies, in scarlet and whi clusters, several sorts of periwinkl heaths, cinerarias, both purple and whi and golden bushes of the citisus, or Ca broom, load the air with fragrance. I the side of every *spruit*, or brook, o sees clumps of tall arum lilies, filling eve water-washed hollow in the bank, a the ferns, which make each ditch a water-course green and plumey, have separate shady beauty of their ow This is all in Nature's own free op garden, and when the least cultivation added to her bounteous luxuriance magnificent garden for fruit, vegetabl

and flowers is the result—always supposing you are fortunate enough to be able to induce those lazy Kafirs to dig the ground for you.

About a fortnight ago I braved the dirt and disagreeables of a cross-country walk in showery weather, for we have not been able to meet with a horse to suit us yet, and went to see a beautiful garden a couple of miles away. It was approached by a long double avenue of blue gum-trees, planted only nine years ago, but tall and stately as though a century had passed over their lofty pointed heads, and with a broad red clay road running between the parallel lines of trees.

The ordinary practice of clearing away the grass as much as possible round a house strikes an English eye as bare and odd; but when one hears that it is done to avoid affording a cover for snakes, it becomes a necessary and harmonious adjunct to the rest of the scene. In this instance I found these broad smooth walks, with their deep rich red color, a very beautiful contrast to the glow of brilliant blossoms in the enormous flower-beds. For this garden was not at all like an ordinary garden, still less like a prim English parterre. The beds were as large as small fields, slightly raised, and bordered by a thick line of violets; large shrubs of beautiful semi-tropical plants made tangled heaps of purple, scarlet, and white blossoms on every side; the large creamy bells of the datura drooped towards the reddish earth: and many shrubs of that odd bluish green peculiar to Australian foliage grew side by side with the sombre-leaved myrtle. Every plant grew in the most liberal fashion; green things which we are accustomed to see in England in small pots shoot up here to the height of laurel bushes. A screen of scarlet euphorbia made a brilliant line against a background formed by a hedge of shell-like cluster roses; and each pillar of the verandah of the little house had its own magnificent creeper. Up one standard an ipomea twined closely; another pillar was hidden by the luxuriance of a trumpet honeysuckle; whilst a third was covered by an immense passion-flower. In shady damp places grew many varieties of ferns and blue hydrangeas, whilst other beds were filled by gay patches of verbenas of every hue and shade. The sweet-scented verbena is one of the most successful and commonest shrubs in a Natal garden; and just now the large bushes of it which one sees in every direction are covered by projecting spikes of its tiny white blossom. But the feature of this garden was roses: roses on each side, whichever way you turned, and I should think of at least a hundred different sorts. Not the stiff standard rose-tree of an English garden, with its few precious blossoms to be looked at from a distance and admired with respectful gravity. No: in this garden the roses grow as they might have grown in Eden,—untrained, unpruned, in enormous bushes covered entirely by magnificent blossoms, each bloom of which would have won a prize at a rose show. There was one cloth-of-gold rose-bush that I shall never forget: its size, its fragrance, its wealth of creamy yellowish blossoms. A few yards off stood a still bigger and more luxuriant pyramid, some ten feet high, covered with the large delicate and regular pinkish bloom of the *Souvenir de Malmaison*. When I talk of "*a* bush," I only mean the especial bush which caught my eye: I suppose there were fifty cloth-of-gold and fifty *souvenir* rose-bushes in that garden. Red roses, white roses, tea roses, blush roses, moss roses, and last, not least, the dear old-fashioned, homely cabbage rose, sweetest and most sturdy of all. You could wander for acres and acres among fruit trees and plantations of oaks and willows and other trees, but you never got away from the roses. There they were, beautiful delicious things, at every turn; hedges of them, screens of them, and giant bushes of them on either hand. As I have said before, though kept free from weeds by some half-dozen scantily clad but stalwart Kafirs, with their awkward hoes, it was not a bit like a trim English garden. It was like a garden in which Lalla Rookh might have wandered by moonlight talking sentimentally with her minstrel philosopher, under old Fadladeen's chaperonage; or a garden that Boccaccio might have peopled with his Arcadian fine ladies and gentlemen. It was emphatically a poet's or a painter's garden, not a gardener's garden. Then, as though nothing should be wanting to make the scene lovely, one could hear

through the fragrant silence the tinkling of the little spruit, or brook, at the bottom of the garden, and the sweet song of the "Cape canary,"—the same sort of greenish finch which is the parent stock of all canaries, and whose acquaintance I first made in Madeira: a very sweet warble it is, and the clear flute-like notes sounded so pretty among the roses. From blossom to blossom lovely butterflies flitted, perching quite fearlessly on the red clay walk just before me, folding and unfolding their big painted wings. Every day I see a new kind of butterfly, and the moths which one comes upon, hidden away under the leaves of the creepers during the bright noisy day, are lovely beyond the power of words. One little fellow is a great pet of mine. He wears pure white wings, with vermilion stripes drawn in regular horizontal lines across his back, and between the lines are shorter, broken strokes of black, which is at once neat and uncommon; but he is always in the last stage of sleepiness when I see him. I am so glad little G— is not old enough to want to catch them all, and impale them upon corks in a glass case; so the pretty creatures live out their brief and happy life in the sunshine, without let or hindrance from him.

The subject of which my mind is most full just now is the purchase of a horse. F— has a fairly good chestnut cob of his own; G— has become possessed, to his intense delight, of an aged and long-suffering Basuto pony, whom he fidgets to death during the day by driving him all over the place, declaring he is "only showing him where the nicest grass grows;" and I want a steed to draw my pony carriage and to carry me. F— and I are at daggers drawn on this question. He wants to buy me a young, handsome, showy horse, of whom his admirers predict that "he will steady down *presently*," whilst my affections are firmly fixed on an aged screw, who would not turn his head if an Armstrong gun were fired behind him. His owner says "'Scotsman' is rising eleven." F— declares "Scotsman" will never see his twentieth birth-day again. F— points out to me that "Scotsman" has had rough times apparently, in his distant youth, and that he is strangely battered about the head, and has a large notch out of one ear. I retaliate by reminding him how sagely the old horse picked his way, with a precision of judgment which only years can give, through the morass which lies at the foot of the hill and which must be crossed every time I go into town (and there is nowhere else to go). That morass is a bog in summer, and a honeycomb of deep ruts and holes in winter, which, you must bear in mind, is the dry season here. Besides his tact in the matter of the morass, did I not drive "Scotsman" the other day to the park, and did he not comport himself in the most delightfully sedate fashion? You require experience to be on the look out for the perils of the Maritzburg streets it seems, for all their sleepy, deserted, tumble-down air. First of all there are the transport waggons, with their long span of oxen straggling all across the road, and a nervous bullock precipitating himself under your horse's nose. The driver too invariably takes the opportunity of a lady passing him to crack his whip, violently enough to startle any horse except "Scotsman." Then when you have passed the place where the waggons most do congregate, and think you are tolerably safe, and need only to look out for ruts and holes in the street, lo! a furious galloping behind you, and some half dozen of the "gilded youth" of Maritzburg dash past you, stop, wheel round, and gallop past again, until you are almost blinded with dust or smothered with mud, according to the season. This peril occurred several times during my drive to and from the park; and I can only remark that dear old "Scotsman" kept his temper better than I did. Perhaps he was more accustomed to Maritzburg manners.

When the park was reached at last, across a frail and uncertain wooden bridge, shaded by large weeping willows, I found it the most creditable thing I have yet seen. It is admirably laid out, the natural undulations of the ground being made the most of, and exceedingly well kept. This in itself is a difficult matter where all vegetation runs up like Jack's famous bean-stalk, and where the old proverb about the steed starving whilst the grass is growing falls completely to the ground. There are numerous drives, made level by a coating of smooth black shale, and bordered by a double line of syringas and oaks, with

hedges of myrtle and pomegranate. In some places the roads run alongside of the little river,—a very muddy torrent when I saw it,—and then the oaks give way to great drooping willows, beneath whose trailing branches the river swirled angrily. On fine Saturday afternoons the band of the regiment stationed here, plays on a cleared space under some shady trees,—for you can never sit or stand on the grass in Natal, and even croquet is played on the bare, levelled earth,—and every lady rides or walks or drives about. When I saw the park there was not a living creature in it, for it was, as most of our summer afternoons are, wet and cold and drizzling; but considering there was no thunderstorm likely to break over our heads that day, I felt that I could afford to despise a silent Scotch mist. We varied our afternoon weather last week by a hail-storm, of which the stones were as big as large marbles. I was scoffed at for remarking this, and assured "it was nothing, absolutely nothing," to *the* great hail-storm of two years ago, which broke nearly every tile and pane of glass in Maritzburg, and left the town looking precisely as though it had been bombarded. I have seen photographs of some of the ruined houses, and it is certainly difficult to believe that hail could have done so much mischief. Then again stories reach me of a certain thunder-storm, one Sunday evening, just before I arrived, in which the lightning struck a room in which the family were assembled at evening prayers, killing the poor old father with the Bible in his hand, and knocking over every member of the little congregation. My informant said, "I assure you it seemed as though the lightning was poured out of heaven from a jug. There were no distinct flashes; the heavens appeared to split open and pour down a flood of blazing violet light." I have seen nothing like this yet, but can quite realize what such a storm must be like, for I have observed already how different the color of the lightning is. The flashes I have seen were exactly of the lilac color he described, and they followed each other with a rapidity of succession unknown in less electric regions. And yet my last English letters were full of complaints of the wet weather in London, and much self-pity for the long imprisonment indoors. Why, those very people don't know what weather inconveniences are! If London streets *are* muddy, at all events there are no dangerous morasses in them. No matter how much it rains, people get their comfortable meals three times a day. Here rain means a risk of starvation, if the little wooden bridge between us and town were to be swept away, and a certainty of short commons. A wet morning means damp bread for breakfast, and a thousand other disagreeables. No: I have no patience with you pampered Londoners, who want perpetual sunshine in addition to your other blessings, without saying a word about discomfort! You are all much too civilised and luxurious, and your lives are made far too smooth for you altogether. Come out here, and try to keep house on the top of a hill, with servants whose language you don't understand, a couple of children, and a small income; and then, as dear Mark Twain says, "you will know something about woe."—*Evening Hours.*

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT EGYPT.

BY GREVILLE J. CHESTER.

THAT Englishmen are as a rule blind, stone-blind, as to the condition of the Turkish empire, there can be no manner of doubt. For long it has been impossible to use any portion of the English daily press to lift the veil of darkness which has hidden the rottenness and the iniquities of the Government of the Sultan and his feudatories. It has been the interest of an influential portion of the monied classes to conceal the symptoms of the sick man's disease and decay, and they have accordingly been carefully and effectually hidden. Writers whose letters on other subjects have meanwhile been freely and constantly inserted in the daily papers, both Liberal and Conservative, and who have tried to set the truth about Turkey before their countrymen, have been over and over again dis-

appointed, and have tried in vain. Consular authorities and diplomatic agents in the East have, it is loudly whispered, received instructions or hints from the Foreign Office to report nothing which will appear in print in a Blue-Book contrary to the interests of the Turkish empire. "It is part of my official religion," said a candid English consular official of an Oriental town, "to love the Turks and to hate the Greeks, but after years spent in Turkey I find myself obliged to act in a precisely contrary manner."

It is not, however, the object of the present paper to expose the enormities and the cruelties of misrule in Turkey proper, but to direct attention to Egypt, and to attempt to disabuse the mind of the English public of certain utterly erroneous ideas which are commonly entertained with respect to that country, in which, through the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, they have now a direct interest, and consequently a direct responsibility. The English press, since the Turkish bubble has begun to burst, has lately talked much of the independence of Egypt. Now what does the independence of Egypt really mean? For when evils are inveterate in a system, the withdrawal of restraints, however small, can but make those evils more inveterate still. It means

1. The continuance of slavery.

2. The continuance of forced labor, with its attendant hardships and cruelties.

3. A brutal conscription.

4. Wholesale confiscation of land and other property.

5. Grinding taxation, to support the unbounded luxury and caprices of an irresponsible Turkish and consequently alien tyrant.

1. It is commonly believed in England that the Khedive is opposed to slavery. The man has so often said so to the Prince of Wales, and to other noble guests, that the mass of Englishmen have come to believe him. Nothing, however, can be more absolutely contrary to the truth. The real fact is that the Khedive is the largest slave-owner in Egypt. There is not one of the almost numberless palaces of his Highness, and his sons and pashas, which is not full to overflowing of slaves of both sexes, and they are to be found in private houses throughout the whole length of the land of Egypt. The Khedive himself continually buys them and in addition to his domestic slaves his Highness, as he increases his stock o women, increases also his stock of thos unhappy beings who are specially muti lated, and that under circumstances o the most revolting barbarity, in order t preserve the fidelity of his concubine and wives, which he finds he cannot se cure by expensive presents of Frencl jewelry. Let it be especially noted that —to put Georgians and other whites who are supplied through the Turkisl market, out of the question,—Africar slaves can only be brought into Egyp by way of Suez or by the Nile, and tha one single word from the Viceroy coul stop the importation of a single slav into Egypt, or arrest their progress a any point on their way to Cairo. Tha word, however, has never been spoken Slaves are seen daily descending th Nile in open day. I have repeatedl seen them myself when ascending an desending the Nile in a dahabeeah I have seen slaves chained togethe with iron chains; and on one occasio a slave heavily loaded with irons at tempted to end his miseries by throw ing himself into the Nile before my ow Nile-boat. Only last year I witnesse the sale of a young female slave by Government official at Assouan, wh made £5 by the transaction, and wh pulled out her tongue, showed her teeth and indicated the good points of th poor little shrinking creature with all th zest of an experienced dealer. Thi year I travelled in the train from Sue with an Egyptian soldier who had witl him a little Christian slave-boy whom h had kidnapped from Abyssinia, whil Christian England is looking on with ab ject admiration at the spectacle of th only Christian country in Africa bein subjugated by her Mohammedan ally It is true that open slave-markets ar abolished, but I could buy a slave mysel to-morrow, if only I did it *sub rosâ*, fo fear of the European Consuls. In sayin thus much, I do not wish it to be under stood that I believe that slaves in Egyp are on the whole ill-treated. On th contrary, I think that when once bough they are well used, like other valuabl property, but they are undoubtedly treat ed with great cruelty by the slavers wh

bring them from the interior; and a relic which was shown me in the British Consulate at Tarabulûs Gharb (Tripoli in Barbary) shows to what length a Turkish pasha is capable of going with his chattel. This relic is a massive collar of iron, spiked like that of a mastiff, and so contrived that the wretch upon whose neck it was *welded* could not move his head without being impaled. This ornament was filed off the neck of a slave who had escaped from the palace of the Pasha.

The attitude of England towards both Turkey and Egypt in the matter of slavery must be the subject of continual amazement to every unprejudiced observer. But it shows the power of the almighty dollar. Englishmen commonly believe that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, but they stop the application of this wholesome if homely maxim when they come to deal with those Mohammedan tyrants with whose well-being the pecuniary interests of a part of the English people are supposed to be bound up. Slavery in Zanzibar or Cuba is an abomination to be abhorred by Christian England, but slavery in Turkey or Egypt is a thing to be—well, winked at and condoned, while at the same time Christian English money is to be lavished and lent to any extent in order to bolster up the very two powers which are the greatest supporters of slavery in the world! Englishmen, again, seem to take pride in the not altogether bloodless exploits of distinguished filibusters like Baker and others, but the knowing ones of Egypt see in those costly expeditions only the intention of the Khedive to open up new fields for the procuring of slaves and slave labor. Certainly, as appears from Sir S. Baker's own admissions, his Egyptian Highness has given a handle to such an opinion by attaching to Sir Samuel's retinue a ruffian who was a notorious slave-driver, and by refusing, spite of his own plighted word, to punish that same person when sent back to Cairo in disgrace.

2. *The Independence of Egypt means the Continuance of Forced Labor.*—It is astonishing that the majority of Englishmen should imagine that a stop has been put to this infamous system, when the very reverse is the case. The Egyptian *Fellaheen* and the poor generally are liable to forced labor—first, at the public works—a term of very elastic meaning in a country where all things exist for the ruling despot—such as railways, the repair of dykes, the making of canals, the construction of bridges; and secondly, on the estates and at the sugar manufactories of the Khedive. For the first of these the people receive no payment, and keep themselves; for the second they keep themselves for fifty days, and afterwards occasionally receive a few dry, gritty rusks a day, and a small nominal payment, which, however, in many instances, and especially in remote places, is either altogether withheld or paid only in part. I have the word of the European superintendent of one of the largest of the Khedive's sugar-works that no payment has been made during his term of office, a period of several years, to any of the people employed. What takes place is this: Some hundreds of hands are wanted at one of the Khedive's estates or works. An order is issued. A steamer with soldiers on board is sent up the Nile, towing several huge barges of iron or wood. It anchors opposite a town or village, and soon hundreds of men, boys, and girls, many of tender age, are seen hurrying and being driven down to the river-bank, clutching such small bags of bread or fragments of rusk as they can collect in haste, and accompanied by their parents, friends, wives, and children, who rend the air with their shrill screams and lamentations, for they well know that many a dear face will never be seen again. Neither the only sons of widows or of blind and aged parents, nor the fathers of helpless infants are spared. The despot requires them—the bastinado and the prison are the cost of refusal. The whole crowd are rapidly swept into the barges, where, without regard to age or sex, they are packed together like herrings in a barrel. The steamer and the barges then start with their living freight, many of whom will never return to their homes from the distant sugar or cotton estates to which they are conveyed. During the process of their being driven on board and during the voyage no more account is taken of the occupants of the barges than of brute beasts. Arrived at the scene of their labors, an incessant mill-horse grind of toil ensues. There is no

Friday rest, no moment's space allowed for recreation. Both sexes labor under the eye of taskmasters armed with sticks, whips, konobashes, which are freely and needlessly applied to the often naked and at all events only one-shirted backs of those poor "free" laborers, whom the charity of England has not yet learned to pity, and whose brutal taskmaster-in-chief she has not yet learned to condemn. I have myself seen little, tender, emaciated girls staggering under heavy loads of earth, who have been lashed each time they ascended the high bank at which they were at work, and even prodded in the naked breasts with sharp palm-sticks. I have seen them sinking upon the earth, fainting under their loads. No sort of shelter is provided for these unfortunates, though the nights of an Egyptian winter can be very cold, and a single shirt is their only garment. Many have not even this. On the filthy floor of the sugar factory, or on the bare stubbly ground of the cane-field—where they cease working, there they lie down to take their scanty rest, and are succeeded on the instant by other gangs awakened to relieve them. Thus, night and day, without intermission, the work goes on, and the cringing parasites of the little Egyptian Court, and the base crews of servile European speculators who prey upon the Khedive, and the Consuls-General who love to speak smooth things, and Cook's tourists, and the reporters of the English "dailies," lift up their hands in fulsome admiration, and proclaim to the world that so many more pounds of sugar have been produced in Egypt in *this* than in the *previous* years. These people forget to proclaim also how much blood—and that human blood—has been expended in its refinement and elaboration! An English friend visiting one of the Khedive's sugar factories a few days ago, observed a man at work loaded with immense iron chains. On inquiring the reason, he was informed that the poor wretch had been detected sucking a few inches of sugar-cane, and was accordingly condemned *to work in chains for five days and nights, without sleep, and without being allowed to stop to eat.*

One word more upon this head only. In speaking of public works it should be remembered that under this term are included railways which are the exclusive private property of the Viceroy, and intended only for the conveyance of produce from his estates, and to whose trains a few battered carriages only are attached for passengers to whom time is no object; and canals to the Vice-regal estates, into whose sacred waters no common man's shadoof is allowed to dip.

3. *The Independence of Egypt implies a brutal and wholesale Conscription.*—In some European countries, where an universal liability to serve in the army exists—and I am very far from asserting that such a liability is indefensible and on the whole, inexpedient—the conscripted are, at all events, called on to defend their country, their wives, their families, and their homes. In Egypt on the contrary, this dreadful peculiarity exists, that the poor Arab conscripts are compelled to execute the sole will of a capricious tyrant of an alien and inferior race, and to rival the cruelties of the Hebrew task-masters of old, by harrying and exacting money from their own countrymen. In no country is ancient tragedy so often re-enacted as in Egypt. At the present time, while the war mania prevails in the Viceroy's mind, and men are needed to enable him to gratify the passions of religious hate and vain ostentation by foreign conquest, the conscription is being carried on in the most oppressive and arbitrary manner possible. In Cairo, even, respectable young men, of whom many are husbands and fathers of families, are arrested by the soldiery and police in the public streets and cafés, thrown into prison upon false and trumped-up charges, and if money is not forthcoming for their release, pressed into the army. In the villages men are simply seized by force, chained or welded together in wooden stocks—a brutal practice, of which I have seen examples within the last few days—and dragged to the nearest barracks, to be dealt with by low Turkish officers and American generals from the United States, who have followed the base example of Hobart Pasha in selling their swords to work the will of a despot. At this time the country villages and towns everywhere resound with the cries of women whose husbands and sons have been torn from them by force.

4. *The Independence of Egypt means*

the perpetuation of the system of the confiscation of land and property to the Khedive's use.—When Ahab sets his heart on Naboth's vineyard, or rather, when the Viceroy sets his heart upon a tract of land for a sugar plantation or cotton estate, the occupants—they can scarcely be called *owners* when they have to pay on the average £2 a year per ferdân in gold to Effendeena—the occupants are compelled to sell their land at a valuation in which they are themselves passive instruments and without a voice. The sum, generally £6 per ferdân, which is fixed on, is, however generally paid. This small sum, however, is soon spent, and the Fellaheen are thus completely swept away to take refuge and gain a living how and where they may, and are forced to part with their camels, oxen, goats, sheep, and donkeys for what they will fetch at the time. Thus, instead of the beautiful agriculture, and varied crops of wheat, barley, dhourrah, clover, beans, vetches, and flax, which delight the eye, and make the rich land of Egypt seem even as the Garden of the Lord, and which, in addition, afford food for an industrious, peaceable, and honest population and their beautiful cattle, nothing is seen but vast expanses of a single crop—sugar or cotton—and that the property of *one* man, who thus enriches himself at the expense and to the ruin of his own subjects. There is another and still baser form of confiscation. When His Highness wants camels or donkeys for any of his speculations, an order is issued to the Sheyks el Belad, and the country people, including sometimes the nearest Bedoueen of the desert, are compelled to bring their animals, often very long distances, to some appointed place, where they are seized, valued by an inspector appointed by the Governor, and paid for, or *not* paid for, as the case may be. Agriculture is thus thrown back, and families ruined. From some parts of the country all the strongest and best donkeys have been carried off, and the breed permanently deteriorated. Lately, in the rich province of Baheyra, vast numbers of camels have been seized at Damanhour, and an English eye-witness of the fact assures me that not one was paid for, the poor owners not being even allowed anything for their expenses on the way. These camels were simply confiscated in the name of Effendeena, and their owners driven away penniless. This account was afterwards confirmed by a native official. Donkeys and other animals are seized and confiscated in a similar manner. The accidental discovery of antiquities exposes the unlucky finder not only to the loss of the treasure trove, but to a severe flogging, and at times to imprisonment. The effect of this atrocious system is that a fine work of ancient art is generally broken up and sold piecemeal to the first comer, while objects of gold and silver at once find their way to the melting-pot. The Turk is not only cruel and unjust, but excessively stupid.

5. *The Independence of Egypt signifies the Continuance of a Most Oppressive and Grinding System of Taxation which has a Show of Legality, and to Continual Exactions which have None.*—Up to the present time, when an annual tribute has to be paid by the Viceroy to the Sultan, it is clearly the interest of the latter to use what influence he possesses to prevent the over-taxation of the people. It is true that this influence has not been used as it ought, but it *might* be, and the fear of such a restraining power can scarcely fail to have had its effect on the Khedive. Make the Viceroy independent, and that slight safeguard is taken away. The real wonder is that the Egyptian Fellah can exist at all. For the land he occupies, and which was conquered for him by his Arabian forefathers, he has, as we have said, to pay to the Khedive on the average £2 per ferdân in gold. Every house is taxed, every palm-tree is taxed; in Cairo every donkey, and in the country every camel, ox, horse, and sheep. Besides this, under French tutelage octroi duties have been established in Cairo and other large towns, and the poor Cairene donkey-boys are forced to pay a tax upon every mouthful of clover consumed by their donkeys. A year or two ago there was a tax on donkey-boys, duty had to be paid on the one blue robe worn by the Fellaheen, and taxgatherers were stationed at the ferries and other public thoroughfares to arrest those whose scarfs did not bear the yellow Government brand. It can scarcely compensate the ground-down Fellah to

know that the money thus wrung from him goes to enable his lord and master to add palace to palace, to support a disproportionate army for purposes of foreign aggression, and to add to his stock of eunuchs, third-rate French actresses, and Yankee generals.* Some years ago the land-tribute was demanded for several years in advance on the promise that the payers should be exempted in future, but this promise, it is almost needless to add, was never kept.† The fact is, the Khedive is much in the position of the fool who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. The Fellaheen have been taxed more than they can bear, and though at the present time flogging is often resorted to in order to extort money, more money cannot be had. Meanwhile the poverty and misery of the people is extreme, although their sufferings are borne with marvellous resignation. A greater instance of God's goodness can scarcely be imagined than the cheerful, contented disposition with which he has endowed the down-trodden people of Egypt, who will repay the smallest act of justice and even a kind word or look with a grateful affection which is truly pathetic. It is not, however, the poor alone who suffer from the extravagance and the dishonesty of their lord. A compulsory tax has been established upon the salaries of all Government officials, who are compelled to contribute one day's pay in each month, which sum is deducted from the sum owed them. In addition to this, salaries are paid with the utmost irregularity, officials receiving their pay months and even more than a year after it is due. The tendency of this, of course, is to induce them to exact money from those beneath them. The condition of the lower grades especially of those officials is much to be pitied, for they have a position to maintain, and to many of them an official dress is prescribed.

There are some, and these chiefly of the Cook's Tourist sort, who "do" Cairo in three days and the Nile in twenty, and of that class of servile Alexandrian traders who would scream with delight if the Khedive were to tumble for coppers in the Frank Square, who are for ever talking about the "progress" of Egypt. I wish I could think that there was progress. Change, indeed, there has been, but I doubt the progress. The question is not whether Cairo, or Alexandria, or Egypt has been Europeanized, and made more agreeable for the ordinary run of tourists, but whether the changes made really conduce to the well-being, happiness, and profit of the native inhabitants of the country. This may well admit of doubt, although it is hard to get an Englishman to believe that English institutions and customs are not the best possible for all the peoples upon earth, just as, in his sublime self-conceit, he is always wanting to thrust the Thirty-nine Articles down the throats of Christians of all the ancient Churches of Christendom. But let us see what the changes in Egypt amount to. The Khedive, then, has discarded the flowing Eastern dress, and waddles about in French broadcloth and varnished boots, and when he goes out instead of riding a horse, like a man, he lolls in a luxurious French carriage. In Alexandria, it is true, some of the streets have been paved, but this has been done at the expense of Frank and Levantine merchants, and in spite of the Government rather than by its aid. In Cairo things are different. There the changes have been made by Effendeena himself. And what have we there? Instead of the wild, tangled garden of the once picturesque Esbeykeyeh, with its fine forest trees, and undergrowth of sont and roses, open to all the world, there is half the space sold to speculators for the erections of cafés and gambling hells, and the other half inclosed within a cast-iron French railing of monotonous design, and a parky newly-planted garden within it, with a puddle with a punt and two swans in the centre, a Swiss châlet at each of the four gates, a vista ending in the chimney of some waterworks, a bit of rock-work several grog-shops, and a kiosk where a band plays airs from "Madame Angot" in the afternoons. For entrance to his paradise (which, after all, is as pleasant

* An official estimated the number of the Khedive's wives, concubines, slaves, and other female attendants as amounting to 900 women! I am assured that this estimate is below rather than above the mark.

† Instances occurred of people offering their property to any one who would undertake to pay the taxes, and failing in this the land was snapped up by eunuchs and women of the harem. The bastinado was freely applied to exact this forced tax.

as an English suburban tea-garden), His Highness charges the public a piastre a head. Then there is the new hotel (the Khedive's own), which would be an eyesore at Bognor or Harrogate; the Duke of Sutherland's new house, which resembles an aggregation of packing-boxes; and an English church which would be a disgrace to Mr. Compo. In place of the old, narrow streets—purposely narrow on account of the heat of the climate, but always cool and dry—there are new blazing thoroughfares, which are ether blinding from dust and heat or bathed with water to such an extent that the donkeys cannot keep their footing. It is certain that the climate of Cairo has been changed for the worse by the perpetual watering of the new streets and garden. A thick mist frequently hangs over that portion of the town where formerly the air was dry and healthy. To provide space for these new streets and squares, there has been a wholesale confiscation of private house property, and the wanton destruction of several splendid ancient mosques. Again, while the mosque of Sultan Hassan—the Westminster Abbey of Cairo, and perhaps the finest specimen of Arab architecture extant—is allowed to go to rack and ruin, the Khedive is erecting at vast expense a tasteless pile by its side. The citadel, with its unrivalled view—once the residence of the old Arab Caliphs—has been modernized, spoiled, and abandoned; while the Viceroy lives in the frightful palaces of Abdiu and Gezeesch, and flings away his people's money in the continual erection of uglier palaces still. One of the finest of the mosque-tombs of the Memlook Sultans is, moreover, used as a magazine of gunpowder. In fact, in less than twenty years, at the present rate of destruction, not a single fine ancient building will be left in Cairo, once, but soon no longer to be, the queen of Oriental cities.

Much has been said and written about the progress of education in Egypt, but, so far as the country poor are concerned, very little has been done. A short time since, a late distinguished consular official was appointed Director of Education in Egypt, and though many who admired his talents the most, wondered that he should condescend to accept a post under such a master, they at least hoped that there would be a marked progress in education. Scarcely, however, had this gentleman arrived at his post when he was sent back to England with a large salary, to push the Khedive's interest in England!

Again, the railway system of Egypt, although the mileage has been largely increased, has, so far as passenger traffic is concerned, decidedly gone back in efficiency, and nothing can be worse than the management and arrangements generally. There are but two good trains in all Egypt—the morning express from Cairo to Alexandria, and *vice versâ*, and those are due to the pressure of the mercantile body in Alexandria.

The real fact appears to be that it is useless to hope for improvement in Egypt so long as it is governed by a Turk. It seems probable that it is impossible to improve a Turk by bringing him in contact with European civilization. You may make him worse, but you cannot make him better. The old-fashioned, bigoted Turk of Central Asia Minor, whom I have *not* seen, has, I do not doubt, many fine qualities. He is a "gentleman," he speaks the truth, his hospitality is unbounded, he believes in God, he says his prayers. But the civilized Turk, whom I *have* seen — a Turk, *i.e.*, of the stuff of which Sultans and Pashas are made—is quite a different being. He is bigoted without being religious; he is tyrannical, superstitious, cruel, luxurious. He is an accomplished liar, and his so-called civilization consists in his wearing French polished leather boots, drinking brandy and champagne, and importing a worn-out French actress. He is, in short, a whited sepulchre, not over and above fair without, but very foul indeed within. He is covered with French broadcloth, but scratch him and you see the low Tartar at once. From such a man a country can have no hope, and the more independent he is the worse he will be.

I pause a moment here to remark that one thing may fairly be said in favor of Egypt. The Christians in that country are far better treated than they are in Turkey. The massacres and martyrdoms of the Greek Islands and of the Lebanon have no counterpart on the banks of the Nile. This, perhaps, is not so much from the better feeling of the rulers, as from the circumstance that the country

is itself so narrow, and that the European Consuls are so numerous and so powerful. Indications, however, are not wanting that the will to injure is not absent. Recently the Khedive has forcibly closed the U. S. A. Presbyterian schools at Koos, and Coptic Christians are now pressed into the army along with the rest of the population. It is alleged that great obstacles are placed in the way of the soldiers attending divine worship, but I have certainly seen many of them at the Aeed-el-Ghitas on the eve of the Epiphany and at other festivals in the Metropolitan Church in Cairo. During the vacancy caused by the death of the late Coptic patriarch, the Khedive, there is no doubt, placed great obstacles in the way of the election of his successor, but this was probably the result rather of a curious superstition than of religious bigotry.

And now, if it would seem that the independence of the ruler of Egypt would but aggravate and intensify present evils, is there no remedy for the state of things depicted in the foregoing pages?—a state which has indeed been painted in too faint instead of in too dark colors. When there is a uniform dead level of continual cruelty, rapacity, and injustice, it is hard to select particular instances, and those already advanced do but exemplify the common, every-day state of affairs. For myself I cannot agree with the sentiment of Mr. Freeman, when he says that he cannot quarrel with Moslem tyrants in respect of this treatment of their Mohammedan subjects. Surely we need not so limit our sympathies, but should be ready when occasion offers to help all. And assuredly a great cry for justice rises up before Heaven from Egypt. Might not we Englishmen hope that by unseating the present alien despot and by occupying at least a portion of Egypt, we could give to the Arab inhabitants that meed of justice, which spite of the individual shortcomings of new-fledged Scotch civilians and English subalterns we have in the main given to India? In that occupation lies, I am persuaded, the sole hope of Egypt. As a rule I am opposed to further annexations of territory. I believe that empires, like Russia and the United States, may be too large for the happiness and liberty of the people, but in respect to Egypt I am convinced that the occupation of the country, so far at least as the Delta, Cairo, and some portion of the higher Nile valley is concerned, is imposed upon us both by political necessity and by duty. By political necessity; because now that Englishmen have begun to find out that the Bosphorus is not on the direct road to India, and now that the Sick Man's constitution seems to be finally breaking up, it becomes of paramount importance to British interests to possess the true approach to our Indian possessions and to have the command of the great highway in which we have just acquired so large an interest. And next, by duty; because we should then break the chains of slavery and open the doors of the house of bondage, and give freedom, justice, and protection to an hones and faithful people who are now groaning under a foreign yoke. The most zealous sticklers for the doctrine that possession and prescription sanctify tyranny and usurpation are unable to pretend that the family of Mohammed Ali have any right to the Arabian country which they misrule.—*Fortnightly Review.*

LA SCALA.

In the golden age of Italian opera, Milan might fairly have laid claim to the title of musical capital of Italy. The Fenice at Venice, the Apollo at Rome, and the San Carlo at Naples, could each reckon up its memorable "long runs" and famous *premières*, but for number and brilliancy of operatic triumphs not one of these could compete with La Scala of Milan, the subject of this paper.

Milan's musical reputation is more than fourteen centuries older than the Scala Theatre; St. Ambrose established it by bringing thither his chant, which soon after—on the Empress Justina's deciding that singing should be generally introduced into the churches, "so it might keep up the spirits of the people in troublous times"—was copied or imitated throughout Italy, and in this way became

the prototype of all Christian church music. St. Augustine heard it when at Milan, and said that as he listened he was constrained to "weep sweet tears of joy." Even to this day, musical amateurs visit the Duomo with no little curiosity, there to take note of its correct and traditional rendering. With church music, however, we have not here to deal. But it is a mistake, though one common to many writers, to suppose that all even of the operatic associations of Milan are centred in the Scala. The old Royal Ducal Theatre had quite a store of interesting memories attached to it. It was a fine house, fitted up in a style of almost unheard-of luxury—in those days; facing every box, on the other side of the gallery, was an elegant sitting-room, with a fire-place and card-tables: the stage was celebrated for the splendor of its *mise en scène*, a characteristic far from common at that period. The performances took place all the week round excepting Fridays, and with this continued strain on their exertions it is not to be wondered that the principal artists fell ill now and then, and were obliged to disappoint their patrons. On one occasion, in 1770, the audience were informed that their favorite Garibaldi, an excellent tenor singer, would not be forthcoming that evening. His part had to be cut out, and the opera was proceeding flatly enough, when the baritone who played the querulous "heavy father," and whose business it was to soundly rate his son (the absent tenor), hit upon the expedient of vigorously admonishing the prompter instead, which so pleased the simple-minded audience that they went away quite consoled for Garibaldi's non-appearance.

It was for the Royal Ducal Theatre, as we have ascertained by investigations made on the spot, that Mozart composed his two operas, *Mitridate* and *Lucio Silla*, which Henry Beyle (de Stendahl) states to have been written for the Scala. There is no more delightful episode in all musical history than that of these fledgeling flights of the composer of the *Zauberflöte*. When old Luitpold Mozart took Wolfgang Amadeo to Milan, the musical world was already cognisant of the existence of the wonderful child who at six years old had written a full scored *concerto*, the only objection to which was, that it was so difficult nobody could play it, but his operatic genius had yet to be revealed. At this time he was a merry joyous boy, brimming over with fun and drollery—somewhat of an *enfant terrible*, who told his mind to kings and princes, more especially if they played the violin out of tune in his hearing—but the most loving and lovable little soul on earth. An entire child, revelling in the *Arabian Nights*, toiling over his sums, jumping and capering from one end of the room to the other, sending millions of kisses to his "dear mamma," and tender inquiries after "Mr. Canary" to his "*Cara sorella*," but already a splendid performer on the clavier, an exquisite composer, and an acute musical critic! Such letters were never written as those despatched by the brother at Milan to the sister at Salzburg. With what charming *naïveté* the boy speaks of his compositions and of his successes, seeming to have not the slightest suspicion that he is the extraordinary phenomenon every one else considers him. What exuberance of gladness is shown in the multifarious little jokes and mystifications bandied to and fro between Nannerl and Wolfgang. He writes to his sister after one of these playful sallies: "I immediately said to papa, 'Oh! how I do wish I was as clever and witty as she is!' Then papa answered, 'Indeed, that is true enough;' on which I rejoined, 'Oh! I am so sleepy!' so he merely replied, 'Then stop writing.' *Addio!* pray to God that my opera may be successful. I am, your brother, W. M., whose fingers are weary from writing." It is to be feared that this was very often the case just at that time, for little Wolfgang was working tremendously hard at the opera *Mitridate, Rè di Ponte*, for which he had been *scritturato* at the Royal Ducal Theatre in the year 1770. Indeed, his father seemed rather anxious about the too serious look which appeared on the bright child-face as the result of this severe application, and begged kind friends at home to put a little mirth into their letters so as to make Wolfgang laugh. The boy amused himself in odd moments by talking on his fingers to the deaf and dumb son of the people with whom they lodged; he was exceedingly proud of his proficiency in this art.

When *Mitridate* was nearly finished, a terrible panic occurred—the prima don-

na expressed her doubts about the arias she had to sing. How was it possible that the small boy of fourteen should have composed a part worthy of being interpreted by the Signorina Antonia Bernasconi? She asked to see her music. Wolfgang desired nothing better. He handed her one, two, three arias. The *cantatrice* eagerly tried them over, and then retired, completely bewildered with the genius of the marvellous child! Not only was the music lovely in itself, but it suited her voice and style to a nicety. She rehearsed the airs with her *maestro*, Signor Lanpugnani, and the two could find no words for their joy in Wolfgang's compositions. But envious tongues were not wanting; someone went secretly to the Signorina and did his best, or worst, to turn little Wolfgang into ridicule; he had armed himself with a whole set of new airs to the same words by a Turinese Abbé, and he would fain have dissuaded the artist from singing a single note of the original music. However, La Antonia remained staunch and proof against all temptations, and the first stage rehearsal went off so well that the whole array of spiteful folk was completely discomfited. At last the great day arrived—the *festa* of San Stefano, November 26, 1770. "Maestro Don Amadeo," as old Luitpold Mozart laughingly calls him, took his place at the clavier. The Royal Ducal Theatre was crammed to the ceiling; the opera was a magnificent success. All over the house were heard ringing cries of "*Evviva il Maestrino!*" intermingled with salvoes of applause. What must have been Luitpold Mozart's feelings when he looked out from his box and beheld Wolfgang making his best bow to the vast and delighted audience?

The year after that, Wolfgang brought out at Milan a dramatic *serenata*, which the Empress Maria Theresa had deputed him to compose for the nuptials of the Archduke Ferdinand with a Modenean princess. The veteran Hasse had to write an opera in honor of the same event, but the Milanese quite forgot to applaud "*Il Divino*," as they used to call him, in their enthusiasm for "*Il Cavaliere Filamonico*." Old Mozart declared that he was "quite sorry" that Wolfgang's *serenata* had so utterly knocked Hasse's opera on the head. But the veteran composer seems to have borne no enmity towards his young rival, for he said when he heard the music of *Ascanio in Alba* (the festal *serenata*), "This boy will cause us all to be forgotten"—a prophecy which the sequel almost pathetically verified. In the following year Mozart, then sixteen, wrote *Lucio Silla*, the last work he produced in Italy. During the preparations for its performance he had to undergo numberless annoyances—"through the mismanagement of the blessed theatrical people," old Luitpold wrote—nor did these cease on the night of the first representation (November 26, 1772), for the whole audience was kept waiting in the theatre three hours after the proper time before the performance began. Moreover the tenor had fallen ill, and a cathedral singer who was hastily put in his place, being quite unaccustomed to the boards, and having in one part to upbraid the prima donna, appeared so painfully in earnest that he looked as if he were going to box her ears. Of course the audience laughed, and it tells much in favor of the discrimination of these Milanese opera-goers that, notwithstanding all attendant mishaps, the opera came off triumphant, and ran some thirty nights. "Wolfgang is well," wrote Luitpold Mozart just at this time, "and while I am writing is making caprioles about the room." Mozart was the same mercurial being to the last; he was always passionately fond of dancing, in which art he used to say his true taste lay rather than in music.

The Royal Ducal Theatre went the way of all its kind in 1776, when it was destroyed by fire. Two years later a new and magnificent house had been raised upon the site of the church of Santa Maria della Scala, its facade looking on the piazza of the same name, which then had its chief outlet into the Via del Giardino, but is now brought into connection with the Piazza del Duomo by the beautiful Galleria Vittorio Emanuele. The erection of the theatre was the undertaking of Count Ercole di Castelbarco, Prince Menafoglio di Rocca Sinibalda, and one or two other Lombard noblemen, who for the first season retained the management in their own hands. The celebrated Piermarini had drawn the designs after which it was built, and its size was such as enabled it to

hold nearly four thousand people; while the great depth of the stage behind the curtain facilitated the attainment of a hitherto undreamt of perfection in scenic and spectacular effect. Salieri—who later became Mozart's bitter enemy—was commissioned to write an opera entitled *Europa riconosciuta* for the opening night, August 3, 1778.

So commenced the first period in the history of La Scala, about which not a little might be said were not musical antiquarianism too rare a taste for details to be much relished relating to the hopes and fears, the failures and successes of Alessandri and Anfossi, of Guglielmi (creator of the *opera buffa*), and Mosca (inventor of the *crescendo*), or even of Paer, Mayer, and Zingarelli. Cimarosa, who produced an opera at the Scala, is indeed still known—or, alas! should we not say known of?—but in this he stands almost alone. It is really melancholy to read over the names of the scores of composers who lived and wrote and gained the suffrages of their generation, and died and passed into everlasting oblivion, not so much because they were intrinsically unworthy of the laurel crowns of posterior fame as in obedience to the inevitable law by which the sun eclipses the twinkling stars of morning. "Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien" in more senses than that usually implied when using the French proverb; and the glory of these men was summarily extinguished by the full glare of Rossini's reputation. Therefore, leaving their forgotten ghosts in undisturbed repose, we will pass on to the days of him who was not inaptly styled *Helios* of Italy.

The circumstances which immediately preceded Rossini's advent in Milan read like a scene in a comedy. Off and on for two or three years he had been engaged in writing operas for the little Teatro San Mosè in Venice, the impresario of which doubtless considered him in the light of a very humble *protégé*, and imagined he could behave as he chose to a *maestro* in his teens. Rossini did not by any means fall in with this view of their mutual relationship, and his roguish humor at length suggested to him a ready and delightful revenge. He secretly put on paper all the ludicrous and outrageous orchestral combinations his fertile brain could furnish and introduced them into the score of the opera *La Scala di Seta*, which he was then composing for the San Mosè. So well did he manage that the unlucky impresario believed everything to be going on smoothly, and remained in blissful ignorance of the plot that was hatching for him up to the very moment when, on the first representation, he beheld to his horror and dismay the complete staff of violinists break off at the end of each bar in the overture to rap the tin shades of their candlesticks! Matters took just the course Rossini had maliciously foreseen: the tightly packed audience felt itself personally insulted, and hissed furiously; the impresario trembled from head to foot, and the merciless maestro marched out of the theatre, inquiring of him as he passed "Whether he thought now that he had gained much by treating him so cavalierly?" That night he left for Milan.

He was just twenty: the handsomest man of his time, with a heart as light as his purse. Of his art he would talk very much as though it were nothing more than the best joke in the world, but all the while he poured forth melody upon melody, not so much as a bird warbles—for in the song of feathered musicians there seems often a mysterious and unfathomable depth of passion—but rather as some bubbling fountain throws up its sparkling waters whether it will or no. The libretto of *La Pietra di Paragone*, the opera for which he was *scritturato* at the Scala in 1812, was exactly suited to call into play the inimitable vein of fun and wit that ran through his nature. It is worthy of remark that Rossini's comic operas not unfrequently display as admirable a union between the sense and the music, as that which it is the aim of the present German School to realise in its highest development in *opera seria*, and for this reason they can hardly be fully enjoyed except by a public which is able to follow the dialogue word for word, and so intimately to enter into the spirit of the situations. The fact also that more than two-thirds of a French or English audience are certain not to understand Italian, is only too apt to induce the singers to convert the dialogue into a perfectly unintelligible jargon. It is on record that a Dublin basso, who was suddenly called upon to fill the *rôle* of Don Basilio, and who could not fix in

his memory a single syllable of what he had to say, had recourse to the device of repeating all the names of medicines and Italian operas he could think of, beginning with "sarsaparilla," going boldly on to "puritani" and "la sonnambula," and making a very effective exit with "ipecacuanha"! It is impossible not to admire the beautiful ingenuity of this Hibernian Orpheus; but it puts one sorely out of patience to hear his method practised quite as barbarously and not half so cleverly by the trained artists of great opera houses. The result is especially disastrous in Rossini's comic *chef-d'œuvres*, in which the sound, let alone the sense, absolutely requires a pure and correct rendering of the words. Mario's cultivated, pointed and distinct delivery had almost as much to do with making him *facile princeps* of Almavivas as his never-to-be-forgotten voice and acting.

The plot of *La Pietra di Paragone* may be briefly told. The Marchesa Clarice, a charming young widow, is, with a party of friends, passing her *villeggiatura* in the palace of Count Asdrubal, which stands in the recesses of the forest of Viterbo. The Count is in love with Clarice, but fears that she may be more attracted by his fortune than by himself; on the other hand, whilst Clarice quite returns his passion she is afraid to encourage it lest he should believe her to be actuated by interested motives. The other characters are a poet (Jocondo), a journalist (Marforio), and an insatiable newsmonger (Pacuvio), who is also connected with the journal. Two young ladies, cousins of the Count, who take counsel together to secure the prize of his hand for one or the other of them, complete the *dramatis personæ*. The story turns on the Count's efforts in search of a touchstone ("Pietra di Paragone") wherewith to test the sincerity of his lady-love's affection. He finally disappears, and returns in the guise of a Turk, to whom he pretends the Count's father has mortgaged his whole property, leaving his son a ruined man. Clarice also, somewhat unnecessarily, assumes a disguise, and comes forward as a captain of hussars—but this had to be contrived because the fair contralto (La Marcolini), to whom Rossini had just then lost his heart, had a fancy to appear armed *cap au pied* and in top-boots. Needless to add, that these several *ruses* result most satisfactorily in an avowal as plainly unmercenary as either side could desire. Some of the most amusing scenes spring from the literary proclivities of the young poet Jocondo. In the first act Don Pacuvio kindly informs this votary of the muses that with one "colpo di giornale" he annihilates a thousand poets. Jocondo, however, preserves a most laudable independence, and ends by challenging Pacuvio's redoubtable ally, Don Marforio, whom he judges to have insulted the Marchioness by daring to pay court to her. Marforio finds himself attacked at his vulnerable point: he is anything but a fire-eater. In an agony of fright he exclaims that he will write a most handsome critique on the poet's last production. "All the more reason that I should despatch you on the spot," replies Jocondo. It should be added that the *rôle* of Marforio was a caricature of a certain official journalist; and the actor who played the part managed to get hold of a complete suit of the original's clothes, which was recognised with infinite glee by the audience.

The famous *Ecco pietosa* occurs in this opera, but the piece which created the wildest *furore* was the *Sigillerà finale*, in which the *soi-disant* Turk rushes about protesting that he will set his seal, or *sigillerà*, over all parts of his new domain. The vivacious humor of the music took the town by storm; *Sigillerà* was accepted as the cant word of the day, and the Milanese refused to speak of the opera by any other name. Rossini was henceforth literally the idol of society, and with characteristic bravado he addressed his letters home in this way: "*All' ornatissima Signora Rossini, madre del celebre Maestro in Bologna.*"

In 1814 Rossini wrote his second Milanese opera, *L'Aureliano in Palmira*, the failure of which determined him to change his style and to enter on what may be called his second period. In the same year another of his works was brought out at La Scala (*Il Turco in Italia*), for the *rentrée* of the famous basso Galli on his return from Barcelona. The hero steps upon the stage with the words, appropriate to the occasion:—

Bell' Italia! Al fin ti miro,
Vi saluto amiche sponde.

The audience thought Rossini had scarcely done justice to this greeting, and while they received the singer with enthusiasm they were ostentatiously cold towards the composer. The incident put them out of temper for the rest of the evening, and they were not slow to detect in the really charming music of *Il Turco* certain reminiscences of former works of Rossini, which they deemed a mark of flagrant disrespect to La Scala, "the first theatre in the world!" So Rossini quitted Milan for Naples, which displeased the Milanese yet more. They had not got over their pique when he returned three years later to give them *La Gazza Ladra;* on the contrary, they flocked to the theatre with their minds fully made up to hiss; and Rossini knew it. But *La Gazza Ladra* triumphantly won the day; the intending hissers cheered, bravo'd, viva'd, rose *en masse* every other minute; went, in fact, altogether mad with delight. After the "*Di piacer*," the whole pit sprang upon the benches and stood there while the prima donna repeated the aria. Then they wanted to have it again, but Rossini got up from the piano and made a small speech to the effect that since there was a good deal of music in the part of Ninetta, he feared that if they insisted on Madame Bellochi's singing the piece in question three times over, she would be unable to go through the whole opera. Grave deliberations ensued, and at last the pit submitted to this ruling.

Rossini's operas now almost monopolized the repertory of La Scala; whatever he produced elsewhere was instantly transferred to the Milanese stage. He wrote, however, but one other opera expressly for Milan, *Bianca e Faliero*, a weak work and a failure.

In the same year that Rossini made his last appearance in La Scala, 1820—a German musician, who was a twelvemonth older than the Italian composer, but who as yet bore a name quite unknown to the world—Giacomo Meyerbeer—came before the Milanese public with his opera, *Marguerite d'Anjou*. Art was to him no joke, but almost a religion. With an income of 80,000f., he led the life of a hermit in the midst of the gay Lombard capital, seeing no one, and working fifteen hours a day. *Marguerite d'Anjou* met with the greatest success, and although Meyerbeer was wont in later years to call his Italian operas "the sins of his youth," he did not disdain to put a good many *morceaux* from them into one at least of his maturer works, *Le Pardon de Ploermel*, which is, perhaps, the reason that this pastoral masterpiece seems so redolent of youth's aroma.

We must go back for a moment to 1812, to note the appearance of a genius who in his particular *genre* was no less preeminent than the Swan of Pesaro, though his name will be probably unfamiliar to the reader. It was in that year that Vignano produced the first of his long series of ballets, which carried the Terpsichorean art to a perfection never before attained and never since surpassed. The ballet had all along been a special and prominent feature of the entertainments at La Scala; it had flourished under all sorts of *régimes*, and had even occasionally taken a political turn, as was the case under the Directory, when *Tell* and *Brutus*, *The Patriot Republicans*, and *Regenerated Italy*, were represented before much-gratified audiences. In later times, also, the greatest *ballerine*—Cerito, Essler, Taglioni, &c.—touched the Scala boards with their nimble feet; but the decade following upon 1812 must yet be remembered as by far the most interesting period of the dance in Milan. The ballets written by Vignano and produced under his direction were exceptional, if not unique. According to his idea, the ballet was the poetry of action. He aimed neither at making it a meaningless show, nor a mere framework for individual displays of grace and agility; but rather the presentation of a visible harmony of color, expression, and movement. Sixty years ago, the existence of a prismatic gamut, closely analogous to the musical scale—which one of the most beautiful of recent scientific discoveries has revealed to us—was unsuspected save by those who heeded the vague hints contained here and there in some prescient rhapsody of an old-world poet; but Vignano, like all the master-colorists before him, possessed a keen perception of what may now be called the chords and discords of color. No detail was overlooked by him; in the dresses of the dancers he would not permit the richness or brilliancy of the material to take off the attention from the *ensemble* produced by an exquisite blending of

stuffs and shades; every part was made subordinate to the whole in order that a perfectly harmonious impression might be left upon the mind of the spectator. Thus the music, the dancing, the *mise en scène*, and the acting—for the highest powers of the pantomimist were called into requisition—were each kept strictly subject to each other and to the general effect. How well he succeeded may be guessed from the fact that when Shelley witnessed in 1818 Vignano's grand ballet, *Otello ossia il Moro di Venezia*, he declared that, so far from its distressing his Shakspearian susceptibilities, it was the most splendid exhibition he had ever seen. "The manner," he says, "in which language is translated into gesture, the complete and full effect of the whole as illustrating the history in question, the unaffected self-possession of each of the actors, even to the children, made this choral drama more impressive than I could have conceived possible."

In 1826 Vincenzo Bellini came to Milan. Several years were already passed since he left his birthplace amidst the flowers and ashes of Sicily to study counterpoint at the Conservatoire of Naples, and whilst there he had produced one or two works which made the *conoscitori* rub their hands and talk of promise; but his fame did not as yet exceed that of a clever student. Luckily, however, the Scala impresario had not the dread of bankruptcy before his eyes as the probable result of patronising youthful talent; and so, hearing rather good reports of the graceful if immature compositions of Bellini, he did not hesitate to engage him to write an opera for Milan. The young musician (the son and grandson of musicians, by the way) hastened to that city, bringing with him letters of introduction which opened to him the houses of several distinguished families, as well as the special commendation of his venerable master Zingarelli, who was still gratefully remembered by the Milanese, for whom he had written his best opera, *Romeo e Giulietta*—a work which contains the celebrated *Ombra adorata*, which it is said the great Napoleon could not listen to without tears in his eyes. Bellini's winning manner, added to his rising genius, soon caused him to become a general favorite, but the most lasting, as well as the most important, friendship formed by him at this period was that of the poet Romani, who was afterwards the writer of nearly all his *libretti*. By him he was furnished with the book of *Il Pirata*, and in something less than a year the opera was ready. Then of course followed the rehearsals: a trying time to every composer, and especially so to young Bellini, who, if he had the good fortune to command Rubini, Tamburini, and Madame Meric Lalande for interpreters of what was to all intents and purposes his maiden work, at the same time suffered not a little from the self-will which these famous artists naturally enough displayed in their dealings with the youthful composer. Rubini seemed obstinately incapable of throwing the needful fire into one piece; Madame Lalande was woefully offended at not having an *aria bravura* in the most inappropriate situation. But Vincenzo could be firm as well as modest when it was a question of art, and he was equally inflexible in requiring more passion of the primo tenore and in denying more scale passages to the prima donna. At last everything went to his highest satisfaction, and on October 27, 1827, he took his place at the piano to conduct the first performance. We may be sure his heart beat loudly upon that occasion; it was, in fact, the turning-point of his reputation. Hitherto he had received rather the encouragement of compatriots than the eulogies of critics. Could he count upon the kindly verdict of his Neapolitan friends being confirmed by the strange and fastidious audience before which he now presented himself? Slight in form, with soft golden hair clustering about his white forehead, a faint color coming and going on his cheek, and the clear blue eyes more than half inclined to fill with tears of emotion,—such was the appearance of the young *maestro* who stood at the bar of Milanese criticism. A *susurro*, that curious low murmur of approbation peculiar to Italy, went through the crowded house, not less excited by the candid, unassuming bearing of Vincenzo, than by the rumor that had been afloat for several days to the effect that "something really good" might be expected on the production of the new opera. But when the first note of the music struck up, the critics of Milan—and every Milanese is a

critic—remembered they were there as judges. The introduction did not go very smoothly; hardly one bravo followed. Vincenzo's friends held their breath in suspense. But during the tenor aria the faces of the sternest relaxed, the general public warmed, and Rubini had hardly time to finish the last note before a storm of applause burst forth. The *maestro* was compelled to rise ten times in acknowledgment. The success of the opera was assured; the sensitive modesty of Vincenzo's nature made the triumph almost too much for him; he could scarcely conceal the sobs which made it difficult for him to proceed with his task as conductor. In the rest of the performance one or two pieces failed in their effect, but at the conclusion such a stentorian chorus of bravos greeted Bellini's ears that "his joy knew no bounds," as he wrote to his uncle in Catania.

The next opera brought out by Bellini at La Scala was *La Straniera* (1829). An incident happened when the score was nearly completed which might be recommended to the notice of librettists who cavil at making the least alterations to suit the taste of the composer. It was a question of the words to the final aria. Bellini felt conscious they were not what he wanted, that they did not chime in with the spirit of the action; in fact, that he could make nothing of them. He went in despair to Romani, who was a really elegant poet, as well as an enthusiastic believer in his friend's genius. Romani made no difficulties about the matter, but at once wrote him another version. "Would that do?" he asked. "No," answered Bellini. "All right," said the amiable poet; "let us try again." But alas! the third did no better than the second; nor the fourth, nor the fifth. "I can't for the life of me make out what you want," at last cried Romani. "What I want?" rejoined Bellini. "I want an idea which shall at once express a prayer and a curse, a threat and a delirium," and rushing up to his piano he dashed into a fiery improvisation. After a while he turned round, saying, "That is what I want; do you understand now?" "And here are your words," said Romani, who had penned a sixth version inspired by the *maestro's* playing. Bellini read the lines, and, child of the South that he was, threw himself into the poet's arms! Such was the origin of the famous "Or sei pago, o ciel tremendo," which made the Scala ring with cheers, and which every Milanese was humming before the week was out in which the opera was produced, a very sure sign of popularity, if not of excellence; though old Lulli used to say that he only became fully convinced that his music was good when he heard it sung upon the Pont Neuf. After the favorable reception of the *Straniera* at the Scala, the Catanians struck a medal in Bellini's honor, so proud were they of their fellow-townsman's success in musical Milan.

We can only note in passing the fate of Bellini's two next works: one a *fiasco* at Parma, the other a success at Venice, the latter being a *Romeo and Juliet*, composed in a fortnight. Then he returned to his "dear Milan," as he always called it, but was struck down by a severe illness, and when convalescent kind friends induced him to retire to their villa on the Lake of Como. There — surrounded by the sunlit olives, the pink and white oleanders, the boatmen who sang *cantilene* all through the marvellous moonlight nights, whilst their barks with lateen sails glided over the gleaming waters, the peasants in whose village *festas* he loved to join—Bellini composed, in two brief summer months, that sweetest of idylls, *La Sonnambula*, not for the Scala, but for the Teatro Carcano at Milan, where Pasta and Rubini took the *rôles* of Amina and Elvino, the great artist showing herself as admirable in the character of the rustic maiden as in that of the relentless Medea.

Our friends at La Scala were highly jealous of the triumph at the rival house; they went in hot haste to Bellini and offered him 3,000 ducats, with Pasta and Grisi—a name yet unknown—for interpreters, if he would renew his allegiance to their banner. Bellini applied to Romani for a libretto, and received *Norma*. Fortunate was the *habitué* of the green-room at La Scala in those days. There was to be met the regal Pasta, of whom Talma had said in her youth: "This child has found what I have sought in vain for twenty years"—in the full plenitude of her powers. There also was Giulietta Grisi, Hellenic in that perfect grace and beauty of face and form which were des-

tined to become indelibly associated with the sacred wreath and crescent of the Druidic priestess, now borne by the elder artist who broke into cries of generous admiration as she discerned the budding talents of her youthful rival. "Tu iras loin! Tu prendras ma place! Tu seras Pasta!" exclaimed the Siddons of Song, with all the unselfish enthusiasm of true genius. In the last rehearsal Pasta kept up a running commentary in her droll Franco-Italian *patois* on Giulietta's impersonation of Adalgisa. "Benissima! bene; très bien—pas mal, la piccola," she said, addressing herself to the *maestro*. "How I should love to play Norma!" cried Giulietta. "Wait twenty years, and we shall see," replied Bellini. "I will play Norma in spite of you, and in less than twenty years," answered the petulant sixteen-year-old beauty. Bellini said, incredulously, "A poco, a poco;" but hardly two years after Giulietta, true to her word, took possession of the *rôle*, and, as we have said, so strongly identified it with her own personality that even now that she has passed away, and many other and some distinguished artists have essayed it, the mere mention of the part calls to mind her name; and the fame of Grisi in *Norma* has become almost a legend which grey-haired opera-goers still fondly rehearse whenever the younger generation praises some favorite of the day in their hearing.

Wonderful to relate, the first performance of *Norma* fell flat! Here is what poor Bellini wrote to an old fellow-student of his at the Conservatoire of Naples:—

"Milan, Dec. 26th, 1831.

"VERY DEAR FLORIMO,—

"I write to you in grief, bitter grief, which I cannot find words to express, but which you, and you alone, will be able to understand. I have just come home from the Scala. First performance of *Norma!* Will you believe it?—*fiasco! fiasco!* A solemn *fiasco!* To say the truth, the public was severe; it seemed positively to have come with the express purpose of judging and condemning me; and precipitately—at least, so I think—it has consigned my poor *Norma* to the doom of the Druidess herself. I could no longer recognise those dear Milanese who received enthusiastically, with joyful faces and warm hearts, *Il Pirata*, *La Straniera* and *La Sonnambula*. And yet I thought I had given these works a worthy sister in *Norma!* Unhappily it has not been so. I was deceived; I have committed a blunder; my forecast has proved false, and my hopes illusionary. Well, in spite of it all, if perchance I am not led astray by passion, the introduction, the *sortie*, Norma's *cavatina*, the duet of the two women, with the trio that follows, and then the other duet of the women and the whole of the second act, which begins with the war hymn, are pieces of music of a kind which pleases me so well (modestly) that I confess I shall be glad if throughout my artistic career I am able to compose the like! *Basta!!!* of theatrical works the Public is Judge Supreme. Nevertheless, I rely on appealing against its sentence in this particular instance; and if at last it owns it was in the wrong I shall have won my suit, and I shall proclaim *Norma* to be my best opera. If not, I must resign myself to my sad fate; and by way of consolation I shall say: Did not the Romans hiss the *Olympiade* of the divine Pergolese? I leave by the mail, and I hope to reach Naples ere this is in your hands. But one or the other—either I or the letter—will make you aware of the melancholy fate of *Norma* hissed! Don't worry yourself too much about it, my good Florimo; I am young, and I feel within me the power to revenge this terrible disaster. Read this letter to all our friends; I like the truth to be known as well in bad as in good fortune. Farewell; we shall soon meet. Till then take a kiss from your affectionate

"BELLINI."

Norma was always Bellini's favorite among his own compositions. Once, when asked which of his works he should save first if they were imperilled by shipwreck, he answered without hesitation, "Ah! my dear *Norma!*" No wonder, therefore, that we should hear of his weeping bitterly over its failure. But the Milanese set about reversing their judgment even sooner than he had hoped. The opera ran forty nights with increasing success, the tidings of which must have rejoiced Bellini when they reached him in Catania, whither he had gone directly

after its unlucky *première*. His native place received him with inconceivable enthusiasm; the whole town turned out to meet him on his arrival, and the shopkeepers refused to take any money for what he purchased. But neither the sunshine of Sicily nor of Fortune could chase away the melancholy that haunted his smile and oppressed his spirit; he felt a strong presentiment that all things were drawing to a close for him, and as he left the island and saw the great grey mountain emitting volleys of smoke and flame he cried, "And thou also, Etna, thou also art fain to give me one last farewell!" Soon was he fated to pass from off the world's stage—

> Like some frail exhalation which the dawn
> Robes in its golden light.

Soon was he to take that last journey from the bare idea of which he recoiled as a child recoils from darkness. "Is it not a horrible thing to think of," he said, when the end was near, "that the most beloved of men leaves behind him but a faint trace, often almost effaced, sometimes wholly forgotten? Look at me, for instance, surrounded by true and affectionate friends. Had I just quitted this world, they would go on their way, light-hearted as before, giving not a thought to me, and perhaps one day would hear my music without even saying, 'Poor Bellini!'"

Thus the mind wanders from the glory of his early triumphs at La Scala, the memory of which he ever cherished as the most precious thing he possessed, to the silence of his foreign grave, where he lies in good company, beside Cherubini and Chopin, and where the writer of these lines well remembers standing when a child, and thinking that this quiet corner in the Père la Chaise was the spot best worth a visit amid all the splendors of Imperial Paris.

A couple of years after the first performance of *Norma* it was revived, under circumstances of peculiar interest, for the *début* of Maria Malibran in the Scala theatre. The Milanese were determined to have her, but for some reason—very likely a monetary consideration—the impresario (the Duke Visconti di Modrone) was loth to further their wishes. However, the good people of Milan led him no pleasant life whilst his obstinacy held out: they hissed whenever they caught a glimpse of him in his box at La Scala; and, worse still, they actually made arrangements for starting a rival opera company for the sole purpose of ensuring the services of Malibran for the ensuing season. Agents were despatched to negotiate with the *cantatrice;* but the Duke got wind of it, and with all speed sent off two of his own emissaries, who managed to outrun the others and obtained the prize. The Duke had now thoroughly learnt his lesson; he agreed to give Malibran the sum of 450,000 frs. for 185 performances in the seasons of 1835-6-7, with the addition of free benefits, board and lodging in a palace, horses, &c., while she stayed in Milan.

One clique of the Milanese public, which formerly had shown such small appreciation either of opera or performance, professed itself terribly scandalised at Malibran's selection of "Pasta's part" for her first appearance. Between the two great artists themselves there existed no particle of jealousy; Malibran, in fact, did not believe it possible that *Norma*, played by Pasta, could ever have failed to make a deep impression, as we know that it did when first produced in Milan. A little later than the time of which we are now writing she witnessed Pasta's *Norma* in Bologna, and came away declaring that "she was more than ever convinced that the report current in Milan of this opera having been unsuccessful, was totally false." On the same occasion Pasta cordially thanked Malibran for consenting to sing before her fellow-citizens in Milan. But this personal goodwill weighed nothing in the counsels of the "Pastists," who caused poor Maria not a little anxiety until the "first night" came off. Whilst preparing in her dressing-room for the first performance she was quite overcome with tears. The house was crammed; the pit had been crowded since early in the afternoon; the "Pastists" had artfully distributed their contingent over different parts of the theatre. No sooner, however, had Malibran sung the opening bars of "Casta Diva" than all their venom vanished, and they could but join in the thundering plaudits which made the performance one continued triumph, almost unprecedented, even in La Scala.

Malibran stayed a few more happy

days in Milan, her greatest amusement being the puppet Teatro Girolamo, where she spent every moment she could spare. The sculptor Valerio Nesti struck a medal bearing her image, encircled in the words "Maria Felicitas Garcia Malibran;" and on the reverse, "Per universale consenso proclamata mirabile nell' azione e nel canto. Milano. MDCCCXXXIV." On the 14th October, her last appearance that season, the stage became a garden of bouquets and a shower of trinkets (!), and poetic effusions descended from every side. At the conclusion she was recalled thirty times. So intense was the excitement that the police got frightened, and ordered the audience to disperse. When Malibran drove back to the Palazzo Visconti she found a triumphal arch run up in her honor, the gardens glistening with many-colored lamps, and the chorus and orchestra of La Scala drawn up to perform a festal ode. Twenty thousand persons were assembled to bid her farewell.

Malibran's final representations in Milan took place during the carnival season of 1836. One of her very last appearances was in Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda*, in which she uttered certain passages of a political import with a warmth and emphasis that created a tremendous sensation and resulted in the suppression of the opera after two or three nights. She had been at Milan when the news came of Bellini's death, and on the impulse of the moment had started a fund for the purpose of raising a tribute to his memory, putting her own name down for a liberal subscription. One year later, September 23, 1836, the exact anniversary of the death of the composer of *La Sonnambula*, Maria Malibran, whose most peerless assumption was perhaps that of the heroine of this opera, breathed her last in smoky Manchester. Hers is typically the story of the lyrical or dramatic artist. Greeted like a conqueror half over two continents, delighting unnumbered thousands and receiving all that ephemeral fame has to give, she fell meteor-like, at the acme of her career, and left behind—what? De Musset's touching lines gives the answer:

Une croix ! et l'oubli, la nuit et le silence !
Ecoutez ! c'est le vent, c'est l'océan immense ;
C'est un pêcheur qui chante au bord du grand chemin.
Et de tant de beauté, de gloire et d'espérance
De tant d'accords si doux d'un instrumen divin,
Pas un faible soupir, pas un écho lointain.

After all, such a lot is not a sad one; i is an old saying and a true one that nc man can possess everything in this world —"nor woman neither"—and perishable roses are fairer than everlasting flowers.

With the name of Malibran closes the period in the history of La Scala during which its managers were able as a rule to command the services of artists of European reputation. After 1836 the increasing demands of great artists and the furious competition of the opera-houses of Paris, London, and St. Petersburg, made it necessary, with few exceptions, for the Milanese to content themselves with the performances of singers of lesser fame. But when we cast a retrospective glance over the twenty years preceding this date, we cannot but be struck by the galaxy of famous names which meets our eyes. Season after season Pasta, Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache appeared before the audience of La Scala. Lablache came to Milan from Sicily in 1820, bringing with him what was already no mean reputation. He made his *début* at La Scala in *La Cenerentola;* in 1821 Mercadante wrote for him the *rôle* of the father in his *chef-d'œuvre, Elisa e Claudio;* and in 1832 Meyerbeer made his acquaintance and requested him to sing in his new opera, *L'Esule di Granata.* During his earlier visits to Milan Lablache came in contact with a superannuated buffo named Raffanelli, an excellent singer, who in his youth had formed part of the celebrated Italian troupe which made so much sensation in Paris in 1789, and who was now occupying the humble position of cashier to the Scala Theatre. It was from this man that he learnt the secret of that exquisite and delicate distinction in the manner of rendering the music of different schools and epochs, for which he was afterwards justly extolled. Raffanelli posted himself in an obscure box while the general rehearsals were proceeding, and made his remarks upon Lablache's acting, diction, and vocalisation, which were modified, amplified, or corrected on the following day in accordance with the tenor of the veteran's observations. It testifies much to La-

blache's intelligence and modesty that he was willing to be schooled and tutored by the old ex-buffo, and it is certain that his admirable style was largely attributable to the lessons thus received.

La Scala seems to have been the first important opera-house at which Rubini appeared. There is a curious anecdote, and one illustrating the cost at which those surprising high notes, always so dear to the public, are sometimes produced, in relation to his connection with this theatre. Pacini's opera, *Il Talismano*, was put upon the stage during the spring season of 1829, and Rubini, as the hero, made his entry with a recitative in which a phrase occurred where the high B flat was suddenly attacked and sustained, to the enormous delight of the audience, who invariably made the house resound with cries of "Un altra volta! un altra volta!" Seven times was the B flat given and repeated with success; but on the eighth evening, when the great tenor came forward, and, casting up his eyes, drew a long breath preparatory to striking the note, not a sound followed! —his voice had failed him. The audience encouraged him with sympathetic cheers to a second attempt, and, making a tremendous muscular effort, he threw out a blast clear and pure as ever was silver trumpet. The public enthusiasm knew no bounds; but, in the moment of the exertion, the singer had experienced the sensation of something violently snapping in his chest; and when the scene was over—for, borne up by excitement, he went through it as though nothing had happened—he sent for the surgeon of the theatre, who discovered that he had broken his clavicle. He asked how long it would take to mend, to which the surgeon replied, two months of perfect repose. Rubini stoutly declared that he could not break his engagement, and it was at length agreed that he should keep quiet in the day but continue to sing at night. Many years after, when he had retired from the stage, though his voice was still so beautiful that those who heard it asserted there was nothing to be compared to it, Rubini returned to Milan; and his portly figure and red silk handkerchief were for a long time conspicuous features in the Scala pit. He would attend almost every performance, listening with marked attention to the music and uttering an indignant "hush" when, to obtain a hearing, any poor artist had to carry on an unequal struggle with the din of conversation.

Milan is associated with the youth of the two latest famous Italian composers no less than with that of their predecessors. Here Donizetti produced *Anna Bolena*, his thirty-second opera, but the first which stamped him as an original master. There is no record of this event either in the archives of La Scala or in those of the Teatro della Canobbiana, and we therefore conclude the work was written for the Carcano theatre, temporarily converted into an opera-house. In 1832 his *L'Elisir d'Amore* was brought out at the Canobbiana, and in 1834 *Lucrezia Borgia* was produced at the Scala —the former with great, the latter with no very signal success. Of Verdi the story is told that he was sent to the Milanese Conservatoire in 1833 by a lawyer of the name of Antonio Barezzi, who had detected in him the germs of genius whilst he was yet working as a lad in his father's mill in the Parmese village of Busseto. The professional authorities, less discriminating, either refused to admit him because to their minds his appearance denoted the reverse of a musical organisation, or dismissed him, after a brief trial, owing to his displaying "a total want of musical talent." On this point accounts differ. Anyhow, Verdi was faithful to the *ars divina*, discouragements notwithstanding. Turned away from the Conservatoire, he sought the tuition of one Lavigna, *maestro del cembalo* at the Scala. Lavigna's system of instruction consisted in setting his pupils to write pieces as best they could for his subsequent correction; the method was simple, but, to judge by the results, effective. With him Verdi remained for several years. It is said that when, in 1842, the young composer offered his *Nabuco* to the directors of La Scala, his old patron the lawyer again came to his aid, and, by dint of expending considerable sums in caution-money, induced the not too willing impresario to accept the work. It proved an unequivocal success, and made the reputation of Verdi, who was thirty times summoned to the footlights, where he stood in threadbare coat and much worn

boots, with his eyes irresistibly fixed upon the box which contained a certain delighted old miller from Busseto.

We have thus briefly sketched some of those scenes, notable in Art history, which flit before the mind of the musical amateur when he takes his place in the great theatre of Milan. But the Scala is suggestive of memories yet more stirring than the triumphs of its stage. To do honor to what a strange medley of kings and governments has it not been lit *a giorno*, and crowded with starred and diamond-bedecked multitudes!—fêtes of the Cisalpine Republic, fêtes of the Austro-Russian victories, fêtes of the Peace of Luneville; gala performances for Prince Eugène Beauharnais and his Bavarian bride, for "His Majesty the Emperor and King, Napoleon," for the return of the National Army. Once more, representations "By Command" of Austrian Archdukes and Viceroyalty —down to the days of wild exultation, when people were still full of faith in Imperial promises, and when the King of Sardinia and he whom he called his "magnanimous ally" graced the Scala with their presence on the morrow of Magenta. Another visit of the King in the August of the same year; visits also of the Tuscan and Æmilian deputations, which came in bearing their adherence to the nation's unity; then a performance on behalf of the exodus of patriotic Venetians; again, one of welcome to the National Guard of liberated Naples; and, in October, 1870, the reception of the Roman deputation and the celebration of the crowning of the national edifice. Latest of all, the other day, another Emperor to be entertained —quite a different one to the last or those who went before him; an Emperor come across the Alps neither for battle nor penance, but just to stand here father-like beside Italy's future Queen, and bow low his hoary head to a throng of free Italian men and women. Wonderful the fated march of events which has made this Hohenzollern prince the fulfiller of Dante's prophecy—the Imperial *Dux* from the North, who with one swift strong blow sweeps over the temporal Popedom and its Gallic prop.

Non sarà tutto tempo senza reda
L'Aguglia . . . . . .
. . . . un cinquecento dieci e cinque
Messo di Dio, anciderà la fuja
E quel gigante che con lei delinque.

Surely it seems, as we go through the annals of La Scala, that we see rising before us the whole drama, stranger, more impossible than any fiction that has been enacted in these our times, in what the first Napoleon was wont to speak of as "ce beau théâtre de l'Italie." And now that we have wandered into politics, it may be as well to say a word in regard to the underlying significance of those outbursts of enthusiasm, those unexampled operatic triumphs, of which La Scala was the scene during the darkest days of alien subjugation. How could a people bent beneath a foreign yoke find heart to rejoice even in the sweetest melodies of Rossini or at Rubini's most honeyed notes? A great poet, a German touched upon this point, hard upon fifty years ago, with that luminous insight that makes us sometimes doubt if poets are not after all the wise men of the earth, and we, the votaries of prose and common sense, be not the fools and blind—if it is not they who see realities and we visions. He says—whether the story was *vero* or *ben trovato* is not material—but he says: "One of my Britons regarded the Italians as being politically indifferent, because they seemed to listen with equanimity, when we strangers chatted on the Catholic Emancipation and the Turkish War; and he was unjust enough to say as much, mockingly to a pale Italian with a jet-black beard We had the previous evening seen the *début* of a new opera in *La Scala*, and witnessed the tremendous enthusiasm which a first success excites. 'You Italians,' said the Englishman, 'appear to be dead to everything save music, which is the only thing which seems to excite you.' 'You do us injustice,' said the pale one, shrugging his shoulders. 'Ah! sighed he, 'Italy sits elegiacally dreaming on her ruins, and when she is at times suddenly awakened by the melody of a song and springs wildly up, this sudden inspiration is not due to the song itself, but rather to the ancient memories and feelings which the song has awakened—which Italy has ever borne in her heart, and which now mightily gush forth —and this is the meaning of the wild tumult which you have heard in *La Scala.*'"

Heinrich Heine wrote thus in 1823. It is so true that not a word can be now added to it or taken from it. The soul of Italy, gagged in speech, found utterance in song; and thus the golden period of Italian opera comes to have a connection with subsequent events little suspected by those who deem man's spirit a thing made up of nicely docketed pigeon-holes and fail to see that life is one, whether its manifestations be art, literature, politics, or religion.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE OLD STONEMASON.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

A showery day in early spring—
An old man and a child
Are seated near a scaffolding
Where marble blocks are piled.

His clothes are stain'd by age and soil,
As hers by rain and sun;
He looks as if his days of toil
Were very nearly done.

To eat his dinner he had sought
A staircase proud and vast,
And here the duteous child had brought
His scanty noon repast.

A worn-out workman needing aid;—
A blooming child of light;—
The stately palace steps;—all made
A most pathetic sight.

I had sought shelter from the storm,
And saw this lowly pair,
But none could see the Shining Form
That watch'd beside them there.

Cornhill Magazine.

HER DEAREST FOE.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

LILLINGTON was a pretty, well-situated village, about thirty-five miles from town, twenty of which were on the busy main-line, and the rest a special little byeway, a sort of railway lane, if such a term may be used, on which the pace seldom reached fifteen miles an hour, and the trains stopped about every ten minutes at diminutive toy-like stations, where neatly-kept gardens, rock-works, and curious devices in white stones attested the ample leisure of the station-masters. Yet the line had an air of sleepy prosperity. It led through a richly cultivated country, tolerably open and flat, with here and there stretches of wood and young plantations, and peeps at lordly dwellings, and in the season it was busy with passengers in horse-boxes—and their owners scarlet-coated and top-booted—or sportsmen laden with the most approved fowling-pieces by well-known makers, and all the modern paraphernalia required to enable an Englishman to spend "a happy day." The neighborhood of Lillington was famous for its sporting merits; wealthy proprietors vied with each other in their mag-

nificent hospitalities and strictly-guarded preserves, where the pheasants fared sumptuously, and Lazarus, in the shape of the laborer, lay at their gates, if not full of sores, sorely in need of almost all that civilised man deems essential to life. True, the charitable gifts distributed in due season were liberal, but somehow, to that slowly-moving mechanism, the English mind, generosity is a sorry substitute for justice.

Kate enjoyed the journey—the varied tints of the woods, the rich brown of the ploughed fields—the sense of freedom in the passing view of wide-spreading, gently-sloping uplands—of comfort and civilisation in the peeps at stately mansions or snug farm-houses—yet, the color of her mind was russet, like the woods—though not untouched by gold. How she wished to have Fanny or Tom Reed, or both, with her. Solitary enjoyment was only half a pleasure to her. "If I succeed," she thought, "I can take enough for every want I can possibly have, without robbing Hugh Galbraith; for after having been taught to look upon the inheritance as his, it *is* robbing him to take it all. I wonder where he is, and what he is about?" and then her thoughts grew less distinct as she fell into a reverie as to what she would do if she were free—that is, sufficiently well off to do what she liked. She would travel a great deal and study, and have a sort of resting-place with Tom and Fanny, and then collect something of a literary and political society around her. So, cheating the time, and shutting her eyes to her companions, who were of a rather unpleasant and horsey order, for she travelled second-class, and the train was unusually full in consequence of the sale of a well-known stud within a couple of miles of Lillington, the minutes flew fast, and she was at her destination.

But Lillington was a larger place than she expected, and as the name of Gregory was probably not very well known, she directed her steps to the post-office, where her inquiries were answered by a big, good-humored, red-haired girl, who looked like the incarnation of country fare, fresh eggs, fresh butter, cream, rosy-cheeked apples, and dairy-fed pork.

"Captain Gregory," she repeated, "I seem to know the name, and yet I cannot tell where he lives. Here," calling through a door which she opened an inch or two, behind her. "Mary Jane, do you know a Captain Gregory anywheres about?"

A shrill scream, as if from an upper chamber, replied, "I dunno about captain, but there are some people name of Gregory living with old Mr. Thorne, at the Dene."

"Yes, sure," exclaimed the other, returning to the counter, for the post-office was also the general shop. "I remember now old Mr. Thorne (he is the collector) has his daughter and her children from London staying with him."

"They are the people I want, no doubt," said Kate. "How shall I find the place?"

"Oh, it is quite easy; go straight through the village, and up the hill t'other side, and at the top there's a lane on the left; a little way down you come to a brook and stepping-stones, and the Dene cottage will be right in front."

Kate thanked her, and walked briskly on.

It was a typical autumnal day. The mists and fog that had prevailed for nearly a week had disappeared, leaving a cloudless, pale blue sky, a bright sun, and a crisp clear atmosphere, like the vigorous health of hale old age. The village, neither squalid, nor yet the pampered plaything of some wealthy patron, was sufficiently untidy to be natural, sufficiently in order to be cheerful. Kate soon cleared it, and ascended the hill beyond more slowly, enjoying the fresh pure air, the delicious odor of a newly-ploughed field, and the occasional chirping notes of the birds in the tangled hedgerows, all dank and damp with the week's wet.

At the top the lane described was easily found, and Kate followed it through a beech-wood, where the thickly-fallen leaves gave a tinge of dull red to the ground, and the fences were moss-grown and picturesquely decayed; the sun, now at its height, gleamed through the thinned foliage, touching the smooth trunks with living gold, and lighting up the wealth of many-colored vegetation with a glory artists might vainly covet. Out again into the open, where laborers were digging up the mangel-wurzel, and

heaping it into a bank, to be covered with straw and clay for winter use, past other ploughed fields, with a background of tall majestic elms, and then the lane descended steeply to a rivulet, now swollen with the late rains, until the stepping-stones were almost submerged. The road rose again at the opposite side, and yet the bank had been cut away to diminish the ascent, for to the left a steeper portion remained clothed with stunted oaks and brushwood, above which rose the gables of a tolerably large thatched cottage, evidently of a higher and more pretentious description than the ordinary habitations of the village. Kate hesitated, looking at the stepping-stones, and reluctant to attempt the passage, when a lumbering lad in a smock-frock came whistling out of some cattle-sheds which were on the opposite side of the road. He stopped suddenly and gazed with some surprise at the unwonted apparition of a lady so distinguished looking as the young widow, in spite of the severe simplicity of her attire.

"Pray can you tell me if that," pointing to the cottage, "is the Dene?" asked Kate, raising her voice.

"Yes, it be!"

"Is Captain Gregory there now?"

"Yes, he be."

"Would you be so good as to give me your hand across these stones?" continued Kate, smiling.

The boy rubbed that member carefully on his frock, and advanced with a sort of wooden alacrity. Thus assisted, Kate contrived to pass over scatheless, save for wetting one boot considerably. Her cavalier directed her to a little green gate, which opened between two luxuriant bushes of lauristinas, and led by some steps into a neat garden in front of the cottage.

Here a black-eyed, curly-headed boy, of four or five years old, was teasing a solemn old house-dog, and on Kate's addressing him he immediately fled through an open door shouting "Mother, mother!" with all the force of his lungs.

"He will not fail to bring some one here," thought Kate, as she looked at her watch. "Just three quarters of an hour since I left the station. I must time myself not to lose the three o'clock train." Here a neatly-dressed woman of lady-like aspect, with fine black eyes, but a sad, anxious expression, came to the door.

"Pray do I speak to Mrs. Gregory?" asked Kate.

"You do," she replied, with some surprise.

"I have come to inquire for Captain Gregory, and, if possible, to see him."

"Pray walk in; I am not sure that he can see any one, for he is still but poorly; but perhaps I may be able to speak for him." She led the way into a small, accurately arranged sitting-room, which, being fireless and rather damp, struck a chill to her visitor. Perceiving this, Mrs. Gregory said: "If you do not mind coming into the kitchen, there is a nice fire, and no one there just now."

"Thank you, I should much prefer it."

The kitchen was a cosy, highly polished, picturesque apartment, quite a typical kitchen, and Kate gladly accepted a wooden chair near the fire.

"I ought to apologise for intruding upon you," began Kate, "but I believe that your husband may be able to assist me in a matter of great importance. You will probably understand me at once when I tell you I am Mrs. Travers."

"Dear, dear! are you Mrs. Travers? I *am* surprised! Come all this way! I thought you were in France. I'm sure if I thought you were coming I should have had the best sitting-room fire alight." And the little woman's color rose nervously; for Mrs. Travers, the widow of the head of what had been to the Gregory family the "mighty" house o "Travers & Co." was a personage of high degree, far beyond any social standing Mrs. Gregory ever hoped to reach.

"No room could be pleasanter than this," said Kate gently. "And now I will tell you the object of my visit, and you shall judge if it be prudent for your husband to see me or not."

She proceeded briefly to explain that doubts had arisen from circumstances too long to be detailed as to the authenticity of the will by which she had been deprived of her husband's property, and she was anxious to ascertain when Captain Gregory would be fit to undertake the journey to town in order to examine his father's signature.

"I am sure, Mrs. Travers, if he would

see any one it would be you; but his nerves have had a terrible shake, and his strength too. The doctor says that nothing but extreme quiet, and being away from everything like the sea and ships, will restore him. That is the reason we brought him away here. I had been with father before (he is so lonely since mother died), and my three little ones; my eldest daughter is at school, she is training to be a governess. I lost several children between her and the next. So, as I was saying, we brought my husband down here, and he is certainly better. I suppose you heard all about the shipwreck? I can't bear to think of it, or hear of it; but I sometimes fear we are too quiet. He wants a little cheering up. I'll tell you what, ma'am, it's close on his dinner-time,"—here she lifted the lid of a saucepan and peeped in,—"and I'll take it in to him and tell him you are here, and see how he feels; and maybe, you will take a little bit with us? I have some potato-pie for the little ones and myself, for father won't be in till evening, if you would not mind putting up with such a thing for once. You must be famished, after your journey from town," &c., &c.

And little Mrs. Gregory bustled about, quite excited by having so distinguished a guest, for whose wrongs, moreover, she felt the most indignant sympathy, especially as the unpretending grace of Kate's manner made her feel at home as well as honored. The little boy now sidled up to the visitor—a charming, plump, rosy-cheeked rogue. Attracted by the kindly, smiling eyes of the strange lady, he condescended to get on her knee, and, soothed by the tender touch of her caressing arms, leant his curly pate against her shoulder and gazed wonderingly into her face.

"Well, I'm sure," said the mother when she returned, "Georgie has made himself at home! Get down, sir, and don't tire the lady."

"Oh, let him stay!" exclaimed the young widow; "I always feel flattered when a child seems to like me."

"Well, Captain Gregory is quite roused up at the notion of seeing you," continued his wife. "But I told him you should have some dinner while he was taking his; and now I will go light the parlor fire and set the table, for I let the girl out for the day, as ill luck would have it."

"Then pray let us dine here," cried Kate. "It is so nice and bright and comfortable."

So it was arranged. The young widow removed her bonnet, and soon Mrs. Gregory felt at ease; for Kate possessed that indescribable tact, the product of many ingredients, but the basis of which is thorough and sincere sympathy with others, which no difference of habits or manner can put at fault, provided always a certain rectitude exists. To her all humanity was sacred, and among her fellow-creatures she found nothing common or unclean—save for absolute moral error—towards which her feelings were more akin to compassion than contempt.

Captain Gregory, and the little back parlor he occupied, had evidently been smartened up for Kate's visit, and though a square-built man of powerful frame, he looked greatly worn and reduced.

He rose to receive her respectfully, with more of the manner of her own class than his wife possessed, looking at her intently with his keen grey eyes as he did so.

"I congratulate you on your wonderful escape," said Kate, holding out her hand; "and I am truly glad you are so much better."

"Thank you," he replied; "I am sorry you have had such a journey to seek me out. I should have willingly replied to any letter you had sent me."

"I am sure you would," she returned, sitting down opposite him. "But, Captain Gregory, I have long wished to speak to you about this unfortunate will, and now I think your opinion respecting your father's signature may be a help, as I think of making an attempt to set aside the will."

"I rejoice to hear it, madam, for, from the bottom of my soul, I believe it to be false."

"You do? I like to hear you say so. It is, of course, *my* belief, but hitherto I have found no one to agree with me. I wonder we did not think of asking you to look at the signatures before, but Mr. Reed did not really give any credence to my opinion, and it requires a hearty faith to bring forth works."

"True," returned Gregory; "I would

give a good deal to see the old man's writing, or what is supposed to be his; but I don't think I could bear a railway journey for another fortnight or so. You see, I was knocked down with sickness before, and hadn't rightly recovered when I went to sea again. I am not a man for speechifying, Mrs. Travers, but as long as I live I'll never forget your kindness and help to my poor sister just in the nick of time. Why, she'd have gone to smash, only for you; and me along with her, for I had nothing to spare, yet I could not let my sister and her children starve. So far as I can help you, Mrs. Travers, you may command me."

"I am indeed glad I was able to be of use to her, Captain Gregory, but my period of usefulness was very limited; since that time I have required all my exertions for myself."

"Why," exclaimed the honest sailor with a start, and gazing with deep interest into the sweet, earnest face before him, "you don't mean to say you were ever downright hard up?"

"No, I have done very well; nor would I fight for money only, though I prefer being well off, but there is more at stake upon this will."

"And didn't that chap—he that came into the property—make no offer of a settlement? What a d——d screw! I beg your pardon."

"Oh yes, he did; but I would not—could not tie my hands by accepting it."

"It will be a desperate hard fight for you. This Sir—whatever his name is—has the sinews of war, and of course will use them without stint."

"Don't you think," said Kate thoughtfully, leaning back in her chair, "an honorable man, once convinced that he has no right to the property he enjoys, would be ready to give it up?"

"Bless your soul," exclaimed Gregory with animation, "that is just the point! It is uncommon hard to convince the most honorable man on earth that he has not a better right to three or four thousand a year than any one else! And from all I have heard of your adversary, I fancy he is a stiff customer."

Kate did not reply immediately; imagination had conjured up the face and form of her adversary as she had last seen him, his eyes darkened and glowing with the depth of his feelings; his ordinary cold, rugged composure fused by his ardor for herself into visible emotion; and yet, in all this disturbance, making for his goal with a certain force and distinctness, though without an unnecessary word. It hurt her to hear him spoken of slightingly. "I have always believed Sir Hugh Galbraith to be an honorable man," she said softly. "At any rate, once I embark in this warfare I must carry it out, cost what it may!" Then, after a moment's pause, she went on. "If it is not too fatiguing, Captain Gregory, will you tell me what you remember your father said about the will he was supposed to have drawn up?"

"Well," began Gregory, looking straight away to the opposite side of the little room, "it was the end of February or beginning of March two years ago—I think it must have been March, for it was about a week before I sailed for Shanghai, and we cleared out of dock on the 10th. You see, father was to have dined with me at K——'s, in America Square, because I was too busy to go to him. He was to have been with me at six, and he did not come till half-past; and he said he could not help it, because he had been kept by Mr. Travers himself. Then afterwards, when he had been warmed up a bit with a glass of grog, he says, nodding his head, how with all his conceit Ford hadn't as much of Mr. Travers's confidence as he had, for Mr. Travers had trusted him about his will, and that he (father I mean) had witnessed it that afternoon; nay, I am pretty sure he said he had written it out, only I could not swear to that, and that it was a dead secret. Then he says—I remember the very words,—'It's rather hard that, though I'm trusted, I am not promoted,' says he; 'and if Mr. Travers dies I would be worse off, for Ford would be all in all with the new principal; she, knowing nothing of business, would look to him for everything. He would be the real master, and he hates me!' Then I said something about Mr. Travers having left everything to you, ma'am, but father pulled me up directly, and said that ill or well treated he was not going to betray his employer. I thought no more about it, but the impression on my mind was that you would be mistress after the old gentleman's death;

and when I came back after being so ill, I never was more astonished than to find everything upset—you gone, nobody knew where, and a new man at the head of the house. Then your friend, Mr. Reed, came to question me, and the whole conversation came back to my mind. I did not care to answer him at first, one is so afraid of the law; but I am glad I saw him before that fellow Ford came sneaking down to my place, for I was on my guard. Father always hated him like poison; so do I."

"Why, may I ask?"

"Well, I can't tell exactly; he is too d——d polite by half, and yet he seems to make little of you all the time. What's your idea about the will, Mrs. Travers? I suppose Sir Hugh bribed Ford to forge it?"

"That is not at all my idea. Sir Hugh Galbraith would never do such a thing! Nor have I any reason to suppose Mr. Ford would lend himself to such iniquity. Are you aware that Mr. Ford lost five hundred pounds by the discovery of this present will?"

"No, he did not lose it all. I understood Sir Hugh made him a handsome present."

"Still, there was a strong probability of his losing it, and no visible motive for him to risk so much."

"Had he any spite against you?"

"None. I have no right to suppose he had."

"Well, I cannot make it out."

"And your impression is distinctly that the property was bequeathed to me?"

"I always thought so. I think so still."

"And you say this interview with your father took place late in February or early in March. Now, the will is dated in March, so it must be the same will."

"Hold a bit!" cried Gregory. "What's the exact date of the will?"

"March the fifteenth."

"By George! then I'll swear I had that talk with my father a week before. I tell you, we sailed on the 10th."

"That is important," said Kate, looking earnestly at him; "but might not another will have been made in the interim?"

"Almost impossible, I should say."

"At any rate," said Kate, looking at her watch, "your evidence will be of great importance. Here is my solicitor's address. Let me know when you are able to take the journey to town. I am most anxious to have your opinion of your father's signature to the will. Meantime have you any of his writing you could spare me to compare with it?"

"Not at hand; but I will look some out and send to you," returned Gregory.

"Then I must leave you," said Kate, "for I fear to lose the three o'clock train. Will you pardon the selfishness that induced me to come here and tease you with my troubles?"

She rose as she spoke, holding out an ungloved white hand and looking into his eyes with her own—darkly fringed, softly earnest—sending the magnetic glance straight to the sailor's honest heart.

"My dear lady"—his pale cheek coloring with the sincerity of interest—"I am but too glad to have had an opportunity of talking matters over with you, and you have done me good into the bargain. I feel moped to death lying here on my beam-ends. In ten days or so I hope to be in town again. Meanwhile, I will look out one of my poor father's letters, and send it you."

They shook hands heartily and parted.

Mrs. Gregory attended her guest to the ford, and summoned a man from the yard behind the house to assist her over the stepping-stones. Little Georgie and his sister accompanied her part of the way down the lane, and then she went on, enjoying the unwonted pleasure of a woodland walk, and the delicious perfume of some young larch plantations, thinking of her old home which the scenery recalled, of those happy youthful days which had so soon ended, and since which, despite her large capacity for happiness, she had never known any joy. Kindly and gratefully as she remembered her husband, she sighed to think how "cribbed, cabined, and confined" had been her early youth; and now, should she go through life without ever tasting the joy of loving and being loved? She knew herself, and murmured: "It is just possible, unless my circumstances change." Then, by some strange drifting in the mists of indistinct thought, the idea sprang almost to her lips, "How could any one imagine for a moment that a man in

Hugh's position would risk the danger of felony? How impossible for the untrained and uneducated to judge probabilities fairly!

She was in time, but no more, for the three o'clock train, and was pushed somewhat unceremoniously by a rustic porter into a carriage rather more than half full of the same class of objectionable men with whom she had travelled down. One—an audacious, flashy-looking personage, much better dressed than the rest—sat unpleasantly close, almost squeezing her into a corner. However, she endured it all with her accustomed philosophy, changing her place when a man left the carriage at one of the intermediate stations.

At H—— she determined to try and find a carriage with other ladies in it before taking her place.

Crossing over the bridge which led to the "up" platform, she found the London train was signalled.

"Will you be so good as to put me in a carriage with other ladies?" said she to an official of a higher class, whose cap was inscribed "collector."

"You must speak to the guard, 'm. Ticket, if you please."

Kate felt for her purse. She turned her pocket inside out, but in vain. It was gone.

"My pocket has been picked! What shall I do?"

"Very awkward. You had better speak to the station-master; I daresay he will telegraph for you. You must stand back now till the up-train is gone."

"But——" urged Kate, bewildered for a moment.

"Can't let you pass without a ticket," interrupted the man, misunderstanding her, and stretching out his arm as a sort of barrier.

Kate shrank back instantly, and stood quite still, striving to collect herself and think what was best to be done.

Chapter XXXII.

When Hugh Galbraith turned away from the dwelling where he had known the most of pleasure that had ever brightened his somewhat sombre life, nearly five months before this stage of our story, he felt strangely sore and stunned, yet not indignant. He had always accepted the position of "a fellow women did not care about" with great philosophy, returning their indifference with full measure, yet not the least resentment. But this practical proof of his own unattractiveness struck home. Worst of all, it lent the additional charm of being out of reach to the woman who had so fascinated him.

She was a lady in the fullest acceptation of the word; delicate, refined. The attendant circumstances of keeping a shop must be repulsive to her, yet she preferred battling with the difficulties of such a life to accepting the position, the ease, the security she might enjoy as his wife. Nevertheless, he loved her the more for her unwavering honesty; and, as he walked miserably to and fro, seeking to while away the weary hours till it was time to go to bed (for there were no more trains that day), he cursed his own precipitancy in having thus suddenly cut himself off from all chance of any more play in the game on which he had staked so much. He had not diverged from his original route with any intention of proposing to Mrs. Temple; he only wished to satisfy his eyes with the sight of her, and gladden his heart with the sound of her voice; and then in a moment a wave of passion carried him over the border of polite seeming into the reality of confession! Yet, after all, he did not know what was beneath the cards. He could not for a moment believe that Kate Temple's past contained any page she need desire to obliterate or conceal, but there *was* something there she did not choose him to know. He was too candid to attribute his rejection to this reason. He recognized her actual indifference, while he recalled with a certain degree of painful gratitude the kindly emotion in her voice as she spoke her adieux. "I suppose it will come all right," thought Galbraith, with a dreary effort at manful, reasonable resignation. "I suppose the time will come when I shall think I have had a narrow escape from a piece of folly, for it is about the last sort of marriage I ever contemplated; but it's infernally bitter to give it up at present. Still, I suppose it is better for me in the end. Might I not have repented had she said 'Yes' instead of 'No'?" But even while he strove to argue himself into composure, the recollection of Kate's great lustrous eyes, dewy with unshed tears, her

expressive mouth, the rich red lips tremulous with kindly sympathy in the pain she inflicted, came back to him so vividly that he longed with a passion more ardent, more intense than he had ever felt before, to hold her in his arms and press his lips to hers.

The Grange, as it was familiarly called —or Kirby Grange, to give the full appellation—the old house of the Galbraiths, was even more desolate than Sir Hugh expected to find it. His boyish reminiscences presented him with a lonely picture enough, but not equal to the reality.

Yet he soon grew to be at home there. Galbraith, though essentially an aristocrat, was not in the least a fine gentleman; the plainest food, the simplest accommodation, sufficed for him. His soldier servant, a man in the stables, an old woman and her daughter to keep the house, formed an ample retinue. Some modern additions to such portions of the antiquated, mouldy furniture as could still be used made a few rooms habitable, and here Hugh Galbraith spent the summer, perhaps more agreeably than he would have done elsewhere. The land he had newly purchased gave him a good deal of employment. There were fresh leases to be granted on fresh terms; but some of his new acquisition he would keep in his own hands. Farming was exactly the employment that suited him. Moreover, Galbraith had been too long a poor gentleman, striving bravely and successfully to keep out of debt, not to have acquired a liking for money. To improve his property and add to it had become his day-dream. To this end he contented himself with a small personal expenditure, although when he first felt the unwonted excitement of comparative wealth he was tempted to many indulgences he scarcely cared for; the first taste of life as lord of the soil awakened in him a thirst to extend his domains.

In the long summer days his greatest resource was a small schooner, in which he passed many a thoughtful hour, and which formed the canvas or groundwork on which Lady Styles embroidered her fiction of a "splendid yacht."

In short, Galbraith went wisely and systematically to work to effect his own cure; nay, he sometimes thought he had succeeded. Perhaps for a few extra busy days the haunting, aching regret would be silenced or kept at bay; but when he most fancied the ghost was laid, a breath of mignonette wafted from the garden, a gleam of sunset over the sea, the coo of the wood-pigeon, or even a wild easterly gale dashing the storm-tossed waters with giant wrath against the dark cliffs that stood up with savage strength against them — anything, everything would touch the electric chain of association and bring back those few weeks of strange companionship vividly before him. Again he would see Kate's eyes, the exact color of which he never quite made out—dreamy, earnest, tender, resentful—he knew them in every change; and the rounded outlines of the pliant figure he had so often greedily watched sinking down into attitudes of natural, graceful repose, or rising into unconscious stateliness—the restful manner, the frank, unstudied talk—all would come back to him with painful intensity.

But on the whole he gained ground. He thought, he hoped, these fever fits were growing fewer and further between. To complete his cure he seized gladly upon the opportunity offered by his friend, being so far on his way northward, when he found Upton was the guest of Lady Styles, and soon succeeded in persuading him to forsake the gaieties of Weston for the ruder hospitalities of Kirby Grange, much to her ladyship's indignation.

It was September and the weather was glorious. Galbraith and his friend had had a long enjoyable day on the moors, which were a few miles inland from the Grange. They had not "made bags" worthy of notice in the local papers, but they had had sufficient sport to give zest to their long tramp over the springy heather.

The wide horizon of the "fells" imparts a sense of light and liberty which no rock-bound valley, however beautiful, conveys. You are in no way shut in. The beauty and freedom of nature impress themselves upon you, and her awful power is out of sight. The far-stretching purple distance spread out in undulations, like billows arrested in their swell, gives the idea of a moorland ocean, with even a greater consciousness of lib-

erty, for it needs no imprisoning ship; you may plunge yourself on any side over a boundless space of bloom and fragrance towards the distant blue:—

"And now in front behold outspread
Those upper regions we must tread
'Mid hollows and clear heathy swells,
The cheerful silence of the fells.
Some two hours' march with serious air
Through the deep noontide heats we fare;
The red grouse springing at our sound,
Skims now and then the shining ground;
No life save his and ours intrudes
Upon these breathless solitudes!"

Neither Galbraith nor Upton was able to quote Mathew Arnold, yet both felt the influence of the scene; the breezy, healthy, life-giving atmosphere sent them back satisfied with themselves, and pleased with each other.

Colonel Upton's was a much lighter and more complex nature than Galbraith's. "Enjoyment," it must be admitted, was "his end and way," and he had hitherto accomplished this end very successfully. A little more of selfishness might have made him odious; a trifle more light-heartedness would have made him uninteresting; but, for once, no ingredient preponderated, and a pleasanter, more popular fellow than Willie Upton never existed. No one would have thought of confiding any difficult or profound undertaking to his guidance, but of the pluck and dash that would carry him over any five-barred gate of obstacle at a bound he had plenty. When we add that he was Irish on his mother's side, the un-English facet of his nature is accounted for.

The friends descended from the dog-cart, which had conveyed them to and from the scene of their sport, ravenously hungry, and sufficiently tired to enjoy easy-chairs, after a hearty repast, in a window of the dining-room, from whence a glimpse of the sea glittering in the moonlight could be caught. Here they smoked for a few minutes in silence; silence seldom lasted longer when Colonel Upton was present.

"I think," said he, slowly waving his cigar, and watching the curls of smoke—"I think a certain amount of roughness is necessary to perfect enjoyment."

"How?"

"Why, to-day has been almost, indeed altogether, perfect—and yet it was in the rough-and-ready style—pardon my scant civility. But if we had had an array of keepers, and gillies, and ponies, and an elaborate luncheon awaiting us at a certain point, and several crack shots, and heaven knows what besides, it would have been infinitely less enjoyable than our quiet day with that queer specimen of a gamekeeper. Our sandwiches and biscuit, with a dash of Glenlivat in that deliciously cold spring water, were a banquet for the gods! It is a great mistake to paint the lily."

"I am glad you were pleased," said Galbraith.

"Be the sport what it may, I don't care to have the game beaten to my foot," resumed Upton. "I like to do my own stalking. By the way, Galbraith, I never saw such a queer, cold fellow as you are. If I had come into a fortune as you have, after having been in a hard-up condition all the days of my life, there would have been no holding me. You used to be livelier last winter; but you are as grave, ay, worse, now as in the old times. I don't think you are a shade jollier, for having 'a house and estate and three thousand a year'—or is it four?"

"I don't think I am," said Galbraith, quietly. "There is so much in idea. A man can but have what he wants, and my wants are almost as easily provided with four hundred a year as four thousand. I tell you, though, what I do enjoy, Upton: I like living in this old den; I like walking over the lands I have bought back; I like planning to buy more, and watching my opportunity to do so. But I sometimes think of Indian camp-life with regret."

"I daresay you do. You are one of those fellows who are jolliest under difficulties. However, this might be made a nice place; four or five thousand in repairs, and two or three in furniture, would make it very habitable. Then a well-bred wife with a pretty sister or two, to amuse your friends in the shooting season—and there you are."

Galbraith smiled grimly. "If the future Lady Galbraith requires three or four thousand pounds'worth of furniture, she must supply them herself," said he.

"What an extraordinary effect money has!" cried Upton. "I suppose if you had never come into your uncle's fortune, you would have been marrying

some pretty nobody without a rap? Now you want more."

"Well, life in our grade is very costly, once a wife is added to its encumbrances. My first desire is to collect a little more of the old estate; that will take all my spare cash, and not bring much of a return for some time to come, so the furnishing may wait." After a pause, during which Upton hummed the "Sieur de Framboisie," Galbraith resumed, "I suppose I must marry some day; but at my age a fellow may count on seven or eight years' liberty."

"You may if you like, but you'll be approaching the 'old boy' period. However, I daresay you will find a spouse without much difficulty at any period. You are so desperately modest, you always affect to believe yourself unacceptable. Did you ever try to make yourself agreeable to any woman?"

"Yes," returned Galbraith, unmoved, "and failed signally."

Upton laughed, but gave his friend a keen glance.

"Then I am disposed to quote a scrap of verse my sister's little girl used to sing to me—'Try, try, try again.'"

"In due time," said Galbraith gravely; "I imagine it would be rather a nuisance to have a wife very much in love with you; but I shall probably by-and-by find a woman of good family, with a sense of honor and some intelligence, who will have no objection to add her fortune to mine, and share both with me, and we shall jog along very comfortably."

"Good God! what an appalling picture!" cried Upton, throwing away the end of his cigar, and pouring out a glass of claret. "Have you no warm blood in your veins, Galbraith? There is nothing half so delightful as being in love, except being fallen in love with. I intend my wife to be tremendously in love with me; and will do my best to keep her in that frame of mind, thinking all my sayings marvels of wit or wisdom, and my doings heroic action—and——"

"I wish you success," interrupted Galbraith drily. "If I ventured to form any special wish on such a subject, I should wish for a companionable wife."

"Companionable," returned Upton doubtfully; "I am afraid that's a little like wanting the moon. I have met heaps of charming, amusing, tormenting, delightful, good, bad, and indifferent women, but the companionable ones are few and far between; and when found are a long way at the far side of a certain age. Then, if a wife is companionable, she will find it hard to preserve the little illusions respecting her husband's genius and capabilities, which make it so pleasant for both. She will be too much as one of us, knowing the difference between good and evil. After all, those old Greeks were very sensible fellows—the simple, unenlightened, respectable wife for the home—the dashing, accomplished, pleasure seeking and giving Hetaira for holiday life."

"I should like a mixture of the two."

"You are unconscionable; they can't unite; the mistake we moderns make is the attempt to smother the inevitable compensations of existence behind transparent bogie-covered screens of propriety. The Hetairae would not be such bad creatures if they only had property. It makes an enormous difference in any morality whether you have to dip into another's pocket for your necessities and luxuries, or have the wherewithal to pay for them in your own."

"Whether the Hetairae had property of their own or not, I imagine they would do their best to clutch that of their admirers."

"Well, that is an open question. I am thinking of companionable women. To be companionable, a woman must have a certain amount of liberty both of thought and action, which, owing to our insular prejudices, we would rather not see our wives possess. There is something of the sort abroad, but I shall not vote for importing it; but I ask you, Galbraith, is there any creature on earth so uncompanionable as a well-bred, well-educated *good* Englishwoman, a creature you would trust your life to, who would quietly go through fire and water for any one she loved or even believed she ought to love? But she has no more conception of the world as *we* know it, than one of her own babies (I put young girls out of the category). The realities of life must not be mentioned before her; the sources of some of a man's most trying difficulties, even if she really knows them, she must assume to be ignorant of. If one differs on religious points with the tutelar priest whose ministry she at-

tends, she either tries to convince you by the funniest little sentimentalities, or tells you she will pray for you, or does it without telling, if she is very much in earnest. By the way, it's a capital means of keeping yourself in her mind's eye to be horribly irreligious if you want to make an impression. Then politics. What are her views? A sort of rose-colored conservatism mixed with faith and good works, and a deep regret that you should be so hard-hearted as to vote for the reduction of expenditure when poor men want employment and salaries so much. There is a philosophic summary for you."

"I do not know about the philosophy," said Galbraith; "but I know I hate blue women."

"So do I; but then, my dear fellow, I want to convince you of your folly in expecting contradictory perfections in the same individual. Heaven preserve us from the logical well-instructed female who understands everything a deuced deal better than our noble selves. Nineteenth century Englishwoman! with all thy faults I love thee still! But talking of politics——"

"You were talking of women," interrupted Galbraith, in a sort of growl.

"Well, I think I have exhausted the subject. So, to talk of politics. I heard you were going into Parliament?"

"I thought of doing so, and an absurd paragraph got into the papers, thanks to my sister, Lady Lorrimer, I fancy—there's a female politician for you, Upton!—but when I came down here, and went about among the people, I saw I had no chance till these shrewd, cool-headed north-countrymen knew me better. I would not care to represent any other constituency. Besides, Upton, I am such an ignoramus in politics. I want to feel my way a little before I commit myself to be moved hither or thither by the minister I follow."

"Oh, if you wish to reduce your importance to a vanishing point, go in for independence."

"Meantime, I am quite content as I am, if I am only left alone. Thank God, I have no near neighbors; but since the people began to come down to the country I have had four or five invitations. I have refused them, but I shall be considered a sulky, ungracious fellow."

"Of course, and your chances of picking up that companionable woman you are on the look-out for considerably diminished."

Galbraith nodded with a kindly, smiling look in his eyes, as though his friend's chaff was acceptable because of the "chaffer."

"I tell you what, Galbraith: you had better leave them all behind—I mean the hospitable families—and come with me. I am engaged to pay a visit in H——shire about the seventh. Capital house, first-rate pheasant-shooting; man of the house my grand-uncle. Besides I want your opinion of a young lady I have partly promised to marry."

"Promised to marry! Promised who?"

"Well, not the young lady, but my sister; you see, the girl is grand-daughter to my grand-uncle—do you see the relationship?—and but for the laws of entail she would be a great heiress; as it is, I step in and—rob her, I believe she thinks. Now my sister is of opinion that the best reparation I could make would be to marry her. I shall see about it. Won't you come, old fellow, and support me? We'll not stay too long; and as my leave is nearly over, you might come on and have a peep at Ireland. It is the queerest country. We are down at Cahir, a most barbarous locale; but the change will do you good, for in spite of the content you profess, I can't help fancying you are somehow down on your luck."

After some difficulties and demurs on Galbraith's part, this was agreed. Indeed Hugh felt loath to part with his pleasant, cheery comrade; and sundry schemes of sport and yachting were planned to occupy the ten days that intervened before the date on which Colonel Upton was due in H——shire.

"I suppose," he said, as they were about to separate for the night—"I suppose your arm is all right, quite strong again?"

"Yes, I suppose it is. I don't remember it now."

"You were lucky in your secretary. I used to laugh at the frequent, neatly-written notes I used to receive. I take long odds the writer was not old?"

"No," in a candid tone, "she was not old."

"Nor ugly either? That good-na-

tured, idle gossip, Lady Styles, told me a wonderful story about a lovely widow at the Berlin shop. Indeed, she took me there one day to see her, but of course she was not visible. Now, had I been in your place, I should have had 'a good time,' as the Americans say."

"I do not think you would," returned Galbraith coldly. "My landlady was a very respectable person—I imagine a decayed gentlewoman."

"That sounds elderly, at any rate. Are you sure she was not a companionable woman? Ah, Galbraith, it is enough to shorten one's life even to associate with a fellow so desperately in earnest as you are. However, you must come with me. Now I remember, there is an elderly young lady at Storrham, aunt, I think, to my fair one. She is very enlightened and strong-minded, wears spectacles and a crop. She is sure to be a 'companionable woman,' the exact article you require."

Thus it happened that Hugh Galbraith became the guest of Philip Upton of Storrham Hall, Master of the Fox-hounds, and owner of a grand country seat, which he had always kept up in a corresponding style. Having been blessed with a son, whose tastes were as expensive as his own, and who died a few years previously, he had not been able to save much for his grand-daughter. Her younger child's portion, though unusually good, he considered a miserable provision. He was therefore anxious that a marriage should be arranged between his grandchild and the heir-apparent. Upton and his friend were consequently favored guests. It was a very pleasant house. The absence of a stately, elderly dame from the presidency made life less conventional, and the spectacled aunt proved to be a very lively personage, harmlessly and amusingly eccentric. Galbraith had not for long found time pass so agreeably. Upton's cousin was a graceful if not pretty girl, rather sentimental and romantic, with whom he did not appear to make such rapid progress as he perhaps anticipated; but there were other ladies who came to and fro of better, or at any rate more appreciative, taste, and on the whole the fortnight at Storrham was a success.

However, time and the Horse Guards are inexorable. Upton had business in London, and Galbraith, though cordially invited to continue his visit, did not care to remain after his friend. The weather, too, had changed, and they had not been able to have quite so much shooting. Moreover, Galbraith felt ready for movement of any kind, and quite satisfied that a radical cure had been effected, and that he should no longer be tormented with the memories and longings he had at one time vainly striven to resist.

In good spirits and placid mood, therefore, he started with his friend for the H—— Junction, where they arrived in sufficient time to allow Upton's servant to see to their luggage before the London train came in.

They were standing together watching its approach, when Galbraith's eye was caught by a figure in black that passed close to him. A tall lady, with a waterproof over her arm; a round cape-like cloak of black merino and lace showed the fall of very graceful shoulders; a pretty, quiet bonnet of some thin black gauzy material, white roses and black leaves, a rather thick, black-lace veil—commonplace details—but the turn of the neck, the carriage, the quiet, even gliding step, were familiar to him; he felt, with a thrill of delight, that it could be no other than his ex-landlady. He watched—he caught a glimpse of her face—he was right! He saw her hasty search in her pocket; he saw the ticket-collector put her back, but he made no motion, no sign until the train was alongside, and Upton fairly seated in the carriage. He then said, "I shall follow you by the next train, and join you some time this evening."

"Why, what has happened? What the deuce is the matter?" cried Upton, in great surprise.

"Nothing has happened. I shall probably tell you my reasons when we meet," returned Galbraith smiling, and stepping back as he heard the whistle. Upton rose, and looked searchingly up and down the platform; but Mrs. Temple was partly behind a pillar, and several people, male and female, were standing about. The moment the carriage containing his chum had passed out of sight, Galbraith, his heart beating fast, walked up to where Kate stood,

striving to think, and feeling unspeakably adrift. Raising his hat, he said very quietly,

"You seem to be in some difficulty, Mrs. Temple. Can I be of any use to you?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

KATE thought she had indeed reached the acme of her misfortunes when Sir Hugh Galbraith's well-remembered voice met her ear. She had been dimly planning to return to Lillington to ask a trifling loan from Captain Gregory, if the station-master would have trusted her to the extent of the fare to that place; this would have made her return to London either painfully late or impossible. In London, Tom Reed being away, there was no one to whom she could apply—except indeed Mr. Wreford, whom she scarcely knew—and now the situation was brought to a climax by the appearance of Galbraith, the one person in the world who must not know of her visit to Captain Gregory. She felt absurdly nervous, and an uncomfortable tremor made her voice less steady than usual, as she raised her eyes to his and replied, "Why, yes. I am in a ridiculous though awkward difficulty. I have lost my purse—or, rather, my pocket has been picked." The color mounted to her cheek as she spoke, and she was conscious of a curious contradictory sense of comfort, as well as confusion, in having her friendly enemy at hand in such an emergency.

"Lost your purse," repeated Galbraith—"very awkward indeed. Are you travelling alone, may I ask?"

"I am."

"Then I am glad I met you, for I can see you to your destination and save you any further trouble."

"You are very good, but," coloring more deeply than before, and speaking with dangerous discomposure, unlike her usual manner, "I do not wish to give you any trouble or interfere with your journey—or——"

"But if you know no one here, what can you do?" interrupted Galbraith. "Come, Mrs. Temple, let bygones be bygones! Because I was a presumptuous blockhead once, are you going to forbid my being friendly, or of use to you now you have brought me to my senses?" This, spoken in his pleasantest tone and with a frank smile, was a marvellously clever stroke for a big schoolboy like Galbraith to make. It put Mrs. Temple at ease; it assured her delicately that he no longer pretended to be a lover; and, more than all, it bound her to accept his friendliness, or risk appearing to recur coquettishly to his former character. She took him gladly at his word. If he was going to be simply a friend many difficulties would disappear. "Thank you very much," she replied frankly, as he himself had spoken. "I shall be very glad of your help, for I am alone in London as well as here, obliged to stay for a few days on business."

"Indeed!" said Galbraith, resisting his inclination to look into her eyes whenever they were raised to his; "where is Mr.—Mr.—Tom?"

"Mr. Tom," replied Kate, smiling archly, "is ever so far away—quite unavailable at present."

"That is very unfortunate; and what are you going to do about your purse? I hope you had not much in it?"

"A great deal too much to lose: a five-pound note and eight or nine shillings."

"Have you the number of the note?"

"No, I am sorry to say; I generally take the numbers of notes, but of *course* did not on this occasion."

"That is unlucky; however, we must see what is to be done. Porter, here! when is the next train to town?"

"Four-ten, sir; and it's sometimes behind a bit."

"Half an hour to wait! Come, Mrs. Temple, you had better sit down in the waiting-room while I speak to some of the people. Don't go into the ladies' waiting-room, it is a cheerless den, the fire has gone out." So saying, and relieving her of her waterproof with a sort of friendly authority that amused Kate—so much had they seemed to have changed places now that she was adrift and he knew his ground—Galbraith led the way into the waiting-room, established his precious charge near the fire, and went in search of the station-master.

The time that intervened before the London train was due was amply occupied by interviews with the station-master, the inspector, and others. Kate gave a detailed description of her purse, its contents, and also of her neighbor on the journey from Lillington, and added that

a reward would be given if the contents should be restored.

"Will you allow me to look after this affair for you?" asked Galbraith. "You can hardly manage it yourself in the absence of Mr. Tom."

"Oh, thank you. I suppose there is nothing for either of us to do, once the thing is put into the hands of the police, and I have given them my address. You are probably not going to stop in town?"

"Yes, I am—for some little time." He was silent, pulling his moustaches thoughtfully for a minute, and then walked away after the retreating officials.

When he returned he had the tickets for their journey in his hand. "They are not without hopes of finding the thief," he said cheerfully. "The inspector telegraphed at once to the police at King's Cross; and I thought it better to give my address in addition to yours. I am afraid these fellows will be sharper if they think a man is on the track."

"I have a better opinion of them," she returned; "I am sure they would work as well for a woman. I am almost sorry you gave your address."

"What!" exclaimed Galbraith; "you are not going to put me in punishment again?" a remark that somewhat silenced Kate. "But the train is alongside; we had better take our places," and he offered her his arm.

In spite of her difficulties present and prospective—in spite of the sort of resentment it excited in her to find herself obliged to follow Galbraith's lead—Kate could hardly refrain from laughing at the absurdity of her position. Here was the man to ruin whom she had undertaken that journey assisting her with, at any rate, brotherly care—absolutely conducting her in the most conjugal fashion to the carriage! The care bestowed upon her, the sudden smoothing of difficulties, reminded her of her rare journeys during her married life—and she confessed to herself that it was very pleasant.

The train was full, yet no fellow-passengers were intruded upon their solitude; and, as Galbraith did not talk much, Kate, relieved in spite of her embarrassment, had ample time to think and form some towering air castles.

Galbraith's friendliness, and freedom from everything like a lover's tone, gave her great pleasure. He had probably found some charming girl infinitely more suited to be his wife than herself, and then a little sigh swelled her heart as she thought of her own nearly six-and-twenty years, and that the first freshness of youth—more from circumstances than from time—had left her for ever! If she could establish a frank friendship with Hugh, there would be no difficulty in arranging matters amicably and justly when the time came for her to assert her rights; whereas, if they were hampered with the complications of a false position, things might go wrong indeed. Then she thought in a somewhat melancholy mood of the loss of her five pounds—it would make her week in London very costly. What would Fanny say to her day's adventure! How she wished she had that dear, impulsive, bright little goose to welcome her back when she reached her destination. Thus chewing the cud of sweet and bitter reflection, she leaned back with something of languor in her attitude, gazing dreamily through the window at the landscape as it flew past them.

Meantime Galbraith experienced an extraordinary sense of elation and delight. When he first recognised Mrs. Temple he acted almost without thought, on a prompt instinctive impulse to get rid of Upton anyhow. He proposed no plan, no object to himself. At the sight of the woman whose domination he fancied he had thrown off, every idea, every consideration was merged in the imperative necessity of speaking to her, and hearing her speak once more. In the same mood, taking no heed for the morrow, and further blinded and fascinated by her ready acceptance of his professed change of tone, he plunged recklessly into the golden ocean of delight which their unexpected meeting offered.

It was so delicious, too, to have her even for an hour or two all to himself—in his hands, dependent on him. Whatever came of it he was fiercely determined to enjoy the present moment.

At this point of his reflections he leant forward with alarming tenderness in his eyes. "You are tired—you look tired," he said.

"Yes, a little," returned Kate, rousing herself; "I have walked a good deal. I went to see an invalid friend, and the house is some distance from the station."

"And how is Miss Lee, and Mills, and Pierstoffe generally?"

Kate replied, and they continued to speak of it, its scenery and characteristics, till Kate, half fearing the associations it might recall, mentioned Lady Styles and her report of the "splendid yacht," which made a useful diversion. Then their talk drifted to Kirby Grange and Galbraith's belongings in the North.

This was a subject of much interest to his companion, and she tried to draw him out, not unsuccessfully. It made her heart ache to see how deeply he was attached to the old place—how his imagination was occupied by the idea of re-creating the Galbraiths of Kirby Grange in their original status. So, conversing with intervals of (to Galbraith) delicious silence, they reached King's Cross. Here, with the same promptitude he had shown since their startling *rencontre*, Hugh secured a cab, handed Kate in, directed the driver to the address he had heard her give to the inspector, and took his place beside her, remarking, "You said you would allow me to see you to your destination."

The noise of the streets and of their conveyance did not permit much talk, and Kate thought the journey never would end. What was she to do with him when she reached her lodgings? He would surely have the tact and propriety to go away without obliging her to dismiss him? The friendly footing he had established was very nice and sensible, but the friendship was safer at a distance. Kate in her inner heart distrusted it; that he should so far trouble himself on her account was natural, as she really needed his help: the intercourse, however, must stop here. "But I shall manage it," was her concluding and consolatory reflection. "I have a great deal more *savoir faire* than he has."

Adelaide Terrace was reached at last. Mrs. Temple could not be so ungracious as to turn upon the threshold and forbid Galbraith's entrance, so he followed her into the little front parlor, from which she had removed the crochet snares, and rendered more habitable-looking even by one day's sojourn. Mrs. Temple did not sit down, so Galbraith remained standing, looking altogether too tall and lordly for so small an apartment.

It was now dark; the polite landlady lit the gas, and left the room. Galbraith made a sort of effort to speak, stopped short, looked down, and seemed suddenly to have lost the prompt self-possession he had hitherto displayed; then meeting Mrs. Temple's eyes, which expressed extreme uneasiness, he laughed, and exclaimed bluntly, "You must have some money till you hear from your friends."

"Oh, no,—no, thank you!" cried Kate, stepping back in the energy of her refusal. "I could not, Sir Hugh! I mean, you have assisted me quite enough! If you will be so good as to let me know where to write, I will send what you have already——"

"I shall be highly offended if you do anything of the kind," he interrupted; "besides, I must come and tell you if I get any tidings of your purse: in the meantime you can't get on without money."

"And how do you know I move about with no larger capital than five pounds?" said Mrs. Temple, smiling.

"That's another thing," said Galbraith, looking keenly at her. "Have you any money?" he added, with his natural directness.

"No," she returned, laughing at his point-blank question; "still I do not need any from you, I assure you. I have my cheque-book with me, and my solicitor will cash a cheque for me to-morrow."

"Oh, very well," said Sir Hugh, a little disappointed, and he let his purse, which he had half drawn out, fall back into his pocket. "But I am sorry to hear you have a solicitor. Steer clear of those gentry if you can."

"Unfortunately, I cannot recover what is due to me without them," replied Kate, somewhat evasively.

"Take care that your dues are not swallowed up in the cost of recovering them," said Galbraith. He paused a moment: "I am keeping you standing"—another pause; but no invitation to sit down came—"so I will wish you good-morning."

"Good-bye, and thank you very much," returned Mrs. Temple, holding out her hand. It was the first time he had touched it that day, and it was given with a sweet, frank smile of recog-

nition for his services; yet Galbraith did not hold it a second too long, nor too warmly.

"I hope you are not overtired," he said, "and that I shall soon bring you tidings of your lost property." He bowed, retired, and the next minute Kate heard the cab drive away.

She sat down at once upon the stiff little sofa, and heaved a sigh of relief; then, starting up, she hastily set out her writing materials, and wrote a hasty note to Fanny, enclosing a cheque, and requesting her to forward a post-office order by return. "Quarter to six," she exclaimed, looking at her watch. She rang, and asked her way to the nearest post-office, where an additional stamp insured the conveyance of her letter.

"That is the best plan," she thought, as she walked back more leisurely. "I did not like the idea of going to Mr. Wreford; besides, it would have betrayed my whereabouts, though, I suppose, I must tell Mr. Wall when I see him."

Tea was ready when Kate returned, and, though puzzled and somewhat annoyed by this unexpected renewal of her acquaintance with Hugh Galbraith, she was infinitely less depressed than on the previous evening. Why, she would have been puzzled to explain; but she felt as if things would not end badly could she and Hugh come to a friendly understanding, but before all things it was necessary that she should first prove her rights.

The next morning came a long letter from Fanny. There is a wonderful pleasure in reading a long letter full of minute details respecting one's home, or any locality familiar and endeared—more welcome a thousand times than the most wittily and originally expressed epistle upon abstract topics.

"What a misfortune that Tom should have been called away!" was the opening sentence. "I have been thinking of you ever since I had his letter, for I believe I knew all about it before you did. He is quite vexed himself; and Mr. Wall not come back yet! It is really too bad! You must be so miserable all alone in that awful London! I would cry my eyes out if I was in your place; but you will not, you are so strong and brave!

"It has been horribly wet ever since you left, and I have only taken three pounds eleven and sevenpence halfpenny, but Mrs. Jennings called and paid her account at last.

"I have had tea with Mills since you left, and we sit by the kitchen fire, so we do not keep the parlor fire in. She has made great progress with the stockings she is knitting for you; but conversation is rather a difficulty. I don't think Mills values my opinions as she ought, so I proposed reading to her. She was very pleased; but I didn't think of her deafness, and now I don't like to go back; so if I shout at you when you return, do not be surprised. We are going through the 'History of Pierstofle.' You remember you bought it last spring. But I am surprised to find how sceptical she is; she has grave doubts that it ever was so poor a place as it is represented to have been. The grey cat is much better, and his coat looking quite handsome again. Shall I have the garden done up? Some of the trees want pruning.

"Such a funny thing happened today! I was in the shop after dinner, setting up some screens in the window, when a sporting-looking man, well dressed, though not a gentleman, I think, strolled past. He was a stranger, evidently, and yet his face was familiar to me. He stared very impudently, and, I am afraid, he *winked* as he went by; but I had hardly got back behind the counter before he returned and walked in.

"'Have you any—any——' He stopped, looked round, as if trying to find something he could ask for. 'Oh, ah, gloves—that will do. I want a pair of dogskin driving-gloves.'

"'We only keep ladies' gloves,' said I, with dignity, I flatter myself.

"'Well, it's a mistake,' said he, sitting down and rapping his teeth with a queer little stick he carried. 'Gentlemen pay better, and are easier served, especially by a charming young lady like you.'

"I can't tell you how indignant and frightened I felt. You never saw such a horrid man! He had a white face and a red nose, and was altogether dreadful. Before I could think of anything grand

and cutting to reply, he went on: 'Now I'd lay long odds you never were behind a counter before! Your pretty fingers are not used to handle a yard wand! A pair of white reins from the bits of a couple of thorough-breds are the ribbons *you* ought to handle! I have a notion I had the pleasure of meeting you before. Haven't I the honor speaking to Miss De Burgh?' and he stood up and made me a wonderful bow, raising his horrible white hat ever so high. I didn't know what to do, and I just said, 'No, indeed, I am not.' How I wished for you! 'Then,' said he, 'if not, what may your name be?' It flashed across me that he might be one of the detectives Tom talked about so; so I said very steadily —though, believe me, I was shaking in my shoes (boots, I mean)—'I don't see what my name can possibly be to a stranger like you, sir. Can I show you anything?' 'That's a hint, by Jupiter!' he cried, with a roar of laughter. 'Do I look like a fellow that would work Berlin wool, or crochet? No, nothing, thank you, my dear Miss De Burgh, unless, indeed, you can tell me where a young chap called Turner hangs out. He says his governor is a big-wig here! Do you know the name?' I told him the only Turner I knew here was Turner & Co., the great drapery shop. Then he gave a great roar of laughter, and, taking off his hat again, he said 'Good morning, Miss de Burgh,' and walked away. I really felt quite ill after, and I puzzled over his face all day, but only this evening at tea it jumped into my head who he was. I am certain he is the same man that spoke to Tom the day I was at Waterloo Station on my way to you, dearest Kate, years ago—that is, two! And he is just the sort of creature to be a detective, or an informer of some kind. I have been miserable ever since. What could he want with that unfortunate young Turner? No good, I am certain! Do make haste and come back soon; we are lost without you! I am longing for an account of your visit to Captain Gregory! Lady Styles has not been here since.

"Ever your loving friend,

"FANNY LEE.

"P.S.—Have I not written you a splendid letter? It would do for a chapter in one of Tom's stories! I hope ours will end in proper story-fashion—with virtue, you, me, and Tom, rewarded; and vice, Sir Hugh, Ford, &c., &c., punished, though they are not very vicious, after all!"

Kate read this curious story a second time, and set herself to think the matter over steadily. She had forgotten the encounter at the Waterloo Station, if she had ever heard of it; but the description, and allusion to Tom's knowledge of the mysterious stranger, induced her to conclude that he could be no other than the missing Trapes. She did not see what possible connection could exist between this man, Ford, and her own affairs. His acquaintance with Poole was accidental, and not difficult to account for, but his connection with Ford was utterly incongruous—a mystery she could not understand. The more she reflected upon the matter, the more she acknowledged that there was no evidence whatever of Ford's complicity in the scheme to defraud her—nothing but her own unreasonable instinctive conviction; but to that, after arguing round a whole circle of probabilities, she returned as tenaciously as ever.

It was a bright, crisp morning—a morning that asked you to go out—but Kate felt bound to resist. She felt, while she smiled at her dilemma, that she could not venture to take "her walks abroad" with an empty pocket. No, she would stay indoors and wait patiently for Fanny's letter and remittance, which would be sure to reach her to-morrow.

Meantime a minute search in her travelling-bag resulted in a "treasure trove" of fivepence-halfpenny, and Kate felt positively at ease when she put this slight store in her pocket. "How dreadful it must be to be absolutely penniless," she thought,—"penniless, with little children crying to you for bread! Yet what power, what perseverance, what ingenuity, the consciousness that you had them to provide for would bestow! The worst poverty is genteel poverty, after all—the loss of caste in the enforced abandonment of the gentlewoman's habits and appearance. The position of women is growing more and more false every day: we cannot find men to work for us, and if we push our own way we are supposed to forfeit our ladyhood and womanliness! Can it be that these graces, which

ought to be innate, really depend on the purse? Is it possible we are compelled to admit the materialist conviction, that there is a money reason at the bottom of everything? I cannot! the common sense of mankind will right this in the future, for though its manifestations are very intermittent, there is a great deal of common sense in the world, or it would be a vast lunatic asylum."

But the idea of a money question sent her to her personal expenditure book, over which she severely took herself to task for various unnecessary though trifling outlays which she considered self-indulgent. To be prudent and economical was no easy task to Kate Travers. Naturally appreciating artistic elegance —ugliness and vulgarity in her surroundings were positively painful. A large liberality, never stopping to count the cost of what she bestowed, was inherent in her; moreover, the physical perfection of her frame disposed her to a certain luxurious indolence. It is your nervous, unequally developed nature that prompts to restless action and objectless self-denial—the richer, fuller being is content to stand at ease and wait, confident in its own force when the moment for action comes. Moreover, it was an enormous advantage to her that her intellect had been so much cultivated before passion had stirred from the sleep of childhood. As yet her idea of passion was an intellectual flame: she did not realise the strong human necessity of contact; she did not perceive that even "through the laying on of the Apostles' *hands* the Holy Ghost was given."

But the great corrective to Kate's most deeply-rooted faults, pride and an imperious will, was an inexhaustible sense of justice to others, or rather a sympathising equity, which is above the dry rigidity of barren justice. A tender equity, ever ready to pay the fines it was compelled to inflict—this, and a sturdy independence, a shrinking from obligation—money obligation—kept the current of her energy from stagnating, and gave to her air and manner the indescribable restfulness of strength.

When Hugh Galbraith reacehd his hotel the previous evening he was informed that Colonel Upton had engaged rooms, and gone out, intending to dine at the club. Thither Galbraith followed, but did not find him; and, rather to his satisfaction, dined alone. The evening was long, though assisted in its course by a game or two of billiards with a chance acquaintance who happened to drop in, for in October the clubs present a deserted aspect.

The chums, therefore, did not meet till breakfast next morning, when Galbraith, having made up his mind on more points than one, was impenetrable and imperturbable.

"What became of you last night?" he asked, boldly taking the initiative.

"Well, that is coo l!" exclaimed Upton, looking up from his poached egg and broiled ham. "Pray what became of you when you deserted me in that extraordinary fashion yesterday? You are not afraid of a tip on the shoulder? Are you a spiritualist, and had you a sudden communication? I looked down the platform pretty sharp, I can tell you, and I could see no moving cause for such extraordinary conduct—come explain, explain!"

"That is just what I am not going to do," returned Galbraith calmly, "at least not at present."

"You said you would."

"I have changed my mind. I could not tell you all, old fellow, so I will no open the subject."

"So be it," returned Upton resignedly; then, after an interval of eating, he resumed, "Pray, am I still to have the pleasure of your company to Ireland?"

"No," said Galbraith.

"Nice treatment; but I expected as much. Is it indiscreet to ask what you are going to do with yourself this morning?"

"It is; but I will answer you. I am going to Scotland Yard."

"Scotland Yard! Why, in the name of Heaven?"

"To try and trace a thief."

"Then I believe I am on a wrong scent."

"That is very likely."

"One word, Galbraith. Was the cause of your sudden defalcation at H—— male or female?"

"I decline to answer," said Galbraith, smiling.

"It was a woman," cried Upton triumphantly.

[To be continued.]

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S EXPERIMENTS ON SPONTANEOUS GENERATION, AND DR. BASTIAN'S POSITION.

BY THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, V.P.R.M.S.

In the present position of Biological Science in relation to this important and interesting question, any positive results which have a definite bearing on the difficulties of the subject, and point hopefully to new methods of research, must be warmly welcomed. Professor Tyndall's beautiful series of experiments "On the Optical Deportment of the Atmosphere in reference to the Phenomena of Putrefaction and Infection" are precisely of this class, and will give new impulse and direction to all unbiassed labor. It is to be regretted when, in a matter so purely one of rigid science as this is, impassioned controversy is suffered to have any place. It fails utterly of its intended purpose, and simply hinders and delays the final issue. There are few but will have admired the animation, courage, and resolution manifested by Dr. Bastian in the discussion of this question during the last five years; but those who have been most capable of understanding the method, nature, and object of his experiments, and the general drift of his reasoning, are those who most earnestly disavow the perhaps unconscious, but nevertheless too palpable, advocacy of a *thesis* which his writings so freely display.

Dr. Bastian's position in relation to the origin of minute organic forms has, at the outset, the immense disadvantage of being adverse to the whole analogical teaching of nature, down to the uttermost depths of minuteness, *where our knowledge is accurate and sound.* Wherever science has put down the landmarks of possession, and is not dealing with the disputable territory of hypothesis, it is absolutely known that at some period in the cycle of development the lowliest organisms are dependent for their propagation upon what we can only look upon as genetic products.

Manifestly, then, it must be weighty—nay, unequivocal and even irresistible—evidence that will induce the philosophical Biologist to conclude that nature's otherwise universal method is changed, in the outmost fringe of organised being. Mere reasoning could never accomplish this. It must be hard, defiant fact, which none can gainsay. But verily no such facts—nor even their most distant forecasts—are before us. The profound difficulties which bristle round the enquiry on every hand are prominent signals for caution; while the uncertainty and incompetency of the methods hitherto employed, and their conflict of results, is alive with meaning. Indeed, we are dealing with organisms so minute as to elude all but our best optical appliances; and the accurate and correct interpretation of the details they enable us to discover requires the practice and experience of years. Of the developmental history of these organisms themselves, we know from actual observation almost nothing with certainty; and the little we do know from such careful and patient observers as Cohn, Billroth, Ray, Lankester and others, is so complex and conflicting as to demonstrate the necessity of years of patient experiment and skilled research; and to plainly tell us of our ignorance of this minute and wonderful group of organic forms. And yet, forsooth, we are asked, upon the conflicting testimony of a multiplicity of boiled infusions, yielding often even in the same hands uncertain results, and in different hands conflicting ones, to believe that organic nature—whose method of reproduction is the same to the very limits of *certain* knowledge—changes its method in this uncertain and cloudy region.

Of course to "spontaneous generation" as a mode of vital reproduction there can be no *à priori* objection. Let us have it by all means, if it be a fact in nature; but not on any other terms. Is it reasonable to suppose that such men as Darwin, and Huxley, and Tyndall, and Burdon Sanderson, and Cohn, and Billroth, and Lankester would shrink from "spontaneous generation" because of the "consequences" to which, strangely enough, it is by some supposed to lead? The very thought admits of nothing but

ridicule. And yet Dr. Bastian is displeased with Darwin * because he has not definitely determined whether all living things originated in one primordial germ, or originated spontaneously in multitudinous centres scattered over the earth's surface. Both Huxley and Tyndall are in effect charged with grave inconsistency,† because, while they admit the origin of all vital forms by evolution, they yet declare that they have never *seen* an instance of "spontaneous generation" of organised forms. It is asked "Why should men of such acknowledged eminence in matters of philosophy and science as Mr. Herbert Spencer and Professor Huxley promulgate a notion which seems to involve an arbitrary infringement of the uniformity of nature?" I dare not answer for them; but for myself I answer, Because the facts as presented to them on the subject—as well known to them as to Dr. Bastian, and we may venture to say as well considered—do not appear to involve the "arbitrary infringement" of nature's uniformity of which Dr. Bastian speaks. If these admittedly competent and proverbially fearless men could be led by facts to see that their teaching promulgated an "arbitrary infringement" of nature's method, is it rational to suppose that they would persist in it another hour? The very position, therefore, of the leading biologists of the day in relation to the hypothesis of "spontaneous generation" is an authoritative declaration of the invalidity of the data on which it rests.

To Dr. Bastian, nevertheless, the "facts," such as they are, have carried a different conviction. But on analysis, that conviction is evidently not wholly formed upon the bare "facts." It is influenced and stimulated by a "philosophy" which, in short, is this:—Continuity in nature is the grand outcome of all modern research; but if you are to have this in a sense wide enough to include the organic world, you must have "spontaneous generation." Give up this, and continuous evolution is impossible; *therefore* abiogenesis *must be* a great truth.

Of course continuity in nature is a profound truth. Every careful and comprehensive student of modern biology will admit that. By Dr. Bastian's own showing, Huxley, Darwin, and Spencer are its most competent expositors. But they prefer not to be hasty. They decline to determine the exact manner or line of that continuity *until they have facts of a competent kind to guide them.* There may be lines of continuity infinitely more subtle than any the subtlest minds have even conceived. At least they decline to accept one, laid down, as it appears to them, not by nature, but by Dr. Bastian; and no believer in the evolution of living things, surely, is recreant of his creed who declines a similar surrender.

The largest difficulty surrounding the question of the mode of origin of septic organisms is that of discovering their life-cycle. By dealing with them in aggregations we run told and untold risks. The conflict of results by this means, in the most accomplished hands, employing the most refined methods during the past eighteen years, is a sufficient witness. Repetitions of experiments, and conflicting results, and explanations of the reason why; and so the cycle rolls. Of course important lessons in biology are learned, but not *the* lesson. And yet by the teachings of this complex and doubtful method *alone* Dr. Bastian is content to accept "abiogenesis" as a great fact in nature.

To those who are best acquainted with the experimental history of the subject for the last twenty—but certainly for the last six—years this is the more remarkable. For the weight of evidence is certainly not only *not* in favor of "abiogenesis," but is in the strongest sense adverse to it. The most refined, delicate, and continuous researches all point to the existence of what are at present ultra-microscopic germs. This, indeed, is directly affirmed by the authors. A single and recent instance will suffice. After a remarkable series of experiments detailed before the Royal Society Dr. W. Roberts says: "The issue of the foregoing inquiry has been to confirm in the fullest manner the main propositions of the panspermic theory, and to establish the conclusion that *bacteria* and *torulæ*, when they do not proceed from visible

* "Evolution and the Origin of Life," pp. 13–17.

† Ibid., pp. 15–16.

parents like themselves, originate from invisible germs floating in the surrounding aërial and aqueous media." *

But further, this has been remarkably sustained by analogical evidence. There are putrefactive organisms that closely approximate to the bacteria in form, structure, and size. These are the "*monads*," or, as Professor Huxley doubtless more fitly names them, the *heteromita*.† They live side by side with the bacteria in the same putrescent mass, and certainly in the later stages of the disintegration of dead organic matter are the most active and powerful agents. From their greater size they present a more promising field for microscopical research than the bacteria themselves; and the life-history of some of these could be fully mastered. I long since felt that valuable aid might thus be rendered to the discovery of the nature of the bacteria. Armed with the best and most powerful appliances which the modern optician could supply, Dr. J. Drysdale and myself ventured on the work. The results are fully detailed elsewhere.‡ It need only be remarked here that the only hope of success was in *continuous* observation of the same form, in the same drop of fluid, under the highest powers. The secret, therefore, was to find a means of keeping the same drop under examination without evaporation. This we did. The result was that patient work enabled us to completely unravel the life-history of six of these organisms. These life-cycles cannot be here recounted. Suffice it now to say that each of them multiplied enormously by self-division (fission), but that the life-cycle in *each case* began and ended in *a distinct genetic product*—call them what we choose, spores, germs, or ova.

We have here, then, important indications of fact concerning the nearest allies of the bacteria: they develop from germs.

We have besides, the weight of the best experimental evidence pointing clearly to the existence of germs in the bacteria themselves. But the microscope has failed to *demonstrate* the latter. Its finest powers and finest methods failed to reach them.

Happily at this juncture Professor Tyndall has stepped in, and, with his accustomed brilliance and precision, has opened up the path we need. *He has presented us with a physical demonstration of the existence of immeasurably minute molecules of matter—utterly beyond the reach of the most powerful combination of lenses yet constructed—which are the indispensable precursors of bacteria in sterilised infusions.** In short, he has opened up a new and exact method, which must lead to a scientific determination of the existence and nature of the bacteria-germs. His beautiful experiments on the decomposition of vapors, and the formation of actinic clouds by light, led him to experiment on the floating matter of the air, and with what results is widely known. Confined and undisturbed air, however heavily charged with motes, becomes at length, by their deposition, absolutely clear, so that the path of the electric beam is invisible across it. From this, and associated indications, he acutely inferred "that the power of developing life by the air, and its power of scattering light, would be found to go hand in hand;" so that a beam of light sent across the air into which infusions might be placed and examined by the eye, rendered sensitive by darkness, might be utilised with the best results in determining the existence of bacteria-germs. To bring the idea to a practical result a number of chambers were constructed with glass fronts. At two opposite sides facing each other a couple of panes of glass were placed to serve as windows, through which the electric beam might pass. A small door was placed behind, and an ingenious device was arranged to enable a germ-tight pipette to have free lateral, as well as vertical, motion. Connection with the outer air was preserved by means of two narrow tubes inserted air-tight into the top of the chamber. The tubes were bent several times up and down, "so as to intercept and retain the particles carried by such feeble currents as changes of temperature might

* "Phil. Trans." 1874, p. 475.

† "Macmillan's Magazine," Feb. 1876, p. 379.

‡ "Monthly Micros. Journ." vols. x. xi. xii. and xiii.

* "Nature," Jan. 27, 1876, p. 252; and Feb. 3, p. 268.

cause to set in between the outer and the inner air."

Into the bottom of the boxes were fitted air-tight large test-tubes, intended to contain the liquid to be exposed to the action of the moteless air.

"On September 10 the first case of this kind was closed. The passage of a concentrated beam across it showed the air within it to be laden with floating matter. On the 13th it was again examined. Before the beam entered, and after it quitted the case, its track was vivid in the air, but within the case it vanished. Three days quite sufficed to cause all the floating matter to be deposited on the sides and bottom, where it was retained by a coating of glycerine, with which the interior surface of the case had been purposely varnished. The test-tubes were then filled through the pipette, boiled for five minutes in a bath of brine or oil, and abandoned to the action of the moteless air."

In this way the air in its normal condition was freely supplied to the infusions, but of mechanically suspended matter it could be demonstrated that there was none. And it was proved, with a clearness that admits of no quibble, that infusions of every kind, animal or vegetable, were absolutely free from putrefactive organisms. "In no single instance . . . did the air which had been proved moteless by the searching beam show itself to possess the least power of producing bacterial life or the associated phenomena of putrefaction." But portions of the same infusions exposed to the common air of the Royal Institution Laboratory at a continuous temperature of from 60° to 70° Fahr. fell invariably into putrefaction; and when the tubes containing them amounted to 600 in number not one of them escaped infection—they were all "infallibly smitten." Here is irresistible evidence that there is a direct relation between a mote-laden atmosphere and bacterial development. The whole series of Dr. Tyndall's exquisite experiments is simply an irrefragable affirmation of this truth. The presence of the physically demonstrated motes is as essential to the production, in a sterilised infusion, of septic organisms, as light is to actinic action. They cannot be made to appear without the precursive motes; they cannot be prevented from appearing if the motes be there. That these are the germs of bacteria by themselves, or associated with minute specks of matter, approximates to certainty in the proportion of hundreds of millions to one.

A beautiful illustration of the minuteness and multitude of the particles is given. Let clean gum mastic be dissolved in alcohol, and drop it into water; the mastic is precipitated and milkiness is produced. Gradually dilute the alcoholic solution, and a point is reached where the milkiness disappears, and by reflected light the liquid is of a bright cerulean hue. "It is in point of fact the color of the sky, and is due to a similar cause—namely, the scattering of light by particles small in comparison to the size of the waves of light."

Examine this liquid with the highest microscopical power, and it appears as optically clear as distilled water. The mastic particles are almost infinite in number, and must crowd the entire field of the microscope; but they are as absolutely ultra-microscopic as though they had no existence. I have tested this with an exquisite $\frac{1}{50}$ of Powell and Lealand's, employed with a new and delicate mode of illumination for high powers, and worked up to 15,000 diameters; but not the ghostliest semblance of such particles was seen. But at right angles to a luminous beam passing among these particles in the fluid "they discharge perfectly polarised light." "The optical deportment of the floating matter of the air proves it to be composed, in part, of particles of this excessively minute character," and it is among the finest of these ultra-microscopical particles that Professor Tyndall finds the sources of bacterial life. It is almost impossible to conceive a nearer approach to certainty concerning the nature of these minute particles than this. Their minuteness, their capability of being physically demonstrated, the absolute necessity of their presence to the origination of bacteria in sterilised infusions of any and every kind, taken in connection with what we *know* concerning the germs of the *heteromita* whose life-histories have been studied, render it simply inevitable that we have at length reached, what we are justified in believing to be, a genetic product of the bacteria through which their

continuation as organisms is preserved. When first I saw the simplicity and beauty of this method, it struck me that its applicability as a test in reference to germs—*known to be such*—would have considerable collateral weight; and a method of employing it was suggested by a fact in past experience. I had in my possession a maceration of cod's head, which I had kept in use for eleven months. It had become a pulpy mass, and in the middle of January last it was comparatively free from bacteria, but swarmed with two monads—the fourth and sixth of the series described by my colleague and myself. To ascertain their exact condition, I watched them on the "continuous stage" for three consecutive days, and found that both forms were to be seen plentifully emitting spore. The maceration had become very short of moisture, which served my purpose. I subjected it to a dryer air with a higher temperature, and it was not very long in becoming a moist pulpy mass, with sufficient cohesiveness to be removed from the vessel; and in this condition it was placed in a heating chamber, which was slowly raised to a temperature of 150° Fahr., and kept at this for an hour. This was 10° Fahr. higher than Dr. Drysdale and myself had proved necessary to destroy absolutely every adult form. The baked mass now appeared cracked, porous and flaky. In parts it was extremely friable, and with little pressure crumbled into almost impalpable powder; while by friction a very large proportion was reduced to the finest dust. To avoid all possibility of error this powder was again exposed in the heating chamber, spread over a plate of glass, to a temperature of 140° Fahr. for ten minutes—thus rendering the plea of mere desiccation impossible.

A chamber or box was now prepared precisely like Professor Tyndall's, except that there were no tubes to communicate with the outer air.

In the "Researches" on the life-history of monads we had proved that they could live, thrive, and multiply almost as well in Cohn's "nutritive fluid" as in the normal animal infusion. This fluid is composed of phosphate of potash, sulphate of magnesia, triple basic phosphate of lime, tartrate of ammonia, and distilled water. If these ingredients are all mingled the fluid becomes speedily charged with bacteria, unless hermetically sealed, and sometimes even then. We therefore keep the ammonia in a separate solution, mixing them when required.

A portion of the fine dust of the maceration was now taken and thoroughly scattered through the air of the prepared chamber. The condensed beam from an oxyhydrogen lime-light * was then sent through it. Its line of passage was far more brilliantly marked inside the chamber than in the outer air. It was deemed inexpedient to insert the fluids while such brilliant points were visible in the air, and four hours were suffered to elapse. The lime-light beam was still visible with perfect distinctness, but its path within the chamber was much less brilliant and more homogeneous than it was without. The fluids were then carefully mixed, and five small glass basins of the mixture were inserted. The whole was undisturbed for five days. At the expiration of that time the beam of the lime-light sent through the chamber was absolutely invisible, although perfectly clear in the open air on both sides of it.

The fluids were now withdrawn. Ten "dips" were taken out of each basin for microscopical examination. *In every "dip"*—that is, fifty in all—*one or other of the monads appeared, and were in a state of active fission;* and in twenty-seven of the "dips" both monads were found. Bacteria swarmed the field, which of course I fully expected.

I now took five *other* glass vessels, and inserted them with great care into the now moteless air of the chamber, and poured in, as before, fresh Cohn's fluid. They were exposed for another five days. On careful microscopical examination of seventy-five "dips" *not a single monad of either form appeared;* bacteria were feebly present, but of course no steps were taken to guard against these, and, as before, they were anticipated.

The air of the chamber was again impregnated with dust, as before suffered for a time to settle, and *these same vessels of fluid*, which had yielded negative results, were again placed in the chamber.

* This was of course very much less capable of "searching" than the electric beam; but it served for the rougher end I had in view.

At the expiration of five days they were again examined, *and one or other of the monads was found in every successive "dip."*

Now let it be observed that there can be no possible error as to the forms. They were the identical species of the maceration, with which I am as familiar as with a barn-door fowl. What, then, is the logic of these facts? Dr. Tyndall proves that bacteria only develop in sterilised infusions when the air around them is laden with motes of incalculable multitude and exquisite minuteness. Given the presence of these, and the development of bacteria is inevitable. The inference is that the motes are *germs*. The above experiments show, that in closely allied septic organisms, the germs of which have been demonstrated and their developments watched, if the dry *débris* of a maceration in which these forms are found be scattered in the air around a prepared fluid,and demonstrated by similar optical means, that the said organisms develop; but if the minute dust from the *débris* be optically proved to be *absent*, none of the monad forms appear. Here we do not hypothecate a germ, but we *know* that it exists; and its deportment in similar conditions is identical with that of the assumed bacterial germ. Do we need more irresistible evidence that the bacteria develop, not *de novo*, but from genetic products?

Evidently Dr. Bastian thinks we do. He tells us in effect that if Dr. Tyndall has not succeeded, others have, in seeing bacteria reappear in infusions that have been exposed to a boiling heat for five minutes. This is true; but not to the extent nor with the meaning Dr. Bastian claims. He furnishes a list in "Nature,"* for example, of those who are supposed to have secured the results he insists on. But this list is, perhaps hastily, but in effect most unjustly, framed. It is not surprising to see strong protests from the investigators concerned.† The citing of Roberts, for example, or Lankester and Pode, or Pasteur or Schwann, is simply a meaningless exercitation to all but the ignorant. Stripped of all disguise, the number of cases of the appearance of bacteria in sealed infusion after five or ten minutes' boiling is few and doubtf indeed. But still there *are* cases, and one instance at least admirably attested but they are confessedly exceptional in high degree. Dr. Bastian, however, pr fers to interpret nature from the excep tional flasks, and infer "spontaneous ge eration" rather than be guided by the cu mulative and overwhelming evidence the existence of bacterial germs, as th medium of their normal reproductio This must mean either that he believ that these organisms originate *de novo well as* by germs, which is a direct *petit principii*; or else that he is incapable seeing the force of the facts which rer der the existence of germs inevitabl From the conflicting evidence of his ow writing it would almost appear that h endeavored to maintain *both* these view He has recently said, "Professor Ty dall's results, admirable as they may b in themselves, *are altogether collatera and do not bear upon the main point tssue.*"* Surely the "main point at i sue" is the mode of origin of bacteri and we cannot get much nearer the or gin of an organic form than by tracing to a genetic product—a spore! This *we* originally Dr. Bastian's question—di bacteria originate *de novo*, or from pa rents? It is not so now. He say "*The* question is, not what air does does not contain, since I have long ag shown . . . that boiled fluids can b made to putrefy and swarm with bacteri in closed flasks, from which air an whatever it may contain has been ex pelled."† The same reasoning also ob tains in his communication to the "Lan cet"‡ and to "Nature."§ The result i clear. The doctrine of "spontaneou generation" rests upon *exceptions* for it truth. In rare instances, and in speci infusions, bacteria have appeared afte prolonged boiling. After a careful siftin of the evidence, the meagreness of th testimony is striking. All that can be fairl taken at all, when justly weighed, if take altogether, is not equal to the evidenc given by Dr. Burdon Sanderson.‖ But it i well known that, while admitting and pub lishing the facts, he ignores absolutely Dr

* Feb. 10, 1876.
† E. G., "Nature," Feb. 24, 1876, p. 324.

* "Times," Jan. 29, 1876. † Ibid.
‡ Feb. 5, 1876. § Feb. 10, 1876.
‖ "Nature," Jan. 9, 1873, vol. vii. and vo viii.

Bastian's inference. And surely this is the truer philosophy. Let it be granted that by means not now explicable, the germs of bacteria, destructible in filtered infusions at a boiling temperature, are feebly, and at times, able to survive a slight continuation of the boiling point in infusions containing solid particles without apparent injury, is not that a ground for enquiring the reason why, rather than for inferring "spontaneous generation"? If we can prove that in 99 cases out of 100 *actual germs* are destroyed at 212° F., but that, in exceptional circumstances, the remaining one case yields bacteria *after* exposure to 212° F. for some minutes, is not that a reason for inferring, and looking for, some protective influence upon the germ, rather than launching into an hypothesis of a new mode of origin?

That the medium in which minute organic forms are subjected to heat exerts an influence on their subsequent deportment I can abundantly prove. I am equally convinced that the death-point of bacteria-germs hovers very near the boiling point of water—a conviction amply sustained by fact. This being so, the survival, as germs, of some few, amidst incalculable myriads, by some accidental protection, is surely possible. So that, indeed, all true work now should be a study of the *germ* and its properties, and a discovery by patient research of the life-history of the organism.

The valueless nature of mere temperature experiments on such organisms, as tests of their ability to survive, without a knowledge of their life-history, Dr. Bastian, *without knowing it*, has made sufficiently plain. He gives a brilliant illustration—styled by himself "typical"—of the futility of his own method. Consider the facts.

In our "Researches" on the monads, my colleague and myself made it a special point to institute a series of investigations on the points of temperature which the adults, and the spore, of each form studied could resist. The results were as unexpected as they were remarkable. Only the results can here be stated. Taking the spore-sacs of the several forms in the order in which our illustration gives them, the data are as follow — viz. fig. 1 survived after exposure to 250° F.; figs. 2 and 4,300° F.; fig. 3 (which produced living young), 180° F.; figs. 5 and 6, 250° F. That is to say, the spore, *after the heating to the above-named temperatures*, were followed step by step until they reached the parent condition. The adults of each form were absolutely destroyed at from 130° to 140° F. Thus, if all the examples be taken together, it will be seen that on the average the spore have a capacity to resist heat better than the adult in the proportion of 11 to 6. This is surely important.

Now, until Dr. Bastian's promised "new results" have appeared, I believe I am justified in affirming that the strongest cases on which even he relies for "spontaneous generation" are recorded on pp. 175–180 of his "Evolution and the Origin of Life." They are thus introduced:— "After this I may, perhaps, be deemed fully justified in quoting two *very typical* experiments for the further consideration of those who stave off the belief in spontaneous generation—either by relying on insufficient reasons for doubting the influence of boiling water, or because of their following Pasteur, Cohn, and others in supposing that certain peculiar bacteria-germs are not killed except by a brief exposure to a heat of 227° or 230° F. For even if we could grant them these limits, of what avail would the concession be . . . in the face of the following experiments?" The details of the experiments follow. They are alike in method, and we will concern ourselves only with the second. A strong infusion of common cress, with a few of the leaves and stalks of the plants, were inclosed in a flask, which was hermetically sealed while the fluid within was boiling. It was then introduced into a digester and gradually heated, and afterwards kept at a temperature of 270–275° F. for twenty minutes, and was retained at a temperature, if the time of heating and cooling be considered, over 230° F. for one hour. This flask was opened after nine weeks. The reaction was acid; the odor was not striking. On microscopical examination with a $\frac{1}{15}$ inch objective "*there appeared more than a dozen very active monads.*"

Now, fortunately, Dr. Bastian has not only carefully measured and described these organisms, but he has drawn them, and they are reproduced on the frontispiece of the book. He describes them

as the 1-4000th of an inch in diameter; they were provided with a long, rapidly moving lash (flagellum), by which granules were freely moved about. But, besides this, "*there were many smaller, motionless, tailless spherules, of different sizes, whose body-substances presented a similar appearance to that of the monads*—and of which they were in all probability earlier developmental forms." *

Now, by careful comparison, I find that this monad is no other than the "uniflagellate monad," which is the fourth in the series whose life-histories were studied by Dr. Drysdale and myself.† We describe it thus:—"Its exterior form is extremely simple, being ovoid, with a single flagellum. Its long diameter never exceeds the 1-4000th part of an inch" in length.‡ Now, from a very prolonged and careful study of these organisms, I am convinced that Dr. Bastian's form and ours are absolutely identical. But to make the thing simply irresistible we have further and final evidence. One of the metamorphoses of this monad on its passage to multiple fission is that it loses its flagellum, and becomes precisely what Dr. Bastian saw all around—a motionless spherule."§ These little bodies are less in diameter than the active monad, and of precisely the same structure. The identity is thus complete. The evidence is as full as may be; the monad Dr. Bastian saw was the one whose life-history was fully worked out. As usual, it multiplies by fission, but the fission is multiple. It then passes to a sac-like condition, resulting from the uniting together or fusion of two individuals. This sac becomes still and bursts, pouring out spore that taxed our highest powers and closest watching. The spore of only two of the monads studied survived after exposure to a temperature of 300° F. *This is one of them.*

Now, Dr. Bastian says, "A drop of the fluid containing several of these active monads was placed for about five minutes on a glass slip in a water oven, maintained at a temperature of 140° F. All the movements of the monads ceased from that time, and they neve afterwards showed any signs of life." *This is precisely our experience.* But no mark the reasoning. This monad wa killed at 140° F., *but it was found a an infusion that had been heated up* 275° F.; THEREFORE *it must have orig naied de novo.*

But it has been shown that the mona has germs, and that these have a powe of resisting heat up to 300° F.—tha is to say, 25° F. higher than that t which Dr. Bastian's infusion *was* expose —and *therefore*, by the logic of facts, th monads found were not a result o "spontaneous generation," *but were th natural outcome of a genetic product con tained in the infusion, and which the he employed could not destroy.*

We need no stronger proof of the fu tility of reasoning concerning the therm death-point of a minute organism whe developmental history is wholly unknow Yet so confident is our experimenter o his result that he says: "Nothing tha has yet been alleged, by way of objectio to the admission of spontaneous genera tion as an everyday fact, at all affec such experiments as these. The shor est way out of the difficulty would, there fore, be to doubt the facts." But I thin I have shown a still shorter way "out o the difficulty," and that, without the di courtesy of doubting Dr. Bastian's ex perimental "facts."

The truth, then, is that Dr. Bastia had no real knowedge of the monad but he argued as if he had. Hence a sumed premises led to a false and fat conclusion.

He is simply repeating this in his late attitude in reference to the question o the mode of origin of bacteria. Com pelled to yield all else, he throws up rampart round his exceptional flask and declares "spontaneous generation to be impregnable—an inviolable law o nature. Dr. Tyndall is plainly told tha his knowledge is insufficient, that he ha mistaken the meaning of the questio and that his mode of treating it "laughable;"† and all this arises fro the fact that Professor Tyndall dea

* "Evolution," p. 817.

† "Monthly Micros. Journ." vol. xi. p. 69, *et seq.*

‡ P. 69, ibid. § P. 69, ibid.

* "Evolution and the Origin of Life," 179.

† "Lancet," Feb. 5, 1876; and "Brit. Me Journ." Feb. 5, 1876.

with the question of *the mode of origin* of bacteria generally; whereas, to have pleased Dr. Bastian, he ought to have explained some exceptional conditions to which he now points — the exceptions being more important than the rule!

What are the facts?

I. Dr. Tyndall has proved, in connection with a host of others, but in a more definite and precise manner, that in *filtered infusions* five minutes' boiling does kill every form of bacteria.

II. He has further shown that they are propagated by demonstrable germs *only* in such infusions; and

III. This fact removes the probability of their spontaneous generation to an almost infinite distance.

As to the development of bacteria in infusions charged with solid matter, precise experiment of a sufficiently comprehensive character has yet to be made on them, in relation to the demonstrated germs. Meantime, shall we accept "spontaneous generation" on such ground as its strongest advocate has now to offer, and ignore the vast chain of facts copiously attested and controlled, which are in perfect harmony with the known laws of the entire organic world? This, and nothing less than this, is what Dr. Bastian inculcates and demands.—*Popular Science Review.*

MRS. THRALE (PIOZZI): THE FRIEND OF DR. JOHNSON.

BY MRS. MASSON.

Among the crowd of remarkable Englishwomen of the eighteenth century there is none concerning whom so much has been written, in her lifetime and afterwards, and whose story is so mixed up with the literary history of that period, as Hester Lynch Salusbury, known as Mrs. Thrale, afterwards Piozzi, who for twenty years was the most popular leader of literary society in London, and the acknowledged "provider and conductress" of Dr. Johnson.

Mrs. Thrale was not a little proud of her good old Welsh descent, and knew the Salusbury pedigree by heart, from old Adam de Saltzburg, who "came to England with the Conqueror," downwards. She was born in a little cottage at Bodville, in Caernarvonshire, in January 1741. Her parents were cousins—the mother, a daughter of Sir Thomas Salusbury Cotton, Bart., of Combermere in Cheshire and Llewenny Hall in Denbighshire; and the father, John Salusbury, of the Salusburys of Bachygraig, a younger branch of the same stock. Her mother's fortune of 10,000*l.* was spent in paying the debts of her husband; and, when John Salusbury inherited Bachygraig, he so impoverished it by looking for lead in its soil that he ended by emigrating to Nova Scotia—his wife and little girl remaining behind, and living as they best could upon the hospitality of richer Salusburys in various parts of the country. The brightest years of Hester's youth were spent with her mother at Offley Place, in Hertfordshire, the domain of her paternal uncle, Sir Thomas Salusbury, a Judge of the Admiralty, who had married a wealthy heiress; where, when the Nova Scotia adventure had resulted only in duels and discontents, John Salusbury rejoined his family. Uncle Thomas's heiress wife died while Hester was still a child; and then Hester's mother was to all intents and purposes the mistress of Offley Place, and her little girl was tacitly recognised as her childless uncle's heir. "Here," says Mrs. Thrale, "I reigned long, a fondled favorite;" and her richest recollections of youth and hope were connected with this Hertfordshire home.

Among Hester's early friends were Dr. Collier, a kindhearted old dominie, who taught her Latin, logic, and rhetoric, and his friend James Harris, author of a learned treatise upon Language and Universal Grammar. In her later life Mrs. Thrale remembered the conversations and correspondences she had had with these two old sages with an almost tearful enthusiasm.

It was in London, in one of the winters of those happy Offley years, that Hogarth made her sit for his picture of the *Lady's Last Stake*. He promised her the painting should be hers; but he died soon, and it fell into other hands; and

many years afterwards she saw her own young face hanging on the walls of a public exhibition in Pall Mall.

Hester Salusbury was still in her early teens when she blushed into authorship, and her first scribblings appeared anonymously, without the knowledge of her mother or Dr. Collier, in *St. James's Chronicle*. Her uncle shared his affections pretty equally between her and his horses. His stud was the finest in all the country round; and his house was haunted, she tells us, by young, wealthy sportsmen, whom she mimicked for Dr. Collier's amusement, preferring still the dominie's learned talk and Latin lessons to the gayest wooer among them. And so matters went on until, one day, when her father and Dr. Collier were both absent from Offley Place, her uncle Thomas brought news from London that a friend of his, "a real sportsman," was coming to pay them a visit. The next day Mr. Thrale arrived; and it was not long before he won the heart, not of Hester, but of Hester's mother, who with the uncle warmly favored his suit of her daughter. Hester's father, as soon as he discovered the matrimonial project, proudly resented Thrale's proposal. A family quarrel followed, and Hester with her parents removed to London. Then uncle Thomas, left to his own devices, fell in love with a gay widow, his neighbor, and the home at Offley Place was irrevocably lost. The poor spendthrift father, with his family pride and red-hot temper, died in December 1762. His widow inherited Bachygraig for her life, charged with 5,000*l.* for Hester, to which sum her uncle added another 5,000*l.*; and this ten thousand, with the expectation of Offley Place, constituted her wedding portion. She was married to Mr. Thrale, on October 11th, 1763, when she was twenty-two years and nine months old. "My uncle," she says, "went himself with me to church, gave me away, dined with us at Streatham Park, returned to Hertfordshire, wedded the widow, and then scarce ever saw or wrote to either of us; leaving me to conciliate as I could a husband, who was indeed much kinder than I counted on, to a plain girl, who had not one attraction in his eyes, and on whom he never had thrown five minutes of his time away in any interview unwitnessed by company even till aft our wedding day was done."

And so was begun, quietly and sac enough, it seems, for the only two acte at present on the stage, that memorat and fascinating comedy of real life Streatham Park which played itself o during the next twenty years.

Thrale's father, known among t friends of the son as "old Thrale," w a son of a still remoter Thrale, a po man of that same Offley village whe Hester spent her youth, and of his w Sukey, daughter of a miller named H sey, at St. Albans in the same coun Sukey's brother, Edmund Halsey, h run away from his home, and in t course of years acquired a fortune Child's brewery, Southwark, and marri old Child's daughter. He sent for sist Sukey's son to London, "said he wou make a man of him, and did so." H sey and his nephew, Ralph Thrale, wor ed together until Halsey's death, which time Ralph was rich enough buy the brewhouse of his cousin, Halse daughter and heiress, who had matri Lord Cobham. He lived to amass large fortune, and was at one tir member of Parliament for Southwa "He educated his son," says M Thrale, "and three daughters, quite in high style. His son he wisely connect with the Cobhams and their relations Grenvilles, Lytteltons, and Pitts — whom he lent money, while they lent a sistance of every other kind, so that r Mr. Thrale was bred up at Stowe, a Stoke, and Oxford, and every gent place." His father allowed him, leaving the university, a thousand a ye and sent him abroad with Lord We cote, the rich old brewer paying the e penses of both young men, that his s might have the benefit of a lord for l travelling companion. And so you Thrale had grown up with a taste f horses and other equally expensi pleasures, and was, "when he ca down to Offley to see his father's birt place, a very handsome and well acco plished gentleman." When, howev the young brewer proposed to marry, found no lady whom he could persua to live with him in the Borough, where dwelling-house was attached to the bre ery. And Hester Salusbury might al have refused to do this, but that she nev

saw either the Borough house or Streatham Park until she was taken to dwell there. After her marriage she found plenty to observe and to brood over in her new home besides the dinginess of its neighborhood. Her husband, seventeen years her senior, of a grave, taciturn disposition, and with no literary tastes, assumed with her at once the position of "master;" which epithet afterwards became a household word in the family. Her "master" forbade her old pet amusement of riding and hunting as unfeminine, and reserved the joys of his hunting-box at Croydon for his own special use. She was also forbidden to interfere in domestic matters, and was not expected to know what was for dinner until it was on the table. Her mother continued to live with her whenever they were at Streatham, removing in the winter to her own mansion in Dean street, Soho; "and thither," says Mrs. Thrale, "I went, oh, how willingly! to visit her every day."

Among her husband's bachelor acquaintances was Mr. Arthur Murphy, of some note in the literary world as a dramatist, a thoroughly pleasant fellow, with a light heart, plenty of sense, and a considerable dash of the *bon-vivant*. Mrs. Thrale took to him at once, and liked him better than Simon Luttrell, or Georgey Bodens, or the gossiping old Jesuit physician who used to tell her the family secrets. It is sufficiently plain that, by the time they had been married a year, the Thrales had forfeited many times over their claim to the traditional flitch of bacon; and never was a greater boon conferred on a discontented wife than when Mr. Murphy one day persuaded Thrale over their wine "to wish for Dr. Johnson's conversation, extolling it in terms," says Mrs. Thrale, "which that of no other person could have deserved, till we were only in doubt how to obtain his company, and find an excuse for the invitation." Their plans were accordingly laid; and Murphy, one winter afternoon, brought his friend, the great Doctor, to dine in the Borough, to meet a certain young shoemaker, who was also a poet—Murphy cautioning Mrs. Thrale beforehand not to be surprised at Johnson's dress, figure, and behavior. This first visit was a decided success. Johnson advised the shoemaker to give his nights and days to the study of Addison—which the shoemaker did not proceed to do; and on every subsequent Thursday through that winter of 1764–5 Johnson was again the guest of the Thrales.

The friendship thus begun matured itself on both sides until, one summer day in 1766, Mr. and Mrs. Thrale called upon Johnson in Fleet Street, and, finding him seriously ill and oppressed with melancholy, persuaded him to go on a long visit to Streatham Park. This visit extended over four months; and from that time until 1782 there was always a room set apart for Dr. Johnson both in the Borough and at Streatham. For almost all the remainder of his life, indeed, Johnson lived more with the Thrales than at his own home; spending usually the middle of each week with them, and reserving the Friday evenings for his Club, and his Saturdays and Sundays for Desmoulins, Williams, and the rest of the menagerie in his own den in Fleet Street.

Mrs. Thrale had heard of Dr. Johnson since she was a child in Hogarth's studio. The witty artist used to tell among his friends an excellent story, which Boswell has preserved, of his first meeting with Johnson in the house of Richardson the novelist. Hogarth and his host were talking together of the recent execution of Dr. Cameron, who had taken part in the Rebellion of 1745, and Hogarth was attempting to justify George II. for what most people regarded as very like a murder in cold blood. "While he was talking, he perceived a person standing at a window in the room, shaking his head, and rolling himself about in a strange ridiculous manner. He concluded that he was an idiot whom his relations had put under the care of Mr. Richardson as a very good man. To his great surprise, however, this figure stalked forward to where he and Mr. Richardson were sitting, and all at once took up the argument, and burst into an invective against George II. as one who upon all occasions was unrelenting and barbarous, mentioning many instances," &c. "In short," continues the story, "he displayed such a power of eloquence that Hogarth looked at him with astonishment, and actually imagined that this idiot had been at the moment inspired." But, although Hogarth could

laugh at Johnson when he liked, he was none the less one of his admirers, and was very earnest that his young friend Hester Salusbury should obtain the acquaintance, and if possible the friendship, of a man "whose conversation," he told her, "was to the talk of other men like Titian's painting compared to Hudson's." But now, when at last the rich cadence of Johnson's voice was heard under her roof, it was not only for the sake of his brilliant and learned talk that she gave him so warm a welcome. His friendship with her and her husband was, in the truest sense, an alliance, affecting the habits of life and thought of all three.

From the first Johnson appears to have exerted himself to raise Mrs. Thrale's position in her husband's house. Thrale's well-covered table and his clever wife were both to Johnson's taste, as also the "potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice," which lay stored in the brewer's mighty vats. But the fox-hounds at Croydon were an incubus; nor was it long before Thrale himself was stimulated by Johnson's eloquence to new pursuits. "The scene," says his wife, "was soon to change. Foxhounds were sold, and a seat in Parliament was suggested by our new inmate as more suitable to his dignity, more desirable in every respect." It is doubtful whether the change from the hunting-field to the House of Commons was a good one for a man of apoplectic tendencies; but in the meantime it had the effect of bringing Mrs. Thrale at once to the front. "I grew useful now, *almost* necessary; wrote the advertisements, looked to the treats; and people to whom I was till then unknown admired how happy Mr. Thrale must be in such a wonder of a wife."

An extensive circle and a round of social duties were the immediate result of her husband's parliamentary life. But the society of nonentities was the least pleasure that Dr. Johnson's reforms procured for her. If he did not at once flood her rooms with the society of the Literary Club and the *Bas Bleus*, he at least brought her a never-failing supply, day after day, of precisely that kind of literary gossip and anecdote which she delighted in. She would hear of the *Traveller* of the Irish Goldsmith, published on December 19th, 1764, and would be told which lines in it were Dr. Johnson's. On one memorable evening, when Johnson was called abruptly from her dinner-table, returning in three hours, she would listen curiously to the story of the poor author who had sent for him to his lodgings in Islington,—how Johnson had found him drinking Madeira wine and fretting over a novel which lay on his table ready for the press, while his enraged landlady and the bailiffs were besieging him for rent; and how Johnson had extricated the author from his difficulty by carrying off the manuscript to the bookseller and exhcanging it for a sum of ready money. It was not till ten years afterwards, Mrs. Thrale tells us, that something in Dr. Goldsmith's behavior suggested to her that he was the man; and then Johnson confessed that he was so, and that the novel which he had sold so expeditiously for 60*l.* was the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Boswell was away on his travels when first the Thrales and Johnson became intimate; and there had been summers at Streatham and journeys to "Brighthelmstone" before he returned. Near at hand, however, were the lions of the Literary Club, established in 1763 or 1764, the original members of which were Johnson himself, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, Topham Beauclerk, Bennet Langton, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. Nugent, while others were added from time to time. This group included Johnson's most intimate associates, most of whom were considerably younger than himself, while all looked up to him as a kind of literary prophet or leader.

At first only heard of, these men became in time habitually the guests of Mrs. Thrale and her hospitable husband. Everybody was glad of access to a house where Johnson was sure to be found; indeed, it was often hopeless to look for him elsewhere, and the difficulty of securing his company at dinner was a subject of joke with Goldsmith:—

"When come to the place where we all had to dine,
A chair-lumbered closet, just twelve feet by nine,
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come.

'For I knew it,' he cried; 'both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale.'"

Garrick the actor was another of the Johnsonian set who became intimate at Streatham Park; and, when Mrs. Thrale told him she remembered having sat on his knee while he fed her with cakes, more than twenty years ago, he did not like the story! Boswell was first invited to Streatham in 1768. "On the 5th of October," he says, "I complied with this obliging invitation, and found at an elegant villa, six miles from town, every circumstance which can make society pleasing. Johnson, though quite at home, was yet looked to with an awe tempered by affection, and seemed to be equally the care of his host and hostess."

This, indeed, may be said to have been the golden age of their friendship. "On the birthday of our eldest daughter, and that of our friend Dr. Johnson, the 17th and 18th of September," says Mrs. Thrale "we every year made up a little dance and supper to divert our servants and their friends, putting the summer-house into their hands for the two evenings, to fill with acquaintance and merriment. Francis (Johnson's black servant) and his white wife were invited of course. She was eminently pretty, and he was jealous, as my maids told me. On the first of these days' amusements, I know not what year, Frank took offence at some attentions paid to his Desdemona, and walked away next morning to London in wrath. His master and I, driving the same road an hour after, overtook him. 'What is the matter, child,' says Dr. Johnson, 'that you leave Streatham today? *Art sick?*' 'He is jealous,' whispered I. 'Are you jealous of your wife, you stupid blockhead?' cries out his master in another tone. The fellow hesitated; and 'To be sure, sir; I don't quite approve, sir,' was the stammering reply. 'Why, what do they *do* to her, man? Do the footmen kiss her?' 'No, sir, no! Kiss my *wife*, sir! *I hope not*, sir!' 'Why, what *do* they do to her, my lad?' 'Why, nothing, sir! I'm sure, sir!' 'Why, then, go back directly and dance, you dog, do! and let's hear no more of such empty lamentations.'"

Here is another of Mrs. Thrale's stories of Streatham life:—

"Dr. Johnson was always exceedingly fond of chemistry, and we made up a sort of laboratory at Streatham one summer, and diverted ourselves with drawing essences and coloring liquors. But the danger Mr. Thrale found his friend in, one day when I was driven to London and he had got the children and servants round him to see some experiments performed, put an end to all our entertainment; so well was the master of the house persuaded that his short sight would have been his destruction in a moment, by bringing him close to a fierce and violent flame. Indeed, it was a perpetual miracle that he did not set himself on fire reading abed, as was his constant custom, when exceedingly unable even to keep clear of mischief with our best help; and, accordingly, the fore-top of all his wigs was burnt by the candle down to the very network. Mr. Thrale's *valet-de-chambre* for that reason kept one always in his own hands, with which he met him at the parlor door when the bell had called him down to dinner; and, as he went upstairs to sleep in the afternoon, the same man constantly followed him with another."

Johnson took a lively interest in Mr. Thrale's parliamentary work. He accompanied Mrs. Thrale in her canvassing expeditions, when she learned by heart every nook of Southwark; and his first and favorite political pamphlet, *The False Alarm*, was written in her house "between eight o'clock on Wednesday night and twelve o'clock on Thursday night; and we read it," she adds, "to Mr. Thrale when he came very late home from the House of Commons." This was in 1770. In the same year Mr. Thrale was carried from London to Streatham, insensible and dangerously ill. He recovered; but it was not long after this event that what Mrs. Thrale called "the distresses of 1772" set in.

Mr. Thrale had become involved in a fruitless speculation, suggested to him in the first instance by a quack chemist, and, without the knowledge of his family or friends, had constructed a costly manufactory of some curiously useless concoction for the preservation of wood from decay. Twenty thousand hogsheads of "this pernicious mess," as Mrs. Thrale called it, were being brewed in East Smithfield, in which all their

money, and a great deal of Government money besides, was swallowed up. "We had, in the commercial phrase, no beer to start for customers. We had no money to purchase with. Our clerks insulted long, rebelled and *ratted*, but I held them in. A sudden run menaced the house, and death hovered over the head of its principal." The energies and sympathies of every member of the family were stimulated in this hour of distress. Until now Dr. Johnson and Thrale's mother-in-law had never been on good terms, and Mrs. Salusbury had persisted in preferring her newspaper to the Doctor's conversation. Now, however, a common anxiety united them. Poor Thrale was driven to threaten suicide, and Johnson set himself to comfort the frightened women. "Fear not," he said, "the menaces of suicide; the man who has two such females to console him never yet killed himself, and will not now." Each did and gave what they could. Dr. Johnson scarcely left Thrale a moment, and "tried every artifice to amuse, as well as every argument to console him." But money, in round thousands, was after all the only effectual medicine for the broken-hearted brewer. In their distress they applied to their surest friends first. Down at Brighton there lived an old gouty solicitor, retired from business, the friend and contemporary of old Ralph Thrale. He had money; but how should they get at him, and at his heart, with this long troublesome story? "Well," says Mrs. Thrale, "first we made free with our mother's money, her little savings, about 3,000*l.*—'twas all she had; and, big as I was with child, I drove down to Brighthelmstone to beg of Mr. Scrase 6,000*l.* more—he gave it us—and Perkins, the head clerk, had never done repeating my short letter to our master, which only said: 'I have done my errand, and you soon shall see returned, *whole*, as I hope, your heavy but faithful messenger, H. L. T.'" Other friends in due time volunteered their assistance, and the crisis was over. But the business was burdened with a debt of 130,000*l.* "Yet in nine years," continues Mrs. Thrale, "was every shilling paid; one, if not two elections well contested; and we might at Mr. Thrale's death have had money had he been willing to listen to advice. . . . The baby that I carried lived an *hour*—m mother a year; but she left our minc more easy." Dr. Johnson wrote for th kind and much-suffering mother a affectionate epitaph in finely soundin Latin; and the descendant of old Ada de Saltzburg,—"*Nata* 1707, *Nupta* 173 *Obiit* 1773,"—slept in peace.

The events of the last three years ha linked Johnson and the Thrales mo closely than ever. "And who will be m biographer, do you think?" said he t Mrs. Thrale, when she was talking wit him, one day in July 1773, of the even of his youth. "Goldsmith, no doubt she replied, "and he will do it the be among us." "No; Goldy won't do Johnson thinks; and they talk togeth of Dr. Taylor of Ashborne, and other ol friends of Johnson, who know his li and love him better. "After my comin to London," he said, "to drive the worl about a little, you must all go to Jac Hawkesworth for anecdotes. I lived i great familiarity with him, though I thin there was not much affection, from tl year 1753 till the time Mr. Thrale an you took me up. I intend, however he continued, "to disappoint the rogue and either make you write the life wi Taylor's intelligence, or, which is bette do it myself after outliving you all."

The journey of Boswell and Johnsc to the Hebrides took place in the au tumn of 1773, and it was in Skye that l wrote the graceful Latin Ode to Mr Thrale, consisting of five stanzas, whic ends thus:—

"Seu viri curas, pia nupta, mulcet,
Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,
Sive cum libris novitate pascit
Sedula mentem;
Sit memor nostri, fideique merces
Stet fides constans, meritoque blandum
Thraliæ discant resonare nomen
Littora Skiæ."

The following is a literal translation the entire Ode:—

"I am roaming through lands where tl barren rock mingles its stony ruins with t clouds; where the savage country laughs at t unfruitful labors of the peasant.

"I am wandering among races of uncul vated men; where life, adorned by no cultu is neglected and deformed, and, foul with t smoke of peat, lurks obscure.

"Amid the hardships of this long to amid the babble of an unknown tongue, how many strains do I ask myself, 'How fa sweet Thrale?'

"Whether she, dutiful spouse, soothes her husband's cares, or whether, indulgent mother, she fondles her offspring, or whether, amid the society of books, she nourishes her mind with new knowledge;—

"May she be mindful of me! May faith, the reward of faith, remain constant! And may the shores of Skye learn to resound the name of Thrale so justly dear."*

While her name was resounding thus eloquently among the mountains of the Celt, Mrs. Thrale herself was hard at work in the counting-house of the brewery, and superintending the conduct of her Welsh estates. Mr. Perkins, head clerk, was away on a commercial journey, and to him she wrote: "Mr. Thrale is still upon his little tour. I opened a letter from you at the counting-house this morning, and am sorry to find you have so much trouble with Grant and his affairs. . . . Careless, of the 'Blue Posts,' has turned refractory, and applied to Hoare's people, who have sent him in their beer. I called on him to-day, however, and by dint of an unwearied solicitation (for I kept him at the coach-side a full half-hour) I got his order for six butts more as the final trial."

It was a terrible disappointment to this energetic little woman of business to discover, upon the death, in 1773, of her uncle, Sir Thomas Salusbury, that he had bequeathed Offley Place and its 2,000*l.* a year of revenue to a distant relative, thus depriving her of what she had hitherto regarded as her inheritance. And the blow fell with peculiar heaviness now, when she would so gladly have brought some grist of her own to the mill.

In 1774 Johnson spent some weeks at Streatham, "to be nursed;" and in the autumn of that year he accompanied the Thrales and their eldest child, Hester, whom they called "Queeney," upon a tour in Wales, where they visited various Welsh relations, and looked up Bachygraig, the family mansion of Mrs. Thrale's father. They found a ruined house two hundred years old, and no garden. Johnson had dreamt of something finer, and was disappointed. Mrs. Thrale was equally disappointed on this occasion in Johnson. He was eminently a poor traveller, short-sighted and deaf, and could not believe in beauties which he neither heard nor saw. His irritable temper was also a sore trial to his travelling companions. "I remember, sir," said Mrs. Thrale long afterwards, when the talk one evening at Streatham was of Johnson's severe and bitter speeches; "I remember, sir, when we were travelling in Wales, how you called me to account for my civility to the people. 'Madam,' you said, 'let me have no more of this idle commendation of nothing. Why is it that whatever you see, and whoever you see, you are to be so indiscriminately lavish of praise?' 'Why, I'll tell you, sir,' said I: 'when I am with you and Mr. Thrale and Queeney, I am obliged to be civil for four.'"

Nor was it only in Wales that the incivilities of Johnson annoyed Mrs. Thrale. Mr. Thrale would sometimes check him by saying coldly, "There, there! now we have had enough for one lecture, Dr. Johnson; we will not be upon education any more till after dinner, if you please." He lived, Mrs. Thrale tells us, always upon the verge of a quarrel; and she relates how one evening, for example, she came into the room where he and a gentleman had been conversing, and found that a lady who had walked in two minutes before "had blown them both into a flame" by whispering something to Johnson's companion. It was in vain to make explanations, or to attempt to pacify him; the Doctor's suspicions were all alive. "And have a care, sir," he was saying just as Mrs. Thrale entered the room, "the old lion will not bear to be tickled." The gentleman was pale with rage, the lady weeping at the confusion she had caused, "and," adds Mrs. Thrale, "I could only say with Lady Macbeth—

"'So! you've displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder.'"

It was as much as Mrs. Thrale could do during the next two or three years to keep her wits clear and her heart from breaking. Business troubles were, it is true, subsiding; but others and heavier were taking their place, which no buoyancy of spirit could overcome, nor friendly skill alleviate. Her husband's health

* More than forty years after this Ode was written Sir Walter Scott visited Skye with a party of friends, and had the curiosity to ask "What was the first idea in every one's mind at landing?" All answered, separately, that it was Johnson's Latin Ode.

was broken, her children were falling ill, and two or three of them died in rapid succession. No wonder she replied to the dictatorial and exacting letters of her old friend with some petulance: "You ask, dear sir, if I keep your letters. To be sure I do. . . . My only reason to suppose that we should dislike looking over the correspondence twelve or twenty years hence was because the sight of it would not revive the memory of cheerful times at all. God forbid that I should be less happy then than now, when I am perpetually bringing or losing babies, both very dreadful operations to me, and which tear mind and body in pieces very cruelly." And again: "You say, too, that I shall not grow wiser in twelve years, which is a bad account of futurity; but if I grow happier I shall grow wiser, for, being less chained down to surrounding circumstances, what power of thinking my mind naturally possesses will have fair play at least." The death of their eldest son, in 1776, then a promising youth already at school, and the pride of Streatham Park, was a heart-breaking matter to both parents. "Poor dear, sweet, little boy!" Johnson wrote tenderly on hearing the news of his death; "I loved him as I never expect to love any other little boy; but I could not love him as a parent. I know that such a love is a laceration of the mind. I know that a whole system of hopes and designs and expectations is swept away at once, and nothing is left but bottomless vacuity. What you feel I have felt, and hope that your disquiet will be shorter than mine." The old man is remembering his wife, dead twenty-four years ago, and the tears are falling while he writes.

It was two years after this event when Dr. Burney took his daughter, the authoress of *Evelina*, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Thrale at Streatham. By that time Streatham Park had come to be the headquarters of literary society; and for the young novelist, still trembling on the threshold of public life, this was, to use her own words, "the most consequential day she had spent since her birth." The white house upon the common, pleasantly situated in a fine paddock, with hothouses and kitchen-gardens about it, and its lake well-stocked with perch, peeps out vividly enough from the pages of her amusing *Diary and Letters*. The central feature of the house itself was the library. Here the books had been selected by Dr. Johnson, and the friendly faces which hung above them were, one and all, the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Over the fireplace were Mrs. Thrale and her eldest daughter, "pretty Queeney," as Johnson used to call her. Mr. Thrale was above the door which led to his study; and the collection round the room included Dr. Johnson, Mr. Murphy, Burke, Dr. Burney, Garrick, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua himself, and other intimate friends of the hospitable brewer. These formed the nucleus of the society of Streatham Park; these were the great few who have made the memory of the white house on the common immortal. But in 1778, as in 1765, the two most familiar faces by the Streatham fireside were still Mr. Murphy's and Dr. Johnson's. There was also a Lady Ladd, Thrale's sister, once a beauty, six feet high, and with very strong opinions concerning "the respect due from the lower class of the people." "I know my place," she would say, "and I always take it, and I've no notion of not taking it; but Mrs. Thrale lets all sorts of people do just as they've a mind by her." Dr. Johnson and Lady Ladd were very good friends; and, when he accosted her ladyship in verse—

> "With patches, paint, and jewels on
> Sure Phillis is not twenty-one;
> But, if at night you Phillis see,
> The dame at least is forty-three!"—

"I know enough of that forty-three," she would cry good-naturedly. "I don't desire to hear any more of it!"

A distinguished visitor at Streatham was Mrs. Montagu, authoress of the essay on the *Genius and Learning of Shakespeare*, the most blue of the Blue-stocking ladies who did homage to Johnson.

"To-morrow, sir, Mrs. Montagu dines here, and then you will have talk enough," says Mrs. Thrale. Dr. Johnson begins to see-saw, with a countenance strongly expressive of inward fun; then suddenly addresses Miss Burney—"Down with her, Burney! down with her, spare her not! attack her, fight her, and down with her at once! You are a rising wit, and she is at the top; and, when I was beginning the world and was nothing and nobody, the joy of my life was to fire at all the established wits, and then every-

body loved to halloo me on. But there is no game now; everybody would be glad to see me conquered; but then, when I was new, to vanquish the great ones was all the delight of my poor little dear soul. So, at her, Burney—at her, and down with her!" But the prim little novelist will not bark, and Dr. Johnson "Evelinas" her, folds his ample arm around her not reluctant waist, and blows her trumpet for her—in vain. Mrs. Thrale also is charmed with her novel, and lionises her to her heart's content, but good-naturedly attacks her morbid shyness. "Now you have a new edition coming out, why should you not put your name to it?" Cries Burney, "Oh, ma'am, I would not for the world!" "And why not?" exclaims her hostess; "come, let us have done now with all this diddle-daddle!" When at last Miss Burney was roughly handled by the pamphleteers of the day, and half-starved herself for vexation, Mrs. Thrale wrote upbraiding her behavior, but added: "What hurts me most is lest you should like me the less for this letter. Yet I will be true to my own sentiments and send it; if you think me coarse and indelicate, I can't help it. You are twenty odd years old, and I am past thirty-six—there's the true difference." (The little lady was past thirty-eight, if the unhappy truth be told.) "I have lost seven children, and been cheated out of two thousand a year, and I cannot, indeed I cannot, sigh and sorrow over pamphlets and paragraphs."

But, although Burney could not bark, she could bite. Among the vivid and sarcastic pictures she has drawn of the guests at Streatham is one of Boswell, just arrived from Scotland, and on a morning visit at Streatham, where she met him for the first time. At luncheon "little Burney" sat next to Johnson, and Boswell, driven from his usual post of honor, and knowing nothing as yet of *Evelina* or its authoress, sulkily drew another chair, as near as he could place it, behind them. His attention to Johnson's talk as usual amounted almost to pain. "His eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the shoulder of the Doctor; and his mouth dropt open to catch every syllable that might be uttered." While he was in this rapt state, Dr. Johnson, who had concluded him to be at the other end of the table, called out good-naturedly "Bozzy!" and, discovering by the sound of the reply how close Bozzy was, turned angrily round upon him, and, clapping his hand rather loudly on his knee, said in a tone of displeasure, "What do you do there, sir! Go to the table, sir!" Off went poor Bozzy in sore affright to a distant seat; but presently was running about to look for something he wished to exhibit to the company. "What are you thinking of, sir?" cried the Doctor again, authoritatively; "why do you get up before the cloth is removed? Come back to your place, sir!"—adding, with hidden fun, as he recollected a favorite character in *Evelina*, "Running about in the middle of meals! One would take you for a *Brangton!*"

Among the Streathamite ladies was Miss Sophia Streatfield, a pupil of Mrs. Thrale's old dominie, Dr. Collier, of Offley. She was about five years younger than Mrs. Thrale, and her beauty, coquetry, and reputation for learning made her a formidable rival. Mr. Thrale's head was completely turned by her, and his little wife, who endured with tolerable good-humor his flirtations which she did not see, was considerably provoked by this one, which went on at a gala pace under her own eyes. A golden age was this for Blue-stockingism in England! Mrs. Thrale was as jealous of Sophia's Greek as she was of her beauty. "Here is Sophia Streatfield again," she writes in her diary, "handsomer than ever, and flushed with new conquests. The Bishop of Chester feels her power, I am sure. She showed me a letter from him that was as tender and had all the tokens upon it as strong as ever I remember to have seen 'em. I repeated to her out of Pope's *Homer*. 'Very well, Sophy,' says I:—

'Range undisturbed among the hostile crew,
But touch not Hector; Hector is my due.'

'Miss Streatfield,' says my master, 'could have quoted these lines in Greek.' His saying so piqued me because it was true. 'I wish I understood Greek!'" Nor were Mr. Thrale and the Bishop of Chester Sophy's only victims. The respectable head of poor dear Dr. Burney was also turned, much to the vexation of Miss Fanny. "How she contrives," continues

indignant Mrs. Thrale, "to keep bishops and brewers and doctors and directors of the East India Company all in chains so, and almost all at the same time, would amaze a wiser person than me. I can only say" (the little lady is growing terrible!) "let us mark the end!" At first, these ebullitions of wrath were confined to her private diary, which she called her *Thraliana;* but the irritation increased, and at length there was a "scene." She told the story herself many years afterwards. There was a large dinner-party at their house. Johnson sat on one side of Mrs. Thrale, Burke on the other; and Sophia Streatfield was among the guests. Thrale was on this occasion superfluously attentive to the white-throated siren, while his wife, "then near her confinement, and dismally low-spirited," looked on. Presently her husband asked her to give up her place at the head of the table to Sophy, who had a sore throat and did not like her seat near the door. It *was* a little too hard, and seemed to the poor lady the last drop in her cup of woe. So, bursting into tears, she made some petulant speech—that "perhaps ere long the lady might be at the head of Mr. Thrale's table without displacing the mistress of the house"—and so left the apartment. "I retired," she says, "to the drawing-room, and for an hour or two contended with my vexation as I best could, when Johnson and Burke came up. On seeing them, I resolved to give a *jobation* to both, but fixed on Johnson for my charge, and asked him, if he had noticed what passed, what I suffered, and whether, allowing for the state of my nerves, I was much to blame? He answered, 'Why, possibly not; your feelings were outraged.' I said, 'Yes, greatly so; and I cannot help remarking with what blandness and composure you *witnessed* the outrage. Had this transaction been told of others, your anger would have known no bounds; but towards a man who gives good dinners you were meekness itself!' Johnson," she added, "colored, and Burke, I thought, looked foolish; but I had not a word of answer from either."

For six years after their first meeting, Miss Burney and Mrs. Thrale continued in a close intimacy; but Mrs. Thrale was not long in taking a correct measure of her friend's character, and was sometimes weary enough of her affectations her pride, and glaring egotism. Nevertheless she liked her. Fanny was in the very heart of the gay world, and had, in spite of her prudery, no little knowledge of its ways. Mrs. Thrale's fondness for having notables about her too often landed her in dilemmas; but her easy temper and natural light-heartedness helped her wonderfully through them. And when Fanny amused her, fondled her, ill-treated her, Mrs. Thrale would see through it all, and love her still. Accordingly, the young authoress was from the first a privileged "Streathamite," spending a large portion of her time with the Thrales, both in town and in their country quarters.

But, whether among "Blues" or beauties, in the pump-rooms and ball-rooms of fashionable watering-places, or in gay London drawing-rooms, Mrs. Thrale was pretty sure to be the queen of her company, with a character for unrivalled "wit," extensive reading, and sweet vivacity of temper. And, besides all these, did she not stand pre-eminent above the women of her time in the favor of Dr. Johnson? She was not one to depreciate the distinction. True it was that this friendship between her and the "leviathan of literature" brought her nowadays occasionally more of pain than of happiness. Johnson had spoken truly when he said such sorrows as hers must sweep away a whole system of hopes and designs and expectations. And, although he had forgotten that he said it, the fact remained. The pillar needed supporting at last. But, in the meantime, Johnson himself was growing daily more abjectly dependent upon the love of his friends. The calamity of old age, which he had all his life dreaded, was now upon him. His infirmities were increasing—his deafness, his near-sightedness, his rapacious appetite, his exacting, despotic temper. But, with all this, what would Mrs. Thrale's life have been, had he been out of it? For were there not still some outbreaks of the old tenderness, a falling back into the pleasant acquiescent mood of long ago? And who else like that old man could bring back at his will her youth, her dead children's voices, her gay spirit?

Never in her best days had her spirit been gayer than on one memorable even-

ing in the winter of 1779–80, at Dr. Burney's house in St. Martin's Street, where a number of people had been invited to meet the Thrales and Dr. Johnson. In the company were Mrs. Greville and Mrs. Crewe, the one a "wit" of some celebrity and authoress of an *Ode to Indifference*, the other the most admired court beauty of her day. All of them had come to talk and to hear Dr. Johnson talk, and it is probable, too, that Mrs. Greville and Mrs. Thrale were looking forward to a friendly tilt to themselves in the course of the evening. But among the guests was a new singer from Paris, a Signor Piozzi, and Dr. Burney must, forsooth, exhibit his new lion before the old ones were allowed to roar. Now, Dr. Johnson did not know a fugue of Bach from a street cry, nor were some others present much wiser. When, therefore, Piozzi took his place at the piano and sang them one *scena* after another, it was for most of them simply a monopoly of noise on his part, and, for them, a condemnation to silence. Mrs. Thrale alone was at her ease. She feared nobody; not Dr. Johnson, sitting abstractedly with his back to the piano; not the plaintive Greville, who was perhaps conning her own *Ode;* nor the beautiful Crewe, with her shepherdess airs and court smiles. A sudden sense of the ridiculous position they are in lifts her spirits altogether beyond her own control; and, while the rest of the guests are sitting round the room in frigid silence, she glides on tiptoe behind the singer and begins imitating his gestures, squaring her little elbows, shrugging her shoulders, casting up her eyes—doing all of the *aria parlante*, in short, except its music. Dr. Johnson does not see the dumb show, but the ladies open their eyes wider, and Dr. Burney is shocked. With an air of dignified censure, the historian of music conducts the culprit back to her chair, whispering remonstrance; and Mrs. Thrale, with admirable good temper, accepts his rebuke and sits down, like a pretty little miss, for the rest of a humdrum party: in her own heart, however —need we doubt it?—thinking Dr. Burney "a blockhead," to have wasted such a chance of a brilliant evening.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

'MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS.'

THE effect of certain sounds upon the mind is often very curious. We do not allude to the ordinary phenomena of speech, singing, and music, where the sound-producing apparatus is tolerably familiar, and its distance from the hearer estimated with a near approach to accuracy. The effect is only 'mysterious' when there is any doubt as to where the sound comes from, and how it has originated; the imagination then begins, and sometimes works itself up to very singular hallucinations. Night, or darkness without night, has much to do with this matter. When we cannot see the sound-producing agent, conjecture is apt to run wild; and ghost stories often depend on no better foundation than this. For instance, certain sounds may frequently be heard at night, coming from the air above, but from an invisible source—a kind of whistling or prolonged cry, the producers of which are known in certain parts of England as 'whistlers.' Some legends make it out that these whistlers are ghosts, some evil spirits, some Wandering Jews. But the truth is that the sounds proceed from birds, such as wild geese or plovers, which are in the habit of flying in flocks by night, either for the purpose of reaching distant-feeding-grounds, or during their annual migrations. The cry which is usually uttered by the 'leader' during these nocturnal bird-flights has, from ignorance of its cause, been regarded as weird and mysterious by superstitious folks, who associate it with impending evil.

Sir David Brewster gives an excellent account of a mysterious night-sound which would have frightened many persons, but which proved innocently harmless when tested by a steady observer. A gentleman heard a strange sound every night, soon after getting into bed; his wife heard it also, but not at the time when *she* retired, a little earlier than he. No probable cause could be assigned; and the effect upon the imagination became rather unpleasant. He found,

some time afterwards, that the sound came from a wardrobe which stood near the head of his bed. He almost always opened and closed this wardrobe when undressing; but as the door was a little tight, he could not *quite* close it. The door, possibly affected by gradual changes of temperature, forced itself open with a sort of dull sound which was over in an instant. From the lady not being in the habit of using that wardrobe, the mystery became associated with her husband only. Many a ghost-story would receive its solution by a little attention to the sounds resulting from the expansion and contraction of woodwork, such as doors, panels, wainscoting, and articles of furniture. Heard at night, when all is still, the sudden creaking of furniture in a room is apt to be somewhat startling, until one comes to know that it is simply due to 'the weather.'

Sound being generally more audible at night than in the daytime, is often exaggerated by those who overlook that fact. Humboldt specially noted this when listening to the cataracts of the Orinoco, and traced it to differences in the humidity of the air. The atmosphere is sometimes more than usually transparent, and sometimes more than usually opaque, to sounds as well as to light; Dr. Tyndall has recently proved this in a striking way, in relation to the audibility of fog-signals in different states of the weather. A little mystery is also due to the fact that we sometimes know that sound is being produced by an object visible to us, and yet we cannot hear it. The chirp of the sparrow is inaudible to some persons; others, who can hear it, cannot hear the squeak of the bat; and all of us are at the mercy of a kind of tone-deafness (analogous in some degree to Dr. Dalton's color-blindness), in regard to sounds of acute pitch. A singular case of visible but inaudible drumming occurred during the American War of Independence. English and American troops were drawn up on opposite sides of a river; the outposts were mutually visible; and the English could see an American drummer beating his tattoo, although no sound could be heard. This is attributed to a kind of tone-opacity which affected the air over the river in a particular state of temperature and humidity.

There is, to most of us, much mystery in sounds when louder than we expected to find them. A well at Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight, has water at the bottom; and when even so small an object as a pin is dropped into the water, the sound can be heard above, although the well is more than two hundred feet deep. At St. Alban's Cathedral, it used to be said, the tick of a watch could be heard from end to end of that very long building; whether the recent restorations have interfered with this phenomenon, we do not know. Sound can be heard over water at a greater distance than over land; Dr. Hutton heard a person reading at a hundred and forty feet distance on the Thames, whereas he could only hear him seventy feet off on shore. Sound can be heard over ice, also, more easily than over land. When Lieutenant Foster was wintering in the Arctic Regions, he found he could converse with a man a mile and a quarter distant, both being on the ice in Bowen Harbor. The human voice, it is asserted, has been heard ten miles off at Gibraltar—we presume, over the water of the strait. The whispering gallery at St. Paul's is always a mystery to visitors; a whisper becomes distinctly audible at the opposite side of the gallery; but not at intermediate positions. The late Sir Charles Wheatstone once made a curious observation on sound at the Colosseum in the Regent's Park (recently pulled down). Placing himself close to the upper part of the interior wall (a circle a hundred and thirty feet in diameter), he found that a spoken word was repeated many times; that an exclamation appeared like a peal of laughter; and that the tearing of a piece of paper was like the pattering of hail. In the cathedral of Girgenti, Sicily, a whisper can be heard the whole length of the building, if the whisperer places himself in the focus of the semicircular apse at one end. A story is told that, long ago, a confessional box was inadvertently placed just at that spot; that the details of a confession were audible at another spot near the entrance to the church; and that the authorities were first made acquainted with this

awkward fact by a ferment arising out of one particular confession.

Single sounds repeated many times, and a whole sentence repeated after a second or two, are alike mysterious to those who are not conversant with the scientific conditions on which they depend. Some recorded echoes are of very remarkable character. Those on and near the Lakes of Killarney are doubtless familiar to many readers of this sheet. At Woodstock Park, near Oxford, it used to be said that an echo would repeat seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night—a statement possibly in need of modern verification. An echo on the banks of the Lago del Lupo, near Terni, is said to repeat seventeen syllables; while the old topographers of Sussex told of an echo of twenty-one syllables in Shipley Church.

Many a mysterious rumbling, a trembling if not a booming, has been fairly attributed to distant cannonading heard over wide stretches of sea, and sometimes of land. Supposing the statements to be correct (which, of course, we cannot guarantee), many of the recorded examples are notable enough. The evening gun at Plymouth has been heard at Ilfracombe, sixty miles off. Rather more than this is the distance from Holyhead to Kingstown, near Dublin, a distance travelled by the audible sound of a salute from a fleet of war-ships. Cannonading off the coast of Essex has been heard at Cambridge; and off the North Foreland, at London—distances of seventy or eighty miles. The booming of great guns has been heard from Messina to Syracuse, from Genoa to Leghorn, from Portsmouth to Hereford—distances of ninety to a hundred miles. Great explosions of gunpowder, in powder-works and in magazines, are said to have been heard at distances nearly as great as these. Guns fired at Carlscrona have been heard in Denmark, across the whole breadth of Sweden, a hundred and twenty miles off. At two or three places on the coast of Kent, it is said, the cannonading at Waterloo was heard—the distance being very considerably over a hundred miles. The terrible firing of the Federals and Confederates at the battle of Gettysburg, during the American civil war, made itself heard a hundred and thirty miles off; and it is even said that gun-firing at Stockholm was once heard at a distance of a hundred and eighty miles; and that cannonading in the German Ocean was audible at Shrewsbury, two hundred miles off. But if for cannonading we substitute the mightiest sounds of nature, great volcanic eruptions, we leave such distances far behind; Sir Stamford Raffles and other reliable authorities tell us that the tremendous volcanic eruption at Sumbawa Island, in the Eastern Archipelago, was heard *nine hundred miles away*.

There is often something very mysterious in sounds when we are deceived as to the direction whence they come, even when the sounds themselves are of a familiar kind; and if we are deceived both as to direction and distance, the mystery grows in interest. One of the best examples of this was the exhibition known as the *Invisible Girl*, pleasing in itself and scientific in action. In the middle of an exhibition-room was a small globe of copper or brass, suspended by strings or ribbons from a canopy, and in contact with nothing but those ribbons, except that four trumpet-mouths opened from the four sides of the globe. On speaking into one of these mouths, and asking questions, a tiny voice answered from the globe itself, speaking in three or four languages, according to the requirements of the question, and singing at intervals. The globe was only a foot or so in diameter; but so completely did the voice seem to come from it, and so delicate and subdued was it in tone, that the effect produced upon the audience was striking. The mode of producing the sounds was scientifically complete. A framework that surrounded the ball had an air-tube along one horizontal bar and down one leg; when a spectator spoke or whispered into one of the trumpet-mouths, the sound was echoed by the hollow of the globe back into the concealed tube, and conveyed into an adjoining apartment, where they were heard by a lady confederate, who whispered back the answer. We remember the exhibition, and can vouch for the fact that the voice seemed to come from a tiny being located in the small globe itself.

It has been pretty well ascertained, in regard to mysterious sounds coming from masses of stone, that the sonorous effects admit of a scientific explanation. At

Solfatara, near Naples, when the ground at a certain spot is struck by throwing a large stone against it, a peculiar hollow sound is distinctly heard. This, it is believed, is due to one of three causes: there are large cavities beneath, or there are partial echoes in the porous stone, or there is a reverberation from the surrounding hills. Humboldt describes a granitic mountain in the Orinoco region as 'one of those from which travellers have heard from time to time, towards sunrise, subterranean sounds resembling those of an organ. The missionaries call that stone *loxas de musica*. "It is witchcraft," said our young Indian guide. The sound is only heard when a person lies down on the rock, with his ear close to the surface.' Humboldt expressed a belief that the rock contains a multitude of deep and narrow crevices; that the temperature of the crevices is different from that of the open air; that a sonorous current slowly issues at sunrise;. and that the sound is probably due to this issuing current striking against thin films of mica in the granite. Near Tor, in Arabia Petræa, is a mountain which gives forth a curious sound. A legend is current among the natives to the effect that a convent of monks is miraculously preserved underground; and that the sound is produced by the *nakous*, a long metallic bar suspended horizontally, which a priest strikes with a hammer to summon the monks to prayers. A Greek is even said to have seen the mountain open, and to have descended into the subterranean convent, where he found fine gardens and delicious water: and in order to give proof of this descent, he produced some fragments of consecrated bread, which he pretended to have brought from the undergound convent! Seetzen, the first European traveller who visited this spot, played sad havoc with this imaginative picture. Accompanied by some Greeks and Arabs, he found a bare rock of hard sandstone, inscribed with Greek, Arabic, and Coptic characters. He came to the conclusion, on close examination, that the surfaces of two inclined planes of sandstone are covered with loose disintegrated sand; and that this sand, in gradually rolling down, produced a sound like the swelling and waning tone of a humming-top.

Perhaps the most familiar of mysterious sounds are those produced by the ventriloquist; familiar because almost every country fair is visited by one or other of these exhibitors; mysterious because the real source of sound does not correspond with the apparent. It lies within the province of the anatomist or physiologist to explain how it is that some men can speak as if from the stomach instead of the throat, and without any perceptible movement of the lips; but the person who can do this, the ventriloquist, may make himself a most bewildering deceiver of those who listen to him. Our power of determining the exact direction whence a sound comes is less than we usually imagine. It is said that Saville Carey, who could well imitate the whistling of the wind, would sometimes amuse himself by exercising this art in a public coffee-house; some of the guests at once rose to see whether the windows were quite closed, while others would button up their coats, as if cold. Sir David Brewster notices a ventriloquist of exceptional skill, M. St. Gille, who one day entered a church where some monks were lamenting the death of a brother; suddenly they heard a voice, as if from over their heads, bewailing the condition of the departed in purgatory, and reproaching them for their want of zeal; not suspecting the trick, they fell on their faces and chanted the *De Profundis*. A committee, appointed by the Académie des Sciences to report on the phenomena of ventriloquism, went with M. St. Gille to the house of a lady, to whom they announced that they had come to investigate a case of aërial 'spirits' somewhere in the neighborhood. During the interview, she heard what she termed 'spirit-voices' above her head, underneath the floor, and in distant parts of the room; and was with difficulty convinced that the only spirit present was the ventriloquistic voice of M. St. Gille.

Brewster tells of another master of this art, Louis Brabant, valet de chambre to Francis I., whose suit was rejected by the parents of a beautiful and well-dowered girl with whom he was in love. He called on the mother, after the death of the father, again to urge his suit; and while he was present she heard the voice of her deceased husband, expressing remorse for having rejected Louis Brabant, and conjuring her to give her immedi-

consent to the betrothal. Frightened and alarmed, she consented. Brabant, deeming it desirable to behave liberally in the marriage-arrangements, but having not much cash at command, resolved to try whether his ventriloquism would be as efficacious with a money-lending banker as it had been with the widow. Calling on the old usurer at Lyons, he managed that the conversation should turn upon the subject of demons, spectres, and purgatory. Suddenly was heard the voice of the usurer's father, complaining of the horrible sufferings he was enduring in purgatory, and saying that there was no way of obtaining alleviation except by the usurer advancing money to the visitor for the sake of ransoming Christians from the hands of the Turks. The usurer was terrified, but too much in love with his gold to yield at once. Brabant went next day, and resumed the conversation; when shortly were heard the voices of a host of dead relations, all telling the same terrible story, and all pointing out the only way of obtaining relief. The usurer could resist no longer; he placed ten thousand crowns in the hands of the unsuspected ventriloquist—who of course forgot to pay it over for the ransom of Christians either in Turkey or anywhere else. When the usurer learned afterward how he had been duped, he died of vexation.

Of all producers of so-called mysterious sounds, Dr. Tyndall's sensitive or *vowel flame* is one of the most curious. Out of a particular kind of gas, with a burner of peculiar construction, the learned professor produces a lighted jet of flame nearly two feet in height, extremely narrow, and so exquisitely sensitive to sounds that it sings, and dances up and down, in response to everything that is sung or said, with different degrees of sensibility for different vowel sounds. 'The slightest tap on a distant anvil reduces its height to seven inches. When a bunch of keys is shaken, the flame is violently agitated, and emits a loud roar. The dropping of a sixpence into a hand already containing coin, at a distance of twenty yards, knocks the flame down. It is not possible to walk across the floor without agitating the flame. The creaking of boots sets it in violent commotion. The crumpling or tearing of paper or the rustle of a silk dress, does the same. It is startled by the patter of a rain-drop. I hold a watch near the flame; nobody hears its ticks; but you all see their effect upon the flame; at every tick it falls and roars. The winding-up of the watch also produces tumult. The twittering of a distant sparrow shrieks in the flame; the note of a cricket would do the same. A chirrup from a distance of thirty yards causes it to fall and roar. In reference to the power of the flame to respond to poetry, the lecturer said: 'The flame selects from the sounds those to which it can respond; it notices some by the slightest nod, to others it bows more distinctly, to some its obeisance is very profound, while to many sounds it turns an entirely deaf ear.'

So long as the cause of any unusual sound is unexplained to the non-scientific listener, he is apt, naturally enough, to term that sound mysterious; but the element of mystery will disappear when he is assured that sounds of every description are due to natural and unalterable acoustic principles. — *Chambers's Journal.*

A HOLIDAY.

OUT of the city, far away
With Spring to-day!—
Where copses tufted with primrose
Give me repose,
Wood-sorrel and wild violet
Soothe my soul's fret,
The pure delicious vernal air
Blows away care,
The birds' reiterated songs
Heal fancied wrongs.

Down the rejoicing brook my grief
Drifts like a leaf,
And on its gently murmuring flow
Cares glide and go;
The bud-besprinkled boughs and hedges,
The sprouting sedges
Waving beside the water's brink,
Come like cool drink
To fever'd lips, like fresh soft mead
To kine that feed.

Much happier than the kine, I bed
My dreaming head
In grass; I see far mountains blue,
Like heav'n in view,
Green world and sunny sky above
Alive with love;
All, all, however came they there,
Divinely fair.

Is this the better oracle,
Or what streets tell?
O base confusion, falsehood, strife,
Man puts in life!
Sink, thou Life-Measurer!—I can say
'I've lived a day;'
And Memory holds it now in keeping,
Awake or sleeping.

Fraser's Magazine.

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

ALL that is wise has been thought already; we must try, however, to think it again.

How shall you learn to know yourself?—Not by contemplation, but action. Strive to do your duty, and you will soon discover what stuff you are made of.

But what is your duty?—To fulfil the claims of the day.

The rational universe is to be considered as a great undying Individual, which is incessantly producing that which it must, and thereby makes itself lord over even the accidental.

The longer I live the more it annoys me to see man, whose highest function consists in ruling Nature, and in emancipating himself and those belonging to him from the encompassing necessity—when I see him, from some false preconceived notion, doing the very reverse of what he intended, and then miserably bungling about in the parts because the design of the whole is spoilt.

Let the active able man deserve and expect:

From the Great—grace;
From the Powerful—favor;
From the Good and Active—help;
From the Multitude—liking;
From the Individual—love.

Every one must think in his own way; for he will always discover some sort of truth or approximation to truth which helps him through his life. But he must not let himself drift along; he must exercise self-control; it beseems not man to allow himself to be ruled by mere instinct.

Unlimited activity of whatever kind must at last end in bankruptcy.

In the works of man, as in those of Nature, it is the intention which is chiefly worth studying.

Men come to mistake themselves and others because they treat the means as an end, the consequence being that their very activity prevents their accomplishing anything, or perhaps effects the reverse of what was designed.

What we plan, what we undertake, should already be so clearly mapped out and so beautiful in its proportions that the World by interfering could only mar it. We should thus be in an advantageous position to adjust what might have got out of joint, and to replace what had been destroyed.

It is extremely difficult to correct and sift whole, half, and quarter errors, and to put what of truth they contain in its proper place.

Truth need not always be embodied; enough if it hover around like a spiritual essence, which gives one peace and fills the atmosphere with a solemn sweetness like harmonious music of bells.

'Blowing is not playing the flute; you must use your fingers.'

Generalisations and great self-conceit are always preparing the most lamentable mishaps.

Botanists have a class of plants which they name *Incompletæ;* we might in the same sense speak of incomplete, imperfect men—those, namely, whose longing and struggling are not in proportion to their doing and performing.

The smallest man may be complete by confining his actions within the limits of his capacity and skill; but even fine gifts are obscured, ruined, and annihilated if the indispensable proportion be wanting. This mischief will often display itself in this new time; for who can hope to fulfil satisfactorily the claims of an age everyway full of exaggeration and also in rapidest movement?

Only persons of wise activity, who, having gauged their powers, use them with sense and moderation, may hope to become proficients in their knowledge of the universe.

A great mistake: to hold oneself too high and rate oneself too cheap.

I occasionally meet with young men in whom I see nothing I could wish altered or improved; nevertheless I feel anxious when I see them thoroughly able to swim with the current of the times; and I am continually impelled in this case to call their attention to the fact that man, in his frail boat, had the rudder placed in his hands in order that he might not allow himself to be swayed by chance currents, but by the dictates of his judgment.

But how shall a young man by his unaided efforts discover that which everybody does, approves, and promotes to be hurtful and reprehensible? How shall he not let his nature and temperament waft him in the same direction?

I must regard it as the greatest misfortune of our time, in which nothing is allowed to attain to maturity, that each moment is swallowed up by its successor, the day dissipated within the day, and that people thus continually live from hand to mouth, without in reality furthering anything. Do we not already possess newspapers for every hour of the day? A ready wit, certainly, might still intercalate this, that, and the other. Thus what everybody thinks, fancies, does, nay intends doing, is dragged into publicity. Nobody must suffer and rejoice but as a pastime for others, the news flying from house to house, from city to city, from country to country, and, at last, from continent to continent, with incredible velocity.

But we can as little hope to put down the steam-engine as these phenomena showing themselves in the moral world: the animation of commerce, the swift passage of paper-money, the accumulation of debt to pay debt, such are the enormously complicated elements which the young man is called upon to deal with at present. It is well if he is endowed by Nature with quiet and moderation, making no exorbitant claims on the world on the one hand, nor allowing himself to be swayed by it on the other.

In every circle the Time-spirit lies in wait for him, and nothing is more necessary than to point out to him early enough the direction in which his will ought to steer.

The importance of the most innocent speeches and acts increases with our years, and I strive continually to direct the attention of those whom I see often about me to the difference there is between sincerity, confidence, and indiscretion; nay, that in reality there is no diffe-

rence, but rather a subtle transition—which ought to be noticed, or better still, felt—from what is most harmless to the most mischievous.

To this end we ought to cultivate our tact, or we run the risk of inadvertently forfeiting people's favor from the same cause which first gained it us. We naturally learn this in our course through life, but only after having paid a heavy school-fee for it, which unfortunately we cannot prevent our successors from being obliged to pay likewise.

The relation of the arts and sciences to life varies in proportion to the stage of development they have attained, to the character of the times, and a thousand other accidental circumstances; it is not easy for anyone, therefore, to form a sound conclusion on the subject as a whole.

Poetry acts chiefly at the earlier stage of human conditions, be they either quite rude, half-civilised, or in a transitional period of civilisation; or at the first acquaintance with an alien civilisation, so that one may say the action of novelty is always concerned in it.

Music, in the best sense, does not require novelty; nay, the older it is and the more we are accustomed to it, the greater its effect.

The dignity of art perhaps chiefly manifests itself in music, as it contains no adventitious elements. Consisting chiefly in form and feeling, it heightens and refines whatever it expresses.

Music is either sacred or profane. The sacred character is thoroughly suited to its dignity, and through this it exercises the most potent influence on life, an influence continuing the same at all times and epochs. Profane music ought to be permeated by cheerfulness.

That species of music which mixes up the sacred and profane character is godless, while that of a hybrid kind, which loves to express weak, pitiable, and miserable feelings, becomes absurd; for it is not grave enough for sacredness, and lacks the leading characteristics of its opposite—gaiety.

The sacred character of church music, the gaiety and sportiveness of popular melodies, are the two hinges on which music turns. An infallible effect is always produced by either kind—devotion or dancing. The blending of these two elements is confusing, the dilution turns vapid; and when music endeavors to accommodate itself to didactic or descriptive poetry, it becomes cold.

Plastic art produces an effect upon us at only its highest stage. On various accounts we may be impressed by mediocre works, but, on the whole, they perplex more than delight us. Sculpture, therefore should strive to lay hold on a subsidiary interest in the subject, such as is found in the likenesses of remarkable men. But in these, also, a high degree of excellence must be attained, in order to combine the attributes of truth and dignity.

Painting is the most facile and accommodating of all the arts. The most facile because, even in cases where it is more of a craft than an art, we tolerate and take pleasure in much of it on account of the subject-matter; partly because technical skill, however spiritless in point of execution, impresses the educated and uneducated alike, so that it is generally acceptable if it rises but partially to the level of art. Truth in coloring, in surfaces, and in the relation of visible objects to one another, is in itself pleasing; and as the eye, moreover, is accustomed to see everything, a misshapen object, either in reality or in counterfeit, is not as offensive to it as a discord is to the ear. We tolerate the sorriest copy because we habitually see yet sorrier objects. If the painter, therefore, is but in some degree an artist, he will find more public appreciation than a musician of the same rank; the minor painter, at least, can always act by himself, whereas the musician of like standing must cooperate with others, in order to produce some effect by means of combined performances.

The question as to whether or no we ought to institute comparisons in criticising works of art might be answered as follows: The *connoisseur* ought to compare, for he has formed a conception, an idea of what can and ought to be produced. The *amateur*, on the road to culture, however, finds most furtherance in abstaining from comparisons, and viewing each merit separately; by this means feeling and perception for the

more general elements are gradually developed. The comparisons of the uninitiated are, in fact, a species of indolence fain to escape the trouble of judgment.

Love of truth shows itself in discovering and appreciating what is good wherever it may exist.

By historically tempered human feeling, we understand one which is so regulated that, in estimating contemporary merits and capacities, the past is also taken into account.

The best result to be derived from history is the enthusiasm it kindles.

Originality challenges originality.

We must remember that there are many people who, although lacking originality, yet wish to say something striking, and thus the most whimsical things of all sorts are produced.

People of a profound and serious turn of mind are placed in a difficult position as regards the public.

Let him who would have me for a listener speak positively; of the problematic I have enough within myself.

Superstition is so innate in man that if we try to expel it it retreats to the oddest nooks and corners, reappearing unexpectedly when it may hope for any security.

We should know many things better did we not wish to know them too minutely; for an object first assumes just proportions for us at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The microscope and telescope have a tendency to confuse our proper human understanding.

I hold my peace concerning many things, as I do not wish to perplex my fellow-men, and am content to see them rejoicing at what irritates me.

Everything is pernicious that emancipates our intellect without at the same time strengthening our self-control.

It is the What rather than the How which usually interests people in a work of art; for while able to grasp the former in its parts they cannot apprehend the latter as a whole. Hence comes the love of extracting passages—in the course of which, however, if we are careful observers, we shall see that the total effect is again reproduced, only, in this case, unconsciously to everybody.

The question as to whence the poet has derived his work concerns his subject-matter alone; of the How one never learns anything.

Imagination is only regulated by art, more especially by poetry. There is nothing more frightful than imagination devoid of taste.

Mannerism is produced by missing the ideal—is, in fact, a subjective ideal; it rarely, therefore, is wanting in ingenuity.

The philologist depends on the congruity of written tradition. Thus, a manuscript forming the object of research is often full of gaps, of faults, of orthography and other objectionable qualities, necessarily producing corresponding gaps in the sense. Perhaps a second, perhaps a third copy is discovered, and by instituting comparisons between them the possibility increases of eliciting sense and reason from the manuscript. Nay, the philologist makes still another step, and trusts that his own efforts, unaided by external appliances, may enable him not only to understand the matter in hand, but to reconstruct it afresh as a consistent whole. But special tact and absorption in the departed author being required for this, as well as a certain degree of inventive power, we must not blame the philologist if he also arrogate the right of judgment in matters of taste in which, however, he is not always equally successful.

The poet's function consists in representation. This reaches its climax when it rivals reality, or, in other words, when its descriptions are vivified by his genius to such a degree that they appear actually present. Poetry, at its culminating point, makes the impression of something absolutely external, and as soon as it assumes an inward character its decline begins. That kind of poetry which only represents the inner without embodying it in some external form, or without making us feel the exterior by means of the inner world, is in either case the last stage whence it retrogrades into common life.

Oratory enjoys all the rights and privileges of poetry; it uses and abuses them in order to obtain certain outward,

moral and immoral, ends momentarily advantageous in common life.

The real merit of the so-called *Volkslied* consists in its subject being directly inspired by nature. But the poet of culture could enjoy the same advantage if he knew how to avail himself of it.

As a really educated man, however, he will lack that pithiness of phrase always more or less at the command of simply natural persons.

Only he can judge of history who has had a history of his own. This equally applies to nations. The Germans have only become judges of literature since they have possessed a literature themselves.

We are only really alive when we enjoy the goodwill of others.

Piety is not an end, but a means of attaining the highest degree of culture by perfect peace of mind. Hence it is to be observed that those who make piety an end and aim in itself for the most part become hypocrites.

'One must do more when one is old than when one was young.'

Even the fulfilment of duty leaves a sense of being indebted, because we are never thoroughly satisfied with ourselves.

It is only the loveless who descry defects in others; to perceive these, therefore, we must become loveless, but not more than is absolutely necessary.

The greatest good fortune is that which amends our imperfections and balances our faults.

We only acknowledge him who is of use to us. We acknowledge the monarch because his government renders our property secure. We expect that he will afford us protection against unpleasant circumstances at home or abroad.

The stream is the miller's friend as well as servant, and rushes gladly over the wheel: what good in creeping listlessly through the valley?

He who contents himself with simple experience, and acts accordingly, possesses a sufficient amount of truth. The growing child may be called wise in this sense.

The only use of theories is that they make us believe in the connection of phenomena.

Every abstract truth, if practically applied, is brought home to human understanding by action and observation, and so the human understanding is led on to abstract reasoning.

He who pitches his demands too high, and who delights in intricate circumstances, is liable to error.

Inference from analogy is not to be condemned; the advantage of this method is, that it settles nothing definitely—does not, in fact, aim at finality; while the danger of induction, on the contrary, consists in the placing before itself of a deliberate aim, and hurrying true and false ideas along with it in its endeavor to reach it.

Ordinary apprehension, or a correct view of human affairs, is the general heirloom of common sense.

Pure apperception of the outer and inner world is, on the contrary, very rare.

The first manifests itself in the practical understanding, and directly through action; the latter symbolically, chiefly in mathematics, by means of forms and numbers, through speech, and in an original, metaphorical manner in the poetry of genius and the proverbs of common sense.

Absent things act upon us by means of tradition. History may be called ordinary tradition; while that of a higher kind is mythical, and nearly related to imagination; but if we still seek a third kind of meaning in it, it is transformed to mysticism. It also easily assumes a subjective character, so that we only appropriate that which is sympathetic to ourselves.

The forces to be taken into account if we wish to be truly helped forward in our development, are:

Preparatory,
Concomitant,
Co-operative,
Auxiliary,
Furthering,
Strengthening,
Hindering, and
After-working Influences.

In contemplation, as well as in action, we must distinguish between what is attainable and what is not: failing this, we can accomplish little either in life or knowledge.

Le sens commun est le génie de l'humanité.

The common sense which would pass for the genius of mankind must be judged by its utterances in the first place. If we inquire what are the uses to which it is put by mankind, we shall discover the following: Man is conditioned by wants. If these are not satisfied he grows impatient, and if they are, indifferent. Man, therefore, properly speaking, oscillates between these two states; he turns his understanding, or so-called common sense, to account, to satisfy his wants; but, having succeeded in this, it behoves him to fill up the vacuum produced by indifference. And if this is confined within the narrowest and most necessary limits, he may hope to succeed in his endeavors. But if his wants are of a higher nature, if they transcend the circle of ordinary life, common sense no longer suffices, ceases to be genius, and the realm of error opens out before mankind.

Nothing happens, however foolish, which common sense and fortune may not set right again; but nothing reasonable can take place that chance and folly may not again put out of joint.

A great idea is no sooner embodied externally than it acts in a certain sense despotically; whence its accompanying advantages soon turn to drawbacks. It is possible, therefore, to defend and praise every institution by recalling its beginnings, and by demonstrating that everything that was applicable to it at that time must still continue to be so.

Lessing, who had himself to submit reluctantly to various restraints, makes one of his characters say that 'no man can be forced against his will.' A clever man, of a cheerful disposition, said: 'He who wills, must;' while a third person of culture added, 'He who comprehends, wills also.' They fancied that they had thus embraced the entire circle of apprehension, volition, and necessity. But, on the whole, man's apprehension of things, whatever its nature, determines his conduct; hence nothing is more frightful than active ignorance.

There are two peaceful powers: Justice and Fitness.

Justice claims what is due, Polity what is seemly. Justice weighs and decides; Polity surveys and orders. Justice refers to the individual, Polity to the community.

The history of the sciences is a mighty fugue, in which the voice of nation after nation becomes successively audible.

If a man will perform all that people require of him, he must overrate himself.

And we willingly tolerate his self-esteem if it does not grow absurd.

Work makes the workman.

It is much easier to put oneself in the place of a mind involved in positive error than in that of one which dallies with half-truths.

The pleasure which Germans take in a certain license in art is due to their bungling propensities; for the bungler shrinks from acknowledging a right method, lest he annihilate himself.

It is painful to see how a man of remarkable genius often wars with himself, his circumstances, and his times, and consequently never succeeds in his objects. The poet Bürger is a sad case in point.

The highest respect which an author can show the public is not by gratifying its expectations, but by offering what he himself at various times may consider useful and appropriate to the stages of culture attained by himself and others.

There is no wisdom save in truth.

Everybody can detect an error, but not a lie.

The German, having freedom of opinions, does not therefore feel his want of freedom in matters of intellect and taste.

Are there not riddles enough in the world without our making riddles of the simplest phenomena?

The smallest hair casts it shadow.

What things in my life I tried to accomplish under false tendencies, I have nevertheless come to understand at last.

A free-handed disposition is sure to get favor, especially when accompanied by humility.

Ere the bursting forth of the storm the dust, so soon to be laid, is violently agitated for the last time.

Even with the best will and inclina-

tion, one does not easily know his neighbor, and ill-will frequently supervenes, disfiguring everything.

We should know one another better did we not always try to put ourselves on a par with each other.

Eminent men fare badly therefore; as one cannot compare oneself to them, one keeps a sharp look-out for their faults.

Knowledge of man is of far less consequence in the world than to possess the knack, at any given moment, of outwitting the man one has to deal with. This is proved at fairs and by mountebanks.

It does not follow that wherever there is water there must be frogs; but wherever we hear frogs there is water.

He who knows no language but his own does not even know that.

Errors are not of much consequence in youth, but we must guard against dragging them with us into our old age.

Superannuated errors are fusty, unprofitable lumber.

By the tyrannical folly of Cardinal Richelieu, Corneille had lost confidence in himself.

Nature gets into specialisations—aye, into a blind alley, where she cannot go forward and will not turn back: hence the obstinacy of natural culture.

That metamorphosis in the higher sense which consists in taking and giving, winning and losing, was long since excellently depicted by Dante.

Everybody has a certain something in his nature which, if publicly avowed, must excite displeasure.

When a man begins to ponder over his physical or moral nature, he usually discovers that he is sick.

It is a demand of nature that a man be sometimes lulled without going to sleep; thence the pleasure from smoking, drinking, and opiates.

It is important for a man of action to do right, but he should not disturb himself as to whether right is done.

Many beat about the wall with a hammer, fancying at every blow that they are hitting the nail on the head.

The French language has arisen not from the written but the spoken words of the Latin tongue.

The casually-actual, in which for the moment we can neither discern a law of nature nor of the will, is called the common.

The painting and tattooing of the body is a return to animalism.

To write history is one fashion of getting rid of the past.

We do not possess what we do not understand.

Not everybody becomes productive on having a germinal idea transmitted to him; it may only serve to suggest something already quite well-known.

Weak-minded persons dispense favors because they consider it a mark of sovereignty.

Nothing is so commonplace but will seem humorous if expressed with a certain oddity of manner.

People always retain sufficient energy to do that of which they are convinced.

Let memory fail so long as you can rely on your judgment at a moment's notice.

The so-called nature poets are men of fresh talents, who have appeared in a stagnant, mannered, and over-cultivated epoch of art,—but rejected by it. They cannot avoid certain platitudes, and may, therefore, seem to have a retrograde tendency; yet they exercise a regenerating influence and cause new progress.

A nation has no judgment till it can judge itself. And this great advantage is of late attainment.

Instead of contradicting my words people should act according to my meaning.

The adversaries of an honest cause do but beat on burning coals; these are scattered abroad and inflame, when otherwise they would not have produced any effect.

Man were not the noblest creature on the earth if he were not too noble for it.

One must leave certain minds in undisturbed possession of their idiosyncrasies.

Works of a certain order are now produced which are null and void without being absolutely bad; null for want of substance, yet not bad, as their authors had the general outline of good models in their mind's eye.

He who shirks the idea ends by becoming incapable of forming conceptions.

We justly call those men our masters from whom we always learn; but not every one of whom we learn deserves this title.

Lyrical work ought to be full of reason as a whole, and a little unreasonable in detail.

You are all of you like the ocean, which, distinguished by different appellations, is, after all, nothing but salt water.

Empty self-praise is said to smell amiss; that may be, but the public has no nose for the detection of unjust blame of others.

The novel is a subjective epic, in which the author asks permission to manipulate the world in his particular manner; all that concerns us, therefore, is to ask whether he has such a manner, and the rest follows of itself.

There are problematical natures unfit for every condition in which they are placed and satisfied with none. Thence arises the monstrous conflict which consumes life without enjoyment.

The real good we do occurs chiefly *clam, vi et precario* (that is, secretly, perforce, and accidentally).

It is difficult to be just to the present moment; if indifferent, it bores us; the good one has to carry, and the bad to drag along.

I should say the happiest man is he who can link the end of his life with its commencement.

Man is of so obstinately contradictory a nature that he will not allow himself to be forced to his own advantage, yet suffers constraints of all kinds which tend to his harm.

Foresight is simple, afterthought very complicated.

There must be something wrong about a condition which involves one in fresh troubles every day.

Nothing is more common when on the point of committing an imprudent action than to be on the look-out for a possible escape.

It is with true opinions which one has the courage to utter as with pawns first advanced on the chessboard: they may be beaten, but they have inaugurated a game which must be won.

It is as certain as it is wonderful that truth and error spring from the same source; we must often, therefore, beware of injuring error lest we injure truth at the same time.

Truth appertains to man, while error is of time. It was, therefore, remarked of an extraordinary man: Le malheur des tems a causé son erreur, mais la force de son âme l'en a fait sortir avec gloire.'

Everybody has peculiarities which he cannot get rid of; and yet, however harmless they may be, they are frequently the cause of a man's failure.

He who seems not to himself more than he is, is more than he seems.

In art and science no less than in action, everything depends on the object being clearly apprehended, and treated conformably to the law of its nature.

When we find sensible and ingenious persons judging meanly of science in their old age, the reason simply is, that their expectations regarding it and themselves had been pitched too high.

I pity those who bewail the immutability of things, and who lose themselves in speculations concerning the nothingness of the world: what are we here for, if not to make the transitory lasting, and this is only possible if we can estimate both at their true value.

What the French call *tournure* is nothing but conceit softened by grace. This may convince us that Germans cannot possibly have *tournure:* for their conceit is hard and crude, their gentleness mild and humble; and as one quality thus excludes the other they can never be blended.

Nobody looks any longer at the rainbow which has lasted a quarter of an hour.

It has often happened to me, and does still, that a work of art displeases me on a first inspection, because I am not up to its mark; but if I suspect that it has merits I endeavor to penetrate its secret, and I then invariably make the most delightful discoveries; descrying new properties in the thing and new capacities in myself.

Faith is a domestic and private capital

as there are public savings banks and relief funds, out of which individuals receive assistance in times of scarcity; but here the believer himself silently draws his interest.

The evil of pietism consists not so much in its obstruction of true, useful, and intelligible ideas, as in the circulation of false ones.

It has struck me, after having devoted much attention to the study of the lives of superior and inferior persons, that we might consider them as respectively the warp and woof of the world's web; for the former really determine the breadth of the fabric, whereas the latter regulate its durability and consistence, with the addition, perhaps, of some sort of design. The shears of the Parcæ, on the other hand, control its length, to which all else is finally forced to submit. We will not, however, carry the metaphor any farther.

Books have a fate of their own, of which nothing can deprive them.

> Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
> Who never spent the darksome hours
> Weeping and watching for the morrow,
> He knows you not, ye unseen Powers.*

A noble and honored queen was wont to repeat these sorrowful lines when, condemned to the cruellest exile, she herself became a prey to inexpressible grief. She made herself familiar with a work containing these words as well as so many other painful experiences, and derived thence a melancholy consolation. How is it possible thenceforth to arrest an influence already stretching into boundless time?

I was perfectly delighted, when in the Apollo gallery of the Villa Frascati at Rome, to see with what felicitous invention Domenichino has depicted the scenes most appropriate to the character of Ovid's Metamorphoses; one remembers too, that the delight of the pleasantest things is enhanced by being experienced amid magnificent scenery, nay, that noble surroundings lend a certain dignity and significance to even the most indifferent moments of our life.

Truth is a torch, but one of enormous size; so that we try to slink past it in rather a blinking fashion for fear it should burn us.

The Wise have much in common.—*Æschylus.*

A particular want of good sense in many sensible people consists in their not knowing how to interpret what another says when he has not said it exactly as he ought.

Everybody thinks that because he can speak he is entitled to speak about language.

Tolerance comes with age. I see no fault committed that I myself could not have committed at some time or other.

One is never conscientious during action: none but the looker-on has a conscience.

Do the happy really believe that one who suffers is bound to perish with the dignity which the Roman populace required of the Gladiator?

Somebody asked Timon's advice respecting the instruction of his children. 'Let them,' he replied, 'be taught that which they will never comprehend.'

There are people towards whom I feel well disposed, and could wish that I were able to be still better disposed.

Even as long habit may induce us to glance at a watch that has stopped, we may look in a fair lady's eyes as though she loved us still.

Hate is an active, envy a passive displeasure; it need not surprise us, therefore, to see how quickly envy passes into hate.

There is a certain magic in rhythm leading us to believe that its sublimity belongs to ourselves.

Dilettantism taken *au sérieux*, and a mechanical manner of treating science, become pedantry.

Only a master can further art. But patrons may with propriety stimulate the artist himself; this, however, does not always further the interests of art.

'Perspicuity consists in a proper distribution of light and shade.' *Hamann.* Hear, hear!

Shakespeare abounds in wonderful metaphors, which are personified ideas, in fact a manner ill adapted to our times, but quite appropriate in an age when art

* These lines are quoted from Carlyle's translation of *Wilhelm Meister.* The Queen was Louisa of Prussia.

of every kind was under the influence of allegory.

He also takes his similes from objects whence we would not borrow ours; as, for example, from books. Printing had already been discovered for more than a century, yet a book was still regarded as a sacred object, as may be gathered from the bindings of that time; and hence it came that the high-minded poet regarded it as something dear and venerable; but our books are merely stitched together, and we are rarely conscious of respect for either cover or contents.

The most foolish of all mistakes consists in young men of sound talents fearing to lose their originality by acknowledging truths which have already been recognised by others.

Scholars have usually an invidious manner of refuting others; an error in their eyes assuming at once the proportions of a crime.

It is impossible that beauty should ever distinctly apprehend itself.

No sooner had subjective, or so-called sentimental poetry been placed on a level with poetry of an objective and realistic tendency, a consummation not to be avoided unless we chose to condemn all modern poetry, than it was to be expected that, even in the case of the advent of men of true poetical genius, they would thenceforth prefer depicting the intimate experiences of the inner life to that of the great and busy world around them. And this method now prevails to such an extent that we actually possess a poetry without tropes, to which one must concede, however, certain merits of its own.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

SOME RECENT OBSERVATIONS ON ANTS.

A CONTRIBUTION to the character and habits of ants has lately been made by a Swiss naturalist, M. Forel. This inquirer establishes the fact, that ants of different varieties make war on each other, the stronger and red kind, known as *Formica sanguinea*, overcoming the meadow ants, *Formica pratensis*, and unusually reducing them to slavery. The reckless fury with which the red ants attack their unfortunate neighbors is described as something dreadful. M. Forel speaks of it as a sort of 'drunkenness of fight.' Some of the ants around try to stop these delirious combatants by seizing them with their feet, and holding them till they sober down.

On one occasion the author placed a number of workers and cocoons of the meadow ant near a residence of red ants; the latter soon carried off the cocoons. Was it to eat the pupæ? By no means. Next year presented the curious spectacle of both kinds of ants living together in fraternal association. A breach having been made in the nest, both kinds carried the cocoons down below, and sought to repair the disaster with equal zeal. Next, a large number of meadow ants were brought near the habitation, from another district; but those in the nest, far from welcoming them as congeners, fell upon them in concert with the red ants. The new-comers had the advantage in numbers, and besieged the nest. The allies, conscious of their extremity, took to flight, carrying away slaves, larvæ and pupæ, and new-born workers; and established themselves at a respectful distance. An alliance has sometimes been effected between the inimical species, which has continued many years. Very curious is the mixed ant-hill. Each species retains its own way of building, so that the architecture is mixed. On the dome may usually be seen the meadow ants bearing material, or sunning themselves. If you disturb them, or introduce some unknown animals, they quickly disappear into the nest. They are seeking assistance. Presently appears a host of the red ants, and if a fight occurs, the meadow ants do not join in it with the others.

The newly hatched workers take to domestic work, and do not know friends from enemies for some time. It seemed possible, therefore, to form alliances among several different species, if the subjects brought together were quite young. This proved successful. In a glass case were deposited pupæ belonging to six different species, under the care of three young workers having no common parentage. The establishment developed and in-

creased quite tranquilly, the different species all living in concord. In the free state, such associations are impossible; the only unions realised are between the red and meadow ants.

The relations between ants of the same species, but of different colonies, have been matter of doubt. The truth is, it depends on certain circumstances whether they shall be friendly or hostile. When the parties are established tolerably separate from each other, under satisfactory conditions, they fight each other 'to the bitter end.' If two neighboring ant-hills be cramped for space, there will be battle and repeated engagements; but in general, the forces coming to be exhausted, an alliance will at length be formed. If two ant-hills have but a small population, the parties will improve their circumstances by an immediate alliance.

When an ant-hill is overcharged with inhabitants, emigrations take place more or less numerous. At the border of a kitchen-garden, a colony of ants had been long established. The paths they took were various; that most frequented lay across the road, passed into a field, and along the side of a pond to a clump of trees; it was very long. In spring, a party of ants went to form a colony among the trees. Later, a fresh party set out from the old home, and became domiciled at the end of another path. The place proved unsuitable; they left it, and settled on a grass plot a little way off. During the whole summer, the workers of the new establishments often met the workers who still remained in the mother-hill, and the reception on both sides was evidently cordial. Autumn came, and the meetings were interrupted. The following year, the inhabitants of each nest got into the habit of not moving far from it; and the old relations were thus broken off. After a considerable time had elapsed, the idea occurred to take some individuals of the old nest and place them near one of the young colonies. Received with anything but cordiality, they were glad to make their escape. In a second experiment of the same kind, the newcomers, though less harshly treated, were yet received with distrust. It has often been observed that ants separated for a certain time again recognise one another; but if the separation has been very long, they lose all recollection of their companions. It must be considered, however, that the population soon becomes greatly altered by new generations.

M. Forel made a patient study of the famous amazon ants, which are unable to construct, or to rear the larvæ, or even to eat alone. Their chief work is fighting; they carry off the pupæ of working ants in other hills, but afterwards tend these with much care. Many new details are furnished by M. Forel regarding them. The amazon ant (*Formica rufescens*) is of a pale red, and about six or seven millimetres in length; the female is a little larger. The neuter individual—it can hardly be called a worker—carries five curved and branched mandibles with drawn-out points. Such an instrument cannot be used to cut wood or temper earth; it is simply a weapon. The amazons, thus equipped, fight quite differently from other ants. Unable to seize their adversaries with the legs and cut off the head or limbs, they attack the body, or transpierce the head with a mandible point. They show great agility and impetuosity in their movements, and a courage bordering on rashness. Never seeking safety in flight, the individual will rush on a strong ant-hill and kill several of the offenders, till he is overpowered by force of numbers. It is only in desperate cases, however, that amazons show such rashness; when on expeditions, they march in close ranks, retire if serious danger threatens them, and make detours to avoid obstacles. The individual that may have got separated by accident on the way, hastens to rejoin the main body, and he will craftily avoid a too numerous enemy. When the journey is long, the amazons make halts, perhaps for the sake of stragglers, perhaps, also, from hesitation as to the direction to be taken. The force of expeditionary columns is very variable; sometimes not more than a few hundred individuals, often from a thousand to two thousand. The departures on these enterprises take place always in the afternoon; about two o'clock, if the temperature is not excessive; but later, if it is a very hot day. The preparations are speedy. Some ants are seen walking about on the dome in an indifferent way; suddenly a few individuals go inside; the signal is given; the amazons stream forth; they touch each other with the antennæ, and then the

entire company sets off. The slave ants of the colony remain aloof from this movement, and do not appear to give it any attention.

Sometimes the amazons go at their object with surprising certainty; for example, if they wish to attack a nest placed on ground which they have been in the habit of frequenting. On the other hand, they easily make mistakes when they have to operate on unknown ground; at times their expeditions are unsuccessful. One day, about 4 P.M., a compact body of amazon ants was observed issuing from their abode (built by the brown ants, their slaves) on a sloping meadow. This troop descends the slope, reaches a vineyard, goes along the border of it a little way, then suddenly stops. The amazons distribute themselves in various directions; then, having come together again, they decide to continue their march forwards. After going a little further, signs of hesitation are manifested; the company again stops, and scatters itself, one detachment in one direction, another in another; but the search is unavailing. One by one the detachments rejoin the centre of the army; then the entire column takes its journey homewards, as light as at starting. In the return, when it reaches the slope and begins to ascend, signs of fatigue are apparent, and the march is laborious. Individuals at the head of the column come back, as if to make sure that none has fallen out. At length, about 7 P.M., the amazons are once more housed. Another time, the band sets out at too late an hour. Tufted herbs embarrassing the path allow of but very slow progress; the troop changes its mind, and without apparent hesitation, returns to the nest.

It is rare, however, that the amazons allow themselves to be permanently checked by reverses. M. Forel tells us of one case in which a troop came to a field of wheat, and after exploring a part of it without success, the foragers had to return home. Next day, they set out in the same direction, entered the field, and traversed the whole of it, keeping to the right. In coming out, they found themselves confronted by a large nest of brown ants. To invade this by an open gallery was the work of a moment; and they soon came forth again, each amazon with a pupa. The last of them were chased by the brown ants. The robbers resumed their journey homewards; but instead of entering their habitation, they deposited the pupæ in a heap near the entrance, and came back to continue the pillage. The first of the column met those of the rear, and it was curious to see with what care they avoided passing too near, lest they might disturb them in carrying their burdens. The brown ants that had been robbed had, foreseeing a second assualt, blocked the openings of the nest with grains of earth—a sorry resource. The amazons at the head of the troop waited till the whole body had come up; then they all rushed upon the hill, broke down the barriers, hustled the defenders aside, and loaded themselves with fresh booty. In these expeditions, the amazons will sometimes carry off empty shells, carcases, and other useless objects, by mistake.

No colony of amazons is complete without a certain number of slaves; and though for the most part these consist of the brown ant, the red-beard ant (*Formica rufibarbis*) is as willingly taken. The latter generally defend themselves with the greater energy, but are also always overcome. One afternoon, an immense horde of amazons was marching with great assurance in the direction of a large ant-hill. Coming in sight of it, it suddenly stopped, and emissaries rushed along the sides and the rear of the troop, to form the members into a compact mass. The red-beard ants perceived the enemy, and in a few seconds their dome, pierced with several large holes, was covered with a host of defenders. The amazons, nothing intimidated, fell on the nest; the melée was indescribable, but, after a stiff fight, the amazons managed to effect their entrance. Just then, a multitude of the red-beard ants were observed coming out with hundreds of larvæ and pupæ which they wished to save. The besiegers, however, on emerging again, were not without cocoons in their mandibles; and having satisfied themselves, they united in a body, and set off for their habitation. The red-beard ants, now seeing them retire, followed in pursuit. The scene was most curious. One amazon, seized by the legs, would be forced to let go his booty; another, vigorously assaulted, would drop the cocoon he was carrying, to stab the individual who sought to take it.

For a long time, the red-beard ants thus harassed the amazons; but the latter, more agile, quickened their pace, and reached their nest with considerable spoil. It would seem as though nothing could discourage the intrepid amazons. One day, in frightful weather, a column was observed on the march. Passing near a fountain, the unfortunate creatures were inundated; but the greater number managed, with much toil, to struggle over the wet grass. Coming to the side of a road, they did not hesitate to cross, notwithstanding the boisterous wind that was blowing. A little farther on, they succeeded in pillaging an ant-hill. Returning laden, they struggled along painfully amid the violence of the storm, and were sometimes even swept some distance away. Still, they were never seen to let go their burdens; and, persevering with indomitable energy, they nearly all succeeded in reaching their destination with the fruits of their toil.

There is a singular kind of ant known as the erratic ant, or the *tapinome*. When menaced, it squirts from the abdomen a volatile liquid with a very pronounced odor, which suffocates the assailant or puts him to flight. The tapinomes change their (subterranean) abodes very frequently, and make the transference with surprising rapidity. They are not of a warlike humor, but defend themselves resolutely if attacked.—*Chambers's Journal.*

LITERARY IMPOSTURES, CONCEALMENTS, AND MYSTERIES.

A CURIOUS chapter in literary history relates to wilful falsification, wayward deception, misconception of an author's identity and meaning—one or all of these according to circumstances. Sometimes a writer claims as his own a production that proceeded wholly or in part from another brain. Sometimes an author has professed to make a journey to a distant and little-known region, and has published a description of it, due wholly to his own invention, or amplified by bits taken without acknowledgment from other books. Many instances are on record in which a writer assumed a name that did not belong to him; while still more numerous are those wherein an author, for reasons sufficient in themselves, leaves just so much mystery as to give rise to a wide range of conjecture.

About the middle of the last century, one Mr. Lauder startled the literary world by the publication of a circular in which he accused Milton of having borrowed from a previous author some of the versified materials for *Paradise Lost*. It was easy to accuse a man who had been dead three-quarters of a century; nevertheless Milton's reputation stood too high to permit this charge to be passed over in silence. Lauder named the author, and quoted passages strikingly like some of those in the great English epic. Dr. Douglas took the matter up. He obtained a copy of the work with some difficulty, and went through it line by line, without finding any such passages as the accuser had professed to quote. What he *did* find was this—that one Hogens had translated *Paradise Lost* into Latin in 1690; that Lauder had taken eight lines from this translation, and stated that he had found them in the works of Staphornius, a Dutch poet and divine. Meanwhile, not knowing what Douglas was doing, Lauder obtained subscriptions for a new edition of Hogen's poems, or that part of them which contained the passage supposed to incriminate Milton. When the work was actually printed, the result of Dr. Douglas's examination was made public. The publishers, Messrs. Payne and Bousuet, insisted that Lauder should place in their hands the veritable book from which his excerpts had been made. He then confessed that the whole affair was an invention. The publishers issued a small edition of the work, but inserted this prefatory note in each copy: 'As this man has been guilty of such a wicked imposition on us and the public, and is capable of so daring an avowal of it, we declare that we will have no further intercourse with him; and we now sell his book only as a curiosity of fraud and interpolation.' Dr. Johnson, before the cheat was discovered, had so far been imposed upon as to furnish a preface and postscript to the work. Lauder endeavored to ward

off public censure by giving first one motive, then another, for his conduct. He fell into obscurity, and died in great poverty about twenty years afterwards.

Book-buyers were invited, in 1704, to purchase a *History and Description of the Island of Formosa*, by George Psalmanazar, a Christianized native of that county. The work made a great stir. It was vividly written; the details were minute; and numerous engravings depicted the houses, vehicles, shipping, &c., of the Formosans. There next appeared *Dialogues between a Japanese and a Formosan*, concerning religious matters; together with a grammar of the Formosan language, a vocabulary for the use of strangers visiting that beautiful island, and a series of translations of prayers and short sentences. The reading public were greatly interested in learning so much concerning a remote region until then little known except by name. A few better informed men suspected that all was not genuine. George Psalmanazar mixed openly in society, and bore with great ability the questionings and cross-questionings to which he was subjected. After two English editions, and two or three foreign translations of his principal work had appeared, the bubble burst; conscience pricked him, and he confessed that he had been deluding the public. Full particulars of his life were never obtained, nor was his real name known; but it was accepted as probable, from facts one by one ascertained, that he was a native of Switzerland; that he had great natural abilities, and had received a good education; that for some years he led the life of a vagabond adventurer, living by various impostures in several countries of Europe. His Formosa fraud was known to and encouraged by an army chaplain in Holland, who brought him to England, and obtained for him those high recommendations which so advanced his schemes. His 'last will and testament' contained expressions of deep contrition for the reckless and dishonest conduct of his early years.

In 1760 a small work was published, purporting to be a translation into English of a Gaelic poem written by Ossian in the third century; and these were followed by a few other specimens soon afterwards. They excited great interest in Scotland, on account of their alleged antiquity; and the translator and editor, James Macpherson, a Highland schoolmaster, acquired notoriety. Critics, however, especially critics conversant with the Gaelic language, suspected that all was not as it should be. Macpherson had obtained the good opinion and aid of Home, the author of *Douglas*, and had been assisted with funds to enable him to travel about the Highlands, as a means of collecting specimens of early Gaelic poetry. What he had published had been translated from his English into French, Italian, Danish, and Polish; and 'Ossian's poems' began to take a place in European literature. It was therefore desirable to settle whether they were authentic or not. The Faculty of Advocates sent him on another tour to collect further specimens; he apparently reaped a rich harvest, but nobody could tell *where* he found what he pretended to find—ancient Ossianic manuscripts. Lord Kames, Sir John Sinclair, with the poets Blair and Gray, contended for the authenticity of the publications; while Dr. Johnson, David Hume, Malcolm Laing, and Pinkerton, more or less openly accused Macpherson of deception, in having written English poems, and palming them off as translations from very old Gaelic. As Macpherson scorned, or at any rate refused, to reply to any accusations against him, the controversy went on without his assistance. About twenty years afterwards, Mr. Shaw, author of a Gaelic Dictionary and Grammar, published a vigorous onslaught on the Ossian poems; declaring that internal evidence showed them to be modern instead of ancient; and pointing to the fact, that Macpherson had never publicly shown the old manuscripts which he professed to have discovered. Malcolm Laing, an historian of Scotland, adverted to inconsistencies and even impossibilities in the alleged poems. Wishing to set at rest a question naturally so interesting to Scottish men of letters, the Highland Society, in 1804, drew up a series of questions, printed them in circulars, and sent these circulars to every part of the Highlands and islands of Scotland. They asked whether any persons had ever heard any poems, long or short, in Gaelic, attributed to Ossian; and whether they could repeat what they had heard. Slowly did

the replies come in, and the members of the Society were unwilling to come to an unfavorable decision on the subject. Though the controversy has of late been again raised, Scotland has arrived at a pretty unanimous verdict that the poems published by Macpherson are a *cento* or patchwork, partly fictitious (that is, written by himself), and partly copies or adaptations of poetry orally current in the Highlands.

We must not call the *Letters of Junius* a deception; the writer merely wished to keep secret his own identity, but left the world to conjecture at leisure as to who he might be—the name of 'Junius' being a fanciful one. A literary conundrum were these 'letters,' and such they still remain. They were published a little over a century ago, between 1769 and 1772, and produced amazing excitement in England by their brilliant satire, scathing denunciation, and polish of style. More than forty theories have been put forward concerning the name of the author. The balance of opinion has long tended towards Sir Philip Francis; but the matter is not even now settled.

For reasons which seemed to him sufficient, Scott concealed for many years the authorship of the Waverley novels and romances. He did not make the truth known until the curiosity of the entire reading public had been raised to a feverish height. If at any time he were asked point-blank whether he was the author, a few twinges of conscience may have troubled him at the necessity or temptation to tell an untruth on the subject; but this is an annoyance likely to befall any great writer who maintains the anonymous for a series of years.

Thomas Chtterton, who in one sense lived a long life before he was eighteen years old, was one of the most extraordinary literary deceivers on record. Born at Bristol, in 1752, he was taught a small routine of knowledge at a parish school, and then belonged to the Colston School from his eighth to his fifteenth year; afterwards he led the life of a drudge in an attorney's office. Antiquities, especially of an artistic or poetical kind, were the special objects of his liking; and in this direction he manifested at once his genius and his fraud. In 1768 a new bridge was opened at Bristol; and there appeared, in *Felix Farley's Journal*, a translation of an ancient manuscript, under the title 'A Description of the Fryars passing over the Old Bridge.' The antique phraseology, and the vividness of the description, attracted general attention; but the whole affair was the product of Chatterton's own brain, although he indulged in plentiful lying when pressed for an explanation. This first deception marked his sixteenth year; and the remaining two years of his brief career may be characterized as one continued falsification. He handed to a Bristol tradesman a pedigree, tracing his ancestors back to the Norman times, and claiming to the astonished shopkeeper relationship with many a noble and knightly personage in past ages. He produced the *Bristow Tragedy*, and other poems, declaring them to have been written by one Rowley, a priest of the fifteenth century. He brought forward some old parchments, descriptive of the principal churches and chapels in Bristol; they were wholly his own production; but by discoloring them with smoke and ochre, and imitating old writing, he completely deceived Mr. Barrett, who was at that time writing a history of the city. He wrote to Horace Walpole, inclosing pieces of ancient writing, purporting to be biographical sketches of Bristol painters, scarcely if at all known to the public, and offering to place in his hands a large collection of such papers. Walpole, who was at that time preparing his *Anecdotes of Painters*, entered upon the subject with great interest; but his critical judgment soon detected the fraud, and he shook off the impostor. Some London booksellers made Chatterton an offer which tempted him to come to the metropolis, where he was chiefly employed in writing satirical party articles. The attention they attracted gratified his enormous self-conceit; and in a wild burst of excitement he said to a friend that he hoped, 'by the blessing of God, very soon to be sent prisoner to the Tower, which will make my fortune.' The 'mad genius,' as he was called, had long brooded on suicide; and he put it into effect at a squalid lodging in Brook Street, Holborn, and did not live to see his eighteenth year.

Another of these strange palterings with truth is known as the 'Ireland Shakspeare forgeries,' a publication that

scandalized all literary men who possessed any reverence for truth. Samuel William Henry Ireland, born in 1779, was the son of Ireland the engraver, respectably though not eminently known in his profession. The father's love for relics and memorials connected in any way with great men was the bait that tempted the son into dishonesty. The two visited Stratford-on-Avon in 1795, with the main purpose, on the part of the senior, of bringing out a description illustrated by his sketches and engravings. Young Ireland, who had been articled to a conveyancer, after their return told his father that he had accidentally found, among some law-papers, an old time-worn deed or lease containing Shakspeare's autograph. The father, overjoyed at such a find, urged him to search for further memorials of the great poet. An unfortunate request, as the result speedily showed. Young Ireland pretended to find one curiosity after another, until enough had been collected to form a volume. He caused it to be noised abroad that one of the newly found treasures was a tragedy by Shakspeare, bearing the title of *Vortigern*, but that he would not publish it until it had been acted at one of the principal theatres. Sheridan, though not without misgivings as to the quality of this dramatic composition, fell into the trap, and gave a considerable sum for the copyright. John Kemble undertook the principal character; and, public curiosity being excited, there was an immense house. The audience waited and waited for touches of Shakspeare's genius, but waited in vain; for the piece was one of the baldest and most inane. The curtain fell amid a storm of hisses, and *Vortigern* at once disappeared. Meanwhile Malone and other critics had disputed the authenticity of the so-called Shakspeare discoveries generally. The too credulous father, rendered uneasy by these things, insisted on the son giving full particulars of the when, the where, and the how of his findings. The young cheat then made a clean breast of it, and confessed that they were all mere inventions. —*Chambers's Journal.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, a portrait of whom prefaces the present number of the ECLECTIC, is the eldest son of the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and was born on the 24th of December, 1822. He was educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Oxford; won the Newdegate prize for English verse by a poem entitled "Cromwell;" in 1845 was chosen fellow of Oriel College; and from 1847 to 1851 was private secretary to Lord Lansdowne. Having married during the latter year, Mr. Arnold received an appointment as one of the lay inspectors of schools under the Committee of the Council of Education. In 1849 he published anonymously a small volume of poems under the title of "The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems." In 1852 a second volume appeared, "Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems." In 1853 a new volume was issued in his own name, followed by a second series, the two containing such poems in the previous collections as the author wished the public to preserve, along with some fresh pieces. In 1857 he was elected Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford. Mr. Arnold can hardly be said to have achieved success in the sense of popularity, but his position in literature is established, and as his works become better known, admiration for them will increase. If he has failed to obtain the applause of the many, he is rewarded by the appreciation of the judicious few. The tone of his mind is contemplative rather than lyrical; and his style is the reverse of florid. Deep culture and a certain severity of taste have subdued every tendency to a gay or a passionate exuberance. As a poet he has little sympathy with the present; his theory of the poetic art being indicated by the following extract from one of his prefaces: "In the sincere endeavor to learn and practise, amid the bewildering confusion of our times, what is sound and true in poetical art, I seemed to myself to find the only sure guidance, the only solid footing, among the ancients."

In 1865 Mr. Arnold published "Essays in Criticism," and in 1870, "Culture and Anarchy." During the past few years his attention has been given to Biblical and theological questions, the chief literary outcome of which are "St. Paul and Protestantism," "Literature and Dogma and "God and the Bible." This is n the place to discuss these works, or ev to characterize them further than to s that they are worthy the attention of thoughtful readers.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE ANCIENT RÉGIME. By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine. Translated by John Durand. New-York: *Henry Holt & Co.* 1876.

This work took its origin, as narrated by M. Taine, in the perplexity with which when he first became an elector he felt called upon to decide whether he would be royalist or republican, democrat or conservative, socialist or Bonapartist. He was not willing either to acquiesce in the *ipse dixit* of others, or to make up his mind according to his uninformed predilections; and the more he reflected on the matter the more strongly was he convinced that the social and political mould into which a nation may enter and *remain* is not subject to its will, but determined by its character and its past. Hence, in order to understand what France is, and to determine what polity is best adapted to her, it is necessary to study her past, and especially "the terrible and fruitful crisis by which the ancient régime produced the Revolution and the Revolution the new régime." Those three great steps in the metamorphosis—the ancient régime, the Revolution, and the new régime—he undertakes to describe with exactness; and the present work is the first instalment of the trilogy.

Such, in brief, is the origin of "The Ancient Régime;" but its character is less easy to define. It is not so much history in the ordinary sense that M. Taine offers us as a series of great historical tableaux, in which we may see "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure." He tries to make us spectators of the great drama of human life which was enacted on the stage of France during the last half of the eighteenth century—reproducing the social structure as it then existed, with all its strange contrasts and incongruities, and leaving us to form our own conclusions. Fortunately, as he says, we are not reduced to conjectures about that period, to uncertain divinations, to vague indications. The French of the ancient régime are still within range of our observation; we perceive the men themselves, their exterior and their interior. "Each of us, in our youth, has been able to associate with some of the survivors of this vanished society. Many of their ma sions still remain, with their apartments a furniture intact. By means of their pictur and engravings we follow them in th domestic life, we see their costumes, th attitudes, and their gestures. With th literature, their philosophy, their scienc their gazettes, and their correspondences, can reproduce all their thoughts, and ev their familiar conversation. A multitude memoirs, issuing for the past thirty years fro public and private memoirs, lead us from o drawing-room to another as if we were intr duced into them. The letters and journals travellers from other countries control a complete, by their independent delineatior the portraits which this society has traced itself. It has set forth everything pertaini to itself *except* what it regarded as commo place and familiar to its contemporaries, wh appeared technical, tiresome, and vulg what affected the province, the commonalt the peasant, the artisan, the administratio and the household." These omissions Taine has supplied by the examination of enormous mass of manuscript documents, " unknown and so instructive that, indeed, th history of the Revolution seems still unpu lished." With such resources, as he truly o serves, one becomes almost the contempora of the men whose history one writes; and it is with the historian, so, through M. Taine vivifying pen, is it with the reader. We act ally witness the prodigal splendor of th court, the pomp and luxury of the nobles a clergy, the poverty and degradation of th peasants, and, not less plainly, the advanci strides of the impending Revolution, by who terrible instrumentality the whirligig of tin was to bring round its revenges.

It would not be possible in a brief noti like this to give more than a faint idea of th literary quality of "The Ancient Régime It is enough to say that in it M. Taine h produced a work which the historian w always regard as an inexhaustible storehou of material, and which is written with su brilliancy of style as to enable it to compe in interest with the most fascinating of cu rent novels.

THE VARIATIONS OF PLANTS AND ANIMALS UNDER DOMESTICATION. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. Second Edition. In two volumes. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 1876.

The first edition of this work appeared in 1868, and its character is so well known as to render it superfluous for us to say anything in the way of exposition or criticism at this time. Substantially, it is a systematic presentation of the evidence on which Mr. Darwin bases the conclusions set forth in his "Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man;" and though it is less likely to prove attractive to the non-scientific reader than either of those remarkable works, it must be read by all who would form a really intelligent opinion regarding the theory of Natural Selection.

During the seven years that have elapsed since the appearance of the first edition Mr. Darwin has continued to accumulate facts bearing upon the subjects discussed, and these he has made use of in preparing the present edition. The "additions and corrections" are not very numerous, and it may prove useful to those who possess the first edition if we enumerate the more important. They are as follows: Dr. Burt Wilder's observations on the brains of different breeds of the Dog. Degeneracy of Dogs imported into Guinea. Difference in the number of lumbar vertebræ in the races or species of the horse. Hairy appendages to the throats of Goats. Sexual differences in color in the domestic Pigeon. Movements like those of the Tumbler Pigeon caused by injury to the brain. Ancient selection of Gold-fish in China. Additional and remarkable instances of the action of the male parent on the future progeny of the female. Additional facts with respect to the inherited effects of circumcision. Dr. Brown-Séquard on the inherited effects of operations on the Guinea-pig. Inheritance as limited by sex. Discussion on the effects of close interbreeding in the case of man. The direct action of the conditions of life in causing variation. On Geoffroy St. Hilaire's law of *soi pour soi*. The chapter on Pangenesis has been largely altered and remodelled, but the essential principles remain the same.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.*

In this work Mrs. Whitney eludes the popular prejudice against a record of travel over the beaten paths of Europe by interweaving her sight-seeing with a love story. The double "movement" thus rendered necessary is very skilfully managed by the author, but it must be confessed that the inherent difficulty of such a method is not entirely overcome, and we are frequently compelled to read descriptions of buildings, cities, or scenery, when we would much rather watch the progress of General Rushleigh's courtship, while the most picturesque and impressive descriptions are spoiled by the subordinate, or rather "subjective" view-point from which we are compelled to regard them. We are confident that Mrs. Whitney could have written a narrative of travel, pure and simple, which would not necessarily have been "guide-book commonplaces," and which the public would gladly read; and not less confident that the great majority of readers would have preferred to see the really impressive story worked out with a less cumbersome machinery.

As to the story, it is a trifle too "psychological" for our taste, but it is undeniably interesting, and exhibits power of a very high kind. Mrs. Regis is a most subtle and delicately discriminated character-sketch; Margaret is a very refreshing and lovable heroine; and General Rushleigh, if little more than a lay figure, is a lay figure of decidedly noble proportions. As for "Patience Strong," who tells the story and acts as a sort of *deus ex machina*, she has assumed Protean forms since she was first introduced to our acquaintance, and in none of them does she "grow upon us" as Mrs. Whitney evidently thinks she ought. She flavors too strongly of verbal piety.

POETRY FOR HOME AND SCHOOL. Selected and arranged by Anna C. Brackett and Ida M. Eliot. New-York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

For the purpose for which it is especially designed—for practical use in the schoolroom—we think this may be pronounced unqualifiedly the best collection of English poetry that has been made. It is handy in size without being meagre; the leading lyrical poets are fairly represented; the selections maintain a high standard of average merit without going beyond the comprehension of children; and its arrangement is such that it will answer the purposes of the teacher throughout the ordinary school course. We could easily enumerate a score of poems which might very well have been included—which, indeed, might advantageously be substituted for some which the book now contains; but, as we have already said, the collection as a whole is much superior to any that has been specially adapted for schools.

MISS MOLLY. By Beatrice May Butt. Leisure Hour Series. New-York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

"Miss Molly" is slight in texture and modest in size, but it is one of the sprightliest and most entertaining stories that we have en-

countered for many a day. The heroine belongs to the familiar class of charming *ingenués*, but within that class she forms a type of her own, and if not exactly a "new creation" in literature, is very far removed from the commonplace insipidity of the fictitious flirt. There is a female simplicity and genuineness about her story which, if it does not stamp the author as an artist, proves her to possess qualities which are perhaps not less essential to the novelist than literary art, and which are as rare as they are pleasing.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MISS BRADDON talks of making a tour in America, and giving public readings.

LORD LYTTON, it is said, has taken so seriously to politics and the Indian Viceroyalty, that he has withdrawn "King Poppy," his new poem, which was on the eve of publication.

MR. GEO. MACDONALD is about to publish, under the title of "Exotics," a collection of poetical translations from German and Italian authors, ancient and modern. He gives examples of Goethe, Schiller, Luther, Novalis, etc.

THE Roman correspondent of the London *Daily News* telegraphs that Count Cavour's secret political papers, kept since his death by his heir the Marquis Cavour, have been consigned to the State archives, and henceforth are available for the historian of Italian unity.

WE are extremely sorry to learn that the first volume of the "Life of Swift," which Mr. Forster published shortly before his death, is the only portion of his materials that he had embodied in a narrative form, and that his work must consequently remain a fragment.

THE Royal Academy of Sciences at Naples has given out a prize essay, the competition for which stands open to persons of all nations. The subject is, "The Alexandrian Philosophy according to Proclus," and the essay, which may be composed in Italian, Latin, or French, is to be presented to the secretary of the Academy on or before June 3d, 1877. The value of the prize is 600 lire.

WE learn from Madrid that Don Antonio Pirala has published the first volume of his "Contemporary History from 1843 to the Conclusion of the present Civil War." Señor Pirala has been permitted access to a vast number of government documents, especially relating to the sanguinary conflicts between the Republicans and Montemolinists in Catalonia.

M. LEMERRE, of Paris, has just issued two important volumes—"Le Parnasse Contemporain," a collection of unpublished poems by young contemporary poets, and "Les Cahiers de Sainte-Beuve." The latter is a collection of the illustrious critic's intimate notes on the important people he knew, and on different literary, political, and moral subjects. They are most exquisite, and furnish human malice with ample food.

PROF. EMIL HÜBNER, of Berlin, is now engaged in printing a volume of "Inscriptiones Britanniæ Christianæ," a supplement to the seventh volume of the "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum." This volume contains an account of every known inscription, not only on stone but on all kinds of ancient objects, such as tiles, weights, stamps of oculists, pottery, rings, etc., in Britain, from the early Christian ages down to the year 1000.

THE speedy appearance of a "History of Milan Cathedral" is announced at Milan, which promises to supply much interesting information. The proposed work will contain a carefully edited series of the original charters, annals, and other documents connected with the cathedral, from its foundation in 1386, under Giovanni Galeazzo, to the present time. It is announced that the work will be completed in four large quarto volumes, which will appear half yearly.

A FEW facts as to the circulation of French papers may not be without interest. None of the French provincial papers possess a really large circulation. Of the Paris papers, the *Petit Journal* and the *Petit Moniteur*, both at one sou, have an enormous sale. Of the *grands journaux*, the *Rappel* sells 75,000; the *Figaro*, 70,000; and the *République Française*, 65,000. The price of the *Rappel* is two sous; that of the *Débats* four sous; nearly all the other important papers sell at three sous.

IT is stated in *Notes and Queries* that an early autograph manuscript of the Rev. John Keble's "Christian Year" will shortly be offered for sale. It is dated 1822, and entitled "MSS. Verses chiefly on Sacred Subjects." It contains the original casts of thirty-one of the well-known poems, the first form of the hymn for the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, never yet printed, extra unpublished stanzas in the hymns for Easter Day, the fourteenth Sunday after Trinity, the Morning Hymn, together with four unpublished pieces, and twenty-six poems which have been published in the miscellaneous collection of Keble's poems.

MR. SWINBURNE has recently finished a poem called "The Last Oracle." Starting from the answer brought back from Delphi to Julian by

his envoy (A.D. 361), the poem invokes Apollo to reappear—not as they called him in Greece, merely son of Zeus the son of Chronos, but older than Time, the Light and Word incarnate in Man, of whom comes the inner sunlight of the human mind, whence all ideas of gods possible to man take shape. Of this, the sun-god and singing-god of the Greeks is assumed by the poet to be the most perfect type attainable, and is called upon to return and reappear over the graves of intervening gods. It is, no doubt, the most daring poem Mr. Swinburne has written since "Hertha."

SCIENCE AND ART.

THE AGE OF A PYRAMID.—The German astronomer, Hansen, was one of the first to determine the day and hour of an ancient battle by calculating the eclipse of the sun, which occurred at the same time; and now the French Egyptologists, profiting by the remarkable astronomical knowledge of the old Egyptians, are applying the same methods of verification, with wonderful success, to the hieroglyphic records. At the meeting of the French Academy of Inscriptions, on the 7th of April, M. de Sauley read a paper in regard to a discovery by the scholar Chabas, which for the first time introduces a positive date into the oldest Egyptian history. Hitherto, the distinguished Egyptologist, M. de Rougé, has only succeeded in establishing three dates with absolute certainty—the years 1300, 1240, and 962 B.C., the last of these being that of the taking of Jerusalem by Sheshonk I., the *Shishak* of the Bible. But two or three months ago M. Chabas was fortunate enough to succeed in reading a doubtful *cartouche* (royal name, inclosed in an oval figure) in the famous Ebers papyrus, a *fac-simile* of which was published last year. It proved to be the name of the Pharaoh, Menkeres, the Meycerinus of the Greek historians, and the builder of the third or smallest pyramid at Gizeh. Attached to the cartouche was an astronomical note, stating that the heliacal rising of the star *Sothis* occurred in the ninth year of the reign of Menkeres. The ancient Egyptians had the habit of signalizing important political events by some contemporaneous astronomical phenomenon. Many of the latter could scarcely be identified or determined now; but, since we know that their *Sothis* is our star Sirius, we are easily able to fix the rare periods of its heliacal rising. This is the astronomical term used when a star, after being in conjunction with the sun and invisible, emerges from the light sufficiently to be seen just before sunrise. M. Chabas immediately took his discovery to the astronomer Biot, who made the necessary calculations, whence it appears that the heliacal rising of *Sothis*, in the ninth year of the reign of Menkeres, must have taken place between the years 3007 and 3010 B.C. M. de Sauley stated that he had made the calculation independently, and with precisely the same result: he was entirely convinced of the correctness of the date. As the first assured step toward establishing, if only in its general outlines, the chronology of the ancient Egyptian empire, this discovery is of incalculable importance. It fixes the age of the third pyramid of Gizeh at about 4880 years, and antedates by fully 1770 years the earliest accurately ascertained point in ancient chronology.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HOW LONG DO SEEDS PRESERVE THEIR VITALITY?—This question, which has been often answered before, has been taken up by Herr Hoffmann, who, in a series of papers in the *Botanische Zeitung*, gives his view of the matter, and describes experiments with *löss*, a diluvial earth found in the valley of the Rhine. When the railroad station Monsheim (at Worms) was built, the earth was dug away to a depth of twelve feet. Some of the *löss* was taken with necessary precautions, and securely sealed until the following spring (1865.) In May twenty-four flower-pots were half filled with manure which had been heated in order to destroy any seeds present, and on this substratum some of the *löss* was placed, leaving an air-space above, of two inches, and each pot was covered by a glass disc which had a bit of wood under one edge to allow access of air. The surface of the *löss* soon had plenty of ferns and mosses, just like those which are so abundant in all greenhouses. A few phænogamic plants came up; four which could not be determined accurately were supposed to be *Vaccinium myrtillus*, a second, a *Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*; afterwards a third came up, a *Galium*, and finally an *Equisetum*. A second series of experiments, conducted with greater care to exclude all waifs, gave wholly negative results. Some moulds, a coat of moss, and a single grass, *Festuca pratensis*, were the only plants within the bell-jars.

THE BRAIN IN MAN AND THE LOWER ANIMALS.—In the "Proceedings of the Royal Society" (No. 163) appears a paper by Prof. Marshall, F.R.S., in which the author says: "1. I desire to communicate to the Royal Society the fact that I have, by severing the cerebral hemispheres in certain definite directions in man, and also in some of the higher vertebrata, and by then weighing the separated portions, not only arrived at some interesting

and important results as to the relative size of those portions in different animals and in man, but I am enabled to state that this method, applied to the brains of individuals of different race, sex, age, education, and occupation, seems likely to furnish a means of investigating individual peculiarities in the human cerebrum. I propose shortly to communicate my results to the Society. 2. I have likewise made numerous observations on the convolutions of the human brain, with the view of explaining their symmetry in certain regions, and their asymmetry in others. In endeavoring to trace more particularly the causes of the asymmetry of the convolutions which prevails in man, I have been led to believe that some, at least, of this is due to the right-handedness of man. I find, on studying a large number of human cerebra, that there are stronger evidences of *essential* asymmetry, as distinguished from what I would term *non-essential* asymmetry, in the immediate neighborhood of the left fissure of Rolando, and next to this part in the right parietal lobule. There are certain secondary essential asymmetrical conditions which may be pointed out, and besides this many non-essential and very variable ones. Evidence can be given in support of these propositions from the examinations of fœtal brains and the brains of idiots, the former of which exhibit a remarkable, *early*, and special tendency to deviations in symmetry in the neighborhood of the left fissure of Rolando."

REMEDY IN DIPHTHERIA.—Dr. Hopkins, in the London *Physician and Pharmacist*, strongly urges the employment of acid tannate of iron as a local remedy in diphtheria. It may be prepared, he says, by the addition of one ounce of the muriated tincture of iron to one of a strong solution of tannin, and applied by means of a brush to the diseased throat, or elsewhere as the case may be; or, what is perhaps a still better way, apply the muriated tincture of iron in full strength to the diseased part with a brush, wait a few moments, then apply the solution of tannin in the same way, thus forming a union of the two at the point of disease, having at the same time the advantage of chemical action, if there be any. On examination a few hours after, the line of demarcation will be seen distinctly drawn by the discoloration of the diseased tissue, showing exactly the extent of the disease, the very thing desired; with a tendency to reparation, which will go on rapidly, if the system be properly treated with a nourishing diet and tonic and stimulating remedies. Dr. Hopkins regards this remedy as "above and before all others."

PREHISTORIC REMAINS.—The *British Me cal Journal* says:—At the Faculty of Scienc at Marseilles, M. Marion has described highly important discovery which has be made in the neighborhood of Marseille There has been in the valley of St. Clair, ne Germenes, a station (place of habitation ar sepulture) of the prehistoric ages of humanit It is a grotto which opens in a fault or fissu of the Jurassic limestone. At the botto were accumulated human bones belonging a dozen subjects, men and women, as well cut flints, serving as arms or instruments, ar some fragments of rough pottery. The chi characters of the skull were large openings the orbits, the development of the zygomat bones, the flattening of the root of the nos the prognathism of the upper jaw, the low being orthognathous. The limbs were sligh and the stature low. The pottery resembl that of the dolmen of Draguignan.

UTILISING THE SOLAR RAYS.—A method f this purpose has been described before tl French Academy by M. A. Mouchot. Th author's apparatus is composed of three di tinct pieces—a metallic mirror with a line focus; a blackened boiler, the axis of whic coincides with this focus; a glass enclosur which allows the solar rays to reach the boile but opposes their exit as soon as they hav been transformed into heat-rays. The yield a large solar heat-generator is greater tha that of a small one. The whole apparatus arranged so as to turn 15° hourly around a axle parallel to the axis of the earth, and incline gradually to this axle, according to th sun's declination. An apparatus of this kin erected at Tours, gave the following results:- In ordinary fine weather, 20 litres of water 20°, introduced into the boiler at 8.30 A.M produced in forty minutes steam at a pressur of 2 atmospheres, or a heat of 121° cent. Th steam rapidly rose to the pressure of 5 atm spheres, a limit which it was not safe to ex ceed. About mid-day, with 15 litres of wat in the boiler, the steam was raised in fiftee minutes from 100° to 153°, a pressure of atmospheres. Hence the author conclude that in hot and sunny climates the sun's ray may be successfully utilised as a source mechanical power.

THE PULSE IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.—Eve person should know how to ascertain the stat of the pulse in health; then, by comparing with what it is when he is ailing, he may hav some idea of the urgency of his case. Parent should know the healthy pulse of each chil since now and then a person is born with peculiarly slow or fast pulse, and the very cas in hand may be of such peculiarity. A

infant's pulse is 140; a child of seven about 80, and from twenty to sixty years it is 70 beats a minute, declining to sixty at fourscore. A healthful grown person beats 70 times in a minute, declining to 60 at fourscore. At sixty, if the pulse always exceeds 70, there is a disease; the machine working itself out, there is a fever or inflammation somewhere, and the body is feeding on itself, as in consumption, when the pulse is quick.

INFLUENCE OF FORESTS ON THE QUANTITY OF RAIN.—The *Chemical News* says that the absolute quantity of moisture in the atmosphere appears to differ little at any season of the year in open grounds and in forests. The relative moisture is, however, greater in forests, the difference being greatest in summer, and increasing with the elevation of the place above the sea-level. According to Ebermayer's view, forests increase the amount of rain only by their action upon the relative moisture of the atmosphere.

THE BATHOMETER.—The instrument invented by Mr. C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., for ascertaining the depth of the sea without a sounding-line may be generally described as resembling the barometer in construction, inasmuch as it has a perpendicular tube filled with mercury. The tube has a saucer-like termination at each end; the lower end is closed by a thin elastic steel plate, which is supported on two spiral springs of the same length as the mercurial column. The pressure of the mercury on the thin steel plate varies with the gravity, and that varies with the depth of the sea. When there is downward pressure there is diminution of mercury in the upper saucer, and *vice versâ*. A thin layer of paraffine, floating on the mercury, enters a flat spiral tube of glass on the top of the instrument, and advances or recedes with the rise and fall of the mercury, and thus indicates on a scale the depth of the sea in fathoms at any moment. The density of the earth is, roughly speaking, twice that of sea-water; hence the varying effect of gravity, and the possibility of inventing the *bathometer*, as this new depth-measurer is called.

Mr. Siemens has tested his bathometer in two voyages across the Atlantic, by comparing its indications with actual soundings. "The results," he says, "agree in all cases as closely as could have been expected, considering that the sounding-line gives the depth immediately below the vessel, whereas the bathometer gives the mean depth taken over a certain area." On an even slope the two might be expected to agree; and if we had charts with contour-lines of the depth, a captain would be able to ascertain the position of his ship during fogs, or in weather when astronomical observations could not be taken. An instrument that gives warning of changes of depth long before reaching dangerous ground, cannot fail to be turned to good account. Moreover, a knowledge of the depth can be taken advantage of mechanically as well as scientifically. During the laying of one of the Atlantic cables, the end was lost in a gale, and the spot could only be guessed at, but the depth, eight hundred fathoms, was known. On return of fine weather, an attempt at recovery was made. Soundings were taken, until eight hundred fathoms were struck, and along this range the groping was continued, until at last the cable was hooked, twenty-seven miles from the spot where the search commenced. And further, we may believe that coast surveys, and deep-sea exploration for whatever purpose, will be greatly facilitated by means of the bathometer.

A NEW CALCULATOR.—Sir William Thomson, F.R.S., and his brother, Professor James Thomson, have invented a "mechanical integrator," which does surprising things in solving mathematical problems. It will calculate integrals; integrate linear differential equations, and perform other numerical feats much quicker than they can be done by the brain, and without mistake. The same two skilful investigators have devised an analysing machine suitable for working out the harmonic analysis of meteorological observations and of tidal observations. It is a prime thing for science when, by turning a handle for half an hour, and setting a few wheels in movement, a whole year's tide observations can be presented in a compact form for lasting reference.

OSCILLATIONS OF THE BAROMETER.—Mr. Alexander Buchan's paper, reprinted from the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, "On the Diurnal Oscillations of the Barometer," is worth reading by observers who take interest in questions of weather and climate. This rise and fall of the barometer of course indicates a rise and fall of the atmosphere—an aërial tide—and its presence has been remarked wherever observations have been made. It is greatest between the tropics, and diminishes towards the poles. At Bombay, for example, the oscillation is at its lowest at 4 A.M.; then it rises, and is at its highest at 10 A.M., from which it descends to the lovest level by 4 P.M., and so up and down every six hours. This tide, prevailing all round the globe, must play an important part in the economy of nature. What that part is, might be found out if we knew more about

the diurnal oscillations; but to obtain this knowledge, systematic and long-continued observations in all parts of the world would have to be made. Other natural phenomena, as Mr. Buchan remarks, would have to be taken into account: "the effects of solar and terrestrial radiation, of currents of air, and possibly also of electro-magnetic conditions, as modified in each locality by the relative distribution of land and water. The development of this question," he continues, "would be most materially furthered by establishing in different parts of the globe strings of stations extending from the seashore inland for thirty or forty miles; and it may be added, that with observations obtained from stations so planted, the investigation of the important question of seaside and other local climates would be most satisfactorily carried out, since it would thereby be placed on a strictly scientific basis."

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VARIETIES.

THE RELIGION OF AMITY AND THE RELIGION OF ENMITY.—It would clear up our ideas about many things if we distinctly recognised the truth that we have two religions. Primitive humanity has but one. The humanity of the remote future will have but one. The two are opposed; and we who live midway in the course of civilisation have to believe in both —the religion of enmity and the religion of amity. Of course, I do not mean that these are both called religions. Here I am not speaking of names, I am speaking simply of things. Nowadays, men do not pay the same verbal homage to the code which enmity dictates that they do to the code which amity dictates. The last occupies the place of honor, but the real homage is paid in large measure, if not in the larger measure, to the code dictated by enmity. The religion of enmity nearly all men actually believe; the religion of amity most of them merely believe they believe. In some discussion—say, about international affairs—remind them of certain precepts contained in the creed they profess, and the most you get is a tepid assent. Now, let the conversation turn on the "tunding" at Winchester, or on the treatment of Indian mutineers, or on the Jamaica massacre, and you find that, while the precepts tepidly assented to were but nominally believed, quite opposite precepts are believed undoubtingly and defended with fervor. Curiously enough, to maintain these antagonist religions, we have adopted from two different races two different cults. From the books of the Jewish New Testament we take our religion of amity; Greek and Latin epics a histories serve as gospels for our religion enmity. In the education of our youth, devote a small portion of time to the one, a a large portion of time to the other; and, though to make the compromise effectu these two cults are carried on in the sa places by the same teachers. At our publ schools, as also at many other schools, t same men are priests of both religions. T nobility of self-sacrifice, set forth in Scriptu lessons and dwelt on in sermons, is ma conspicuous every seventh day, while, duri the other six days, the nobility of sacrifici others is exhibited in glowing words. T sacred duty of blood-revenge, which, as exi ing savages show us, constitutes the religi of enmity in its primitive form, is the du which, during the six days, is deeply stamp on natures quite ready to receive it; and th something is done towards obliterating t stamp, when, on the seventh day, vengean is interdicted. As the intelligent child, pr pounding to his seniors puzzling theologic questions, and, meeting many rebuffs, event ally ceases to think about difficulties of whi he can get no solution, so, a little later, t contradictions between the things taught him in school and in church, at first startli and inexplicable, become by and by famili and no longer attract his attention. Thu while growing up, he acquires, in comm with all around him, the habit of using fi one and then the other of his creeds, as t occasion demands, and at maturity the hal has become completely established. Now, enlarges on the need for maintaining t national honor, and thinks it mean to arl trate about an aggression instead of avengi it by war; and now, calling his servar together, he reads a prayer, in which he as God that our trespasses may be forgiven as forgive trespasses against us. That which prays for as a virtue on Sunday, he scorns a vice on Monday. Of these two religio taught us, we must constantly remember th during civilisation, the religion of enmity slowly losing strength, while the religion amity is slowly gaining strength.—*Herb Spencer.*

LIFE'S TRIALS.—By the prayer of the nearest and dearest to him, is a man oft softly drawn away from an immortal purpos where power and strength might avail nothi tears and a little love avail much, to sha the soul's sense of some pitiless duty. infant's little hand may thus draw the j man from justice, the righteous man fr righteousness; for justice and righteousne are alike awful, while to stoop and kiss

sweet. When a man's house is armed in affection against him, when, instead of help and a sword, he finds on his own hearth only feebleness and a love that cannot understand, strong indeed must be his purpose, supreme indeed must be his faith, if he walks still onward and upward to the terrible heights of God.—*Robert Buchanan, in the Gentleman's Magazine.*

IRISH BULLS.—Under the influence of the tender passion, the Irish will say some startling things. The restraints of reason and common-sense are powerless to check the wild flights and daring metaphors which love suggests. The swain who assured his mistress that he could not *sleep* of nights for *dreaming* of her, must have been very "spoony;" and not less so was he who, when informed by his betrothed of the kindness shown her by her intended mother-in-law, exclaimed, "Well, wait till we're married, and see if I don't *beat my mother.*" It was in a gush of well-meaning hospitality that Sir Richard Steele—to whose account so many bulls are set down—exclaimed in rather an equivocal manner, "If ever you come within a mile of my house, sir, I *hope* you'll *stop there.*" It was not love, we suspect, which prompted the fair young daughter of Erin, after a request for money made in a letter to her sister, to add as a P.S.—"I was so much ashamed of what I have written, that I sent after the messenger, *but he could not be overtaken.*" Akin to this is the Irish gentleman's postscript—"If this letter miscarries, write, and let me know." But it is not only in verbal bulls that the Irish excel; practical absurdities are also laid to their charge. It is a well-known historical fact that the rebels in 1798, desirous of ruining a banker whom they hated, broke open his house, and *burnt his notes*, fully satisfied that they were effecting his ruin. Had the banker been *another* person —to make a bull of our own—the burning of his notes would have been a serious matter. We suspect that the absurdity fathered on the Irish in the following witty epigram is an Englishman's fabrication :—

"A cannon-ball, one bloody day,
Took a poor fellow's leg away :
And as on comrade's back he rode off,
A second fairly took his head off.
The fellow, in this odd emergence,
Carried him pickback to the surgeons.
'Holloa!' cries the doctor, 'are you drunk,
To bring me here a headless trunk?'
'A lying dog!' says Pat, 'he said
His leg was off, and *not his head.*'"

In the "Vicar of Wakefield," poor Goldsmith makes one of his characters perpetrate a bull of which he had been guilty himself. When his means ran low, he betook himself to the University of Leyden, relying on teaching English as a means of earning a living. It was not till his arrival in Holland that he learned that, before beginning his course of instruction, it *was necessary for him to learn Dutch.*—*Chambers's Journal.*

SPANISH FAIRS.—The fairs are the peasants' delight; some of these are conducted on a scale of great magnificence; they are (witness that of Albacete) the time of year when all the business is done, all the pleasure is obtained. The farmer at the annual fair sells or buys his mules or wheat, as the case may suit; the housewife lays in her store of cheese, crockery, dried fruits, dresses, etc., to last her humble household for the whole year. These annual fairs, or statute fairs, show a low state of organization in the country, and a weak, old-world system of trading. They are, to Spain of to-day, what the statute fairs were to England some hundreds of years ago. In spring, in southern Spain, the old custom of turning a bull into the streets at night, held only by a long string tied to his horns, is still extant. This ceremony is called "Gallumbo," and may be seen in its perfection in the old-fashioned town of Port St. Mary. At nine of night the streets are lit up with pitch and charcoal and wood fires: they are lined with hundreds of men and boys; the fair ones and the better class gaze on the spectacle from the balconies. The bull, a young one, is led into the street; the men buffet and swear and scream at him. He blunders into a doorway, and is dragged out; smashes a glass window, and is cursed for his pains; chases some one specially obnoxious to him down the street, amid the roars and shouts of the frightened and fugitive crowd. At last he makes at the fires and overturns them, and singes himself. The lurid glow cast upon the wild faces, the shouts, the rushes, no pen can describe. Generally, one or two men per night are put *hors de combat* by the bull.—*Temple Bar.*

SPRING IS COMING.

By the bursting of the leaves,
By the lengthening of the eves,—
Spring is coming.
By the flowers that scent the air,
By the skies more blue and fair,
By the singing everywhere,—
Spring is coming.

All the woods and fields rejoice,—
Spring is coming.
Only here and there a voice,—
Here of buds the worm has worn,
Here of birds whose nest is torn;
There of those whose life is pent
Far from pleasant sight and scent—
Wails, as if their life's distress
Won a new, wild bitterness;—
Spring is coming.

F. W. B.